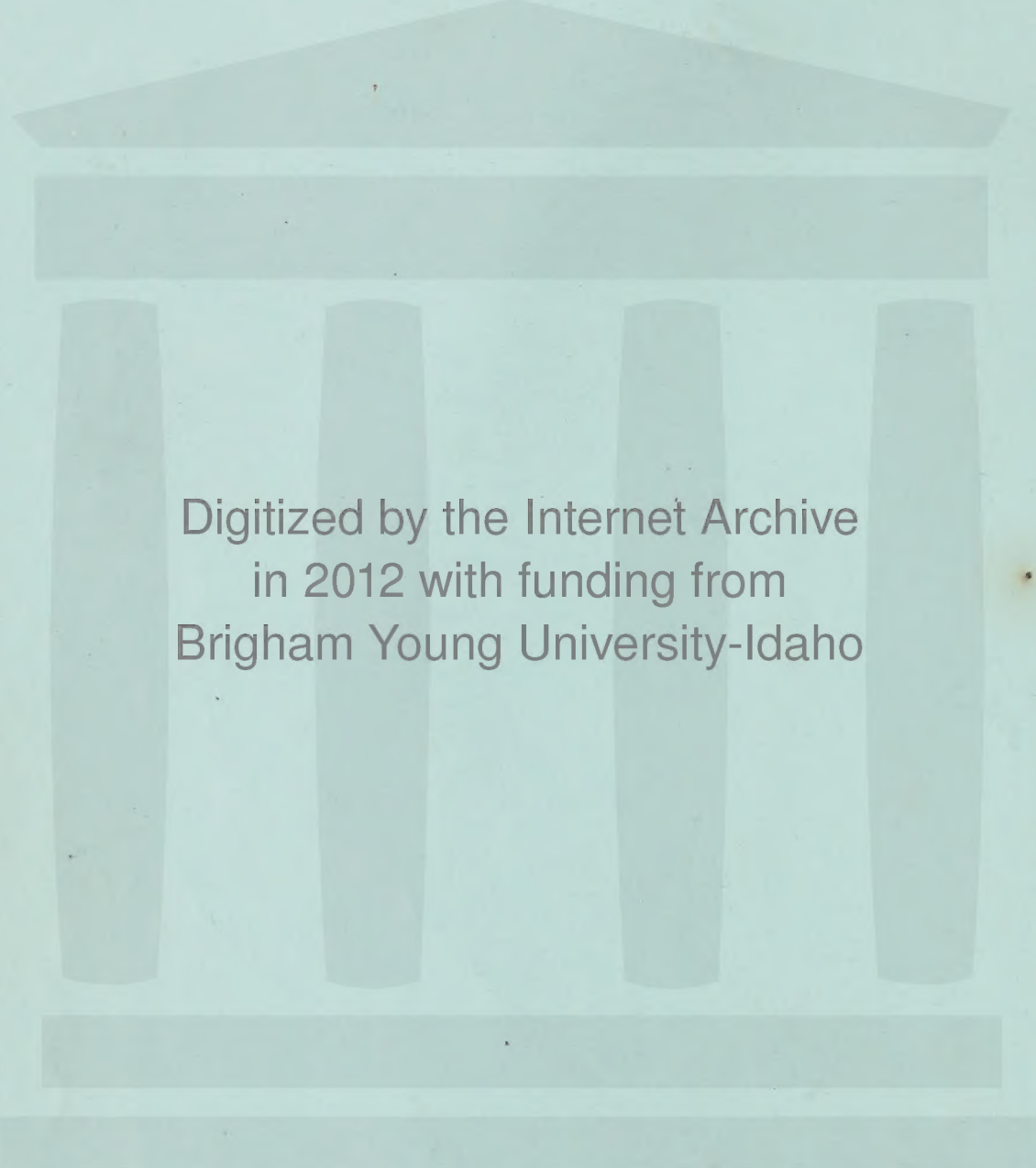


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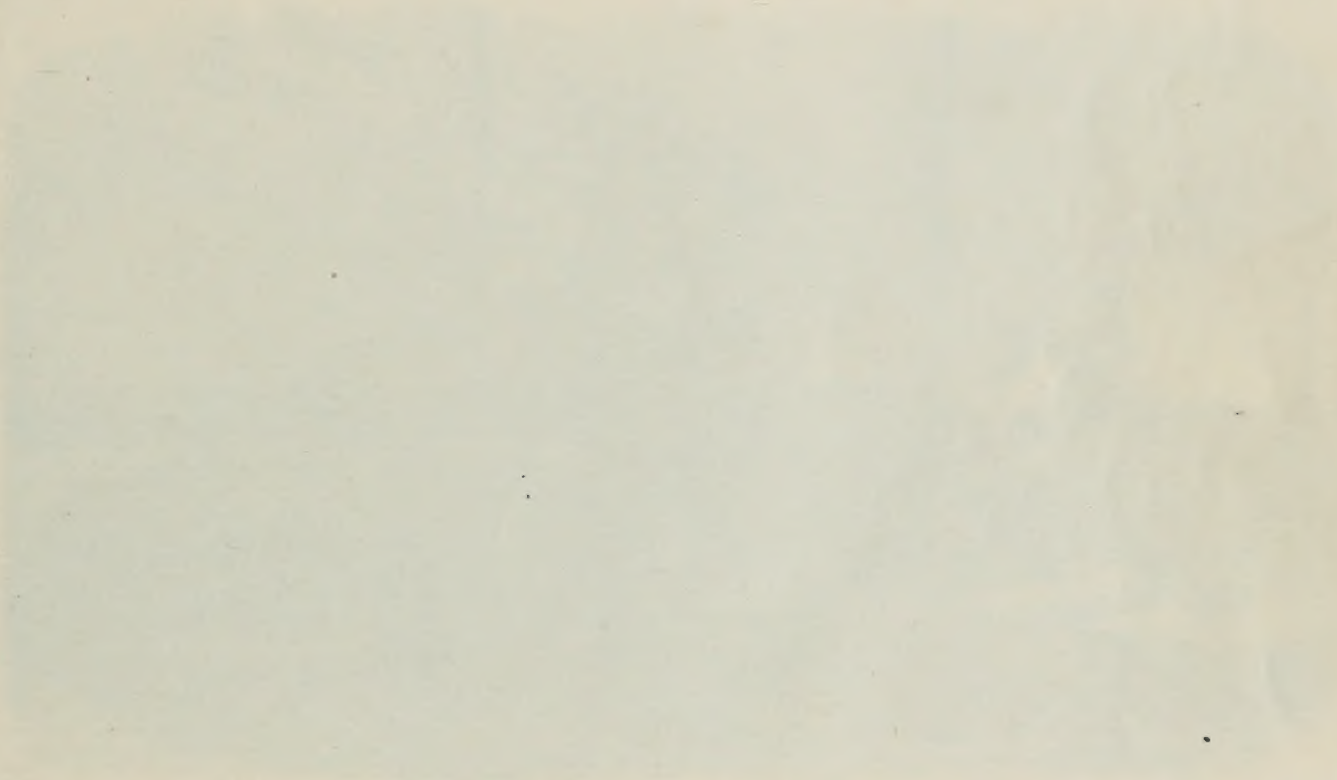


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THE JUVENILE INSTITUTE

Organ for Young People's Education

THE JUVENILE INSTITUTE, established in 1852, is a non-sectarian organization for the purpose of promoting the education and moral improvement of the young. It is a body of men and women, of various denominations, who are united in the common cause of the youth of our country. The Institute has a large and influential membership, and its efforts are directed towards the advancement of the young in every branch of knowledge and in every virtue. It is a body of men and women, of various denominations, who are united in the common cause of the youth of our country. The Institute has a large and influential membership, and its efforts are directed towards the advancement of the young in every branch of knowledge and in every virtue.



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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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No. 1.

JAPAN.

MUCH attention is directed toward China and Japan at the present time owing to their recent strife, and particularly toward the latter country on account of her victory.

ing to what is supposed to be the most correct the empire is about one and one fourth times the size of Great Britain. Many of the islands are barren rocks and uninhabitable; they, however, form fine bays and harbors, but as the rocks



JAPANESE BED AND OCCUPANT.

Japan consists of numerous small islands lying off the eastern coast of Asia. There is said to be over three thousand of these in all. No correct idea of the size of the Japanese Empire has yet been attained owing to the inaccurate surveys of the islands, but accord-

themselves are dangerous, lighthouses are necessary and are found in abundance. The lighthouse system is excellent and is maintained by the government.

Japan is a mountainous country and has a great many volcanoes, some ex-

inct but many active. Fuji-san, once very active though now believed to be extinct, is the most noted. It is somewhat over twelve thousand feet high and has a crater five hundred feet deep. This mountain is held sacred by the natives. Every summer thousands of white clad pilgrims, who have performed certain religious ceremonies for the purpose of sanctification, ascend to the summit, striving to reach that point immediately before sunrise, and then chant hymns and offer sacrifices to the "sun goddess," and receive rewards for their zeal. This mountain can be seen from thirteen different provinces, and is visible far out at sea.

There are many rivers and lakes in Japan, but they are not particularly noted except for their great beauty. Biwa Lake is the largest, being fifty miles long and twenty miles wide. According to the Japanese legend, this was formed by a terrific earthquake, which at the same time raised the mountain Fuji-san.

Traveling in Japan is delightful, particularly during the months of April and September, for then one escapes the cold of winter, the heat of summer, and the dreadful wind storms which occur semi-annually. The roads are extensive and well kept, and pass through most beautiful scenery. Hills clad in verdure, large shade trees, sparkling streams and peaceful lakes attract the eye of a traveler as he rides along. The conveyances are unique, but are not very comfortable nor strong. A traveler may hire a small wagon or a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by coolies. One can travel very rapidly in one of these *jin-riki-sha* as they are called. They also have a basket chair attached to two long poles and carried by the natives. For mountain climbing there are heavy cars

drawn by bullocks, and small sturdy pack horses.

The hire for horses and vehicles is fixed by law. There are stations along the roads where conveyances may be obtained, and also inns where you may be accommodated with food and lodging. A little book may be bought for a small sum containing a complete list of the stations and inns on the way, and also general information concerning expenses, names of places, points of interest, distances, etc.

Naturally the climate varies greatly in different parts of the empire on account of the length of the chain of islands. In the northern regions it is extremely cold and the mountains are always covered with snow, while in the southern islands the climate is almost tropical.

Slight earthquakes are frequent, and some very severe ones have occurred in the past by which great damage has been done.

Japan is not a very rich country, but copper and silver are found in greater abundance than any other metals. Gold, lead, tin, and iron are found in small quantities.

The people of Japan are energetic and intelligent. Education is esteemed very highly and is compulsory. The country is filled with public schools of different grades, where the charges are so light that the poorest classes are able to receive fairly good educations. The school buildings are the pride of the cities and villages. Among the better classes learning is pursued to a greater extent, and many young men are sent to Europe and America to receive foreign instruction. It is a well known fact that these students do well in our colleges, and upon returning to their native land many honors are conferred

upon them by their countrymen. There are a great many libraries in Japan containing foreign as well as national literary works. The current magazines of all countries can be obtained from them. Newspapers are published regularly throughout the empire and are exceedingly cheap. The reading rooms are always open to the public, and books may be hired for a small sum. There are libraries containing many valuable books, in connection with all their temples.

The Japanese drama is very peculiar. The plays are historical, and are long drawn out, lasting from sunrise till sunset. The actors are all males except those in the ballet, and although they receive excellent salaries, and are very popular, they are not allowed to move in good society. The higher classes of people are never seen at the theatre but actors are often hired to play at private houses, and in the court theatre of the mikado.

In olden times and even up to the present century a feudal system existed in the country. The nobles lived in their castles built on heights and fortified by walls, trenches and embankments, while near them were the smaller dwellings of their subjects. The ruins of many of the castles may be seen at the present time, some of them well preserved.

The Japanese houses are well built, usually of two stories, with tiled roofs, and having narrow verandas extending around them, which can be closed in at night or during stormy weather by "rain doors." The interior of a dwelling is divided off into various apartments by sliding doors and panels of hard wood. In the homes of the wealthy, silken draperies and screens and art works are found. A niche in one end of the room

is filled with curios and ornaments. The beds, like the one shown in the illustration are made with mats laid on the floor and a wooden headrest for a pillow.

Japanese art work is decidedly not artistic from our point of view, but some features of it are admirable. Lacquer work or Japanning is the coating of wood and metals with a varnish made from the gum of trees dissolved in turpentine and oil. This is very durable, and gives that peculiar lustre to all Japanese ornaments of wood and metal. Their pictures of birds, etc., are grotesque and all out of proportion. They seem to have no idea of perspective.

The Japanese believe in obeying the mikado implicitly, following the dictates of their own hearts, and worshipping the gods. The religions are *Shinto* meaning "the way of the gods," Buddhism and Confucianism. Christianity is no longer prohibited and is gaining a foothold in the country.

The women of Japan are not treated with the respect one would wish to see, still their condition is being bettered continually, but it will take a long time yet for them to obtain the privileges enjoyed by the men. Sir Edwin Arnold aptly describes their condition as follows:

"The Japanese women belong throughout their career to some man or other—first their father, next their eldest brother, afterwards their husband and his male relations. They hardly ever hold property, since the family is perpetuated along the male line only, and the real and personal estates pass to the boys. They have little or no voice in choosing their husbands, yet take one they must before they are twenty years old, but that husband, whom they have not wanted, has an almost unquestion-

able right to divorce his wife upon the smallest reason or for none at all. Out of 500 marriages, 200 at least end in some sad and capricious separation; for the husband can get rid of his wife on the ground of too much gossiping or because of disagreement with the mother-in-law; and the worst of it is that the children afterward belong to him exclusively."

The empress and princesses have adopted the western mode of dress, and are being followed by many ladies of fashion.

In the country women are compelled to work in the fields with the men. Often there is such poverty in rural districts that the people cannot afford to eat of the rice which they raise, but live upon the millet and barley. Their farming implements are very crude and often they do not own a horse or an ox to assist them, thus making their labors doubly difficult.

There is much doubt as to the origin of this people, but owing to the similarity of the Korean and Japanese languages, many believe that these two nations were at one time closely related. No reliance can be placed on their own histories of the country since they are little more than mythological tales and legends.

Railroads, telephones and telegraphs are being extended across the country. The old empire is slowly but surely giving way to a democratic form of government. The Japanese are progressing rapidly toward a high state of civilization and are admired and respected by the people of all western nations, by none more than the Americans. *R.A.C.*

FRIENDSHIPS born in misfortune are more firm and lasting than those formed in prosperity.

A TYPICAL CASE.

I.

IN a large, well-lighted room attached to the office of one of the leading physicians of San Francisco, half a dozen men were engaged in earnest consultation. In their midst stood a young man, bared to the waist, broad-shouldered and sinewy, his finely modeled head crowned with brown hair burnished with bronze lights where the sunlight touched it. In his face intellectual power blended with youthful fire. He might almost have posed for a copy of the Apollo Belvidere, had it not been for one fatal defect: a hollowing of the chest just above the breast, a fault of structure in striking contrast to his otherwise robust frame.

"Heredity set her seal there!" remarked one of the older men, touching this hollow with the tips of his fingers.

The others assented with one voice. Indeed, a cheerful tone of good humor pervaded the group, for concerning this case they had arrived at a unity of opinion gratifying to their professional judgment. There was a distinct note of triumph in the voice of the elder man, Elliott, the prominent practitioner in whose rooms the examination had been made.

"A splendid physique. The muscles of an athlete. Every organ in perfect condition save one. The entire difficulty lies in the upper portion of the right lung, and is making rapid progress. The cough, at first slight and dry, is now deep and racking. There is a frequent recurrence of a short and stitch-like pain in the chest, respiration is somewhat affected, and the patient labors for breath upon slight exertion. The pulse is accelerated, and the heat of the body several degrees above the normal temperature. The digestion is as yet unim-

paired, but the patient has experienced slight chills, followed by night sweats. So far, there is not a single complication, and the disease bids fair to progress to its termination without involving any other organ. Gentlemen, this is a typical case of phthisis pulmonalis, and as pretty a one as it has ever been my fortune to see."

"And as perfect in its history as in its development," remarked another of the physicians, with enthusiasm. "I think you told me there was consumption on both sides, Doc?"

The subject of these remarks, whose fraternity with the profession and his inquisitors was declared by this familiar address, answered the inquiry with the same promptitude and exactness which had marked his replies to those preceding it. It might almost be asserted that he seemed to regard the case with a professional interest no less keen than that of the consulting physicians, although an alert look, an intent expectancy manifest in the earlier stages of the examination, declared a more personal interest.

"My mother died of the disease within a year after my birth. My father was killed in battle, but he came of a consumptive family, and would no doubt have shared the fate of the rest if accident had not cut short his life," was the quiet reply.

"And you lived on in that confounded climate, a very hot bed for those who carry the germs of this disease in their bodies, until you came to manhood and you went to college, and led the sedentary life of a student, and over-studied and kept late hours, and never gave nature a chance to get the better of her handicap, until you broke down, two years ago," said one of the younger men, who knew something of the pre-

vious life of Norwood, the young fellow under fire.

"I don't know about the over study, Belknap," returned Norwood pleasantly.

"I suppose it might have been better to have led more of an outdoor life, or to have looked sooner for a remedy."

"And then you went to Salt Lake City to begin practice. And just as you were beginning to mend, and could count yourself a sound man once more, you picked up Saffron, your consumptive patient. And Saffron's wife, whose nerves fly to pieces every time Saffron is short of breath or fails to devour his usual ration of beefsteak and mince pie, sent for you in rain, and wind, and fog, and routed you out of your bed betimes from midnight to dawn, and you obediently raced across the city at her bidding, and went into her hot, stuffy rooms when chilled and out of breath, then out again, perspiring at every pore, into the cold, and rain, and fog. Oh, you took fine care of yourself, Norwood. And there's Saffron now, good for twenty years yet; while your case——"

"Is of the galloping kind!" supplied Norwood, coolly. "Well, gentlemen, if you have rapped the walls of my chest to your hearts' content, and located all the cavities and lesions, I'd better get back into my clothes and be off to my office. I think it's probable there's a call from Saffron on my tablet."

He shivered slightly, and there was a blue look about his lips, but he spoke with perfect composure and smiled as carelessly as if the clinic had been held, for his idle amusement and the subject of diagnosis had been a sore finger instead of a matter of life and death. He spoke quite as carelessly, and there was no tremor in his voice when he put a brief inquiry to the senior physician:

"How much time do you give me, Elliott?"

"Six months or so. A year at most."

"And then the grave or crematory," jested the youth.

"Norwood, you have a superb skeleton. I never saw finer proportions or neater articulation. If I could have it to use in my anatomical demonstrations, I'd wire it together with gold," interposed another, who held the chair of anatomy in a medical college.

"A proud destiny for my poor bones," laughed Norwood. "It's worth considering, Doctor. Perhaps I'll remember you in my will. Good day, gentlemen."

In spite of their good-humored exchange of raillery and banter, there were some who looked after the young man with a touch of regret, but there was no formal expression of sympathy or condolence. When men daily stand face to face with death, and the decay of the body becomes a matter of nice chemical calculation, the tragedy of dissolution loses its acute shock, except in the case of near and dear friends.

At the door of the outer office the young man found one of the doctors awaiting him, Leonard, a gray haired man of modest manner and no great reputation, who had had little or nothing to say during the progress of the consultation. He extended his hand and took Norwood's in a close grasp.

"Norwood, you are a young man. Don't give up. Try the Vernal hills."

Norwood made no reply, but returning the pressure of the wrinkled, old hand, hastened down the steps and into the street.

When a man is condemned to death by due process of the law, it is the custom for the Press to set a watch over

all his movements and to report the minutest details of his daily life for the entertainment of a deeply concerned public. No such account is made of the actions and manifestations of the honest and inoffensive citizen whose death warrant is read in the processes of nature, or would the public at large be interested in their perusal. Norwood went out upon the street and mingled with a crowd differing as greatly in outward aspect and inward character as did the currents of destiny that bore them onward. Now and then he exchanged an indifferent salutation with an acquaintance. Once he was hailed by a genial young fellow, who invited him to join a yachting party on the morrow.

"Thank you. I shall be too busy," he replied.

The young man who had extended the invitation rejoined his companion with undisguised vexation.

"Norwood is coining money, they say. No time or thought for anything outside his practice," he said, resentfully.

At his office Norwood found a call to a strange number in an adjoining street.

He hastened to the place, a dreary looking building that bore a placard of "Rooms to let," was taken through a dark passage to miserable barracks in the rear, and found a little child suffering from a severe attack of cholera infantum.

"I should have been called before," said the young doctor gravely.

The mother hung her head. Norwood looked around the shabby apartment with its scant furniture, and understood.

"But we will save him. It is not too late," he added encouragingly.

For a couple of hours he worked over the child and at length had the satisfac-

tion of seeing the little one's distress allayed, as it passed into a natural sleep, chief of all nature's healing agencies. He arose to go.

The woman gratefully took out a little worn leather purse.

Norwood gently pushed away her hand.

"No. When times are better with you, do some small service for somebody else. I will look n again in the morning."

It was growing dark when he went out into the street. Over his telephone came a frantic call from Saffron's wife. He ran into a restaurant, snatched a cup of coffee, ordered a nourishing meal sent to the mother of the sick child, then jumped aboard a cable car bound westward. A cool breeze was blowing, and a man who had stepped out upon the front platform to enjoy a smoke opened the door every few seconds to exchange confidences with some ladies in the car, who appeared to be nominally under his escort. The sudden draughts and violent currents set Norwood to coughing. The ladies, one a young matron and the other an elderly woman, looked at him with solicitude and exchanged audible comments not exhilarating in character. Norwood stepped out on the dummy and breasted the keen trade wind until the lights of the Saffron mansion came in sight.

Saffron was propped up in an easy chair, his body swathed in blankets and his feet in hot water. A couple of domestics danced attendance upon him and his wife hung tearfully over him.

"It came on during dessert, just as he finished his pudding and was helping himself to the blanched almonds," explained poor little Mrs. Saffron.

"A terrible pain about the umbil—umbil——"

"Cardiac region!" corrected Saffron.

"Oh, yes, the cardiac region, Doctor. And he coughed frightfully. Do it again just once, softly, dear that he may hear."

Saffron coughed, a strong, masterful, hollow cough. He looked at the doctor appealingly, and the doctor looked back at him, great, pampered, over-fed, luxurious invalid, with the appetite of an ostrich and a digestion second only to that of the same rapacious bird.

"I will leave these remedies, Mrs. Saffron," said Norwood, taking a bottle and some powders from his case. "Please see that he takes them regularly for the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile," here Saffron gave him an imploring glance, which Norwood sternly denied, "he will have to go on a strict diet."

There were some instructions to give on this latter score. When he had concluded, Norwood arose to take leave.

"I am going away for a while," he remarked. Meantime if you are satisfied, I will turn you over to Dr. Belknap. He lives only a few blocks away," he added, wondering what Belknap would say when he found himself in possession of this legacy.

Saffron whimpered something about the hardship of perpetually changing physicians, and just as you had grown used to one man's set of drugs, having to break into another's. Mrs. Saffron was in despair.

"I don't know what I shall do without you, doctor, I have such confidence in you," she said simply, and her look of anxiety as she turned to the selfish invalid, was pitiful to see.

"I'm glad I have no wife or child to worry over me," was Norwood's consoling reflection as he bowed himself out of the room. At the door he looked back. Mrs. Saffron was kneeling by her hus-

band's side, with her cheek pressed against his and her arm round his neck. Something seemed to clutch at Norwood's heart.

He started to walk back to town. On the summit of Pacific Heights he hesitated before a large house retired from the street behind a hedge of scarlet geraniums, its porch wreathed in vines. The lower rooms were brightly lighted, and an air of home-like cheer and comfort seemed to radiate from it.

He loitered at the foot of the steps leading from the street to the grounds.

"I will write, instead," he said to himself.

There was a burst of music within; the sound of a girl's sweet voice raised in song. Norwood folded his arms and listened.

"It would be better to write," he said.

The song ceased. As if led by some invisible hand, he slowly ascended the steps and stood at the door.

Mary Wentworth met him.

"You are late," she said.

"A habit of the profession."

His voice sounded weak and strained. She darted a look at his face.

"You are tired. Something has gone wrong. How is your cough?"

"My cough?" he repeated gaily. "My cough is flourishing—booming!"

Again she darted at him the same keen, suspicious look. This time she shivered.

"Come into the library. It is cold tonight. We have a fire there."

The cheerful home scene which the opening of the door disclosed was good to see: a large, prettily-furnished, brightly-lighted room; a fire glowing in the open grate; two younger sisters chatting with some visiting friends; the widowed mother in an easy chair beside the hearth, a late magazine open in her

lap. All greeted Norwood cordially, and he met them with lively quip and repartee. To all appearances he had never been in higher spirits.

The evening passed quickly and merrily. One by one the visitors took their leave, the company dissolved, leaving Mary Wentworth and Norwood alone. This quiet leave taking, snatched at the end of a gay evening, had been growing very dear to them both, but this night they were ill at ease.

Norwood put out his hand.

"Mary, good-by."

"Why not 'good night?'" she asked, and her voice sounded low and distant.

"Because I am going away."

"To remain?"

"To remain—indefinitely."

There was not a tremor or thrill in the little hand he held, but he felt it suddenly chill within his grasp. He loosened his hold upon it, and it fell lifelessly by her side. He went on slowly, apathetically, like a man who recounts a tale in which he has no part.

"I'm a dead man, Mary: tried and condemned by a jury of my peers; just as much a dead man as the murderer who sits in his cell in the county jail and counts the minutes that intervene between this night and Friday noon, when he will march to the scaffold. The law mercifully executes its sentence upon him at a given date. Nature prolongs mine with a cruel uncertainty. It may be enforced tomorrow. It may be deferred for six months—a year. But she will execute it with as deadly precision. For him there may be some appeal, some escape. For me there is none."

He was seized with a severe paroxysm of coughing, as he ceased speaking. He seemed exhausted by it and labored for breath. Mary Wentworth witnessed

it in silence. No simplest words of conventional regret escaped her lips.

He went on flippantly, recklessly:

"We have a way, in the profession, of sending troublesome patients away where they may die decently, out of sight. I received my decree of banishment today. I'm off for the Vernal Hills: you know the place, a hundred miles from Nowhere. Good-by."

He did not attempt to take her hand again. He did not look into her face, her downcast face, which was all in shadow. Instead, he let himself out of the door, closed it very softly behind him, and passed down the walk with a firm, determined tread.

At the gate he paused and viewed the scene spread out before him. Below him lay the city, bathed in moonlight, in the distance. The great city, with her measureless needs, her glorious possibilities, her sublime opportunities for lives of usefulness and noble activity.

For many minutes he viewed the scene. Then he flung his arms over one of the stone posts and laid his face upon them.

In a darkened upper room of the house he had left, a girl knelt before a window and watched him, with a breaking heart.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

READ nothing that you do not care to remember, and remember nothing you do not mean to use.

READING furnishes us only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.

REAL happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit!

HOW OTHERS HAVE RISEN.

Orson Smith, President of Cache Stake of Zion.

BORN in the State of Iowa, near what is now known as Council Bluffs, July 4th, 1853, the subject of this sketch has been closely identified with the settlement and growth of Utah. Among my earliest recollections are incidents of "The Move" of 1857. All the earthly belongings of my parents and another family were hauled upon that memorable journey southward, with a cow and an ox for a team. That winter was spent at what was known as Cheney's Ranch, in Juab County. I distinctly remember our rude home of that severe winter, built of brush placed on end in the form of an Indian teepee, and covered on the outside with hides or whatever could be obtained. Many stock perished and some human beings succumbed to the severity of that winter. My parents returned the following spring to Farmington, Davis County, where they dwelt until the fall of 1861, when they moved to Logan, Cache County. Here the first winter was spent in a one-roomed log house, and my bedroom was a wagon box at the end of the house.

It was a bitter cold winter, and snow fell to the depth of three feet on the level. The severity of those early winters will never be forgotten, and the Lord has greatly tempered the elements since then. I could little appreciate at that time the great struggle my parents were making for their religion and the difficulties they encountered in trying to procure a livelihood for themselves and family from occupations entirely new to them. School facilities were strictly in keeping with our new homes, primitive in every respect. I was enabled to read

and write by the time I was thirteen years of age, my principal text-book being the elementary spelling book.

I was early led to believe the religious faith of my parents was right, and I sought the Lord earnestly to give me a personal testimony. I was rewarded in numerous ways, and so distinct have been the answers to my prayers, and so miraculous my deliverance from immediate death, that I could not doubt the existence of a God and His immediate care over His children. At the age of fifteen I was ordained an Elder and sent to Southern Utah, in the company of three others who had charge of a co-operative sheep herd. The winter of 1868-9 was spent on the desert, where it became necessary to guard night and day to protect the property entrusted to our care from ferocious wolves, which at that time swarmed the desert. Returning home in the spring, I saw for the first time in my life a railroad, which we crossed at Ogden, the U. P. having just reached that point. Those who have had a similar experience can imagine my feelings at the first sight of such wonderful mechanical skill. My interest in the locomotive has never waned, though it has become so common. My labors were now turned to the canyons, where I learned to operate a saw-mill owned by my father and others.

It was at this mill that my life was miraculously saved in the following manner: It was in the fall of the year, and quite cold. To prevent the mill race from bursting from frost during the night, we were in the habit of turning the water out by closing the gates at the head of the race, and to draw off all the water, we would open the gates of the Leffel water wheel which an the mill. After carefully attending

to the duties I retired for the night. Early the next morning I went as usual into the mill and threw off the gate lever, which I supposed had closed the wheel gates. I then went to the head gates and turned in the water and returned to the mill and took my accustomed position to file the circular saw by placing my left leg over the saw frame and bringing my left thigh close up to the saw to prevent its springing while filing.

I had proceeded with my task but a few moments when an audible voice said to me:

"Get up."

I knew no other person was in the mill. Still I hesitated and looked around as if to see who was speaking to me. I made another stroke with my file, when I was aroused by the same voice in a louder tone and such a perceptible shaking of my body, as if some power had hold of me, that I was compelled to rise.

I had no sooner become disentangled from the saw teeth than it started at full speed. The wheel gates had frozen to the rim of the wheel, and had not closed as they should have done, thus causing the entire current to rush through the wheel; not until the water had thawed the ice from the gates would they close, but just as soon as they were released the wheel started at full speed. Had not the warning come to me as it did, my body would have been sawed asunder, as I was totally ignorant of the danger to which I was exposed. It was some time before I could return to my work, so great was the shock upon me, when I saw how miraculously I had been delivered from a shocking death.

At the age of eighteen my chances for schooling were improved, and I greatly appreciated them. I sought to use all

my otherwise unoccupied time in the effort to obtain information.

I was called to act as a High Councillor, prior to the Stake organization, and labored in other callings of the Priesthood.

In the winter of 1873-4 I attended the Deseret University, and studied under Dr. J. R. Park. The winter of 1874-5 I taught the first graded district school taught in Logan, and assisted in introducing that system, under the direction of Miss I. Cook, principal of city schools.

It was during these later years that I read carefully the Book of Mormon. Its contents so interested me that I became fascinated with it, and could not leave it for other books until I had completed it. I attribute much of my life's efforts to the examples set by such men as Nephi, Jacob, Benjamin, Abinadi and Mormon, whose characters greatly impressed me, and they seem now to have wielded as great an influence over my life as any I have read. I have received great profit from the reading of biographies of great and good men and women, yet in the lives of these I have named, there seemed to me to be such a harmonious blending of the spiritual and the temporal life that they stand as ideal men.

Oct. 4th, 1875, Caroline M. Carpenter was sealed to me by President Joseph F. Smith. Three months later I was called and set apart as Bishop of Paradise Ward under the hands of Brigham Young and Wm. B. Preston. This was no light task for me, as my father had for years been a Bishop, and many things which came under my observation at home impressed me unfavorably. I had looked upon that office of all others the most thankless. I was determined, however, to comply with the call, and in

January, 1876, I moved all my effects to my appointed home. I was most ably assisted by my young companion, who has ever encouraged me in all the labors of my life. Kind friends assisted me in my new duties, and during nine years of labor in that capacity I had many and varied experiences of great value to me. I learned to appreciate that high office as I never thought I could. I now firmly believe there is no office that will bring a person so closely in touch with the meek, humble and patient followers of Christ, nor that will bring greater respect from man and blessing from God.

At thirty-one years of age I was called and set apart as second counselor to President C. O. Card, of the Cache Stake of Zion, by Presidents John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff.

Up to this time I had never received a patriarchal blessing, and I felt impressed to get one. The person to whom I applied was not an observer of the Word of Wisdom, and I wondered if God would recognize him in this ordinance. I had not long to wait, for he had not proceeded far before he began to tell of things of the past known only to myself, and that I should travel much at home and abroad, and witness many trying events among the people, all of which has been verified. My calling required me to travel much among the people. I have been a witness of trying events, the last of which was the six years of bitter persecution, whose effects are still felt by hundreds of Saints.

In 1890 I was called and set apart as President of Cache Stake, by Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Lorenzo Snow, with Simpson M. Molen and Isaac Smith as counselors. If I have accomplished any good in these various callings, it has been by God's divine

aid and blessing, and to Him be given all praise.

The changes of the past have been rapid and important to me, and when memory sweeps them together and presents them to my view, condensed, they seem but a single, simple lesson. How well I have learned it must remain unknown until I meet the great Creator.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A RETROSPECT.

THE Wasatch range of mountains lying to the eastward of Salt Lake valley, on Sunday morning last stood out with remarkable distinctness. There was not a cloud to obscure them in any direction. They stood cold, snowclad from summit to base, and sublime in their awful majesty. In viewing them from my residence, they brought back to my mind, with great vividness, the feelings which I had in viewing them forty-eight years ago at this time of the year. At that time the houses in what was known as the Old Fort were so far completed that they were occupied by residents; but those who lived in the south and north forts had not completed their houses sufficiently for all to be under shelter. In those forts many were sleeping in wagons, and during the day they pushed the work as fast as possible to complete the houses so that they could be used. At the period of which we write there was not a tree to be seen from one end of the Salt Lake valley to the other, excepting little fringes of willows and some young birch on the margins of the streams that ran from the mountains to the valley. There was not a house in the wide expanse from the Warm Springs in the north to the point of the mountain at the south. Desolation reigned supreme. During the winter and spring

food had to be so carefully husbanded that in the great majority of households it was weighed or measured each week with great exactness, so that it should not be consumed before the harvest time. There was not a vegetable of any kind in the entire settlement. The only articles that had the appearance of vegetables that could be obtained were thistle roots and segos; and they were very scarce. The sole dependence for food was unbolted flour, from wheat ground in Brother Charles Crismon's little mill at the mouth of City Creek Canyon, and poor beef—so poor that one could not see a speck of grease on the water in which it was boiled, and it was slimy, as the flesh of poor, starved animals is, and very tasteless. It was hunger alone that made the stomach accept such beef.

Many would call those dark days. But, dark as they might appear in some eyes, the Latter-day Saints were exceedingly happy. None appeared depressed or gloomy, and murmuring was not heard. Everbody felt cheered and comforted. For had we not reached a place where we could rest in peace, without the fear of mobs and violence? This condition was one that was highly appreciated by all. Whatever deficiencies there were in food, clothing and shelter were made up by the peace that reigned. The people might be only partly fed, but they were healthy; they might be scantily clothed and poorly sheltered, but they were contented, and their trust in the Lord was unshaken; they were not harrassed by doubts or fears, and the Lord made the strength of the people equal to their day, and their hearts did not fail them.

Looking at the mountains in those days produced very different feelings to those which I had on Sunday morn-

ing last. Then they reared themselves as an impassable rampart between us and the rest of civilized mankind. It was true they and the great plains beyond might be traversed, snow covered as they were, but at what a cost of suffering and what a risk of life! The mountains were wonderfully grand; but they were also terrible. Unaccustomed to mountain scenery as the people were at that time, and in such peculiar circumstances, they were not in a mood to admire the majestic spectacle the mountains presented; they appeared to look frowningly down upon the little settlement.

But today how different! Here are the same mountains we looked at forty-eight years ago; here is the same sky; here is the same valley; but how changed the feelings with which we view them! No longer clothed with terror, they appear to the dweller in the valley sublime and picturesque; and in the summer season inviting, admirable and beautiful.

And what a contrast between the situation of the people then and now! I was deeply impressed with this; for I had just arisen from a bountifully supplied table, with everything that was necessary for the satisfying of the most fastidious appetite. I thought of our situation then—no cloth with which to make new clothes or to repair the old; no leather to even patch boots or shoes—I myself wore mocassins all that winter, and many others were in the same condition—and I contrasted our destitution with the comforts that now reign—food and clothing in abundance, well-warmed and comfortably furnished houses, and every physical want supplied.

I was so impressed with the feeling and with the remembrances of the past

that I had to call my children together and point out to them the mountains, describe to them the condition of the valley in 1847, and call to their attention what wonderful changes had taken place, and how God had blessed His people. I tried to impress them with feelings of thankfulness to our Great Creator for what He had done in fulfilling His promises which He had made to His servants, the Pioneers, who came to this valley, and also how much they ought to appreciate the faithful labors, the unflinching courage and the incessant toil which the Pioneers had exercised in laying the foundation of all that we now see around us—a valley filled with fruitful fields, bountiful orchards, pleasant and beautiful habitations, and all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life.

Ought not all the juveniles of our country to learn these lessons of thankfulness to God and appreciative gratitude to their fathers and mothers and the other faithful men and women who have contributed to bring about the happy condition of affairs which exists this day in Utah?

The Editor.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

II.

ANOTHER study of almost equal importance to that of the Gospel, as mentioned in the previous chapter, is that of composition. Every young Latter day Saint should study and practice to become a writer. He should at least be able to write his thoughts in a plain, intelligent manner. A person need not necessarily take a course in a college to become a fair writer. By careful reading and practice at home, one can improve himself to a great extent. A good practice is to write articles on the

principles of the Gospel, and might be carried on in connection with the study of the Gospel. This would prove a two-fold benefit. While it would afford one experience in composition, he would at the same time get the information he was seeking to acquire more lastingly impressed upon his mind.

A very good test of a person's thorough understanding of a subject is to write an original treatise upon it. And in studying the Gospel or anything else from books, the very best way to retain the ideas in the mind is to write them down. It is so easy to fall into careless habits in reading that a person can peruse a book and have his mind upon something else at the same time, and thereby derive very little if any benefit from his reading. But to write upon the subject he is reading about he must have his mind concentrated on what he reads.

If after once reading up a certain subject you are unable to write upon it, go over it again. The discovery that you are not familiar enough with it to write about it will make you careful in the second reading. When attempting to write, do not give up because ideas do not come into your mind readily in logical order. Get paper and pencil and make a start by earnest thinking. If suitable ideas to commence the treatise do not present themselves to your mind at first, write a memorandum of whatever is in your mind, provided your thoughts are upon some phase of the subject.

Your untrained way of thinking may cause your ideas to come to your mind in a somewhat confused order. But write them down and arrange them afterwards. If thoughts begin to crowd upon your mind, note them down as fast as possible in the simplest form. Do not stop to study out the best style

in which to clothe the thoughts or the flow of ideas may cease. The selection of words and phrases is somewhat foreign to the subject that should be uppermost in your mind, and may be attended to afterwards.

This method of composition may not be the one employed by experienced writers, who may have trained themselves in the art of thinking systematically, and whose long practice enables them to set down their ideas to suit them the first time they write, but it is here recommended to beginners, who may find that it is impossible to make any satisfactory progress in any other way. It might be supposed that an essay or a treatise constructed on such a plan would be disconnected and awkward. Yet all this can be remedied by reconstruction and re-writing. And the beginner need not feel discouraged in the least because he finds he has to write his thoughts over and over before they are suitable for presentation. Many noted authors have done this; indeed the very best authors re-write and modify their productions many times before they can satisfy themselves with them.

An excellent practice for one who desires to learn to present ideas in the most pleasing manner, that is one who desires to acquire literary ability, is to write verse. Either what is termed blank verse or poetry with rhyme as well as rhythm will serve the purpose. You may feel that you are not a born poet, and that it is useless to attempt to write poetry. But you will find that it is possible to compose rhythmical sentences, by giving the matter some study, and the practice will be found interesting, and will aid one in learning to express his ideas in the fewest and the choicest words.

Latter-day Saints are taught that they

should depend upon the promptings of the Holy Spirit when they rise in a public assembly to speak; and we believe that when men obey this injunction their remarks are dictated by the spirit of inspiration. There is ample testimony that this is the case, for persons who have been called upon to address the Saints have afterwards acknowledged that the principles they have been led to speak upon, have appeared to them in a clearer light when thus inspired than they did at any time before. Now there is no reason why a certain degree of inspiration should not attend a person when writing as well as when speaking; and that persons are so influenced, can be testified to by numerous writers. This of itself is a great inducement for one to practice writing upon the principles of the Gospel; for it is one way in which he can gain enlightenment for himself, and thus strengthen his faith and testimony; and by writing down his thoughts and impressions he may also be enabled to benefit others who may read them. A person may receive inspiration by earnest thought when he is neither speaking nor writing, but the act of writing helps him to concentrate his thoughts upon the theme, and bring his mind to a condition suitable for receiving inspiration, and by recording the mental impressions he receives they are preserved to him, while if he did not record them they might vanish.

It appears that divine inspiration is received only through earnest thought, and by being sought after; and this confirms the truism that the Lord helps those who help themselves. In other words, those who seek find, and those who ask receive. That this is a fact let me refer you to the word of the Lord Himself, as recorded in the Third

Book of Nephi, in the Book of Mormon. After imparting certain information to His Nephite disciples concerning the scattered house of Israel, he says: "And I command you that ye shall write these sayings, after I am gone, that if it so be that my people at Jerusalem, they who have seen me, and been with me in my ministry, do not ask the Father in my name, that they may receive a knowledge of you by the Holy Ghost, and also of the other tribes whom they knew not of, that these sayings which ye shall write, shall be kept, and shall be manifested unto the Gentiles, that through the fullness of the Gentiles, the remnant of their seed who shall be scattered forth upon the face of the earth, because of their unbelief, may be brought in, or may be brought to a knowledge of me, their Redeemer."

It is evident from the above quotation that the Savior did not reveal to His disciples at Jerusalem the information therein referred to, because they did not seek for it; and apprehending they would not after His departure ask the Father in His name for the knowledge or information, the Savior commanded His disciples on this continent to make a record of it, that it might be preserved. This shows unmistakably that the Lord does not reveal light to those who do not seek for it. And herein is His wisdom displayed; for it would be as well to cast pearls before swine as to impart wisdom or knowledge to one who did not appreciate it enough to make any effort to acquire it. This will apply to all truths revealed from heaven. Scientific truths are made known to those who seek for such knowledge, mechanical principles are discovered by those who study mechanism; while religious truths are revealed to those who seek them.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

BICYCLE RIDING.

IN conversation the other day with some of the leading officers of the Church concerning the sin of fornication—there being some cases of this kind submitted to the First Presidency—the question was asked, "What reason is there for these cases occurring at this time? It is unusual to hear of three or four cases occurring in one city."

The reply was that there were two causes: one, the intimacy which had grown up among young people of both sexes in bicycle riding; and the other, the taking part in excursion and other parties at untimely hours of the night.

We are not disposed to reject improvements or inventions which contribute to human progress and development. In fact, we are fond of progress, in the right direction, and would not say one word that could be construed into viewing it with disfavor. But we have entertained fears concerning the effects which are likely to follow the adoption of the bicycle as a means of locomotion for girls; and that which we have heard from the settlement to which we refer confirms fears that we have entertained concerning this practice. Any fashion that begets too great familiarity between the sexes, especially when they are young and inexperienced, is one that should be guarded against. We have noticed that bicycle riding brings about a certain comradeship between young people that might, under some circumstances, lead to unfortunate re-

sults. Certainly the practice creates acquaintanceship and familiarity that, if it were not for the riding, would not be created; and sometimes this acquaintanceship is not desirable. Girls may be thrown into society by riding bicycles that they would not meet with under other circumstances, and would perhaps shun if it were in the ordinary intercourse of society.

On this account we have felt that parents and guardians should exercise the greatest of care in allowing their daughters or those in their charge to go out riding on bicycles unless properly attended. It has been a question in many minds whether bicycle riding may not lead to immodesty and be injurious in other directions.

There are many things that may be said favorable to the use of the bicycle. It furnishes exercise, it is a delightful method of getting over the ground swiftly, and is exhilarating. Exercise in the open air is good for all. The question remains, however, whether this kind of exercise for young ladies is conducive to health, and especially to good morals.

We mention these cases of wrongdoing to call the attention of parents and others to the fact that they are attributed to the associations which have arisen through bicycle riding.

LATE HOURS.

As to late hours and going to parties at untimely hours.

There can be no question in any thinking person's mind as to the effects which follow such practices; they are evil, it may be truthfully said, in every instance. No parents who have any regard for their children will permit them to be out late at night in promiscuous assemblages. Indulgence of

that kind towards children will inevitably lead to bad consequences and result in sorrow to the parents as well as to the offspring. Too much cannot be said against such practices, and all should be warned against them; for if permitted, and they are followed up, they are almost sure to bring shame and disgrace.

CONSECRATED OIL TO NON-MEMBERS.

We are asked, "Should consecrated oil be administered to non-members of the Church?"

We suppose the question is: Can this oil be administered properly to one not a member of the Church in the ordinance of laying on of hands for the healing of the sick?

No doubt, every Elder who has had much experience in the ministry has had occasion to administer the ordinance of laying on of hands for the restoration of the sick to persons who were not members of the Church; for there were people who had faith in that ordinance and who had not been baptized. The rule generally adopted by all Elders under such circumstances, as far as we understand, has been to require the sick person, before being administered to, to make a covenant that he or she would obey the ordinances of the Gospel, and upon this promise being made the Elders felt justified in administering the ordinance for the healing of the sick.

TITHING AND CONSECRATION.

In a Sunday school theological class the question arose, so a correspondent informs us, as to whether, when the law of consecration is established among the people, the law of tithing will be observed by them. Our friend says there are some members of the class who

think it will, while others of the class think it will not, as they look upon tithing as the lesser law, and that it will be swallowed up in the law of consecration.

While it is true that tithing is what may be called a lesser law than consecration, still whenever consecration comes into operation there will undoubtedly be a necessity for the existence of some fund that will be set apart for the uses to which tithing is now devoted; not for the sustaining of the poor, because if the law of consecration be practically carried out, the necessity for administering to the poor as we now do will be obviated; but for other purposes of a public character, such as public works of various kinds. Of course, at this time it is difficult to tell what conditions may arise when consecration is practiced, and whenever that happy period shall arrive the Lord will then give revelations to the living oracles, as he does now, in relation to all these matters. It is not easy to foreshadow what changes will take place and how business of this kind will be conducted, as the necessity for this knowledge has not at present arisen.

SABBATH BREAKING.

Another practice to which attention ought to be called in this connection, is the disregard of the Sabbath by our young people during these wintry days. Scores of boys with their sleds are found lining all the streets where coasting can be had, on the Sabbath day, careering down the hills, shouting and laughing, and disturbing the stillness of the day.

If these boys are the sons of Latter-day Saints, it is a disgrace to this, the chief city of Zion. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that they are all children of non-Mormons; they are too

numerous in given localities for one to suppose they are of that class. If their parents be Latter-day Saints, what kind of members of the Church are they? With what contempt they treat the word of God and the commands which He has give to this Church! And what can they think will be the future of their sons who are thus permitted to break the Sabbath day and to treat it with utter disrespect?

Parents should be warned by the experience of all generations on this point. Children who are permitted to grow up in this manner, without restraint, and left to flagrantly break a command of God, so publicly and so defiantly, are sure, unless they repent, to bring sorrow to themselves and to their parents.

The duty of teachers in the wards is to see that such violations of the law of God are checked, and that all children and their parents should be taught to set examples that correspond with the professions which they make, or be dealt with on their fellowship; for no Latter-day Saint, who understands the principles of his religion, can fellowship either young or old who thus break the laws of God as well as the laws of good society.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 595, VOL. 30.)

AFTER the public debates had terminated so much to our advantage, I became very desirous of getting to the new field of labor to which I had been appointed several months previous, but had not been able to visit, on account of my arrest by the police in Christiania. I had been sentenced to pay a fine, but as I had no money, the next thing, according to their law, was to

make execution on my property, which was not exempt by law, but as I had nothing which could be seized, I knew that I would have to expiate my offense by imprisonment on bread and water; yet it seemed that the authorities were in no hurry about it. I called at the sheriff's office several times, asking him to accommodate me as soon as convenient with a place in his prison, so that I could then get away from that city. The officials seemed rather astonished at such a request on my part, as other offenders against their laws always tried to keep out of prison as long as possible; but finally, after several efforts, I got permission to go to jail on the 20th of March, 1855, there to be confined for five days on a bread and water diet exclusively.

At the appointed day, towards evening, Brother Dahle took me in his fine sleigh to the sheriff, a Mr. Hjort, his premises being some four miles from Christiania proper. I was provided with good bedding, and also books and stationery, and a few other commodities, but had honestly refrained from taking any eatables along, as I knew that was not allowed, and I would not run the risk of being found smuggling by the jailor.

He seemed, however, to have so much confidence in me that he believed what I said, or else he did not care to search me very closely, for he simply asked me if I had any eatables with me, and as I said no, he only once moved his hand very carelessly down my body.

I found my new place of confinement a clean room, with a bed and straw-tick for sleeping, and a stove to keep me warm. A girl soon brought some fuel. When she saw me, she seemed much astonished and burst into tears, for she said she had been to our meetings and

had felt impressed that we had the truth; as she now found me in prison on account of my religion she was grieved. The next day, she again brought fuel for my stove, and she also several times brought me some white bread, a little butter and meat.

When I regained my freedom I found two of the brethren waiting for me with a fine sleigh and horses, and thus I was carried almost in triumph even with the good wishes of the sheriff, to the society of the Saints, where I had the privilege to preach that same evening.

The following day I went to the police office and obtained my passport without any further difficulty. I made preparations to start as soon as possible for Mandal.

Being now in possession of my passport, I was less afraid of interference, and therefore took an active part in several meetings during the following days. We held a meeting on the evening of the twenty-seventh of the same month, in one of the suburbs of the capital. In that meeting we were disturbed by a priest, who by his misrepresentations of our doctrines and false statements about the Saints in Utah created quite an excitement and hostile feeling towards us, which developed into a mob, that threatened us with violence. The resident brethren who were present tried to shield us, by forming a cordon around us, when the meeting broke up, and thus they received many of the blows that were intended for the missionaries. The disturbing priest, however, left the scene, with his blessings upon the mob, caring nothing for our fate.

President Petersen and Elder Dorius succeeded in getting out a little ahead of me, and as they reached the street, they ran, but were followed by the mob

for some distance, occasionally receiving a snow-ball or a lump of ice in their backs from their howling pursuers, but did not receive any serious harm.

I had in the general confusion and the darkness, been separated from the rest of the brethren and was thus alone wending my way towards my lodgings, when I was unexpectedly met and recognized by the mob, who were returning from their pursuit of the other Elders. The moon was now shining brightly and there could be no thought of escape at this stage of proceedings, so I assumed a bold front and, before they had decided what to do, I addressed them in this way: "Gentlemen, here I am. What have I done to harm you? If my religion is wrong and yours is right, then I don't think you are taking the right course to convince me of my errors; and if your faith is better than mine, then show it forth in a peaceable manner!" This had the desired effect, for one of their number, immediately said to his companions in a loud voice: "That is true, what the fellow has said --let us go home."

Another one said, "Why yes, let him go in peace," and thus I was left unmolested.

I mention this little incident, not as an heroic act on my part, but only to show, that in some cases a little courage is of more advantage than fear, especially when courage is founded upon confidence in God, as the able deliverer out of dangers or difficulties.

After having received many substantial evidences of the love and affection in which I was held by the Saints in Christiania, I set out on my journey, in the morning of the 29th of March. President C. Petersen and C. Dorius and several other brethren accompanying me several miles on the way. Such

pure love! oh how sweet and heavenly, even to contemplate at this day, after forty years have passed! It must be experienced to be realized, as only such circumstances and surroundings can make brethren do.

It was yet winter, and snow was on the ground. I therefore had my few necessary clothes in a carpet bag fastened to a small sleigh, such as our boys use for coasting. On this I could occasionally ride down hill, as the roads are almost continually up and down through a mountainous country like Norway, but many times this was a very dangerous ride on account of occasional dangerous precipices on the one side of the dugways, and the hard frozen, icy roads, that gave me no chance to guide the sleigh for miles in its lightning speed. Sometimes I would suddenly get to a piece of bare ground in my descent, and the sudden stop would then send me headlong into a crusty snow drift or the mud. In fact, that journey was the most laborious trip, I have performed in all my life.

When I had traveled about twenty miles in that way, I was met by Brother Amund Dähle, who had come out from Drammen to meet me with his horse and sleigh, and thus I arrived in his hospitable home, where I had the pleasure also of meeting with Elder F. Dorius later in the evening.

I remained in this branch several days, assisting Elder Dorius in holding meetings, and also to recruit my bodily strength for the succeeding days of arduous traveling.

On the 3rd of April I again started on my journey, and Brother A. Dahle again kindly took me in his sleigh about fifteen miles on my way that day. The following day I reached the city of Laurvig, where I unexpectedly met a

friend and fellow-apprentice from Copenhagen, and on the 5th of April I reached the small city, Brevig, where there was a branch of the Church, in fact the oldest branch in Norway, but then almost depopulated by emigration and apostasy. I had that day lost my way, and, to reach my destination, had ventured out on the ice of the deep fjord or bay, but had thereby exposed myself to much danger, as the ice was flooded with snow-water, in some cases knee-deep, and withal very unreliable at that time.

C. C. A. Christensen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPER.—SERIES II., NO. 3.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION, JAN. 1st, 1896.

To all Boards of Education, faculties, students, patrons and friends of our Church schools: A happy New Year and the Lord's blessings upon your labors.

Correction.—In No. 2, II Series, Church School Papers, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, November 15th page 596, the Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools, Geo. W. Lewis, was recorded, by mistake, as Principal of the Maricopa Stake Academy, at Mesa City. It should read: James L. Patterson, Principal.

General Superintendent's visits.—Elder Geo. Goddard and myself, arrived according to previous appointment, at Richfield, Sevier Stake, Friday, November 29th. By kind invitation of the County Teachers' Institute, then in session, I had the honor of addressing the teachers in the afternoon, and to give a public lecture at the Assembly Hall, at 7.30 p. m., on Home Education.

At a meeting of the Sevier Stake

Board of Education, held at President Seegmiller's office, Sunday, December 1st, at 4 p.m., it was unanimously decided to re-open the Stake Academy at the beginning of next school year; also, that preparatory to this step, the religion classes (under the superintendency of Elder J. Magleby), should receive careful attention. Several Bishops, members of the Board, expressed themselves in the warmest terms in favor of the movement.

Elder Geo. Goddard and myself addressed a large meeting of the Saints of Richfield that same evening, on the subjects of religion classes, Sunday schools, and home education.

By special request of Bishop Jensen, we both addressed a large congregation of citizens of all classes at the Salina meeting-house, Monday, Dec. 2, at 7:30 p.m. The necessity of all true education having a religious foundation, constituted the subject of our addresses, which were warmly endorsed by presiding Bishop Preston, who was present at the occasion.

In response to requests made by President Canute Peterson, I filled a series of appointments through Sanpete Stake in the interest of our church school system. A commencement of that labor was made at Gunnison, on Tuesday, December 3rd, at 3 p.m. with a religious class exercise in the presence of Bishop Madsen and the instructor, Albert Tollestrup. The religion class at Gunnison is fully organized in good working order, and promises to become, under the new plan, a strong supporter to a righteous home education.

Manti, Wednesday, December 4th, at 7:30 p.m. The South Ward meeting-house was filled by an appreciative audience to listen to my explanations of

the modes and purposes of religion classes. These remarks were illustrated by a class exercise with some children selected for that purpose. Stake Counselor J. B. Maiben endorsed in fitting terms what had been said and done.

Ephraim, Thursday, Dec. 5th, at 11 a.m., a meeting of the Sanpete Stake Board of education was held at President Peterson's residence. This board decided to avail itself of the permission of the General Board of Education, and conduct the Stake Academy, commencing with the beginning of the next school year, on the high school plan. To this end it was found necessary that a suitable building should be provided, and, therefore that steps be taken at once to secure grounds, plans, and material, so that work could begin without delay. The subject of religion classes received much earnest consideration and it was decided to have them carried on throughout the stake wherever possible.

By request of some members of the board I conducted in their presence a religion class exercise at the academy during the afternoon session with some students selected for the purpose. This exercise strengthened the board in its determination to make the religion class movement a success in Sanpete Stake.

Friday Dec. 6th. I attended the exercises at the Stake Academy during the fore and afternoon; addressed the students at the close and met with the faculty at 4 p.m.. The exercises, plan, discipline, spirit, and general efficiency of the students reflect much credit upon Principal Newton E. Noyes, his chief assistant, John Peterson and their co-laborers.

The polysophical Society of the Sanpete Stake Academy is holding its regu-

lar session every Friday evening; the house at these times is always crowded. Speakers from far and near, from time to time, favor that society with interesting lectures. Vocal and instrumental performances, essays and recitations form the balance of the program.

On this occasion it was my turn to give them a lecture for the subject of which I chose: "Revelation versus Evolution."

Saturday, Dec. 7th, I addressed a large congregation at the Spring City meeting house at 7:30 p.m., and illustrated my remarks on religion classes by a class exercise with a few children selected by their teacher, Brother Allred, for that purpose. To judge from the expressions made by the people after the meeting, religion classes will have a strong hold in Spring City.

Sunday, Dec. 8. After having attended, as usual, Sunday school in the forenoon, my discourse in the afternoon meeting on the subject of religion classes was also interspersed with class exercises, as was done in other places and with similar results.

Moroni, 7:30 p.m. A large congregation at the meeting house listened to my discourse on religion classes, illustrated by a class exercise, with great attention; and the success of that movement seems to be secured in that locality, also under the blessings of the Lord.

Nephi, Monday, Dec. 9th. Attended the exercises of the Juab Stake Academy from 10:30 a.m. to noon. Principal John T. Miller, is an efficient and devoted educator and deserves to be sustained and encouraged by the authorities and people of Juab Stake. The board found it expedient to discontinue the primary grade, for this year, thus leaving the principal alone with the more advanced students. Building and

grounds are well adapted for educational purposes, and their arrangement and fitting up reflect much credit upon President Paxman, his associates in the Board, and the patrons of the school generally.

An informal board meeting was held at 12:30 p.m. at which the financial condition of the academy and a pending appointment for me to make a circuit through the stake in the educational interest, formed the chief topics.

Correspondence.—By report from Elder Reinhard Maeser, Stake Superintendent of religion classes of Beaver Stake, we learn that it is the desire of the stake authorities to make earnest efforts for the re-opening of that Stake Academy at the beginning of next school year. As a preparatory step toward it, Elder R. Maeser has opened a private school for higher branches in the academy building, and feels much encouraged by the outlook.

The stake academies of Weber, Bear Lake, and Oneida, are reported in a flourishing condition.

The St. Joseph Stake Academy, Thatcher, Arizona, has been obliged to close its session temporarily, on account of diphtheria prevailing in that locality.

Communications from several other Church schools are now overdue. It is to be hoped, however, that they will have come in before this reminder reaches them.

By order of the General Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

MANY people think of knowledge as of money. They would like knowledge, but cannot face the perseverance and self-denial that go to the acquisition of it.

Our Little Folks.

A Short Sketch of Pine Valley.

PINE VALLEY is a small valley in the northern part of Washington County, and contains an area of about eight square miles. It lies on the rim of the Great Basin, and is surrounded by high mountains, the highest of which is about 12,000 feet, or about the same height as Mounts Nebo and Baldy. Pine Valley has an elevation of about 5,200 feet above the sea level.

Its mountain scenery is beautiful.

The narrow, rocky canyons, lined with evergreens, and in summer abounding in many wild berries and beautiful flowers, and the cool, refreshing springs bursting from rocks in the mountain sides, all tend to give it the appearance of loveliness.

In autumn, when the hills and mountains are tinged with purple and gold, a more beautiful scene than is here presented can scarcely be imagined.

The altitude being so high, the climate is very cold and severe in winter, but cool and pleasant in summer. In winter the snow falls very deep, the average depth being from two and a half to three feet. In the mountains it is sometimes from six to eight feet deep.

The Pine Valley creek is fed by the snows from the mountains and is the head of the Santa Clara creek. It abounds in mountain trout, which are fished out by the hundreds during the summer months.

Owing to the delightful climate in summer, and the picturesque surroundings, Pine Valley has become a favorite summer resort for many people from St. George, where the climate is so hot,

especially during the months of July and August.

Agriculture, stock-raising, and lumbering are the chief industries of the people.

The farm products are wheat, barley, oats and vegetables. Very little fruit is raised, except apples, currants, and gooseberries. In the summer the mountains are covered with a luxuriant grass, which affords excellent pasturage for cattle.

The mountains abound in the finest timber, and lumbering has been one of the main sources of wealth to the people.

The valley was discovered by some cattle men about the year 1856. They found it to be rich in timber, and soon after three men, Isaac Riddle, Elias Blackburn, and Robert Richie by name came here with their families and put up a saw-mill, intending to furnish lumber for the surrounding settlements.

Other families followed and soon a town sprang up in this little valley among the mountains. In the summer of 1865 the town site was laid off by Bishop Robert Gardner, under the direction of Apostle Erastus Snow, who was at that time president of the southern mission.

When first settled it was thought to be too cold to raise anything, but as people began to cultivate gardens for their own use, they soon found that the climate was favorable, and the soil yielding abundant crops to the gardener, and so began farming, which has proven a success to the people.

At first water was very scarce, but by the hand of Providence it has gradually increased until now there is about three times as much water as there was in the beginning. The average yield of grain is about twenty-five bushels to the acre.

The early settlers of Pine Valley

experienced some very hard times. In the spring of the year 1868, when the grain was growing nicely and everything seemed in a prosperous condition, a little cloud was seen between the earth and the sun, and as it came nearer to earth it was found to be a swarm of grasshoppers which came and lit on the beautiful fields of grain.

The people went out and fought them, but all to no purpose. They did not leave until they had cleared the fields of their wealth of grain. It wasn't so late in the spring but that the people went to work and planted corn in their desolate fields, and they lived principally on corn bread for the next year.

Some time before this there had been a flood, which swept away the house of a family living down in the gulch, as it was called, and drowned two children.

These are the most important events of interest connected with the history of Pine Valley. The town is now (1895) in a flourishing condition. The population is about 520.

Tillie Gardner. Age 17.

PINE VALLEY, WASHINGTON CO., UTAH.

PRIZES FOR 1896.

FOLLOWING is a list of prizes which we offer for work done by our young friends. We invite all to take part in the competition. All cannot receive prizes, but the practice they get by trying will be a help to them in their studies.

For Best Original Story, suitable for Our Little Folks' Department of the INSTRUCTOR, by boy or girl under fourteen years of age we offer as first prize, leather, gilt L. D. S. Hymn Book. Second prize, Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

For Best Original Story, suitable for Our Little Folks' Department of the

INSTRUCTOR by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years of age, first prize, leather bound large print Book of Mormon; second prize, cloth bound, large print Book of Mormon.

For Best Lead Pencil Drawing, by boy or girl under fourteen years, subject to be chosen by competitor, first prize, copy of "First Book of Nature;" second prize copy of "The Martyrs."

For Best Lead Pencil Drawing, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, subject to be chosen by competitor, first prize, copy of "Gospel Philosophy;" second prize, copy of "The Hand of Providence."

For Best Map of Utah, drawn and colored, by boy or girl under fourteen, first prize, copy of "Life of Brigham Young;" second prize, copy of "City of the Saints."

For Best Map of United States, drawn and colored, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, first prize, leather bound, large print Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, cloth bound, large print Doctrine and Covenants.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, by boy or girl under fourteen, first prize, copy of Simple Bible Stories; second prize, copy of Book of Mormon Stories.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship, consisting of the Ten Commandments, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, first prize, copy of "Forty Years Among the Indians;" second prize, copy of "From Kirtland to Salt Lake."

For Best Historical and Descriptive Sketch, competition open to all under twenty years of age. Each competitor in this class is expected to write an account of the valley in which he lives, stating when and by whom first settled, the principal items of interest connected

with its history since first colonized, description of its location and surroundings, the natural curiosities found in it, its population, its industries, etc. That our young friends will fully understand what we mean, we will explain that the competitors who live in Sanpete Valley, for example, will write a sketch of that valley, and its settlement, no matter what town they live in; those living in Utah Valley will write about Utah Valley, and so on. Where there are large valleys, as, for instance, Salt Lake Valley, those living in Salt Lake County should write about that part of it only, and those living in Davis County should write only about that one county. First prize, leather bound copy of Life of Heber C. Kimball; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Heber C. Kimball.

For Best Piece for Recitation, suitable for little child, either prose or poetry, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, Morocco gilt copy of Life of John Taylor, second prize, leather bound copy of Life of John Taylor.

For Best Dialogue, suitable for children, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, Morocco, gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, leather bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

For best story suitable for Our Little Folks Department of the INSTRUCTOR, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, large print, Morocco gilt copy of Book of Mormon, second prize, large print leather copy of Book of Mormon.

All articles sent in for competition must reach us by June 1st, 1896. If manuscripts or drawings are to be returned stamps for return mail must be forwarded.

All stories, recitations or dialogues that are suitable will be published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, whether awarded prizes or not.

PIECE FOR RECITATION.

Dear children, ninety years ago,
December twenty-third,
A little baby came to earth,
According to God's word.

A dainty, tiny little mite
That any child might lift;
Right glad that mamma was, we
think,
With this sweet Christmas gift.

They named him "Joseph," for you
see,
A prophet, long ago,
Had said that this must be his name,
And thus it happened so.

He grew a boy like other boys,
With tasks and sports and fun,
Fond of books and toys and games;
Thus was his life begun.

He grew up honest, pure, and true,
All God's commands he kept;
Nor did he fail to pray for aid,
Each night before he slept.

And so God loved him, and one day
With His Beloved Son,
Came down to earth in majesty
To see this favored one.

He chose him for the Prophet great
Of the last dispensation,
To warn the people to repent
In every land and nation.

He gave him power to organize
The Church of Christ on earth,
For darkness covered all the land
Ere this true Church had birth.

And he became the greatest man
Of these the latter days;
His name throughout the nations
known,
For either blame or praise.

This Prophet, righteous, true and just,

By cruel men was slain;
Like other prophets, life did end
In bondage, tears and pain.

His work lives on, and he above
Still labors for the cause;
Teaching mankind the way to live,
And keep God's holy laws.

So let us live, that when we go
To Zion's golden shore,
With God, and Christ and Joseph,
too,
We'll meet to part no more.

Julia A. Macdonald.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Treat Others As You Would Be Treated.

A CHORUS of ten or twelve voices was merrily ringing upon the keen, frosty air of a January morning as a dozen boys were swiftly gliding over the smooth, glassy surface of a small pond of ice. The rosy faces of the skaters, a moment ago beaming with pleasure, now bore an expression of annoyance as a bell was distinctly heard at the school-house, half a block away.

A murmur of disapproval at "having to go to school on such days as these, where there was so much fun one could have," arose from the boys as they instantly removed their skates.

"Well, we've had a good game of 'pomp,' anyway," was Mark Lee's comment as he pocketed his skates.

"It's worth the while playing when we aren't bothered with a herd of little ones," said Ben Page, a big boy of fifteen years.

"That's right. It was just about time to put them off when we had the whole pond alive with those 'kids' from the primary room," rejoined a sturdy fellow of fourteen winters whose size did not do justice to that age.

"I thought that it was more fun with the small boys on the ice. It took more skillful skating to dodge them as they flitted around," spoke up Harry Newman.

"Yes, and you *did* have to keep a-dodging. You could have eyes for no one but them, and the first thing you knew you were caught," was a protest from one of the group.

"They did interfere a little with the game, but it was a pleasure to see them so delighted. They tried to keep out of our way," responded Harry; "and I don't think that Mr. Hansen will like it, our sending them from the pond. It's as much theirs as ours."

"I am afraid of the same thing," came from several boys.

"I don't propose to have him meddling with our affairs," answered Tom Mason.

As the boys became interested in this discussion, they were slowly walking in the direction of the school house, thus omitting their usual race. In consequence of this, the school session had begun when the skaters entered the building.

Although Mr. Hansen was well aware of the cause of their tardiness, he remained silent upon the subject until just before dismissal for recess.

"This morning, the same as on several other occasions, a number of our pupils were late for school. The cause of their tardiness is one that can be easily remedied. My desire is not to deprive the boys of their pleasure, but punctuality must be enforced. In the future I shall ring one bell at five minutes to nine and another at nine o'clock. At the first call all skating and sports are to be discontinued and the preparations for entering the house begun; the second bell calls school."

As this was said, nods of approval were given, and expressions of relief stole over the faces of the tardy party.

"But," the teacher continued, "I have been informed that a misdemeanor on the part of the larger boys has been committed, one in which the rights of the small pupils have been ignored. I understand that the older ones have taken it upon themselves to prohibit the smaller ones from skating on the ice. This can not be. The younger boys attending this school should and shall have the same privilege as the older members. Hereafter the pond is open to all pupils."

This had been expected by some, but the fact did not lessen the feeling of disapproval among the "big set." Glances were interchanged which plainly showed their disgust. But Mr. Hansen had not yet spoken of punishment.

"As some of the boys from my department have deprived those of the primary grade from skating this morning, I am justified in withholding the same privilege from the guilty ones. None who skated on the pond before school will do so at recess."

School was then dismissed for twenty minutes' recreation.

Some eagerly ran for the ice, while Mark Lee and his companions tried a game of snowball. But for some reason snowballing was not any fun that morning. The game was broken up, and the players collected to discuss the affair of the day.

"I'll tell you, boys, don't let's go on the ice anyway, just to show Mr. Hansen that we mean what we say; we won't skate with the youngsters," said Ben Page.

"That won't do any good." "We'll only spite ourselves." "Mr. Hansen won't care," were the remarks of several.

Mark, who had been standing in a position denoting indifference, now brightened up as a new idea presented itself in his mind.

"I have it, boys," he began. "Skating won't last much longer. Pa said this very morning that we would have another snow before long, and then it's good-by to good skating for a while. Bob Dunstan, one of the fellows from Brantwood, says that they have fine ice—there's a whole field of it. The boys form in crowds and skate nearly all night. Now, what I propose to do is for us to get up a crowd and go over there in a 'bob-sleigh.' "

This met with approval from a number, but others were dubious. They knew that it would be difficult to obtain their parents' consent to such a project. But after a few moments' urging from the enthusiasts, all difficulty seemed to vanish and the boys became absorbed in the arrangement of their plans. With two span of horses, of which Harry and Ben were the happy owners, hitched to a large sleigh belonging to Tom Mason's father, the youths were to be drawn to the field of ice near Brantwood. They felt confident of enjoying themselves on such ice and in such company, for the big boys of the neighboring village were sure to be there.

It was with somewhat of a look of defiance that the boys took their seats at the ringing of the bell.

"We must let Mr. Hansen know of our scheme, so that he can find out that we boys have some independence," whispered Tom to his seatmate.

The revelation of the plan came in a way not in accordance with the feeling of pride that the boys entertained. During the remainder of the day much whispering and note-writing was indulged in by the plotters. The teacher's

quick eyes did not pass this by unheeded; for among the names of pupils required to remain after school were several of our acquaintances.

After attending to a number of culprits, Mr. Hansen advanced to these boys.

"I regret that it is a necessity for me to detain you on account of disturbing the school. Being the largest pupils, your conduct is taken by the younger ones as an example for them to follow. In the future I hope that it will be more worthy of imitation. Having noticed the passing of notes and the unusual whispering among you, I concluded that you have some plan on the tapis." Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued, "If it be something that I can help you with, I shall be willing to do so."

This was something that the boys had not looked for. After the abashment of a moment in which all their defiance fled, one of them answered.

"We were just getting up a skating party to go over to Brantwood tonight."

"Because we cannot have any fun skating here any more," piped up one boy whose courage had not entirely deserted him.

With this they were dismissed. Once outside the building a hurried consultation ensued during which all final arrangements were made. Then another topic for comment presented itself.

"We may have a good time, but part of our purpose in going is defeated. Who would have thought that Mr. Hansen would view things in that light?" Tom remarked as he reached for a pocket in which to stow a book.

"The idea of his asking if he could help us when we were really doing this to show him our independence, is strange," said Ben, who was now danc-

ing up and down to keep his blood in rapid circulation. "I felt rather silly when he appeared so kind—but I will have to go now; because pa will have me do just so many chores whether I go sleigh-riding, skating or stay at home."

In a moment the crowd had dispersed; boys were seen going in various directions at a rapid rate.

About dusk that evening a large sleigh containing the boys snugly wrapped in quilts and furs was drawn by four horses over the road leading to the adjacent town of Brantwood.

At various intervals as some gay song burst forth from the boys' lips, their merry voices sweetly chimed with the bells kept in a lively tune by the rapid movement of the steeds; for Ben, who was driver, maintained a lively pace through the journey.

When their journey's end was reached, every one was merry, light-hearted and gay as he alighted, gave a stretch and assisted in tying or covering the horses. No cloud had yet arisen above their horizon.

As the ice was reached every boy instantly drooped on one knee and began putting on his skates. While engaged in this process, Bob Dunstan, who had been recognized by several as one of the skaters, followed by half a dozen others approached the newcomers.

"Why they're the fellows from Scranton!" exclaimed a skater whose vision had now become plain enough to recognize to visitors.

"Well we don't want 'em here," remarked another approacher.

"Hello, kids! What are you doing here?" was Bob's salutation.

"We've come to skate, replied Ben, being better acquainted with young Dunstan than were his [Ben's] companions.

"If, you get our permission, which I must add can't be given," laughed one of the fellows on the other side.

"What! do you intend not to let us skate?" Mark asked.

"That's it exactly."

The intruders, as, it seems, they appeared to the eyes of the Brantwood boys, looked aghast. The thought that they would not be welcomed or at least be allowed to partake of the fun had not entered their minds. It came as a complete surprise and not an agreeable one either.

"Awful sorry you don't want us, but we must have a skate. A fellow doesn't come all this way for nothing," rejoined Ben. "Come, boys," he added taking a stroke.

"I guess not," interposed the leader of the opponents. "We meant what we said, 'We don't want you.'"

"And I said what I meant, 'We want a skate.' This field doesn't belong to you, and we've a right here as well as you. We'll use our right, won't we, boys?" turning to his friends, Ben continued with warmth.

"Right! What right have you? We've used this ice all winter."

"It isn't much of a right either of us has. You've had the whole pond many a night, all we want tonight is part of it," argued Ben.

"Let them skate. They won't interfere much," one of the skaters, Bert Brown, muttered to his friend, as he kicked a chip of ice out with his skates.

"They may not bother us much, but that little is too much," responded their spokesman, who was determined to witness the banishment of the Scranton boys.

"You see that we got up a crowd to play 'sheeny' and chose the sides for the game. We played last night and the

side that 'got beat' wants to play again tonight, so we're going to play," explained Bert, who did not want to appear too mean in the eyes of the strangers.

"Now don't you see that you can't play," urged the leader.

"No, I don't."

"Well, we do. We've had our game interfered with by so many little ones before tonight that we made up our minds not to let any but 'our crowd' on the ice."

Ben and his companions saw that there would be serious trouble if they did not leave the disputed ground. After a final retort, they walked to their sleigh, untied their horses and turned their heads toward home.

The feeling of disappointment at not being able to enjoy the anticipated pleasure and the sense of humiliation at being treated as inferiors by boys only a year or two their seniors was pain enough, but a sense of remorse was felt by all. Now the boys were in a position to interpret the feelings of the little urchins who had been treated in a like manner at school that day.

Ben was the first to speak.

"I think," he began, "that's the meanest trick I ever heard of. I didn't think Bob would do such a thing."

"I know that it is mean, but I can think of another mean trick. Remember our sending those little ones away this morning."

A broken conversation was carried on during the remainder of the journey, but the riders were not the cheerful boys of a few hours ago. All mirth had died out. Their humiliation was complete on the following day when Mr. Hansen asked them if they had enjoyed themselves on the previous night at Brantwood.

C. L. H.

NIGHT SONG.

A Lullaby.

BY E. STEPHENS.

SOPRANO.
pp Soft-ly the distant vil - lage bell Tells how the hours are creep-ing,

ALTO.
pp Andante accentuato. Soft - ly the vil - lage bell Tells how the hours are sil - ent - ly creeping,

TENOR.
 Soft-ly the dist - ant village bell Tells how the hours are sil - ent - ly creeping,

BASS.
 creep - ing,

Out thro' the darkness its chiming swells, While my own loved ones are sleep - ing,

Soft - ly its chiming swells While my own loved ones are sleep - ing,

Out thro' the darkness its chiming swells While my own loved ones are sleep - ing,

p Ring - ing, ring - ing, *Cres.* *f* May it ne'er waken them to weep,

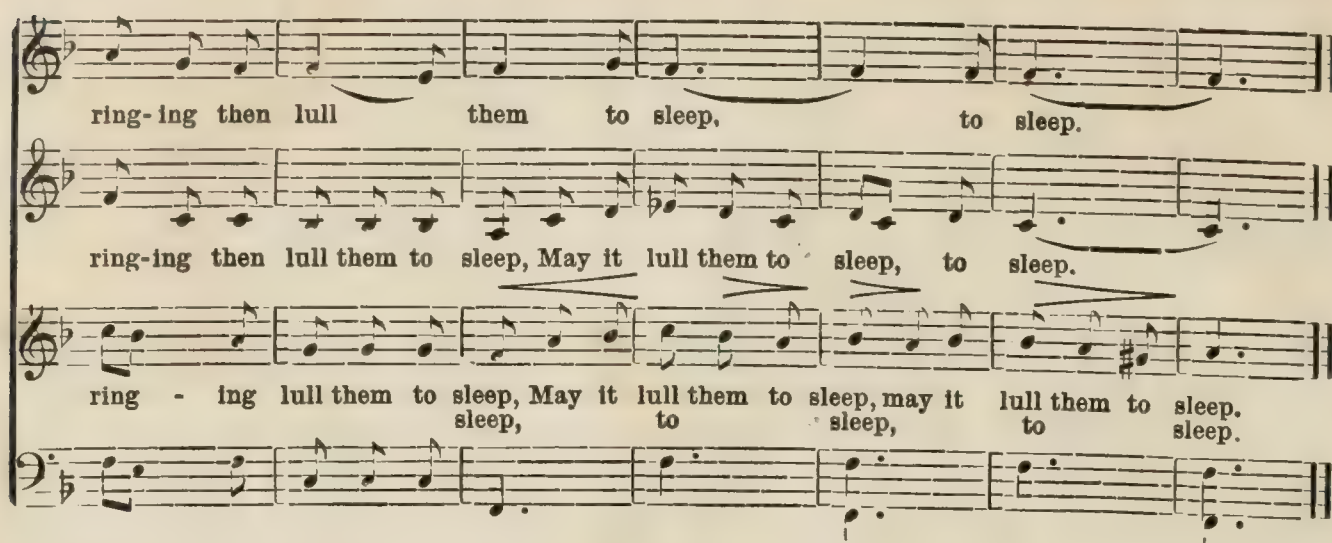
May it ne'er wake them When joys for - sake them, Ne'er *f* wake them to sigh or to weep,

May it ne'er wake them When joys for - sake them, Ne'er *f* wake them to sigh or to weep,

p Ring - ing, ring - ing, May it ev - er thus lull them to
Cres.
 But when their sleep-ing is turned to weep - ing, May it then lull them to
 But when their sleep-ing is turned to weep - ing, May it then lull them to
Cres. weep - ing, May its soft ring - ing

p sleep, lull them to sleep, lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing
Cres. sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing
Dim. sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft ringing
 lull them to sleep, to sleep,

p lull them to sleep, lull them to sleep, lull them to sleep, May its soft
Cres. lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft
 lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft
 lull them to sleep, lull them to sleep, Then



A CASE OF HEALING.

DURING the time of the great persecution of the Saints because of their practice of plural marriage, there was considerable sickness in the Fourteenth Ward, where I resided. So many faithful brethren were absent that it was sometimes with great difficulty Elders were found to administer to the afflicted ones. Especially did it require effort to find brethren to visit those who had diphtheria, a disease which was quite prevalent at that time.

On the evening of January 15th, 1886, while a Sunday school party was in progress at the ward hall, the information came that Stella Beatie, a granddaughter of President Woodruff, was dangerously ill with a bad form of this terrible disease, and the request was made for some of the Elders to call and administer to her.

At Bishop Taylor's request I tried to find someone to accompany me to the home of the sick child, but a two hours fruitless effort resulted. Early in the morning, however, I was accompanied by Elder Joseph Hodgins, well known as the blind man of the Fourteenth Ward. We found the girl in a pitiable condition. We administered to her, and

she immediately commenced to recover, and was finally entirely healed, for which we felt to praise and give thanks to the Lord.

John P. Sorenson.

TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH SMITH.

(AIR: "AMERICA.")

GREAT Prophet, now to thee,
Savior of liberty,
To all mankind—
By God's divinest grace
Who met thee face to face,
And armed for grandest race,
Thy giant mind,

Now on thy natal day,
We meet to honor pay
Thy mem'ry dear.
With awe we speak thy name,
With joy thy deeds proclaim,
With pride we laud thy fame
From year to year.

Oh God, our thanks we give
That we, Thy children, live
In this great day,
When Thou the gospel light
Again hast brought in might.
Protect us in the fight,
Great God, we pray.

Julia A. Macdonald.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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No. 2.

THE INHABITANTS OF SIAM.

AMONG the uncivilized people of Asia the Siamese are deserving of some attention.

The empire of Siam is situated in the southeastern part of Asia, bordering China on the south.

but it is probably on the same plan that the Spartans had two rulers, one to hold the other in check. The Second King, although living in considerable grandeur has no particular share in governing the people unless he possesses peculiar executive ability. The personal character



IN THE KING'S PALACE, SIAM.

The country is governed by two kings, who are generally kinsmen, often brothers, and are designated as First King and Second King. Occasionally the Second Ruler succeeds the First, but not often. The reason for having the two monarchs is not entirely understood,

and habits of the kings have a marked effect upon the people. They are therefore usually careful to make themselves worthy of the regard of their subjects. They are very well educated, spending a number of years in seclusion, devoting their time to study. In this way they

often master foreign languages, and become very wise.

The emperor receives the greatest possible homage. Only his noblest retainers are allowed to enter his presence, and they must prostrate themselves before the royal person. Those of inferior rank to the courtiers are compelled to show the same submission to them as they show to the king, and so on among all ranks, each class receiving the obeisance of those below them.

The splendor of the king is wonderful. In his royal robes of the finest silk, and his massive gold crown upon his head he is a magnificent sight. The crown is shaped something like a hood, fitting down over his ears, and terminates in a long peak at the top. It weighs several pounds and is studded with all kinds of precious stones. It is only worn on state occasions, the head being uncovered the most of the time.

There are five ministers of state superintending, respectively, all foreign affairs, war, justice, agriculture, and the northern provinces. They, of course have their aids and councillors of whom there are altogether about thirty. There are also governors over the various provinces, whose authority is limited.

The laws of the country are ancient and incomplete, and are often very severe. Persons of high rank are sometimes beaten to death for crime, owing to the ordinance that the blood of nobles must not be shed. The spot on which a great crime is committed is cursed and heavily taxed. In the absence of the criminal, his family and often his neighbors also are taken in custody, and are held responsible for his appearance. A certain class of criminals are led through the streets and are forced to proclaim the nature of their crime aloud. One peculiar feature in their trials is

that the testimony of unmarried women, beggars, drunkards, persons of immoral character, and those who cannot read is not accepted.

In connection with the royal palace are the apartments of the king's women. There are about six or seven hundred of these females, who are all of the highest rank. They are entirely excluded from the society of the opposite sex, and their time is spent in acquiring native accomplishments, and in amusing themselves. Acting in pantomime is one of their favorite pastimes.

The Siamese are small and dark, but are superior to the Malays in appearance. The heads both of males and females are shaved, except a small tuft of hair left on the top of the head which is supposed to resemble a lotus flower. The customary dress is very scant and plain, usually consisting of only one piece, wound around the body in such a way as to protect it. This dress is common to both sexes, and even the royal robes are scarcely ever of more than two pieces.

The priests have control of the education, and the schools are almost always connected with the monasteries. Only the boys are permitted to attend the schools, the girls receive what little knowledge they obtain in the home. Many of the young men who are taught in the monasteries become priests and remain there all their lives.

There are many histories and native works of literature which are very interesting to students of languages, but upon which no great reliance can be placed. They do not claim a very ancient origin, as the Chinese do, still, like that people, their literature is made up to a great extent of legends, romances, and fairy tales.

Their religion is chiefly Buddhism in

a corrupted form. The people worship their ancestors and various gods, but the most sacred of all their deities is the white elephant. Even men who pay no respect to the king, prostrate themselves before this sacred quadruped.

When one of these animals is captured it is the occasion of the greatest rejoicing throughout the land, and it is immediately carried to the capital. The monarch and his train go out to meet it and accompany it to the palace which has been prepared for it. It is petted, pampered and worshiped by its foolish adorers, who would gladly lay down their lives to save it from the slightest harm. When it dies it is buried with fitting ceremonies, and the hair of its tail is preserved in a case of gold, adorned with precious stones. Queen Victoria has one of these curiosities which was presented to her by the First King, Somdetch Phra Mongkut as a "priceless proof of the estimation in which he held her."

Next to the white elephant, the white monkey is esteemed by the natives as a sacred being deserving of their worship. The people have a great many superstitious beliefs. Sacrifices are offered to their deities and spirits, and at such times much wine is drunk, the worshipers often becoming intoxicated.

The Siamese are very fond of amusements. They have theatres, public games and religious festivals. Their greatest holiday is New Year's Day, which is a general time of rejoicing. Another gala day is the festival of agriculture. The minister of this department, lays his hand upon the plow and is followed by the court ladies and gentlemen scattering seeds and chanting songs. Still another occasion for rejoicing is when the king's head is shaved. The event is proclaimed by the blast of

trumpets and other ways which the people have of demonstrating their joy.

The climate of Siam is warm. There are three seasons, hot, rainy and cold. Even in the coldest weather the temperature rarely falls below 70°. During the month of December, 1866, the coldest winter ever known in the country, the thermometer was brought down to 57°. The vegetation is luxuriant, the people have little trouble to secure food. The natural advantages of the country would permit of great industries being established, but the people are naturally indolent and unprogressive, and what little is manufactured and produced is mainly through the energy of the Chinese and Japanese residents. While very little is exported from the country, foreign articles such as cotton, silk, china, brass, tea, and opium are imported in great quantities.

Siamese architecture is similar to that of China, but far superior to it. The common dwellings are worthy of no particular notice; but the palaces and temples are often superior structures of many stories and finished with towers and pinnacles reaching far into the air. At the entrances of the temples and palaces are immense statues of brass, silver and gold, often fifty feet in height.

At the death of any member of the royal family or of the nobility gigantic funeral piles are erected, resembling the temples with their spires. These, however, are built of soft wood and paper, very lightly set together, and saturated with oil and other combustibles. The corpse is securely packed in a case of material upon which heat has no effect, and placed in the building which is then set on fire and is soon consumed. The ashes of the body are then carefully removed and preserved.

There are only 354 days in a year, according to the Siamese method of reckoning twelve months, made up of $29\frac{1}{2}$ days each. Then once in about twenty years they add a few months. They have a strange custom of naming the years for different animals.

These people have quite an idea of the beautiful, but their art is peculiar and strictly national. Nearly all the people play on musical instruments and sing. They have no rules for their music; still it is not discordant, as one would suppose, but on the whole rather attractive. They pride themselves upon their musical ability.

Much attention has been directed toward this country on account of those peculiar beings known as the "Siamese twins." Similar cases have been known, but none so strikingly peculiar as this. They were joined together by a thick piece of flesh extending from the side of each. Through this bridge was a passage connecting the two abdominal cavities, and the blood freely circulated through it from both bodies. Except for this connection, their bodies were well formed and healthy. They lived to be sixty years of age, dying in the year 1874.

The Siamese have no great ambition, and very little energy, but they are kind, peaceable and friendly to foreigners. They have no burning desire to progress; still civilization is slowly, but surely, gaining a foothold in the empire, and it will, no doubt, eventually become a great and intelligent nation.

R. A. C.

NEVER meet trouble half way.
 NEVER repeat old grievances.
 NEVER shirk the hardest work.
 NEVER despise the day of small things.

FROM FAR-OFF BAVARIA.

WITH all communications which have been presented in the columns of this worthy periodical for the perusal of its readers, I believe there have been very few if any from Germany in relation to the labors of the missionaries who have been sent here to make known the principles of the Gospel of Christ. Very few of our people realize what an immense labor there is yet to perform in this great nation. Notwithstanding the great length of time during which the Elders have been here promoting the cause of truth, it would seem that merely the initiatory steps had been taken to make the world acquainted with Mormonism, so numerous are those who as yet know nothing of true religion, but who must yet be warned of their error, before the consummation of God's work can take place. The circumstances connected with this work, if viewed from a worldly standpoint, would be in some respects sufficient to discourage us, but with a consciousness of working for a God who orders all for the best, we have every reason to be encouraged.

The Bavarians are a very excellent race of people, and being quite devotional in their own religion, would no doubt be very favorably inclined toward us if they could only have the opportunity of hearing the gospel explained. This would no doubt allay much of the prejudice which many of the people entertain towards us. Our efforts to dissipate these false views are attended as yet with little success, owing to the stringency of the laws which prevent our pursuing methods most favorable to our object. We hope, however, for better times and greater opportunities to teach the truth.

Our branch in Munich consists of

some forty members. Most of them are very assiduous in the performance of their duties.

There are many people here who after conceding that Mormonism is correct theoretically are unable to conform to the requirements of the same. For instance, one woman with whom I conversed told me that our religion was very nice, but it was impossible for her to abandon the old established tenets of her faith, for new ones. She asked, "Where is your absolution? you do not have any confessions in your Church as we do."

When I told her that we had no authority to change the doctrines of Christ she expressed her surprise at it, stating that she could not belong to a church, which did not believe in absolution. Then she reproached us with having the baptism by immersion, asserting that she had been baptized when she was a child, and required nothing further to insure her salvation. On being asked if she understood the object of baptism, she answered that she knew of no other reason for being baptized than to be received into the church. When I told her that a man must repent before being baptized, the ordinance then to be performed to blot out past sins, as well as for the object of being received into the church, referring her at the same time to the fact that the apostles, in early days taught in this manner, but she reiterated her disbelief, and said: "Well. I think our priest ought to know, and he does not teach us that."

She then said that she didn't have any respect anyway for anyone who would forsake the faith, which he or she had espoused to accept another. I asked her how she expected to follow the admonition of Paul, wherein

he says, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," and whether she had any respect for the converts which were made in the primitive church, among whom were many of the disciples of Christ, even Christ Himself not having entered upon His great mission, until He had subjected Himself to the ordinances of the gospel. Well, she did not consider these ceremonies essential in this age. I told her before leaving, however, that the day would come when she would be compelled to answer a higher judge and that the commands of the Lord cannot be rejected without painful consequences being the result.

It is very gratifying to note that cases similar to the above are few and far between. Nevertheless when such occur they lend a sort of spiciness to the labors of a missionary. A little resistance of this kind often occasions a greater degree of animation on both sides, which is by far preferable to instances where an utter indifference is manifested for religion. Occasionally people are encountered who sit and listen for an hour or so without stirring, generally conceding at the conclusion that it is all right, with the invitation to make another visit accompanied probably with a demeanor indicating "Yes, come again when you can't stay so long."

The people are greatly deceived in various ways with regard to the life of the Savior and the apostles of earlier days. They are not allowed to read the scriptures only to a limited extent, they often having parts assigned or recommended to them, which as a rule, however, have no great importance. I have seen portrayals of Christ here in some of the picture galleries, where He is being baptized by John. He is represent-

ed as being sprinkled according to the method which is prevalent in the Christian world to day. Others of these productions of art display His resurrection as taking place with a banner in His hand bearing the Catholic emblem, and his resurrection as being effected by Catholic priests, who are in the act of lifting him from His tomb.

Such are examples of the manner in which the people are being deluded and deceived, although they are unconscious of it.

Many of the people humiliate themselves to a remarkable extent before the priests when they appear on the street. Some of the ministers carry a small bell with them, and as they pass along this is rung to warn the people of their approach, at which many of the people drop to their knees in sunshine or in rain, and make their sign of obeisance. When I witness demonstrations of this character it always calls to my mind the instance where the Savior warned the people at His time to, "Beware of the scribes and pharisees which love to go in long clothing and love salutations in the market places."

I saw a parade here of a religious nature which represented about as nearly the idolatry of olden days as anything very well could. Almost every person who participated had an image of the Savior or of the Virgin Mary, whom they idolize, and in going along the street, they utter their prayers to the Holy Mary, in concert in a monotone, holding the image in an elevated position as they did so. At the head of the procession was a larger image of this kind, and at a given time they all dropped on their knees and gave vent to their sing-song prayers, in a manner strikingly similar to idolatry, many of them hoping no doubt to be heard in their petitions to this dumb image.

The customs and manners of the people are as a rule very pleasing, and the greatest politeness characterizes all of their intercourse with one another, although the richer people command a greater respect and are treated with greater consideration, than those not so endowed. The wealthy are even exempted from many requirements of the law by virtue of their opulence, whereas, the poorer classes must suffer disadvantages on account of not having been so favored by dame fortune. This creates class distinction to a much greater extent than is to be found in America.

The people in these Catholic countries pay a great deal of attention to holiday-making and celebrating. The birth-days of many of the ancient Saints and the anniversaries of events of an ecclesiastical nature, they consider worthy of celebrating, and they attach great importance to these. There are some thirty-five or forty legal holidays during the whole year, there being seven in the month of April alone. On most of such occasions, the well-known beer of German fame flows very freely.

Christmas is celebrated with great eclat, the most prevalent of all the demonstrations being Christmas-tree celebrations which are held at various times during the entire month of December. I had occasion to attend one of a very select nature, a short time since and it was certainly well gotten up and calculated to furnish a great deal of pleasure to the participants. The evening's entertainment consisted of a program which was carried out in very interesting fashion. Two dramas of a rustic nature, and spoken in the quaint dialect characteristic of the people in certain parts of Bavaria, were given, representing peasant-life in its most interesting

forms, thus furnishing very rare entertainment. Among other features was music dispensed by a large band engaged for the occasion, which was interspersed with tableaux and other amusements. At the conclusion of the same the lottery took place which is one of the main features of every Christmas celebration. Turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, deer, pigs, baskets of fruit and cakes, constituted in main the objects of distribution. This was the climax to the evening's entertainment, and was participated in with great zest by almost every one present. It consists in the buying of numbers at a nominal price which if lucky draw one or more of the objects.

The people all seem to have a passion for lotteries. I have often seen the horny-handed sons of toil from the country sink their hard-earned coins in chances for the lotteries, although the possibilities of winning are very meagre, but whether they win or not, they seem just as eager to try their luck again when the opportunity presents itself.

The "October Fest," which takes place during October, of every year in Munich, is the cause of much jollity and pleasure among the people from far and near. This was instituted some sixty years ago by King Ludwig I. who, wishing to provide the populace at large with national and universal merriment and pleasure, considered this a good method of bringing the people together into closer intercommunion with one another.

This "Fest" consists chiefly in entertainments of varied nature, such as circuses, theatricals, menageries, and numerous other attractions which draw the people from other parts of Germany for this well-known occasion. The im-

mense breweries of Munich, as well as those of other parts are very well represented, and play by no means the least important role therein. During the festival which lasts some two or three weeks, millions of quarts of beer are sold daily on the grounds to the thirsty multitudes, who as a rule have a marvelous capacity for disposing of this, to most of them, indispensable beverage. During this time the peasantry from all parts, is very well represented and they bring with them their antique costumes, which are very unique and comical. Many of these dresses are also very costly, having been a sort of heir-loom in the family for many years, and they are prized very highly by their owners, who on occasions when worn, strut around in them as proud as peacocks, little thinking in their simplicity, that they are the cause of so much merriment among the observers.

In closing this somewhat superficial sketch of some of the characteristics of these people, I will say that aside from many of the religious views which are extant among them, they are a very amiable race, and very pleasant to associate with. I have no doubt that when the chains of bigotry, which are at present binding them, are broken, in order that they may be allowed to bring about the exercise of their free agency, and decide for themselves as to what steps they will take religiously, the Church which we represent and try to promote will gain a very strong foothold here. At present, viewed from a reasonable standpoint, the circumstances augur well for the more extensive and successful preaching of the gospel in this land at some future day when the Lord shall consider it fit to bring it about.

Brigham T. Cannon.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

III.

Whatever may be a young man's or a young woman's occupation, if it is in the mechanical line he or she should during leisure moments seek to acquire some ability in the artistic line. By cultivating a taste for art, one's nature becomes refined, he becomes more civilized, his capacity for intellectual enjoyment is broadened, and in truth he makes a better citizen in a community. There are some arts that are connected with certain trades and occupations, and a knowledge of them is a help to the tradesman in his labors, and for that reason if for no other they should be studied. For examples, a carpenter is better fitted for his occupation by knowing something about architecture and architectural drawing; a machinist makes himself more competent by being able to do mechanical designing and drawing; a printer or a painter also who has ability as a designer is more capable than one without such ability; the gardener who has artistic taste as well as a knowledge of how to care for and cultivate plants and shrubbery is superior to one who is not an artist. The same rule will apply to women's occupations; the dressmaker who has artistic taste combined with her capability to cut and fit and sew well is the most useful. In fact almost all occupations can be improved, elevated and made more genteel by combining art with them. Those who follow mechanical occupations by studying to combine art with their work find almost unlimited fields for the exercise of their genius, and their labors are no more looked upon as drudgery but become a pleasure, because they find in them opportunities to continually improve.

There are some pursuits in life that persons have to follow where art is of little use in assisting them with their labors. Where young persons are engaged in such pursuits they should have ambition and energy to learn something of art, science or mechanism during their spare moments, and thereby seek to fit themselves for some higher calling. They should not conclude that they are not gifted, if they have the inclination to learn and are not idle.

There are innumerable instances to be found where persons who have been compelled in their youth to follow some humble occupation, but who by being studious, have been enabled to better their condition later in life by learning something that required more intelligence, and which was more remunerative and agreeable; and there is no reason why others cannot do the same by making similar efforts.

One of the most pleasing of all arts, and one that is very useful, too, is that of music. It is also one of the most universal of arts, as there are very few who are not able to make satisfactory progress in its study. For these reasons the study of music might well be recommended to all who have any taste for it, and there are not many who do not love it. There are so many opportunities for learning music and for getting aid in the acquirement of its rudiments that anyone can study the art and make reasonable advancement by his own exertions and still continue at his occupation.

There are a number of studies of practical use that can be mastered from text books or manuals without the aid of any other teacher, if one will carefully follow out the suggestions given in the books of instruction. Among these

studies are book-keeping, drawing, phonography or shorthand writing, type-writing, etc.

Besides these there are studies that young men might take up at home during their spare moments that may not be of particularly practical value to help them in obtaining a livelihood, but which would be beneficial in giving to them a certain amount of mental culture. When books of all kinds are so easily obtainable there is no good reason why young men and women, no matter how lowly their daily occupations, are not fairly well read in some branch of science, of literature or of history. The pleasure such knowledge gives the possessor is sufficient encouragement and inducement for one to strive after it. By taking up any one of the following subjects, history, physiology, geology, botany, zoology, natural philosophy, and reading about it say half an hour each day, a young man or young woman would learn a great deal in the course of a year. The information gained would be of interest, and would furnish the student something profitable to think about while performing manual labor, or something to talk about instead of wasting time in conversation about trifling gossip that is of no use. The practice would create within one a taste for useful knowledge, and thus prove an unending source of mental pleasure and benefit. *E. F. P.*

DO WHAT YOU CAN.—We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act is acceptable to God.

A TYPICAL CASE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

WHEN nature created California, she sent an army of stalwart sentinels to stand in majestic guard along her coast. Wearied with centuries of useless vigil, these sentries broke rank and scattered, some lifting high their heads to listen to the tales the clouds and zephyrs tell, others flinging themselves down to brood beside peaceful valleys and to hearken to the music of purling streams. Thus it is that the coast range straggles and is broken, and while it sometimes for miles presents a succession of untamed heights, it often divides and falls away, to give place to fertile valleys and the habitations of men.

Like giant stepping-stones the foothills rise from the valleys in splendid swells and terraces, a hundred, five hundred feet, in height. Shielded from harsh winds by the noble heights above them in whose rocky breasts the warmth of the sunshine is hoarded as in a mammoth storehouse, carpeted with native grasses which for eight months of the year are studded with flowers, fragrant shrubs and noble tree-growths gracing their slopes, crystal streams dashing past and from unseen sources, with matchless vistas of valley or shadowy glade revealed in every turn of their wooded canyons, the foothills of the mountains are a popular resort for neither the rich nor the pleasure seeker. They remain, for the most part, in the possession of a people whose eyes are dulled to their beauties through long and exclusive observation.

Here, almost within sight and hearing of our large cities, are isolated communities of men who dwell together in primitive simplicity, framing their own social codes, undisturbed by the

trivial events and senseless strife that agitate the world outside their door.

The Vernal Hills have gained some celebrity by reason of several remarkable cures of pulmonary disease that have been attributed to them, but this reputation is in a measure fictitious. It is probable that they own no climatic virtue not possessed in an equal degree by a thousand other elevated valleys, on the Atlantic Slope, in the Gulf States, or in portions of the Mississippi Valley.

It would be rank heresy to venture this opinion within the hearing of any of the inhabitants of Bonnie Glen, the chief settlement of the Vernal Hills. There is not a man, woman or child, within a radius of twenty miles, who is not ready to aver that nowhere on earth does the sun shine so brightly, the breeze blow so temperately, and grass grow so greenly, flowers bloom so luxuriantly, or nature and humanity dwell together in such perfect concord as in the Vernal Hills.

To the single passenger of the stage that bowled up the road leading to the Glen one afternoon in May, there was something downright offensive in this brilliancy of coloring, this wilderness of bloom.

Bridgeman, the driver, who had honored the stranger with a seat beside himself, vainly strove to arouse him from the apathy which seemed to envelop him. The driver was possessed with a burning curiosity to divine what object this tall, athletic fellow, who bore the unmistakable stamp of the city man, could have in coming to these mountain wilds.

"Primest trout you ever see, half a mile up that gulch," casually remarked Bridgeman, snapping his whiplash upstream, where the water descended in mimic rapids over great moss-grown

boulders, as they swept across a rustic bridge that spanned a limpid stream overhung with wild vines and guarded by stately alders and mottled sycamores. "Got a lot of fancy flies and reels and new fangled tackle to coax them out, I reckon?"

"I don't fish," said Norwood indifferently.

"Looking for bigger game? There's wild cats and mountain lions a few miles further on, and grizzlies in the next range east."

Norwood made no response. The driver squinted curiously at him out of the corner of his eye, and lashed his horses to breakneck speed on a steep down-grade. They came out in a little mountain meadow, where sleek cattle browsed in grass knee-deep. Bridgeman tried another tack.

"Formation here's all topsy-turvy," he observed carelessly, pointing to the naked rocks on the mountain side, where pencilings of strata, upheaved and tossed by some plutonic force, met at every conceivable angle. "Some says it's upheaval, and some says it's moraine action. I'm for the glacial theory myself. I've seen drift piled up on the crest of the topmost ridges about here. You have to go back three ranges and a matter of sixty miles, before you come to any true igneous rock."

"I don't know that I have any particular interest in geology," replied Norwood idly.

The driver rashly swept around a curve and reined up his horses on the verge of a precipice, to exchange salutations with a rancher.

The thread of a canyon expanded into a narrow valley, and the valley expanded and crowded back the mountains. Beside the road some cows grazed in a field of alfalfa, green as emerald. Now

and then a chaparral fence enclosed a bit of orchard where peaches, green and furry, clustered thickly between lance-like leaves, and apricots, tinted with the gold of Hesperides and the crimson of sunset, hung in royal profusion.

Between the trees were glimpses of unpainted houses, and in the distance something like a village road broadened and flung a coat of dust over the wild rose bushes that lined the shaded lane along which they were driving. A platform, with a group of men, could be discerned down this perspective. The sight spurred Bridgeman to desperate effort. Should he arrive in the Glen ignorant of the occupation or intention of his solitary passenger, gone would be his reputation as a news-dispenser and raconteur, blemished his prowess for extracting the confidences of his fellow-men.

He met the exigency simply and frankly, after the manner of the mountaineer.

"What may be your object in coming to the Glen, sir, if I may make bold to ask?"

"To die," replied Norwood calmly.

The driver eyed the young man skeptically, noting his well-knit frame, clear eye, and healthy color. This glance of doubt and suspicion softened into something like kindly interest when the stranger, descending slowly from his elevated seat, clung to one of the trellised pillars of Frazer's porch for support, as a deep cough racked him.

The sound of this cough brought Mrs. Frazer to the door. She was a tall woman, spare and angular, built like an Indian runner, but she moved slowly and languidly, and drawled as she spoke.

"For all the world like my son Ephraim!" she remarked, nodding her head

in the direction of the young doctor, and addressing her observations to some pink hollyhocks in the dooryard. Turning to Norwood with a proper coyness, she added:

"What you need, Mister, is a plaster clapped onto your chest. That did Ephraim a power of good. All you've got to do is just say the word."

Norwood was spared the trouble of saying any word, encouraging or otherwise. Around the corner of the house dashed a thick set, short man, who always seemed to be puffing from the undue celerity of his movements.

"Now, Emmeline, don't you think he needs a warm supper," he kindly suggested. "It's a long road and a rough one, sir, and the air chills all of a sudden when the sun drops down. Sooner you get to bed the better for you to-night."

Then to the stage-driver:

"I was out to the stable when I heard you comin', Dave, and my azmy hampers me so I can't get around so spry as I used to. Heave her over here."

This last direction had reference to the heavy trunk the driver was unbuckling from the rear of the coach. Norwood, who had betaken himself to the sittingroom of the inn, looked listlessly on. Frazer gave a jolly whoop, pranced forward, and with one great flourish of his muscular arms, swung the big box to his shoulder. This performance extracted from Mrs. Frazer a withering assurance that "such doings were unbefitting a man of his age!" Then he heard the tramp of the men's heavy feet ascending to an upper room.

To Norwood this was the end of everything that made life worth living. Farewell to ambition, to hope, to happiness.

Down at the general store of the

settlement, whose proprietor combined the functions of drygoods merchant, grocer, tinsmith, hardware dealer, hatter and postmaster, the new arrival was frankly discussed that night.

"He's a queer customer, and no mistake," said Bridgeman, concluding his account of the trip and what sparing knowledge he possessed concerning his passenger, and winding up with the latter's strange admission, which the driver repeated with dramatic effect.

"Dave, he's only playing it on you," candidly remarked Simonton the postmaster, gossip and newsmonger of the settlement, who made it a point to know everybody's business, and who was not above a quiet joke himself. "He's no more a sick man than I am."

"Simonton, you're wrong. You can't always tell by their looks," seriously observed Staples, the blacksmith. "My youngest brother died of consumption, and he kept his flesh and his healthy color almost to the last. They sometimes keep up like that, then drop off, all of a sudden. I heard this young man cough tonight, and every time a man coughs like that, it's a nail in his coffin."

Staples was the nabob of the settlement, and a man of fair education. He lived in a nice cottage, surrounded by a charming little garden, and he had the prettiest wife, the handsomest colony of sturdy boys, and the finest horses and cattle in the Glen. Moreover, he was in possession of a tidy income, as a man might well be who had the shoeing of all the horses that passed over the stony mountain roads and trails. His opinion was received with respect.

A solemn hush followed. In crowded cities, where crape may hang on your next neighbor's door and you not know

it, and where the great mysteries of life and death are daily enacted around us, the finer sensibilities grow callous. But they were a tender-hearted set, these mountaineers. The little gathering broke up earlier than usual that night, and every man who had been present went to bed with a heart heavy with sorrow for the friendless young stranger who had come among them to die. Meanwhile Norwood, wearied and sleepless, tossed on his pillow and denounced the fate that had brought him there.

"I hope our young friend has experienced the benefits of religion," said Boggs the cobbler, solemnly, the next morning.

Next to Staples, Boggs held the most important position in the community. He patched and mended for the people during the week, and looked after their soles, with a different spelling, on the Sabbath, when he expounded the gospel, after his own peculiar interpretation, in the little schoolhouse, pounding the pulpit in good old orthodox style. Boggs was an earnest and conscientious man, and when this pious inquiry brought forth no reassuring answer, he resolved to waste no time in sounding the newcomer in regard to his "convictions."

Norwood went down to the post office the next day and made the unpleasant discovery that the entire community was in suspense lest he should have failed to pass a comfortable night. Many were the inquiries as to how he had slept, and how he liked the air of the elevated valley.

"It's so thin and dry that it's hard breathing at first," said Simonton, as he fumbled over the small pile of letters that lay in a pigeon-hole marked "N." "It ain't so filling, to be sure, as the air of a city lying at sea level, that's

loaded down with vapor and smoke, and has a lot of microbes of all sorts of earthly ailments floating round in it. But it's good and pure, sir, and you'll get the hang of breathing it after a while. You just want to open your mouth wide and take in a good chestful."

Norwood idly remarked that the people of the Glen looked hale and well, and that the Vernal Hills must be a healthy locality.

"You bet they are!" was the postmaster's pleased response. "You ought to have seen my wife when we came up here—all bent over and drawed up with sciaticky. Everybody thought she'd never be any earthly use again. But she turned round and picked up, and I'm blest if she can't do the biggest day's work of any woman in the Glen, and she past sixty!"

With this cheering vaunt of the climate's utility in the scheme of domestic life, the postmaster finished his examination of the letters, having achieved the dual feat of carrying on a conversation and of carefully noting the address and postmark on each as he laid it down.

"There's nothing for you, sir, except a bundle of magazines," he concluded. "Here's *Harper's*, and the *Atlantic*, and the *Century*, and the *Overland*, and two or three medical papers. Somebody you left up there doesn't mean for you to get out of reading very soon," and he handed out a bulky package.

It was good of Belknap to remember him in this way, Norwood reflected; more than he could have expected of the young physician, with his already large practice swelled by the addition of Saffron. He tucked the bundle under his arm and sallied out into the street, where he encountered Boggs, who with

an air of profound mystery invited him up the road to a secluded spot, where he put an anxious inquiry.

Stopping under the shade of a spreading oak, Boggs faced his companion.

"Are you a professor?" he asked, solemnly.

The old man wore his cobbler's apron, and, with his spectacles pushed up on his head and his wrinkled old forehead puckered into lines of distress, presented so striking an appearance that Norwood was impressed with the gravity of the query, although bewildered as to its import.

"Professor of what?" he asked.

"Professor of the one true religion. Have you cast yourself upon the grace of the Lord? Have you repented of your sins?"

Now Norwood had been brought up in a religious faith, deep and fervent in its convictions, but which never vaunts itself before men. While he doubtless had his faults of character and temperament, he had nevertheless been blameless in deed, and the belief was waxing strong within him that the world had treated him rather hardly. The cobbler's offensive solicitude for the welfare of his soul was provocation beyond endurance.

"I will repent of my sins against the world when the world repents of its sins against me. As for religious faith, I am a Mahometan," he replied, coldly; and he passed on, leaving the cobbler petrified with horror.

Looking across the valley, upon the pine-crowned summits that brooded over it, he was seized with a sudden fever to escape from the petty environments that hedged in his life and stifled him, to stand upon the heights and look out once more upon the outer world, with its broad horizon, its splendid vistas, its superb distances.

He made his way, on foot, up an old Indian trail. His eye was bright with determination, his step buoyant. Ever his desire increased as his steps advanced. The exhilaration of the mountains was on him.

As he reached the first bench of upland he seemed to feel the invigorating breath of the sea stealing over the summit. A delirium of physical ambition took possession of him. He gave himself no time to rest or to rally his feeble strength. He would not stop to cool his lips at the little mountain stream that seemed to mock and oppose him, in its mad race for the valley. Panting, exhausted, defiant, he pressed on.

A sudden sense of suffocation oppressed him. His throat was parching. He turned aside to quench his thirst, but the little brook was nowhere to be found, and everywhere were sun-scorched rocks. His wearied limbs refused to do his bidding. He looked despairingly about. The humble settlement he had left so far behind was strangely near. The pine-clad summits had retreated to an immeasurable distance.

Then earth and sky and the dizzy heights swam around him. The warm life-blood gushed in a stream from his lips. The chorus of birds twittering in a thicket close by swelled into a mighty anthem, then died away in silence.

A ranchman, coming down from the high mountains found him lying there, with sightless eyes upturned to the sky. He hastily dismounted, unslung his canteen, and dashed the contents in young Norwood's face. As the young man slowly revived and struggled to his feet, the ranchman with awkward kindness helped him to a seat on the saddle, where, clutching the pommel, and unsteadily swaying, the young fellow rode

down into the valley in ignominious defeat.

Norwood's reckless proclamation of heathenism, which very nearly stamped him as an outcast among the men of the settlement, at once made him an object of fascinating interest to the women. The fact that he was in spiritual darkness was alone sufficient to invest him with the greatest charm to their innocent minds; but when, in addition to this, there abided the circumstance, made manifest to all by this disaster, that a deadly and hopeless disease was hastening his progress to perdition, the feminine mind enshrined him as a dolorous hero, and a concentrated effort was made to arrest his physical downfall, with some vague after intention concerning his moral restoration.

Thus it happened that while he lay ill under Frazer's hospitable roof, the women of the village thronged thither to repay forgotten social scores to his landlady, and to make casual inquiries after the invalid, as well as to tempt his uncertain appetite with various delicacies of home manufacture.

When he was able to be about again, wherever he went, on main road or by-paths, he was waylaid by women who, with lugubrious air, pressed famous remedies upon him, citing the remarkable cures they had effected in divers ailments. Thus he daily ran the gauntlet of these would-be benefactors, ranging from Mrs. Frazer with her plasters, and the postmaster's wife with the lotion that had relieved her "sciatiky," down to plump little Mrs. Staples, who had heroically carried each of her six boys through violent attacks of croup by the application of onion draughts, and had come to regard these as the sovereign remedy for all physical ills. Between these ranged a wide variety of home-

brewed herbs and patent nostrums.

The young man felt the profound disfavor into which he fell with his fair sympathizers by his persistent rejection of these well-meant prescriptions. Whenever he coughed in Mrs. Frazer's presence, he looked up furtively to catch a look of sharp reproach, if she did not audibly murmur something about the benefits that Ephraim had reaped from the plasters. He once innocently asked where Ephraim dwelt, fully expecting to have him described as some prosperous farmer residing on a ranch in one of the valleys. Mrs. Frazer looked a stern rebuke.

"We buried him up at Marysville, twenty-two years come next December. He only lived five months after he was took down," she said resentfully.

Now and then a visitor came to Frazer's, who looked about Bonnie Glen and idly roamed the hills for a day or two, then took a hurried departure. Like some helpless prisoner, vainly beating out his own life against unyielding bars, Norwood watched the homing flight of these birds of passage. Frazer, who in spite of his "azmy," undertook marvelous feats in handling the heavy baggage that usually accompanied these transients, assumed his customary decorous melancholy when reminded by his wife that such conduct was unbecoming a man of his years.

Norwood had never been inclined to many or close friendships, and in his exile he suffered the inevitable penalty of one who has led a reserved life. Now and then the monotony of existence was relieved by letters from distant relatives or old school-fellows, which seemed like echoes from the past. He had an impression, not cheering, that his brother physicians who had sat in judgment upon him in San Francisco were im-

patiently waiting for the fulfillment of their predictions, and that the professor of anatomy was greedily looking forward to the time when the skeleton he so admired should grace his class demonstrations; but the only man he heard directly from was Belknap, who sent brief, disjointed, jolly epistles once a fortnight.

Belknap told him that he had run a private telephone between Saffron's house and his own, and that he required that Nestor of invalids to minutely describe his symptoms before he would sally out to answer a night call. Belknap continued to keep the exile supplied with reading matter, with remarkable regularity and great modesty, never referring to the fact or acknowledging his thanks. When Norwood found certain sketches and magazine papers marked for his perusal, he was surprised at the good literary taste denoted by these selections, a quality he would never have attributed to Belknap.

In a postscript to one of his letters, Belknap added:

"The Wentworths will be off to Europe in a couple of weeks. I suppose you know."

Yes, he had known, for a year past, that this trip had been planned. There had been a time when he had entertained a wild hope of forming one of the party. Now he tried to follow them on their merry voyage and travels. In imagination he pictured Mary Wentworth as leading a gay life in foreign capitals, the belle of American colonies abroad, her noble face and sweet manners attracting the honest homage of men of the highest social station. She would end by marrying a title, no doubt. He only hoped that the man of her choice might be worthy of her.

For himself, as late spring sped and

summer lagged by, life grew more and more intolerable. The utter uselessness and aimlessness of existence was repugnant to him. Better to die, inch by inch, in the city streets, to drop in the gutter and be bundled into an ambulance and hurried off to a hospital, to lie at length in Potter's Field, forgotten and unknown, like a soldier who falls in battle and is hurried into a trench along with a host of gallant comrades, than to idle away his remnant of life in this wilderness, with Nature chanting his requiem as a mother soothes her babe to rest with a lullaby.

At times an impotent rage at his own helplessness possessed him. If only disease were some real, tangible foe, that he could engage in honest combat, rather than this unseen, insidious enemy stealing upon him like a thief in the night!

Hating himself and the conditions that encompassed him, he came to view the inhabitants of Bonnie Glen with morbid asperity. The postmaster's guileless curiosity he construed into offense. The blacksmith's frank sympathy resolved itself into rank impertinence. The cobbler's anxiety after his spiritual welfare irritated him. Even the mild solicitude of the women he construed into a ghoulish interest in the processes of dissolution.

His strength was steadily failing. Sometimes when he attempted to walk the short distance to the village store, there came an intolerable pressure on his chest and a choking sensation, as if someone were throttling him, and on such occasions a few drops of blood would gurggle into his throat. In these days he watched the progress of his disease with something akin to delight.

One day he strolled listlessly down the shaded path that led to a little grove

below Frazer's. Summer was ended, the fall began that day, and after fall would come winter with its fierce storms and constant damp and chill. It would take very little of that sort of weather to "do him up," he reflected with a whimsical satisfaction.

He sat down on the stump of a tree, carelessly plucking the lichens that robed the rotting bark with gray and gold. A few minutes before, he had seen the stage come in, stop at the post office, and then with a flourish of whip lash and a shout from the driver, wheel up the road in the direction of Frazer's. By the smoke that curled upward from the chimneys of the hamlet, dreamily veiling the crimson glow of the sunset revealed through a gap in the westward hills, he knew that the good wives of Bonnie Glen were preparing their evening meals, while their husbands, the drudgery of the day over, loitered around the postoffice to get their weekly papers and to observe which of their neighbors were favored with a more extended correspondence.

Soon the night shades would be falling. Norwood charged his weak self of an invalid, with a physician's imperious insistence, that it was not good for a man in his condition to meet the sudden chill and damp of evening in these hills.

Still he loitered. At Frazer's there would be a strange face to meet, new answer to make to the unwarranted sympathy of a stranger. He had caught the flutter of a woman's veil through the window of the stage as it lumbered up the steep road, and he knew it belonged to the new school teacher, whose arrival, once a year, was the chief sensation of the Glen. He knew the type of woman who would aspire to train young ideas in this forsaken spot. She was a spinster, withered of aspect

and vinegary of speech. She would have some patent nostrum to prescribe for his cough; the women always had; or, like Mrs. Frazer, she would look bitter reproach at him when he declined to let her blister his chest.

He lingered on, watching the glow in the west fade to sombre purple. Regretfully he arose, buttoning his coat across his breast, and stopping to lift the stout staff that had become his constant companion.

Along the path from Frazer's a woman was swiftly coming; a woman young and beautiful; with a step light and free, and a dress whose warm, bright tints repeated the autumn glow. There was warmth and brightness in her face, in the sweet curve of the ruby lips, parting in a tender smile, in the flush of her cheeks, in the gentle brown eyes that held all light and mystery in their depths, in the sunny brown hair that escaped in wilful little tendrils about her face.

"Mary!" he said.

They stood for a moment, hand in hand, and the fading tints of the western sky flashed opal and gold, the sombre foliage took on new tints, a bird flitted through the boughs overhead and burst into exultant song.

There was a stir and rustle as of new life all along the parching hillside.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CAREFUL BOY.—One of Walter's front teeth was loose, and his mother cautioned him to be careful lest he lose it.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it isn't half as loose as my fingers have always been, and I haven't lost one of them yet."

THOSE DREADFUL DAYS.

IN THE month of August, 1861, I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being then twelve years old. It was a time I shall never forget, for I knew that my sins were forgiven, and I had entered into the Church of God. I was happy and my heart was full of thanksgiving to my God.

Five years later I attended a Priesthood meeting with my father, who was at that time clerk of the conference, when my name was called, I having been selected to be ordained a deacon in the Church. I was appointed to labor in one of the districts. When meeting was brought to a close, the brethren came and congratulated me on my ordination. I thanked them all, but in my soul I felt quite downcast.

The next morning when I wakened a strange feeling came over me. I went to my work but when night came I was feeling worse instead of being better. I was not sick but attended to my work as usual. Still there was something that worried my soul that I could not describe.

I retired that night hoping that I would feel better the next day; but there came no relief. My appetite began to fail me, yet I did not feel sick. During the afternoon of that day I thought perhaps I had done something against my parents, and this was the cause of the dreadful feeling which was working upon me.

The next night I went to my father who was reading the newspaper and said, "Father, if I have done you any wrong, will you forgive me?"

Father laid his paper to one side, looked at me and said, "Yes, my son, I will."

I did not tell him how miserable I was,

as I thought the feeling would leave me when I had my parents' forgiveness.

I then turned to my mother with tears in my eyes and said, "Mother, if I have done you wrong in the past will you forgive me?"

Looking at me, she said, "Yes, I will forgive you," but the look she gave me was enough to tell me that she was wondering why I came and asked her forgiveness.

I now expected to feel better, but when I awoke the next morning that disagreeable feeling was there yet and even worse.

During that day a hope sprung up within me whereby I might be released from my torment. The thought came to me that it is God against whom I sinned and of Him I should ask forgiveness. Well what could my sins be, I was young when I came into the Church of Christ—well this was all right—but I had been ordained to the holy Priesthood of God—a deacon in the kingdom of God—God's Priesthood. I felt that I had not lived to be worthy to become a deacon, and I needed help to overcome my weaknesses. At nine o'clock in the evening I left my parents' home and I went to a place where there was a lot of trees, and where I knew I would be undisturbed.

Here I bowed my knees and in humble supplication poured out my soul before my Father in heaven. I asked that He would forgive my sins, so that I might have peace in my soul. When I arose to my feet, that terrible feeling had gone from me, and I experienced peace and joy in my soul. Not only that, but a great testimony was for the first time given to me that God had begun His work upon the earth; that Joseph Smith was indeed a true Prophet and that I was a member of the Church

of Christ and had received a portion of the holy Priesthood in the office of a Deacon. I also felt that I was forgiven by my heavenly Father.

O! what joy and happiness I felt in the testimony I had received. I felt humbled before my God, and He had forgiven me—the terrors of hell were removed from me. Returning home, I retired for the night, and my sleep was sweet. When I awoke in the morning I was like unto a new man.

Now, to you my young brethren, who have been called and ordained deacons in the Church of God: Do you realize the importance of the office of a deacon? Have you ever studied its duties for yourself?

In the revelations of God to the Prophet Joseph Smith, He says teachers and deacons are to be standing ministers of the Church; and from the Doctrine and Covenants we learn that the lesser Priesthood holds the keys of the ministering of angels and the preparatory gospel. Again we are told they are to warn, expound, exhort, teach and invite all to come unto Christ.

What a grand and holy calling! Should we then not learn to be wise in all our doings that when you have your fun and amusements you always remember you hold the Priesthood, and as such you must honor and respect it, and when you are called to labor as a deacon that you magnify your calling in holiness before the Lord?

My young readers, take this suggestion from your humble brother, that you may not some day be placed in the same position I occupied. Look to yourself and see that you honor the Priesthood, for if you do not, the day will surely come that you will have to give an account before God for the wrong use of His Priesthood.

H. F. F. Thorup.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE WORST NOT TOLD.

EPICETUS says: "Should a man report to you that any person speaks ill of you, do not make any defense (answer) to what has been told you, but reply, the man does not know the rest of my faults or he would not have mentioned this alone."

An illustration of this principle was exhibited a few days ago by a gentleman of some prominence in the territory, but whose character had been assailed without mercy, and efforts had been made to entirely blast his reputation. A friend spoke to him of the accusations which were publicly made against him, the object being to ascertain if the accused was willing to meet these charges. He replied with great emphasis and evident sincerity: "I will be most happy, in fact I desire to meet those who accuse me, because in any investigation which occurs I am sure to be the gainer. God knows my sins are abundant and grievous, yet I am thankful to say that I fear no investigation. There are many things which I have done which might have been told against me with truth, and would have done me far more injury, but these falsehoods I am ready and willing at all times to meet. I am glad my accusers do not tell all the truth which might be said of me."

All our readers will know that a slander increases in blackness with its circulation, and accusations against a

man, whether they are told truthfully or not, are sure to grow as they pass from lip to lip, for there seems to be something in human nature that delights in picturing the darkest side of a man's character, especially if the accused is in the least in disfavor.

We have always admired the philosophic reply of a brother in the Church who was severely, though doubtless properly, reprimanded by President Young from the stand while speaking at one time in the School of the Prophets. The man accepted the rebuke of the President without flinching. After the services closed and the brethren were passing from the building, one of them was near the person who had been assailed, and made the remark, "How did you like your whipping? You got some pretty hot stuff today."

"O, I feel all right," said the man, "and am very thankful that President Young did not tell all that he could have told about my weaknesses, for the Lord knows that I am far more sinful than ever President Young pictured me."

There are times, however, when it is proper for men to deny untruthful charges which are made against them, especially for the sake of future generations. We recall a falsehood which has been circulated for many years concerning one of the twelve apostles. There was nothing in the report which injured the credit of the apostle in our mind, though there were some unpleasant features connected with the narrative as it was impressed upon our mind. Never until a few days ago was the fact made known that the story was untrue in every particular.

The apostle had never taken the pains to contradict the lie and hence it passed current among some of his most intimate acquaintances and dearest friends. It

was only his chance denial of the statement that cleared up the impression which had grown in many minds during several years.

Undoubtedly the time will come when the refuge of lies will be swept away, and yet under some circumstances it is wise and proper for men to denounce falsehoods concerning themselves and others for the sake of their reputation and that of their kindred and friends.

AUTHORITY TO REBUKE DISEASE.

One of the brethren has written to us concerning a statement made in the November number of volume XXX of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, on page 662. The question is asked, "Has a deacon authority to rebuke disease?" and the answer given is, "Yes, if he is administering to the sick." Our friend says he has some question in his mind concerning the correctness of this answer, and as he is a superintendent of a Sunday school, he is desirous to be informed upon this point.

Members of the Church have a right to lay hands on the sick and pray for them. Even sisters can do this, and there is no impropriety in it, though it would be better if one holding the Priesthood could be obtained to attend to this ordinance. It is frequently the case that mothers find it necessary to administer to their sick children, at times when no one is at hand who bears the Priesthood whom they can secure to administer the ordinance of laying on of hands for the restoration of the sick. There have been repeated instances of such administration by mothers being attended with healing effects. This, we suppose, no one of experience in the Church will question.

But this is not the point at issue in the mind of our correspondent. It is, Has a deacon the authority to rebuke disease when he is administering to the sick? In the article to which he refers the writer states that a deacon has that right.

We say that it depends upon the manner in which he administers whether he has the authority to rebuke or not. If he were to claim that he had the authority of the holy Priesthood (the Melchisedek Priesthood), we would say that he has no such authority. But suppose that he rebuked the disease in the name of Jesus, has he not that authority? and would he be overstepping the bounds of propriety in rebuking disease in the name of Jesus? Or would any member of the Church be overstepping the bounds of propriety in rebuking disease in the name of Jesus? We think not,—if he or she confined the rebuke to the name of Jesus, without using any words that would convey the idea that it was done in the authority of the Priesthood. To attempt to exercise the authority of Priesthood which they do not possess would undoubtedly be wrong. Of course, a man being a deacon does not, because of that, have the authority to rebuke disease in the authority of the Priesthood.

HIS RESOLVE.—A wise little boy whose Sunday-school teacher distributed slips of paper to her scholars and asked each to write thereon a New Year's resolution, decided to make a resolve which he would be able to keep, and to secure the prize offered to the boy who, at the beginning of another year, should have come the nearest to keeping it. He wrote: "REESoLVE. That i wil tri too bee a yeer older by nex noo yeers."

A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE.

I SHALL always remember my seventeenth birthday above all the days of my life.

It was New Year's, too, and I spent it with my cousin Jack Spencer, at my father's old home, among the hills of Maine.

The low-eaved house close beside the broad Aroostock River and a few settlements dotted the landscape upon the east and south, and dense unbroken forests stretched westward along the river to its source among the hills, while high, wooded slopes formed the northern boundary.

Grandfather and grandmother still lived in the old home then, although the farm belonged to Uncle John, Jack's father.

Cousin Tom, older than Jack by two years, was away at school, but Nell and Bess were almost as good as boys—indeed, they were better than many fellows at boating, fishing, skating or coasting, and could ride a bare back colt like the wind.

They were just as good in their studies as in their sports, so I was in no danger of being lonely, although grandfather would sometimes say:—"I'm afraid that you'll get sick of us, Frank, long before your vacation is over, but it does my old eyes good just to look at you, my boy. You are the image of what your father was, and you bring the old days back—bless him!"

Then grandfather would look at me in a loving enquiring way, while I protested that I could live with them always, and never think of being homesick.

The week after Christmas was very warm for the season, and the day but one before New Year's began with a

heavy rain, which flooded the ice on the river, carried off the most of the snow, and upset our plans generally.

"It will be a queer New Year without a sleigh ride, won't it?" grumbled Jack, as he stood by the window, drumming upon the frame while watching the drifting clouds.

"If I was a boy, I'd like a skating frolic best," laughed grandfather, pointing significantly towards the flooded ice.

"Who can skate through six inches of water?" asked discontented Jack.

"There'll be ice before morning—it don't take long to make it here, especially in January. One more cold night will make the river perfectly safe, and we are sure of that. Besides the fine skating I've no doubt but there are plenty of trout at the brook, and——"

"Oh, father! Can we?"

"Uncle John, do you think that we can?"

"Can we go, too, father?"

"Say yes, do, before the boys can say no."

Nell and Bess, Jack and I all interrupted him with this excited chorus.

"Oh, my ears! One at a time, please," laughed Uncle John. "Yes, I think that you can go—and the girls too."

The cold steadily increased. Jack jumped up half a dozen times that night to see if it was still growing colder, and crept back into the warm bed quickly enough to announce that all was fine, in shivering triumph.

The next morning the rising sun shone upon an icy landscape, tinting the world with a maze of rainbow lights. Icicles hung from the branches, from the fence rails, from the low eaves of the old house and barn everything was located with the clearest crystal.

"I never saw anything so pretty," cried Bess, enthusiastically. "It is like fairyland."

"Like frostland, you mean," answered matter-of-fact Nell. "This would be rather cold weather for thinly-clad fabrics."

Jack and I, thinking of more substantial things dashed out to judge the weather.

Didn't the keen, sharp air nip our ears and noses? Sharp frost reports all around told that the cold was increasing.

That night we shivered under the warm blankets, upon which our breath made ice before morning.

"I guess the whole six inches of water is solid ice," I managed to say, while dressing as quickly as I could, my teeth chattering until they fairly ached.

"Yes. I see no reason why you cannot go. You can surely skate fast enough to keep warm. Take an ax and some matches to build a fire," said Uncle John.

"And here is a lunch," smiled Aunt Mary.

"As if we wanted that!" cried Jack, scornfully. "We shall eat toasted fish for dinner, of course," but a peep at the dainties in the basket made him decide to take it, and we started—he with the basket, and I with the ax, as we skated along a little ahead of the girls.

It was only five miles to the brook, and we were not long in reaching it.

The river banks were lined with low-limbed spruces, and pendant icicles hung from each tiny twig, flashing back the sun's rays in dazzling rainbow hues; the river itself was as smooth as glass, and we seemed to be dashing through a weird, brilliant fairyland.

It required some time to cut through

both ices, but it was done at last, and we dropped our lines through the holes, carefully securing them to spring poles set in the upper ice, so that we could watch them as we skated about.

"I've got the first trout!" cried Bess, pulling up the line, and triumphantly showing a finely speckled one, that would weigh half a pound at the least.

Nell soon followed with one a trifle larger; Jack landed a monster not three inches long, and I drew out a fish that would tip the scale at a plump pound and a half!

So the fun went on for more than two hours, when Jack declared that we had enough, and that it was a sin to catch more than we could eat and carry home.

The girls prepared some of the smallest ones to toast on sharpened sticks, while Jack built a roaring fire near the shore, but I couldn't give up my line just then—I had had several sharp bites, and felt sure that a larger trout than any which we had caught, was playing around my hook.

While watching my line I cut four crotched sticks to string our fish on, and had just got them fixed when I saw a tremendous jerk at my spring pole.

At that instant the woods upon the right echoed a terrific screech.

"Some one is lost in the woods," cried Bess, and, putting both hands to her mouth she sent an answering shout.

"Stop! Stop!" groaned Jack, with white face and dilating eyes. "You've done it now, Bess! Get ready to go home faster than you ever skated before. Never mind anything! That is no person—I heard that screech once before and it is an—there it is again! Come on—hurry!"

Jack was hurriedly examining every strap of the girls' skates as he spoke,

and again the yell sounded much nearer than before.

"Don't leave the trout!" cried Nell.

"Oh, what *is* it, Jack?" panted Bess.

Jack hastily fastened two strings of fish to his belt, while I did the same with the others, then he said, huskily:—

"Clasp hands and hold hard, girls. Frank, take Nell's—give me yours, Bess. Now skate for your lives—it is an Indian devil!"

We needed no more. We dashed ahead in a straight line, for we were skating for our lives!

"Four miles and half of solid woods!" panted Jack, as his eyes met mine, but no one answered.

Our skates rang out sharply in perfect time.

What if a buckle should break?—none of us cared to think of that.

We entered the channel, a place where the river was narrow and straight, with steep, high banks on either hand.

I looked back as we reached the bend, to catch a glimpse of a tawny form at the head of the channel.

That awful yell sounded again and again, each time nearer than before, and soon we could hear the sound of bounding feet!

"Strike straight for the right bank—it's our only chance!" cried Jack, in a strained, hard voice.

"It'll make it a mile further, can we do it?" wailed Bess.

"Yes, we can, and we shall, for they are waiting for us at home, and we must!" answered little Nell; and her words nerved us all with desperate courage.

As we shot toward the right bank obliquely, the big, yellow brute snapped at my heels as he slid by me, his tensile claws failing to check his headlong career.

He went on for several feet, while we darted away safely, and he looked so foolish and amazed, that I couldn't help laughing, while Jack gave a hearty cheer—both of us forgetting, for a second, our extreme peril.

"To the left now!" shouted Jack, as the panther came close again, and so, doubling from bank to bank, we made nearly three miles of the last one before we shot into the clearing and sighted home, but it was our only chance of safety.

Once, as he snapped at my heels, he caught a string of fish from my belt, but that wasn't what he wanted, and he didn't stop long.

Uncle John stood by the river bank, his rifle on a level with his eyes.

"Come on—straight for me, now, youngsters," he called coolly, while grandfather came hurrying from the house with his old revolutionary musket in his hands.

We needed no second invitation, but doubled quickly to the left.

"Another string of trout gone," said Jack, grimly, as the panther nearly got him.

The old brute did not seem to see the clearing nor the peril which menaced him—he saw us!

On he came, his great, yellow eyes gleaming with anger and hunger; his ears close to his round, catlike head; and his lips drawn from his white, glistening teeth.

Two reports rang out at once. He gave a tremendous leap into the air, clawed about convulsively as he fell, then lay quite still, while the ice crimsoned around him.

"It's an old male—a regular old settler—that is why he was so bold," said grandfather, as they looked him over.

"Your bullet fixed him, father. Hit him fair between the eyes, while mine

only broke his paw," laughed Uncle John, pointing out both wounds.

But we did not care whose bullet killed him, nor did we care to be near him, even when dead.

Nell and Bess were sobbing wildly; and our eyes were strangely dim, as we staggered up the bank, and into the house, where Aunt Mary and grandmother kissed and petted and cried over us to our hearts' content.

"I guess we've saved enough for supper," laughed Jack, nervously, placing the string which he had saved upon the pine table, and I laid mine beside it."

"Bless your hearts!" cried grandmother, catching us both in one convulsive squeeze. "Bless your dear hearts—to think that you thought of saving these?"

"But we left your lunch basket—that new one," said Nell, regretfully.

"And the ax," added Bess.

"While I didn't catch the biggest trout you ever saw," I concluded.

"And the panther didn't catch you! So long as we have you all safe we don't care for the rest," protested Aunt Mary, kissing us all around again, with tears running down her cheeks.

That was years ago, but I have that panther's skin upon a sofa in my own library and I never see a brilliant landscape without a shudder, as I remember how near my seventeenth birthday came to being my last.

F. B. Howland.

ANOTHER KIND OF CURRENT.—"I wish I was a little fish," said Jack. "Papa says the ocean is full of currents, an' I like currants better than any kind of fruit 'cept bananas, apples, oranges, and sweet-potatoes."

CUMORAH.

WELCOME, baby from the pure-land,
Where the angels dwell in love;
Welcome, darling, Love's own sure hand
Led thee from the courts above.

Welcome, baby-blossom, rarest,
Come to bloom a sun-kissed flower;
Welcome, fairest, still thou wearest
Crown of innocence—thy dower.

Welcome, baby—Love's fires' fuel,
Shooting arrows—Cupid's darts;
Welcome, dearie, sparkling jewel,
We will cherish in our hearts.

Welcome, baby, fadeless treasure,
We are misers hoarding love;
Welcome, precious! who can measure
Our affection for our dove?

Welcome, baby, sunshine, golden,
Of the morning-gilding skies;
Welcome, sweetheart, in the olden
Times we saw thy love-lit eyes.

Welcome, baby, sweet aurora,
Light from heaven shining clear;
Welcome, sweetest, our Cumorah,
Light celestial come to cheer.

Lewis Stewart.

A PRAYER.

SHAKE from my soul this dark distress,
Force from my mind this bitterness;
Bring me to light, bring me to joy,
Fill portals of my heart with love;
Take from my life things that annoy,
Lead me to see the light above.

Help me the tempter, Lord, to check,
Teach me with truth my brow bedeck,
Show me the path wherein lies peace,
That all thy gifts may be enjoyed;
Let all my hate and anger cease,
Let health and peace be unalloyed.

Lead and guide me to hope and right,
Let what I give prove not a blight,
Bless me and comfort me in pain,
Let every act prove faith in Thee,
My heart not foster love of gain,
Lord, from all wrong, help me to flee.

L. A.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.]

The darkness having overtaken me at the latter part of my day's travel, it made matters still worse for me, and when I reached the city, nearly everybody was in bed, and I had some difficulty in finding any one to direct me to the Saints. In this I only succeeded by the assistance of some late night prowlers from the whisky-shops. If the usual fog had rested over the fjord, it would have been next to impossible for me to have found my way across the ice. Late as it was, when I arrived, the family of Brother Canute Larsen quickly provided me with dry clothes and a warm supper, after which I soon forgot my adventures and fatigues of the day in restful slumber.

I remained in Brevig for several days, according to instructions received from President Petersen, and held meetings with the Saints on Sunday, visiting also some scattered members of the branch, and attended to other matters connected with church-government. On the 16th of April, I again took up my line of march towards my field of labor.

I had now discarded my sleigh conveyance, and instead obtained a knapsack in which I carried my most indispensable articles of clothing, but the roads were now in the very worst condition, yet navigation had not been re opened on account of the ice in the fjords. I was therefore almost exhausted after about twenty miles of walking that day, and put up at a public house.

The following day I reached a Brother N. Torbjornsen, who was the sheriff of the county in which he lived, but as his family was much opposed to Mormonism, I remained with him only a few hours, but this visit was of great benefit to me; for the good old man gave me

ten dollars to help me along on my journey in a more comfortable manner. I therefore hired a conveyance to take me the next ten miles, and traveled on foot some eight or ten miles more that day and put up at an inn.

On the following day, I reached the city of Risoer, where there then was a flourishing branch of the Church, but where I found few brethren at home, as their occupation was on the sea. I was, however, given a most hearty welcome from the Saints who were at home. I had then traveled about one hundred and seventy miles from Christiania, but was yet a long way from my field in Mandal.

On the 10th of May, the first steamer arrived, and I took passage on it. I had, for economical reasons taken deck-passage, and a cold rain and rather heavy sea made the voyage along the coast very uncomfortable, although it was a great improvement on my late mode of traveling by land. I reached the city of Christiansand the same evening. Brother Lars Petersen was here. He was to be my companion in the new field, but had never had any experience in missionary work, yet he was of much comfort to me, as he was humble and very desirous to do all in his power to forward the cause of truth. As we were unacquainted we put up at a public house for the night. The following day, this Brother Petersen and I went out to find a family in that city, to which he had an introduction from the son, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in another part of the country. This family has ever since been very friendly to our Elders, though they never received the gospel. We had, however, a good opportunity to explain the first principles of the gospel for them and a few of their friends, whom they had invited to hear us the following Sunday.

On the Tuesday, May 15th, we again took steamer; this time for our final destination, Mandal, which was only some thirty-five miles from Christiansand. The harbor of Mandal, which is called Kleven (the clift), is a very unsightly place indeed, but said to be a good, safe place for vessels in stormy weather. There is no town or city to be seen, but only a few houses here and there, seemingly hanging on the sides of the steep cliffs, close to the water's edge. To reach the town of Mandal proper, a mountain has to be crossed, and there the scenery is very pretty, as it lays at the mouth of a river in a beautiful valley, dotted with farms,

This was then the long-looked-for field of my labor, that I had endured so much hardship to reach. My expectations were great but were doomed to disappointment. The forbidding entrance to Kleven, was in perfect harmony with what we afterwards met from the people. It was with some difficulty, we found a place to stop, and only the love of our money, gained us shelter for the night and food in the daytime. As our money would not last us very long, I advised, Brother Petersen, (who held the office of priest only) to try to obtain employment in his trade as wheel-maker, thereby enabling us to remain and see what we could do in the future. In his efforts he did not succeed for some time, and it seemed that everybody was afraid to come in contact with a Mormon. We tried to get a place to hold meeting, but we could not get a house, unless we obtained permission from the priest and the magistrate. To leave no opportunity unused on our part we did call on both of these dignitaries, and, strange to relate, obtained their consent. We now thought that we had got over the worst difficulties, and felt

quite happy. We arranged for a meeting for the following Sunday, the 17th. Full of hope I looked over a congregation of some twenty-five or thirty persons, that had gathered, but I soon found their feelings were opposed to the work in which we were engaged. Their opposition after meeting was of a very bitter nature, and to add to our discomfort, not one seemed to be in our favor. This was not all, for later on, the same day, we were pelted with stones by some sailors, who called us all sorts of bad names in connection with "Mormon priest" and "imposters that had come to deceive the people."

C. C. A. Christensen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WEEDS AND SINS.

ONE day while pulling weeds in my garden I was moved to the following reflections by a mistake made by my little boy who was helping me.

We were weeding a patch of tomatoes, and one of the most troublesome weeds was that called "red root," which when young very nearly resembles a tomato plant. My little boy had mistaken this weed for the tomato, and was carefully banking the dirt up around one when I discovered what he was doing.

How often we mistake, through a lack of experience, the evil and worthless for the good and pure, and, like my little boy, cultivate weeds instead of plants! If he had been left to himself and had cultivated that weed until maturity, his labor would have been worse than wasted. He would not only have been disappointed in not getting tomatoes, but would have raised enough seed from that one weed to have seeded the whole patch for the next season.

It is only by experience, it seems that we can distinguish between good and evil, and between right and wrong.

I had weeded that tomato patch three times, and I thought each time, surely I will not be bothered again with them; but they would come up again and again, no matter how unfavorable the conditions were. My tomato plants, however, that I was trying to make grow and bear good fruit, had to be tended and watered regularly, and shaded from the sun during the heat of the day, to get them to grow at all. The worthless weeds, even when pulled up, if left with any soil over their roots, would shoot down into the earth again and soon be as flourishing as ever. The weed was as hard to kill as the plant was to keep alive.

I thought how true this is of our weaknesses and sins; how easily they grow and flourish. Like the weeds, they almost grow in spite of us, while the good and noble attributes of our natures require constant cultivation and watchfulness to get them to grow and bear fruit. And, again, how often do we, in our youth especially, set our hearts upon something that is worthless, and count as naught that which is good! My little boy, who carefully protected the weed, was just as liable to pull up a plant; and, indeed, if he had been left to himself, he might have pulled them all up. He needed the advice of some one who was older, and knew by past experience the weed from the plant—the evil from the good. And so we in our youth should always value the advice and counsel of our parents and friends, and thereby avoid the mortification of having mistaken and cultivated weeds for plants.

Have you ever noticed the care and labor it takes to raise the beautiful

flowers that we all admire so much? See how the gardener enriches the ground! How he digs and rakes the soil, throwing out all the lumps and stones! How he shades the tiny plant from the sun at noon! He examines carefully the leaves and buds, and kills the worms and insects that threaten to destroy it. He waters it every day and pinches off the dead leaves, and when the buds appear, he cuts off the weak buds, so that all the strength can go to the good ones, and if he exercises constant diligence, his labors are finally rewarded, and he and his friends rejoice in the result; and his flowers are praised by all.

And, mark it, the gardener cannot relax his care. No matter how much labor he has expended upon his choice plants, if he grows weary and neglectful, if only for a day maybe, his plants droop and die, and his labor and care and watchfulness all count for nothing.

Now notice that big sunflower over in the corner of the garden; it has had neither water nor care, but it has raised its head above everything else in the garden. It only asks to be left alone. So also with our sins. They only ask to be let alone. They will grow and flourish any place that they are permitted to take root.

We can grow worse and worse without any effort. Any one can be a weed, but it takes a great deal of effort, and study, and self-denial to be a useful plant. We can run down hill with very little effort; indeed, if we get started at a good pace we can scarcely stop ourselves; but it takes labor and perseverance to climb up.

Let each of us be determined that in the vineyard of the Lord we will be useful plants, bearing good fruit, and not worthless weeds, that at the time of harvest shall be fit only to be plucked up and burned.

J. H. D.

Our Little Folks.

LIFE SAVED BY A DOG.

PERHAPS it would be interesting to "Our Little Folks" to hear how our dog, Rover, was instrumental in saving the life of my father.

At the time of which I am about to write, my father was employed as night watchman over some large bleaching lawns in the north of Ireland. It was his duty to walk around the lawns all night and protect the webs of cloth from being stolen. He was always accompanied by Rover, and a faithful companion he was, indeed.

I need hardly tell you, my little friends, that during the winter season the duty of a night watchman, especially one who had to be outside all night, as my father had, is not a very pleasant one.

I do not remember what winter it was that the incident which I am about to relate occurred, but I do remember that it was an unusually cold one. I heard the people say it was the most severe winter they had seen for twenty years.

At that time my father took some brandy with him each evening, which he drank at intervals during the night to keep himself from being frozen to death.

At the foot of the lawns there was a large pond of water, and one night, when my father had drank a little more brandy than was good for him, he grew drowsy and lay down to sleep by the side of the pond. Rover was by his side, and a faithful watch he was keeping.

In a few moments my father began to slide down the bank, and he was just about to fall into the pond, when Rover

sprang up, and seized him by the collar of his overcoat. He was a big, strong dog, but it required the exercise of all his strength to hold my father out of the water.

How long my father was in this condition we do not know, but when he awoke Rover had the earth all torn up behind him, showing that it required all his strength to save the life of his master. We always loved Rover, but I tell you after that night we almost worshiped him.

Alas! a year later he was seized with an incurable disease, and, notwithstanding we used every known remedy, we were at last compelled to drown the poor, faithful creature.

At the river side my father shed tears, and said it was the hardest task he had ever been called upon to perform—to drown a dog which but a year before was the means of saving him from drowning.

A. H. M.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Grass Valley.

Grass Valley is situated in the south-western part of Utah, very high in the mountains. It is one of the most beautiful little valleys in the country. It is very small, being only one mile in width and two miles in length. It is surrounded by high mountains and deep canyons. The mountains are thickly covered with pines and cedar trees.

There are two deep canyons from which flow two small crystal streams which wind gently through the little valley. The streams are full of fish and many people come to our little place especially to fish and see the grand

scenery which is to be found in the canyons.

Our little place is quite out of the way and very few come here except pleasure seekers and some of the people who cannot stand the heat of their southern home. One of the beauties of Grass Valley is a small water-fall. On the northern side of the valley are high cliffs, and over them a small stream flows. It falls about one hundred and ten feet. It is in a small canyon and when we want to find pleasure we go there and climb over the rocks and through the trees.

Our little town is very small indeed. It consists of only five families and they live some distance apart. When the valley was settled it was owned by one family named Rencher. They lived in the valley a number of years alone. They then sold to four of the Gardner boys and his son, who remains there at present. These families are farmers and the productions are wheat, barley, oats, corn and potatoes. These families all have a great many cows, plenty of milk and butter for use and for sale, and some cheese has been made here.

Rhoda Gardner, age 17.

GRASS VALLEY,

WASHINGTON CO., UTAH.

A Pet Bird.

ABOUT four years ago, a friend of ours went on a mission to Australia and New Zealand, and brought home some beautiful birds: parrots and cockatoos. He gave one of them to us, and we called him Dick.

We tried to teach it to talk, but it would do nothing but scream. We would scream at it, and it would scream back. One day someone screamed at it and it fell down on its back, and the

next morning we found it dead. My papa had it stuffed, and now it is in a glass case.

*Sterling Talmage,
Age 6 years.*

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

IN a small town in England, nearly forty years ago, there lived a certain man and his wife, whom we shall for convenience give the name of Richards. They had an only child, a boy of two years.

The parents had just been members of the Latter-day Saint Church a few months. An Elder of the Church from Utah had been holding meetings in the little village, and they with a few others believed his teachings and were baptized.

Soon after joining the Church this family became filled with the desire to come to Utah, and unite themselves with the people here. So they made up their minds to save all the money they could to pay for their passage across the ocean.

For a little while they were fortunate enough to be able to put away a nice little sum of money each week. The father had regular work; and each Saturday evening as he received his wages he brought them home to his wife. The first thing she did was to take what she could spare and place it away in a small box she kept for the purpose. Then with the remainder of the money she would go to the market and buy what things were needed for the house.

They were taught by the good missionary who brought the gospel to them and baptized them that it was expected of Latter-day Saints to observe the Word of Wisdom, that is, to not drink

tea or coffee, nor strong liquor, nor use tobacco. So they both determined they would quit using tea, which they were in the habit of using; and the father also decided to stop using tobacco as well.

By doing this they found that it was not so hard to save a part of their earnings and yet have enough to eat and wear. For a time everything seemed to go on so nicely that the family expected they would be able to emigrate to Zion in a very short time.

One day the father came home from his work before the day was over. He felt so sick that he could not work. He went to bed, thinking he would be all right in the morning, and would go to his labor again as usual. But the next morning he felt no better. He was not able to get up. Instead of getting better he grew worse. He sent for the missionary Elder, who was still in the town, to come and administer to him.

After being anointed with oil and having hands laid upon his head by the Elder, he felt better, and much more cheerful. Still he did not get well. He continued to get weaker each day. His loving wife did all she could for him, but it seemed that he was appointed to die. After six weeks' of suffering he passed quietly away, leaving his wife in deep grief, while the child was too young to realize the loss very well.

During the illness of Brother Richards the little sum of money which had been saved had to be used to provide the necessities of life for the little family. So the poor, grief-stricken mother was left without means, without a home and without friends. This was indeed a severe trial to the poor mother. It looked as though all her bright hopes had gone to return no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN NORTHERN SEAS.

WE read a great deal about the hardships that sailors are obliged to undergo when exploring in the Northern seas; of the danger from icebergs and from cold; and very few of us would be willing to face these trials, even for the sake of witnessing the wonderful aurora borealis, illuminating with its brilliant colors the picturesque icebergs, as seen in the accompanying engraving.

Most of us would, without doubt, enjoy the spectacle, but we would prefer to witness it from some cosy spot where frost-bites could have no terrors for us.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Jepthah's Daughter.

ONE time when the Israelites wanted to go to battle, they got a man named Jepthah to be their leader, and before he started out he made a promise or vow to the Lord that if He would help him win the battle he would offer for a burnt offering the first that came out of his house to meet him when he came home.

He then started out to fight against the Ammonites, and the Lord helped him destroy twenty cities.

When they were through fighting they all went home feeling very happy; but when Jepthah came to his house he saw a young lady coming out to meet him; it was his daughter, and the only child he had, and of course he felt very sorrowful; but when she asked him what was the matter, and he told her of the vow he had made, she said all right, he should do whatever he had promised the Lord he would do; but she asked that she might have two months' time first, so that she and the rest of the young ladies



IN NORTHERN SEAS.

might go into the mountains and mourn for her.

Her father allowed her to do as she wished, and at the end of the two months she came back, and he offered her for a burnt offering, as he had vowed he would do, and after that the young ladies of the Israelites used to go every year and mourn for her four days.

No doubt Jephthah was very sorry he had made such a promise. We ought to be very careful what kind of a promise we make, and then when we do make one we should always keep it.

In those days the Israelites had no king or ruler. Each man was supposed to do what he thought was right, but they too often forgot to serve the Lord as they should, and so they often got into trouble.

Sometimes the tribes would get to fighting among themselves, and a great many of the Israelites would be killed in that way.

Celia A. Smith.

STEALING APPLES.

JACK DAWSON was not the kind of a boy that thoughtful mothers would like their sons to associate with. But he didn't know that; perhaps if he did he would say he didn't care. He had an idea that to assume a swaggering manner, and do all sorts of mean, dishonorable things, would make him appear more manly, and raise him in the estimation of the boys. But, like all such characters, he was a coward at heart, and was only truly happy when applauded by a certain set of his companions.

So it was that his whole life had very little that was real, true happiness in it, but was only a series of "showings-off,"

not at all admired by the better class of his school-fellows.

Next to the school-house lived an old man, who had won the reputation among the boys of being a rather crusty old character who cared for but little in this life save his fruit-trees and his savage dog. The boys watched with interest the apples over the wall, which, no doubt, looked a great deal more tempting because they were forbidden fruit.

"Now," thought Jack, one September morning, "I shall have a chance to show the boys what a brave fellow I can be;" so he called upon them to know what they would bet he didn't "dare to get some of them apples."

The boys made several offers, then Jack sprang over the wall and ran for the nearest tree; and encouraged by the absence of both master and dog, he soon climbed the trunk, and began pelt-ing his companions with the rosy-cheeked fruit.

So interested had all become in this, that none observed the approach of the owner until the great, ugly dog was under the limb upon which the boy sat; then there was a general stampede of those on the other side of the wall, and Jack Dawson looked about, to find himself quite alone. All his swagger now left him, and a very humble and much-frightened boy clung to the branch in dreadful agony lest the mastiff below should shut those strong jaws upon his dangling leg; making, meantime, all sorts of promises he had no thought of keeping, if the owner would only let him free.

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EGYPT.

WHAT a train of thoughts passes through the mind when this country's name is mentioned! Thoughts of ancient

and her seductive beauty; of the magnificent libraries, and wealth, of learning at Alexandria, and of the massive architecture which still remains, a mon-



WATER CARRIERS, EGYPT.

grandeur, pomp and power; of cruelty, superstition and idolatry. One thinks of the suffering and bondage of the Israelites; of the Pharaohs' treachery and oppression; of the queen Cleopatra

ument of the great genius of the people.

Egypt has been one of the greatest nations on earth; certainly no nation can boast of history extending over a longer period of time.

The Egyptians were at one time the most highly civilized people on earth, and held great political power, but this was lost at the time of Alexander the Great, and has never been regained.

Prior to their decline the greatest luxury existed among them. They possessed abundant wealth, and many secrets of science and art, by which they were able to put it to the best possible use for their personal comfort and pleasure. All other nations at the time of the early civilization of Egypt were little more than barbarians. We are able to obtain an idea of the luxuriant living of the kings from the Bible, and from profane history we learn even more of it. Here we read of Cleopatra in her wanton extravagance dissolving pearls in wine to make her feast the more costly. In imagination we see this charming woman, and her dusky maidens in attendance, reigning queen over such a feast, and Antony forgetting friends, country and honor for her sake. Marc Antony was not the only stout warrior who lost his heart because of the dreamy eyes of this Egyptian queen. Even Cæsar, before this time, became infatuated with her.

The Egyptian women, with their black eyes and olive skins, are very beautiful. They possess a peculiar charm and fascination which draws one to them almost in spite of oneself. They are at their best between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Then their forms are almost perfect, and their faces beautiful; but they age rapidly, and soon become very plain. They almost invariably have beautiful eyes, of which they are exceedingly vain.

The clothing worn by all classes is adapted to the climate, consisting of as few articles as possible, usually nothing more than loose trousers and a shirt for

the men, and a divided skirt, a vest, and an embroidered jacket for the women.

There are very few bachelors in Egypt, as it is considered very much out of place for young men to go beyond a certain age without being wed. A Moslem is permitted by law to have four wives, but he does not always avail himself of the privilege.

The people are very fond of bathing, and much of their time is spent at the numerous public baths. They do not practice the arts and sciences at present as they did in former times. The country will perhaps never regain its former greatness. The modern inhabitants of Egypt would not attempt to erect such magnificent structures as the Pyramids which the ancients built, and which still stand to proclaim from generation to generation the industry, taste and skill of the ancient people.

There are many myths and legends about the country, for the people were ever a superstitious race. Their worship of the sun, the ibis, Nile River, and crocodiles is a well-known fact to students of history. In each town was at least one temple built in honor of the special deity of that place. The preserving of their dead bodies is supposed to have been a religious ceremony. The embalming was done by the very lowest order of priests, and the one who removed the internal organs and injected the drugs into the body, although hired to do so, was severely punished, as it was considered a great offense to wound a corpse.

In 1799 a wonderful discovery was made by M. Boussard. He found a large black slab of basalt, upon which was a decree written in three languages—the hieroglyphic, demotic or enchorial, and the Greek. By this means men

have been able to learn much of the country and people which would, perhaps, have never been brought to light without it.

Egypt is sometimes called the "Black Land" on account of the rich, black soil deposited by the Nile in its overflow. It is not strange that an idolatrous and superstitious people like the ancient Egyptians should have worshiped such a wonderful, life-promoting power as this river. Except where the soil is enriched by its inundations, the country is a barren desert, sandy, dry and unproductive. The river, in its mighty power, sweeps over the land, leaving the soil so moist and fertile that the farmer has nothing to do in planting time but to scatter the seeds over the plain, and the crop grows and produces abundantly. The river rises from twenty to forty feet in various places, and in different seasons the height varies also. Egyptian gardens are beautiful places. Flowers and plants of the tropics gladden the eye, the soft, balmy air fans the cheek; and the bright, blue heaven, and all the beauties of nature make the heart expand with love and thanksgiving to the Creator and Giver of all blessings.

There is only a very slight rainfall in this country, but the dews are heavy, and the climate is salubrious, more so than in most tropical climates. Wild animals are not found in inhabited portions of the country, and the growth of wild plants is scanty.

Egypt is one of the few countries where the slave trade still exists. The unfortunate negroes are captured and marched over the desert, where their suffering is intense. Hundreds of them are overpowered by the hardships, and are left upon the burning sands to perish. The heat is so great and water

so scarce that they often go mad from thirst. A writer of history informs us that one not knowing the route of the caravans "would only have to follow the bones which lie right and left of the track." These miserable creatures are then smuggled into the country, and compelled to work unceasingly. One of the most common and fatiguing of their occupations is carrying water in the peculiar manner shown in the illustration. Some humane people have instituted an Anti-Slavery Society, and are trying to prevent this cruel practice; but, as with every other custom after it has once gained a foothold, it is no easy task to abolish it.

European countries carry on an extensive commerce with Egypt, the exports of the country consisting principally of flax, cotton, ostrich feathers, indigo, gum-arabic and ivory. The uniting of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by the Suez Canal has promoted trade, and is a great benefit to Egypt as well as to surrounding nations.

Egypt is a delightful place to travel in, and an interesting and instructive country to study, in view of which a society has been organized to investigate the country and history. In this way its members will, no doubt, be able to give to the world much valuable information which now lies hidden.

R. A. C.

A LONG WAIT IN PROSPECT.—Polly had been looking at a mountain brook and thinking very deeply about it for some time.

"Come, Polly, let's go back to the hotel now," said the nurse, "It is getting late."

"Wait just a minute, please," replied Polly. "I want to see the end of this brook go by."

THE LOST BABY.

ON a warm summer evening of the year 1830, the British ship *Pinta*, Captain Nelson, from Liverpool for Montreal, moved slowly up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, against a light wind and strong tide. On her starboard bow, not more than a mile distant, was a long, low, smart-looking schooner, bearing south-easterly across the *Pinta's* course. Having tide and breeze with her, she was making good time. The schooner was the packet *Hochelaga*, plying between Montreal, Pictou and intermediate ports. Among the passengers grouped about the schooner's decks was Mrs. Robert Norwood, of Montreal, who was chatting with another lady passenger.

"I declare," said she, "I can hardly wait until we get to Pictou. It is nearly two years and a half since I was married and went to live in Montreal. I have not once seen my father or mother since."

"And they've never seen your baby?"

"No, they have not had a look at Edith, although she is fifteen months old. Such a scene as there will be when we arrive!"

"Where is baby now?" asked the other lady, looking around.

"Oh, she fell asleep, so I carried her down and laid her on a mattress on the floor of my stateroom. I did not dare to put her in a birth, for she would be certain to tumble out as soon as she awoke. I left the door open for ventilation," continued the young mother, "and Peri is mounting guard over her in the passage-way. That dog is really more trust-worthy than most nurse-maids."

"Baby doesn't walk at all does she?"

"No; but she's such a creeper, and such a climber! I have to keep watch-

ing her all the time. I think I had better go and look at her now."

It was very warm beneath the deck, and the child moved uneasily as her mother approached. When she had dozed off again Mrs. Norwood slipped out of the state-room. She stopped a moment outside the door to pat Peri, the great Newfoundland dog which lay watchfully in the passage, and then returned to the deck, quite unaware that little Edith had been aroused by her departing movements. Baby Edith sat up rubbed her eyes wonderingly, and then crept from the mattress to the dog, just at the foot of the companion way, as her mother went up-stairs. Mrs. Norwood had spent only a few minutes below, but a great change had come over the scene during her absence! The sun had gone down, and the very heavens seemed to be pouring themselves out upon the waters in a flood of living splendor. Sky and sea were blent in one glow of color, and passengers and crew crowded the starboard rail with exclamations of wonder and delight. Mrs. Norwood quickly made her way among the others, and joined eagerly in the general admiration. The port side of the *Hochelaga*, toward which the *Pinta's* bow headed directly, was quite abandoned, when a little white-clad, soft-shod baby figure, closely followed by a large disapproving dog came noiselessly up the companion-way and crept toward the deserted side. No one but Peri was there to notice baby Edith as she clambered on a bench, reached the rail, leaned far over, and a moment afterward dropped into the deep green water within the shadow of the schooner. The dog leaped after her instantly, yet no one heard a splash or cry. The *Hochelaga* kept on her course, and the *Pinta* slowly moved toward child and dog. After the sunset glow

had faded, Mrs. Norwood continued strolling about the deck, tempted by the evening breeze and the starlight to remain longer than she had intended. Nearly an hour had passed before she again tripped lightly down the companionway. Peri no longer mounted guard in the passage, and the state-room was empty! The mother's heart throbbed quick with fear, but she stilled it at once. "Some of the ladies must have found Edith awake and taken her up," she said to herself, and ran up the steps to the deck. "Have you seen any one making off with my baby?" she enquired, half playfully, of the first person encountered.

"No. I thought she was asleep below."

"So did I until a moment ago, but she is not in my state-room, and I fancy some one must have taken her up."

She flew quickly along the deck, asking questions with a gasp and a sob. Word speedily ran over the schooner. The passengers came flocking about her with pale, sympathetic faces, and a hurried search was begun. "Look for Peri! Find him! He will be with Edith!" screamed the now frantic mother; but neither dog nor child could be found. At a hoarse order from the captain the *Hochelaga* came about with flapping sails, and began tacking back and fourth over her course, while the distracted mother watched the water in dumb despair.

It would have been useless to lower a boat. Many minutes had passed since the child was first missed, and no one could say how long before that she had gone. Meantime the *Pinta* had been left quite out of sight. The *Hochelaga's* search was hopelessly continued an hour or two, merely for the purpose of satisfying the unhappy mother that her little

one had not been given up without an effort to save it, and then the voyage was resumed. On board the *Pinta* Captain Nelson stood watching the sunset until the last lurid rays smoldered into dusky gray. Then he turned his eyes on the sullen waste of water from which the *Hochelaga* had disappeared in the gathering darkness. Captain Nelson was about to go to his cabin, when an object a short distance away on the starboard bow arrested his attention. He gazed curiously a moment, and gave his eyes a vigorous rub as if they were not serving him aright.

"Strange," he muttered; "what in the world can that be?"

He called to the men forward. There was a rush to the rail, and a dozen pairs of eyes peered eagerly over.

"Looks like a bundle o' white clothes," said a sailor.

"It's a makin' straight for us," cried another.

"It's the tide that's a-fetchin' o' it along."

"No, it beant no tide—it's a-movin' itself!"

But the captain's eyes were keenest of all. Here his commanding voice broke in, and the men sprang to obey.

"Look alive there!" he shouted. "It's a dog supporting a child in its mouth!"

The ship's head came slowly about. A boat was lowered and shot swiftly astern. A few quick strokes brought it up with the white, moving object. One of the men reached out and took hold of a senseless baby form. But Peri refused to loosen his hold of the front of Edith's frock, by which he was holding her face clear of the water, until he had been taken into the boat. Then he resigned his charge to a sailor, beside whom he mounted jealous guard until the ship's side was gained. Captain

Nelson received the child in his arms as she was handed up to the deck, and bore her directly away to his own cabin, Peri following closely. It was soon found that the child's unconsciousness was due rather to shock than to suffocation or chill. Her lungs were free from water, and her heart was distinctly beating. Captain Nelson applied restoratives at once, and soon a feeble cry, which speedily increased in vigor, told of his success. A hot bath and hot blankets were sent in from the galley fire, and in less than an hour the captain announced on deck that a baby girl was comfortably sleeping in his cabin. A sharp lookout had been kept for the schooner, from which there was no doubt the child had come; but the wind had freshened after sunset, and she was probably miles away ere this.

"It's most mysterious that no effort was made to save the child," said Captain Nelson to his mate. "It looks as though the pretty little creature had been abandoned intentionally."

"It's an awfu' world, sir," said the Scotch mate. "Hangin's too good for the likes of you!" and he shook his mighty fist in the direction where the *Hochelaga* had last been seen, while the *Pinta* proceeded on her way. When Captain Nelson returned to his cabin he made a careful examination of Edith's clothing, but could find nothing to indicate her name or her home. The dog's collar bore but one word, "Peri." Still it might be of service in the enquiries to be made at Montreal. As Captain Nelson moved about the cabin, his little guest stirred restlessly, and tossed a small white arm above her head. He approached her, stood looking with a very gentle light in his eyes, then bent over and lightly pressed his lips to her little dimpled hand. Lifting

his head, the captain blushed and looked fiercely round the cabin, as if to crush anyone who had witnessed his emotion; but no spectator was there. Two wide, blue eyes unfolded and looked enquiringly into his. After a brief scrutiny Edith stretched her baby hands joyfully towards him, and astonished his bachelor ears with a shrill, glad cry of "Papa!"

"Shiver my timbers!—she's adopted me!" thought the captain, and as he took her in his arms he wondered whether a bachelor could legally adopt a daughter, and what Susan Grey, his "intended" at Liverpool, would say of the proceeding. Before he succeeded in inducing Edith to sleep again, he was fully aware that the office of adoptive father was no sinecure; yet his heart was all the time more delighted with the confiding little thing. She ate heartily of bread and milk, and for hours that night the galley fire blazed while the cook prepared the wee maid's one suit of clothing for the morrow. Next forenoon Captain Nelson brought her on deck, looking as fresh and rosy as though she had only taken her customary bath the evening before. She seemed quite content with her new surroundings, and the sailors were vastly delighted with her, especially when she babbled "Papa! Papa!" to their captain.

"What will you take for her, sir?" said the first mate, respectfully, but with jocular intention.

"Take?" said the captain, sternly. "Not the ship, no, nor all the ships afloat. Seems as if God sent her to me especially."

"But you may find who she belongs to, sir."

"Aye—I'll try. It's my duty. But if they abandon her—what then?"

"You'll adopt her?"

"I will that, as quick as she adopted me. She shall never know what it is to lack a father's care."

So the voyage up the St. Lawrence was pleasantly continued, and in due time safely ended at Montreal. Captain Nelson was ready to go on shore as soon as the *Pinta* entered her dock. But Peri did not wait for him. He leaped lightly to the wharf, and set off at top speed.

'E'll find the kid's friends quicker'n the cap'n," remarked one of the sailors.

"I'm thinkin' the captain's heart will be clean broke if he does," said another.

Not many minutes afterward Peri was in his master's place of business on St. James Street, and Robert Norwood sprang to his feet with a cry of surprise and alarm.

"What? Peri, you here! What does this mean? Where's Edith?"

At the child's name the dog ran excitedly to the door. Mr. Norwood sprang after him, but there was nothing in the street to relieve his anxiety. In deep agitation he turned for his hat, to go out and make enquiries. The dog tried to prevent him from going back, and whined pitifully.

"Oh, if he could only speak!" cried the young man with trembling lips. A moment afterward he was in the street, running swiftly toward the office of the *Hochelaga's* agents. The dog bounded joyfully on before, but set up a disapproving whine when Mr. Norwood entered the office. There they knew nothing more concerning the packet than he did, for this was before the days of the telegraph or the railway. The *Hochelaga* herself furnished the swiftest means of communication between the ports she visited. She had not returned, and how the dog had got back was

an entire mystery to the agents. Robert Norwood staggered out of the office, convinced that something terrible must have happened to his wife and child, else Peri would never have abandoned them. The dog caught his eye as he emerged, and with a sharp bark turned again toward the river.²² Mr. Norwood followed despairingly, not knowing what else to do. Soon he came out on the wharf beside the *Pinta*, and gazed blankly about. There was nothing here that could be associated with those he sought. "Peri! Peri!" he said in broken tones, "can you tell me nothing? Have you led me here only to show me the river?"

For answer Peri looked toward the *Pinta*, and gave a prolonged howl of impatience.

"Is that your dog, sir?" called a sailor from the ship's deck. Mr. Norwood turned to go without replying but the man hailed him again.

"If that is your dog, sir, mayhap there may be some'at aboard ye'd like t'see."

A minute afterward he was in Captain Nelson's cabin with Edith clasped in his arms. But she did not quickly respond to his caresses. Indeed, she cried and averted her face from him at first. Evidently her mind was confused between her recollections of her true and her adopted fathers. Though she soon accepted Mr. Norwood, and kissed him, she did not call him "papa," but looked round the cabin with enquiry when he said, "Papa—doesn't Edith know papa? Say 'papa,' dear."

"She's took to the cap'n wonderful, sir," said the steward. "Called him papa right away. He do look like you, sir—same kind of eyes and chin. And she's been with him right along all these days."

When, soon afterward, Captain Nelson returned, Edith looked strangely at him and her father by turns. She did not say "papa" to either, but put her head down on her own father's shoulder and looked shyly at the captain.

'That settles it, my lass, said he, between a laugh and a gulp of disappointment. "But you adopted me, miss, and you'll find I won't forget it."

Neither did he, for Edith grew up to be a young lady before the captain ceased from sending her wonderful outlandish dolls, birds, and curios that he picked up in far-away ports, as he voyaged to them. Mr. Norwood's joy at the wonderful rescue of his child was dashed with deep fear for his wife. He did not doubt that she had been carried onward by the *Hochelaga*, but trembled at the thought of how the discovery of Edith's loss might affect her. He had no means of communicating with her, and could only wait the return of the packet. But the swift sailing *Hochelaga* was even then well on her home trip, and was sighted at Montreal a few days later. Mr. Norwood drove with Edith to the wharf to meet his wife, who had returned, by the packet, as he anticipated. Her grief had been so wild and her prostration so great on her arrival at Pictou that her parents, fearing to have her come alone, had accompanied her to Montreal. They were supporting her now as she tottered out of the cabin, entirely overcome at thought of the tidings she was bearing to her husband.

"Oh, I cannot tell him!" she exclaimed in agony. "It will kill him! It will kill me to tell him!"

She had been weeping so wofully that her parents kept her in the cabin till the gangway was clear. Now she suddenly saw Peri and then her husband with a child in his arms! He stopped

within a few feet of her, too much overcome to speak. The dog barked with excitement, and Edith stretched out her little white hands to her mother. Now this is a wonderful story; but it is a true one and was related to me by Edith herself.

William Kirkwood.

A TYPICAL CASE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

HAND in hand, like two contented children, Mary Wentworth and Norwood strolled back to Frazer's. Shadows deepened around them, overhanging boughs brushed their faces, and a tangle of wild grapevines threatened to enmesh them, but they carelessly thrust them aside, drinking in the sweet fragrance of the night and hearkening to bird calls.

They had reached the clearing about Frazer's before either disturbed the perfect concord by a spoken word.

"What brings you to Bonnie Glen, Mary?"

"The new schoolmarm, at your service, sir!"

She dropped his hand, making a quaint courtesy. Norwood had long been aware that Mary was singularly fond of little children and had lent valuable assistance in the free kindergartens of the city. Her careless explanation that the European trip had for some trivial reason been postponed to another year, and that she, always an enthusiastic botanist, had determined to obtain a complete herbarium of the plants of the Vernal Hills, seemed to Norwood logical and sufficient cause for her unexpected appearance and her adoption of this new vocation. We are loth to question the goods the gods provide.

Norwood arose the next morning with

a sense of buoyancy and of courage he had not known for months. True, it was weariness to drag himself from his comfortable bed, to bathe and dress and make ready for the breakfast for which he had no appetite.

Yet the day somehow seemed worth rising to greet. He reasoned that it was because he wanted to make it pleasant for Mary, who with sound lungs and seemingly unimpaired understanding, had chosen to seclude herself for a time in this mountain solitude. He went further, and acknowledged to himself that it was very sweet to have this little season of congenial companionship to lighten the closing chapter of his life, a friendly hand to clasp as he waited for the dark curtain to fall which divides life from the mystery we call death.

It was restful merely to let his eyes dwell on Mary, who wore a neat gray gown that morning, with a bunch of pink roses in her belt. On a chair beside her lay a broad brimmed hat and a tin box. As they arose from the table she took possession of these articles.

"I am going to begin bright and early to collect my plants," she said, smiling as she slipped over her head the leather strap that passed through the handles of the tin box. "You'll go with me?"

"Of a certainty!" he replied, snatching up his hat as they passed out through the narrow hallway.

"It is too late in the season to expect much," Mary went on as they entered the bright sunlight. "Yet there must be sheltered places along the mountain streams and in crevices of ledges where nice specimens may be found. I suppose you know the hills by heart by this time."

"I climbed a little when I first came.

I haven't done much walking lately. It tired me," Norwood said.

He hoped no one would grieve her tender heart by telling her of the day he had fallen exhausted on the trail. He would caution Frazer and his wife not to mention it.

"That is because you are always in a hurry. I know how it used to be in the city," said the girl, wisely. "I have watched you come up the hill to our house, puffing like a steam engine. Now you'll have to measure your pace to mine. When I hurry in the least in making an ascent, my heart beats like a trip-hammer. I shall be a safety guage for your ambition, Dr. Norwood."

Leisurely and often stopping to take breath and rest, they ascended the hillside, their object point, a projecting ledge from whose base there gurgled a spring of pure water, which a little further down was dammed and prisoned in an iron pipe, to supply Frazer's house and stable.

At every stage of their journey new beauties were revealed, new glories unveiled. The clearings in the valley, the stubble fields, parched and yellow, dwindled to mere specks in a setting of emerald. Magnificent growths of live oak clothed the hillsides, stately sycamores with dropping leaves disclosing their dappled bark and fantastic shapes, bowed over the streams that coursed down gulches and canyons, with columnar alders and cottonwoods wearing the golden garb of autumn. The ground beneath was a mesh of wild blackberry vines, clematis and nightshade. Higher up the slopes purpled with a thick chaparral of sagebrush, chemisal and mountain lilac, touched here and there with vivid red, where clusters of manzanita berries, the holly, hung in scarlet splendor.

Ever as they climbed, new vistas were unfolded, until the wooded ridge that formed the further boundary of the valley became a low, green hedge, at the foot of a sea of purple peaks fading to amethyst in the distance.

It was high noon when they reached their goal. In an ecstasy of delight Mary knelt at the foot of the jutting rock, passing her hand with a caressing motion over a bed of blossoms blue as the summer sky, lifting tiny chalices to drink the spray flung down to them by a mimic cascade.

"Only see these brave little souls, blossoming all out of season because a little heaven-sent moisture has been granted them!"

But Norwood, who had flung himself down on the ground, clasping his hands at the back of his head for a pillow, stubbornly refused to turn his face, and his tone was so despairing that the girl was alarmed.

"Are you tired?" she asked with much concern.

"I am hungry. Desperately hungry!" he returned with emphasis, looking hopelessly at Frazer's resolved to a mere speck in the distance, then casting a reproachful look at her.

She answered with a happy laugh.

"Before I gather any specimens, I must empty my box." Lifting the hinged cover she displayed piles of dainty sandwiches, wrapped in snowy napery, a flask of milk and great bunches of purple grapes.

Norwood eagerly reached out his hands, and ate, like a gluttonous boy, much more than his share of the repast, accepting gladly and without question the girl's plea that her own hearty breakfast had blunted her appetite. When he had finished, he drank freely of

the cool spring water, then laid back and closed his eyes.

The sunshine bathed him in a grateful warmth, the twitter and warble of birds, the hum of bees and the stir of unseen forces of nature, blended in a pleasant harmony. Mary Wentworth's face had the kind and soothing look of one that lingered in dreams of his childhood. He dropped to sleep as quietly and happily as a tired boy.

The sun was declining in the west when he awoke, rested and refreshed. A sunshade was propped beside him, sheltering his face from the slanting rays. The touch of a soft hand seemed to linger on his forehead, but when he looked about to determine whether the sensation were dream or reality, he saw Mary kneeling on the ground, busily storing away the plants she had gathered.

"I don't know whether I ought to have slept out here on the hillside," he said doubtfully, "It's a hazardous experiment."

"It is good for you," she said earnestly.

"Take care, Mary, how you violate professional ethics. I haven't given up my patient yet."

"Then you had better do so at once, sir," she retaliated playfully but with an undercurrent of serious meaning. "You have not made a brilliant success of your treatment of his case this summer."

He reddened ever so slightly, feeling his professional skill in some sense challenged.

"It is plain you are determined to supplant me. Think seriously of what you are meditating. You wouldn't rob a poor doctor of his only case: himself!"

"Then take me as a consulting physi-

cian!" said the girl quickly. "Here is my first advice, and you are to respect it. You are to walk slowly, and not speak a word, going down the trail. Stop now and then and inhale long breaths without opening your mouth. No, sir. If you please, you shall not carry the tin box, nor my sunshade. And when we reach Frazer's, you are to eat a light supper and go straight to bed, not burning your light an instant longer than it takes you to undress. I will give you further orders tomorrow. No reading in your room or in bed, 'pon honor."

The guilty and deprecating look with which Norwood subscribed to this latter condition confirmed the girl in her suspicions. Always a student and reader, the young man had brought with him the greater part of his scientific library, and had been in the habit of sitting up half the night engaged in study, then retiring chilled and exhausted, to a nervous and fitful repose.

For the first time since he came to Bonnie Glen, Norwood slept soundly and peacefully that night; and he awoke in the morning with a keen desire to know what worthy Mrs. Frazer intended to offer them for breakfast.

It is unnecessary to recount in detail Mary Wentworth's experience as teacher of the school in Bonnie Glen. The record of her success is spread upon the books so diligently kept by the trustees of the district. It is sufficient to say that that year shows the highest percentage in attendance and deportment, if not in scholarship, scored under any teacher's administration in the history of the district.

When she had been at her post a month, every girl was her devoted admirer, every boy her loyal subject. Norwood, who on pleasant days invariably

walked down to the schoolhouse with her in the morning, and who was always waiting for her at night, grew to feel an unreasoning jealousy of the children who rushed up the path to meet her breaking in upon their pleasant confidences, or unwillingly yielding her up to him when the day's tasks were over. Yet not so unreasonable, from his own point of view.

"The world can have her for many years. My days with her are numbered," he sadly argued.

The winter rains were late that year. September and October passed serenely by under cloudless skies and with days and nights balmy as midsummer. The vineyards clothing sunny slopes yielded their rich harvest to the toilers, and the russet husks of almonds and walnuts burst and rattled their concealed treasures in a shower on the ground, for the children to gather. With the advent of November the same grateful warmth prevailed by day, but the sun sank earlier behind the western hills, and night settled down with a keener breath. Sometimes light clouds chased each other across the sky, but not a drop fell to refresh the parching earth.

In mid-December something like a fog adrift crept over the hills and obscured the sun, dimly and then heavily, like a leaden-gray pall. Slowly the mist began to descend earthward, flinging a fine spray in the faces of those who ventured out. By night rain was pattering on the roof.

All the week it rained steadily, and when the thirsty soil had drunk its fill, little streamlets began to trickle down every hollow and depression, joining forces to form dancing brooks, combining again to make turbulent rivulets, and finally uniting in a genuine mountain torrent, which plunged down the

canyon, uprooting trees and tearing boulders from their beds.

To those who watched the progress of the storm it seemed as if a second deluge were imminent; but after a gusty forenoon when rain and wind contested sway, Bonnie Glen looked out upon a sky cloudless as June.

With boyish delight in his sudden release from bondage, Norwood drew on a heavy pair of boots and caught up hat and overcoat, resolved to reach the schoolhouse by the time of dismissal. Hastening down the road with this purpose in view, he renewed the joy of his own boyhood's experience in another region where nature discloses her secrets upon the melting of the snows. Underfoot a myriad green blades and tender leaflets were leaping into life. Mossgrown rocks had exchanged their summer browns for glistening emerald. The oaks, clean washed and refreshed, seemed to be putting on a new garb, and sycamore and pussy willow buds were swelling with the promise of spring.

"The very air seems new," he declared to Mary, as she greeted him with pleased surprise. "All the earth seems new born."

"It may wake up my rare fern," said the girl knowingly, nodding her head as one entrusted with all the small secrets of nature.

"Speaking of your rare fern, said Norwood, "I believe I have at last traced it to its lair. A Mexican who leads a hermit's life on the next range south, was trying to tell me last week of some very uncommon plant that grows on a gulch near the summit. The old man described it as resembling the delicate needlework his countrywomen are famous for making. He says there's a cave that marks the spot where it

grows; a prehistoric relic in the face of a cliff covered with paintings that may be worth seeing for themselves."

"We'll go, some day when the weather is warmer," replied the girl soberly. She cast a furtive look at his face, paled with a week's confinement and with a bright color glowing like a consuming fire in his cheeks.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN AFTER CHRISTMAS STORY.

DORA TRACY woke on Christmas morning, to hear the younger members of the family making the merry noises incident to the searching of the well-stuffed stockings, that had been hung in a row on the edge of a table; for, alas! the ancient wide-mouthed fireplace had disappeared from this home, to be replaced by the cleanly, diffused heat from a radiator.

Dora was in no hurry to get up; indeed she was crying softly under the blankets. For several years she had been possessed by doubts as to the genuineness of the delightful myth of Santa Claus, and this year she had gone deliberately to work to investigate. By poking about she had managed to find various articles that plainly spoke of Christmas, and to hear enough of broken conversations, to know each and every surprise with which her loving parents, and a dear aunt, had designed to make her holiday a day of unmixed pleasure.

Dora was tasting the bitterness of stolen knowledge. She felt as if some dear old friend were dead, since the benign saint would come to her no more. There were no surprises in store for her, no delightful thrills of expectation in her heart, for she knew all about it.

I kissed her and went to bed. I prayed that night, and the next morning, and when I was washing dishes, and going on errands, I would look up to the great wide blue sky, and say: 'Dear Lord and Savior, I am little Mary Smith, my papa is on a mission, and my mother is too poor to buy me a big doll, and I don't want a little one. There are so many great, big lovely dolls in the world; won't you see that I get one?' and then my heart would be glad, and I was sure He would.

"On Christmas eve, mother told me with tears in her eyes that she had tried hard to get me a big doll, and could not, but if I would have a little one she would get it, and make it ever so many real clothes that would button and that I could wash and iron. But I told her never to mind, I thought the Lord would not forget me. She let me be Santa Claus and put the candy and nuts into the other stockings, but sent me to bed while she put in the little toys, so that I would be surprised a little in the morning.

"When she came to my bed this morning and said: 'Mary, the doll has not come yet,' I only laughed and said to her: 'Well, mother, if the Lord don't think I have been good long enough yet, I will be good all next year and then see what He thinks of me.'

"After the work was done I came out here to see the sleighs go by, and the first thing I saw was this, all tied up in brown paper, and on it was written: 'For a good girl.'

"Now don't you think it was for me?"

"Yes," said Dora without a moment'sitation, "it was for you, and the sent it to you. Now go home and mother all about it."

at on the stone and watched girl as long as she could hear

her singing the glad Christmas carol, then she slowly went back to her aunt's house. A great many thoughts had passed through her mind, as she thought of the patient faith of little Mary, and her own petulance. In relating the incident to her aunt she said: "I am not sorry any more that there is no mythical Santa Claus, but so glad that there is a real Lord, who hears and answers prayers, who knows when we are good and try to do His will. You will be surprised Aunt Helen, but I was not nearly so happy when the doll was mine, as I was when I helped God to answer her prayers. I was so glad that I had the right to tell her that the doll was hers. I was her Santa Claus, and the Lord let me help Him, and I think it is the loveliest thing that ever happened to me in all my life. I am twelve years old and don't need a doll anyhow."

When Aunt Helen with her spiritual insight had explained it for the parents of both the little girls, there was a deep though quiet satisfaction in all their hearts that the children had learned such a beautiful and lasting lesson on Christmas.

Ellen Jakeman.

SPEAK GENTLY.—Violence ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can almost always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you.

WHERE the speech is corrupted the mind is also.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

WHILE considering some financial questions a few days since, President Woodruff made a remark to the writer that things are now very different to what they were in his youth and manhood. "Until I became the President of the Church," said he, "I had never given but one note in all my life, and that was for a very small amount and for a very short time. Nor was this note for money to use for personal necessities. A few years ago," he continued, "it was uncommon for men in my neighborhood and among my acquaintances to go into debt. Now, however, it is uncommon to find men who are free from financial obligations."

The spirit of the age is that indebtedness is necessary to success. Indeed, one leading financier of Utah, who is now dead, once told a near friend that the man who was free from debt did not have the energy which one possessed who carried a heavy load of debt. We believe on the whole that it would be best for men to possess less energy if they could only be to some extent freed from the anxiety which has caused and is causing the untimely death of capable men. It would be a good policy for individuals as well as the public to adopt, for at least sometime in the future, to get out and keep out of debt.

The man who runs open accounts is far more careless about his expenditures than is he who always buys with cash.

It is illustrated in an incident related by an English harness-maker who had a beautiful saddle on exhibition near the front of his store. One day while he was absent a gentleman called and told the saddler's apprentice that he would take the article, and before the boy had an opportunity to ask him his name he had thrown the saddle into his buggy and driven away.

When the master returned he inquired where the saddle was. The apprentice replied that a gentleman had purchased it, but had failed to pay for it, and he did not even know his name. The proprietor began to think the saddle had been stolen, but the boy assured him that this was not the case, as the gentleman who took it was a frequent customer and had an account on the books.

After some days had passed and the purchaser of the saddle failed to make his appearance, the proprietor told the book-keeper to charge the article up to all the customers who had open accounts on the books. By this means they would learn who was the real purchaser, as the others would dispute their accounts.

Several weeks elapsed, when the proprietor inquired of the book-keeper if the purchaser of the saddle had been discovered.

"No," answered the book-keeper, "nor is he likely to be, for already about forty of your customers have paid for the saddle."

If the old plan of paying for articles as they are obtained had been followed, there would have been about thirty-nine men better off by the value of the saddle than they were by leaving their accounts open and thus becoming careless spectators to charges made.

The custom of earlier times knew all regard to obligations and the honor

existed between debtor and creditor is very nicely portrayed in an incident told of an old Scotch money lender who was approached by a friend with a request for a loan. The Scotchman promised him the money and counted it out, but his friend who had become familiar with the London methods of doing business, handed him his note for the amount he desired.

"What is this?" asked the old Scotchman.

"Why, this is my written promise to pay," answered the borrower.

"Well," says the old Scotchman, "if your word is not as good as your writing, you shall not have my money," and he began to place it back in his vault.

"But supposing I should die?" was the response, "I want you to have something in hand to show my children that I was indebted to you."

"If your children have not sufficient honor to protect their father's name should you die, I will have nothing to do with such a family," and he put his money safely away in his strong box.

A man's verbal promise should be as good as his written obligation and it would indeed be a happy condition if we were in a position where we would need to make so few promises concerning financial obligations that we would not forget them, but promptly meet everything that is due. It is becoming too common for men to try and repudiate their obligations. Indebtedness is incurred by some without the least thought of ever paying it. They will plead the statute of limitation, where it is possible, or seek some technicality to avoid the payment of even the legal notes.

Debts of honor are just as binding as are legal obligations. Doubtless our readers have heard of the case of the impecunious English statesman who

would dodge corners to avoid meeting his creditors. One day a man who held his note saw a sum of money paid to him, and immediately thereafter stepped up to the debtor and presented his note for payment. "I cannot pay that," replied the statesman, "for the money I just received I must pay on a debt of honor. You have my note and that will hold good until my other obligations are discharged."

The creditor looked at him for a moment, and then said, "I will make my debt one of honor," and immediately destroyed the note.

"That being the case," was the response, "I must pay yours first, as it is of longer standing."

We advise our young people to avoid the distresses of debt, to live within their means and to economize to such an extent that from their incomes they can save some little against a time of need. If you would only talk with some men whose credit has been strained because of indebtedness, we believe the lesson would be impressed upon your minds never to be forgotten, that debt is a burden which prevents peaceful, restful nights and fills the mind with anguish during the day time, thus preventing the development of those finer sensibilities with which every creature is endowed, retarding also the growth in spirit which is possible to those who owe no man anything. The philosopher's stone, which John Randolph once declared he had discovered is to "pay as you go." Each one should possess this "stone."

THE devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil.

WHEN you have nothing to say, say nothing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF 'DIAHMAN.

My Father moved from Far West to 'Diahman in September, 1838, when the mob were beginning to put their evil designs into practice upon the Saints, by driving off stock and annoying the families in their homes.

When within four miles of the town a party of mobocrats stopped us with an apparent design to do violence, but, after a short consultation among themselves in the road ahead of us, we were permitted to proceed.

The only mill for grinding corn or wheat in that part of the country was owned by one of the mob, and Mormons could not grind there. It was a horse mill, and when a man went to mill he must use his own team sometimes, and grind his grain, the miller merely taking the toll or pay for using the mill. If small boys went to mill, the miller would do all the work except to drive the team.

"Grist mills," as they were called in those days, were very primitive things; but to us they were marvels of ingenuity, as they were a great improvement on hand mortars. The greatest feature of the mill was the size of the wheel, and there was but one wheel in the whole mill, and it was built upon an upright shaft. The outer rim was full of wooden cogs, which fitted into the "trundle-head," or small shaft, upon which the revolving stone rested, the great wheel being, according to the size of the house, from twenty to sixty feet in diameter, and the spindle wheel, or trundle head, only twelve or fifteen inches in diameter.

Now, boys and girls, just compare such mills with roller mills now in use, and remember, also, that we had to use hand sieves to separate the bran from the flour or meal.

When we were first cut off from the

"horse mill," my father made a mill of his own, by cutting down a large oak tree which stood near the house. After making the top of the stump smooth and level, he built a fire in the center of the stump, which was about three feet across. He kept just a little fire going day and night, occasionally digging up or loosening the burned wood under the fire, until he had a smooth, round hole, about two feet deep, burned into the stump. Then he made a nice hickory pounder, the bottom of which was the shape of the cavity in the stump. The pounder was about four or five feet long, and fastened to a spring pole, and so nearly balanced the heft of the pounder with the weight of the little sapling spring-pole that a girl ten years old could work it up and down; and when once set in motion it would almost go itself.

Into this cavity of the stump two or three quarts of corn were put at a time and pounded into meal. At first it was fun for the children to stand on the stump and make that great pounder jump up and down, but it got old after awhile.

At the same time that father's mill was at work, the authorities of the place were building a great house, and a great wheel under its roof, to grind for the people, which took weeks to accomplish.

During the building of the mill many people burned corn and wheat to live upon, for not all could get meal. Even meat was scarce, because people were compelled by the mob to leave their homes on a few minutes' notice, and flee to the settlement, leaving behind such things as stock, grain, and, in some instances, household goods.

When the army came and took our arms and munitions of war, they were moved with sympathy for the people in

he ordained Dimick a patriarch for Israel.

Thus we see that he truly filled the mission given him by the prophet at Judge Cleveland's. So, also, will every other prediction be fulfilled that was ever made by Joseph Smith.

O. B. Huntington.

A PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

SOME time ago I was in great distress of mind. I had been out of employment for a considerable length of time, my finances were getting very much limited, and unless I could find employment, whereby to earn some more I would be pretty "hard up."

I had inquired of everybody whom I knew hired help, but in every instance got the same unfavorable reply.

I had returned one day from my usual rounds feeling very low in spirits. In telling my wife of my want of success, she said to me, with the usual intuition so characteristic of women, "Why do you not ask your Father in heaven for employment?"

I was struck forcibly with her remark, as I had never thought of asking Him for employment. So before retiring for the night, I prayed to my Father in heaven, as I had not done before. Simple, short, earnest and emphatic.

Next morning after breakfast, I went to see the contractor for a large public building, as I had been informed the day previous that he was hiring men to dig the foundation, and asked for him, of the man in charge. "Why, he has gone to the railroad depot. Did you not meet him?" I followed, walking as quickly as I could and inquired at the depot for him. The answer was, "He has gone to his home this minute."

His home being two blocks away, I

soon reached the place, and asked his wife if her husband was at home.

"Yes, come in," she replied, but on calling for him, no answer came. She came to the door with me to look for him, but he had gone. I then relinquished all hope for that day.

On coming up the street I felt very much depressed. Arriving within one block of the turning I saw the superintendent of the woolen mills walking down on the opposite side of the street. He saw me and gave a wave of his hand for me to stop. He came across to me and said, "Oh, Barclay, you were asking me for work one day lately. Have you got a job?"

"No, sir, I have not."

He then told me to go to the factory and ask for two men, whose names he gave. I was to tell them the superintendent had sent me up. He had been speaking to them about me that morning.

I did as told, and was employed to begin work on Monday morning, this being Friday.

On coming near to my house, the whistle blew for twelve o'clock. I stood without the power of motion—I had received such a direct answer to my prayer. I told my wife of what had occurred, and she rejoiced with me, and if grateful thanks ever ascended from earth to heaven, they did on that night, for God's special care and immediate answer to my request.

That incident in my life is a testimony to me that my Father in heaven lives, and that our smallest acts have His special care. When even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, how much more will He care for His sons and daughters!

I have never seen the president of the United States. He may be a myth, or

a non-existent person so far as my knowledge goes. Some men have had letters from him, I have not. Hence I only know of him in a second-hand way. Should I telephone to him, however, for a special thing, and in less than twenty-four hours, my request is granted, that would be a testimony that he lives, and has power. The same principle may apply in the case of heavenly existence.

I have made it a point to pray to my Father every day of my life. I tell Him all my wants, even to the smallest, and thank Him from the bottom of my heart for all His kindness.

"Oh ye of little faith," who have not got a direct testimony! Bow to your Father in heaven in humility, sincerity and faith, and do not cease till you get what you ask in righteousness. Especially would I urge it on the youth of Zion to seek for a testimony for themselves, and having got it, retain it, by keeping all His commandments.

Have confidence in Father
For our Father He's kind,
And bear all trials that He sends
With a calm and tranquil mind.

Though sorely pressed on every side,
Have faith and you'll get through,
For every blade of grass
Gets its own drop of dew.

Michael Barclay.

KINDNESS.

To my knowledge there is no subject that should be impressed more vividly upon the minds of the young people than that of kindness. There are a great many branches to this subject, but the one to which I wish to confine myself mostly is that of children to their parents.

There is nothing that hurts me worse than to hear a young boy or girl talk

with disrespect to their parents. When they do this, it causes me to think that they believe there is no one sees or hears them. But here they are badly mistaken. The guardian angel which God has placed with each one of us is the one who sees and hears all we do, and he will doubtless record all our deeds, whether they be good or evil, and the day will come when these things will be brought up before us. Imagine, young boys, you who have talked with disrespect to your father or mother, how you will feel when you are asked what you did it for. What excuse can you offer? I think it will be a hard thing for you to find an acceptable excuse for such conduct.

Is there anything more pleasing to a fond mother than to see her son come into the house with a smiling countenance, a contented mind, and cheering words to speak to her? I think there is nothing more pleasing than this. But can a mother have the affection that she should have for her son when he enters the house with a black look on his face; who cares for nothing and nobody, throws things around carelessly or recklessly, and probably when asked a common question by mother, insults her with his answer, treating her also in other ways with harshness and cruelty? A mother cannot have the respect and love for a son who acts in this way as she would if he were otherwise.

There are few who can realize what a great loss it is to be deprived of a good mother. My young friends, you who have mothers living, treat them with all the kindness, respect, and love it is possible for you to exhibit. Remember that you have but one mother on this earth; it is she who nurses you until you are old enough to see and understand things for yourselves. Should

you have the privilege of attending school and getting a good education, and your father and mother have not had this privilege, don't turn around and call them ignorant, for probably they would have been glad to have had a chance to go to school as you have now. But be thankful to them that you have these opportunities, and whenever you can impart a little knowledge unto your parents, do it in a manner becoming to yourself, and be always ready to freely give them assistance, and obey their counsel. Never think that you are so far advanced as to reject the advice which they may give you. Bear in mind the great commandment which God Himself announced for the guidance and welfare of His children: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Those who indulge in the practice of dishonoring their parents, and who have read the above great commandment, must surely feel conscience-smitten. Few there are who realize the danger they are in by allowing themselves to continue to treat their parents with disrespect.

Charles R. Jones.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.]

AFTER five days of seemingly fruitless efforts on our part to make an impression upon the people anywhere in Mandal, and our resources being almost exhausted, we concluded to separate. Brother Lars Petersen, my partner, had succeeded in finding employment with a carpenter and wheel-maker a little outside the town, and I concluded therefore to leave him there, to prosecute the work as best he might, while I would re-

turn to Christiansand, which city also was included in my appointed field of labor. On the 20th of May we parted, but with the understanding still to be co-workers both with regard to promulgating the gospel and also in every other way to support each other for that purpose. He afterwards faithfully kept his vows and assisted me with money when I needed any, and tried his best to get the people to read our tracts and give us an opportunity to lay the principles of the gospel before them in meetings.

On my arrival in Christiansand, I sought for and found employment at my trade as a painter, thereby enabling me to stay and thus seek for chances to promulgate the gospel. It was, however, uphill business, and very discouraging thus to spend weeks and months working for very small wages and yet being unable to perform the important work more energetically, for which I had been sent. I therefore felt at times very low-spirited.

On one occasion, I succeeded in getting a meeting in which I was assisted by Elder C. Dorius, who had come ashore while on his way to another city, by name Stavanger, and by Brother Petersen who had come on a visit from Mandal. We had quite a congregation in a small room, and did our best, but I never saw any fruits of that meeting, and I therefore sought for some other places, where I could hope for more success. In this I was guided by the spirit to a small valley out to one side from the main roads, and there I found some Quakers, who received me very kindly, and opened their house for a meeting, inviting the neighbors to hear me, which eventually resulted in one family receiving the gospel. They have since emigrated to Zion, where they and their descendants are now quite numer-

ous, and are numbered as faithful Latter-day Saints. One son has since performed a mission to his native land.

Strange as it may appear, there has since that time been made several attempts to introduce the gospel in Mandal, but without success, and but very few people have embraced the gospel in the city of Christiansand.

The priests and the press did all that they could to hinder us in our work, and on one occasion in Mandal, while I was trying to obtain a place to hold meeting, I met the parson engaged in his work of counteracting my efforts, and, with a strange feeling of my authority as a servant of God, I rebuked him and told him that in hindering me from informing those people upon the true plan of salvation, he would be held responsible before God for his conduct when we should meet before the bar of justice in heaven. The people who were present seemed much astonished at my words, but did not offer any opposition, either by words or action.

During the summer, I made several trips to Mandal to assist Brother Petersen, and he also came to visit me in Christiansand for a similar purpose, and, whenever I was out of employment, he would furnish me with money out of his earnings; thus we worked, like Paul did in Rome, with our hands, as well as spiritually, in order to forward the important work of God, seeking Him diligently in prayer for support. But the people seemed very indifferent and our faith and patience were tried very much in consequence.

In the fall of that year (1855) I was released and re-called to Christiania, and my partner was left to work alone in that seemingly unproductive field.

As President C. Petersen later in the fall was released to return home to his

family in Zion, I was appointed to succeed him in the presidency over the mission in Norway.

After the departure of President Petersen in November, I was in Christiania most of the time, still making occasional visits to the other branches, but I was now surrounded with almost every comfort that a missionary could wish for. Our meetings in Christiania were well-attended by strangers and an excellent spirit pervaded the Saints in general, and we had quite frequent baptisms.

On the 7th and 8th of February, 1856, I called a conference to convene in Christiania, and, although it was winter and all traveling had to be done overland, we had a very good attendance of the missionaries, and a good spirit prevailed. Some of the brethren had traveled more than one hundred miles on foot to get to the conference.

During the year 1856, I paid a visit to some of the branches, to encourage the brethren and the Saints, but nothing unusual occurred to me, and a further recital of my missionary experiences during the remainder of my time in Norway, therefore, is not deemed of sufficient interest to be introduced here.

I held the position as president till I was released in April, 1857, when I emigrated to Utah in company with my faithful co-laborers, Elders C. Dorius and John F. F. Dorius, each of us having with us our betrothed partners for life to whom we were subsequently married on board the ship *Westmoreland*, in the harbor of Liverpool.

Our wedding trip across the plains of Iowa, Nebraska and the mountains of Wyoming and Utah, I may take occasion to relate at some other time. I have now related some of my experiences during four years of active service in Denmark and Norway.

C. C. A. Christensen.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

The Fremont Valley.

FREMONT VALLEY is situated in the south central part of Utah. It occupies the north and western part of Wayne County.

The valley is surrounded by mountains, whose lofty peaks wear a white crown most of the winter, and when summer's pleasant call takes the snow from the peaks, the forests still cling to the white coverlet, and hence snow can be found in the hot summer weather.

From these snow banks streams are fed and many lakes are kept supplied.

There are so many beautiful, clear streams, and the mountain is so dotted with lakes of pure water, that it is called "Thousand Lake Mountain."

Many lives are supplied by those mountain streams and lakes. Horses, sheep and cattle, as well as men, seek their refreshing coolness.

The largest of these lakes, known as Fish Lake, situated north-west of the valley, is seven miles long and from half-a-mile to two miles wide.

This beautiful, clear lake was once teeming with salmon trout. There are several streams running into it, but only one outlet, at the north end. The water that leaves the lake winds its way through a green meadow for several miles, then joins another stream and pushes on over rocks, between high precipices, and, as it goes tumbling and rolling over the great boulders, it is joined by small creeks and rippling rills, until by the time it has reached the valley it is quite a stream, and is known as the Fremont River. Then it goes on

singing and dancing in an open valley once more. It flows from the north-east to the southern part of the valley, where it takes another ramble through the rocks.

On the west side of the valley two other streams not so large are fed by crystal springs, supplying the town of Loa with that blessed boon, good water. Farther south, and on the east side of the valley, is another group of springs, forming a small stream, which the industrious people of Lyman are piping from its mountain home to supply the town with water for household purposes.

All four of these streams are used in summer for irrigation, and when fall comes one may see broad fields of yellow grain nodding in the breeze as a blessing gained partly from the pleasant streams of water.

The valley is eighteen miles long and from half-a-mile to three miles wide.

The pioneers of Fremont Valley were A. J. Allred and Wilson M. Allred, with their families, who arrived here May 1st, 1876. In June, H. J. McClellan and family came to make this their home. September 23rd of the same year William Maxfield and family arrived. Guy Foote and family came the same fall.

Early in the year 1877 six other families came, and in the fall my father, F. W. Young, and others, with their families, settled in the valley.

The first saw mill was put up in 1879 by William W. Morrell, D. G. Brian and Mr. Burbanks.

The people continued to come, and in 1887 three wards had been organized, as follows: Loa, which is now the county seat, in the central part of the valley; Fremont in the northern part, and Thurber, located in the southern part.

In 1892 the Loa ward was divided, the eastern part being organized and named Lyman.

The white inhabitants now number 1050.

E. L. Y.

The Result of Forgetfulness.

It was my turn to tell a story, so the boys said, as we were all assembled in one of the college rooms one afternoon, after our classes were dismissed. As each of them had told a story, I could not refuse. So I said if they would let me tell about one of our fellow-students who was not present on that occasion, I would do so. They did not object, so I told it as follows:

Harold Brown was three years of age when his father died. Harold's father had been the keeper of a small store in D—, and was doing a fair business, when he suddenly died of heart trouble, and left a wife and the small boy Harold. Although Mr. Brown left a few hundred dollars to his wife, it did not last long, and she was soon compelled to move with her son to cheaper quarters. So she came to live in one of my father's houses. By taking in sewing, she was able to support herself and son in her new home. She sent Harold to school, where he seemed to study and make considerable progress. It was her intention to keep him at school as long as she was able, so that he might make some mark in the world when he became a man.

So things progressed, without any particular event, until Harold was in his eleventh year, when he thought that he might be able to work during his vacation from school, and thus help earn his clothes and assist his mother. So he asked his mother one day to try and

get him a situation of some kind, and she said that she would endeavor to do so.

When she came to my father to pay her rent, she asked him if he could give her boy a job of some kind in his bank—to run errands, or something of that kind. My father told her to send the boy around to the bank next morning at eight o'clock.

When Harold's mother told him what my father said, he felt as happy as our victorious football team. He said he would be there on time, and it is needless to say he was there promptly at the appointed hour. My father called him into his private office, and, after exchanging "good morning," said:

"I am glad to see you are here on time; I like punctuality. I cannot give you much of a job just now, but if you stay and prove yourself fit for something better, you shall get it after awhile. For the present, you can help the janitor sweep the floors, clean the windows, etc."

Harold stayed there all through his vacation; he did his duty well, and was always on time. So when school began Harold had earned enough to buy his clothes, besides having helped his mother during the summer.

When he left the bank to go to school my father told him that he could come back to work when school closed again for summer, and he would try to do something better for him. Harold went to school all winter, and in the summer he worked at the bank from June to the 26th of August, giving great satisfaction.

On this day I was to go away to S—F—, to a boarding school. I bade my mother, my little sisters and brothers, good-by, and proceeded to the bank, where I had made arrangements to meet

my father. When I arrived there, the cashier, Mr. Howell, told me that my father had been called off on important business, but he said that he would meet me at the depot.

I stepped into his private office, and I could see that he had left in a hurry, as his desk was open and important papers lay scattered about. I went over to his desk and opened one of the drawers, to get some stamps, as this was where he kept them. The first thing that caught my eye was a ten-dollar greenback. Being a little short of money, I put it in my pocket. Of course, I had no intention of stealing the money, but intended to tell my father about it when I saw him at the depot. I remained at the bank a little longer than I expected to, talking to the men that were working there, and when I looked at my watch I found I had just ten minutes to catch the train. I ran out to the street just in time to shake hands with Harold as he came back from dinner, and catch a car that was going to the depot.

I arrived there just two minutes before the train went off. I met my father, but in my excitement I forgot to tell him about the money I had taken from his desk. I stepped on the train as it was going.

I was soon speeding on my way, feeling happy and having a good time, little dreaming that I was causing anybody a great deal of trouble and sorrow.

When Harold went to the bank after dinner, Mr. Howell sent him to straighten up things in the private office. Soon after my father had returned to the bank, he missed the money. He went to Mr. Howell and asked him who had been in the private office. He told him no one but Harold

and myself. Then my father at once put the blame on Harold.

The poor boy cried, and said again and again that he was innocent, but my father could not see it in that light; so he had to go. Harold went home and told his mother that he had been accused of stealing ten dollars, and was discharged. When his mother heard this, she asked him to tell her if he was innocent or not. He answered her in the affirmative. Then she said:

"We have nothing to fear, for honesty will gain in the long run."

When school opened for the winter Harold was not able to go, as soon after he left the bank his mother took sick, and she was not able to work. So Harold had to try to find some work. At last he got a job at selling papers on the streets. It was a cold and miserable job, but he could get nothing better. So he kept on, and, although his wages were small, they assisted his mother materially.

* * * * *

I had been almost a year in S—F—, and as the holidays had come, I decided to return home and spend vacation. I arrived in D— sooner than I was expected. I wrote and told my father that I would be home on the morning of the 24th of December; but I afterwards found that that would be impossible, as there was no train on the 24th, and I would either have to come on the 23rd or 25th; so I chose the former.

It was a cold, miserable night; the wind was blowing, and the snow flying, so that I almost wished I had not come so soon, as no one was at the depot to meet me. I buttoned my overcoat, and put my hat on tight, and started to walk home. As I went along and saw the poor boys on the streets, sweeping the roads, selling papers, etc., I could

not help pitying them for having to be out on a night like that. I did not for a moment think that I was causing one boy to be out selling papers, but such was the case. I was hurrying along, thinking how pleased they would all be to see me, and how glad all would be that I was home, when a boy called out "*Evening News?*" I said "No," and he was gone. His voice seemed familiar, so I looked around to see who it was, and it was no one but Harold himself. I was about to call him, when I remembered that my father had told me in a letter not to write to Harold, so I considered that I would not speak to him now, but wait until I had found out what was the matter.

When I got home it is needless to say my folks were surprised, as they did not expect me so soon. After I had taken off my things, I had to tell them how I had been getting along at my school, how I liked my teachers and my new schoolmates. We sat up late that evening talking about different things. My time and thoughts kept so busy that I never thought of Harold till the morning before Christmas, when I and my father were sitting in the parlor talking about financial matters. Father mentioned Harold's name in some way—I do not remember in what connection.

I cannot tell you how I felt when my father told me the cause of Harold's dismissal. I almost shed tears when I thought of how that poor boy had suffered through my carelessness.

"Father," I said; "it was I who took that money, and not Harold."

At first father seemed to discredit my story, but I soon convinced him that I was telling the truth.

He then felt sorry for having blamed the boy, and he determined to recompense Harold for the injustice he had

done him; so he decided to send over and tell Harold's mother that we wished her and her son to come over to our house and spend Christmas evening with us, and then he would let them know what he would do to right the wrong he had done them. It was I who went down and brought them to our home. When I told them that my father would like them to come over and spend the evening, they did not know what to think of it; but they came, and had dinner, and spent the evening pleasantly. I had a long talk with Harold, and he readily forgave me for my forgetfulness.

Before they left that night my father told Harold that if he wished he could go back to school with me, and when he was fit he would give him a good situation in the bank, and while he was to school his mother could live in our house free of rent. The offer was accepted with thanks.

A few minutes after this Mrs. Brown called Harold to her side and asked him if he remembered what she told him the day he left the bank. He said, "Yes; and it has sure enough come true."

He has often repeated those words to me. They are these: "Honesty will gain in the long run."

Now I have finished my story, do you wonder that I always try to remember little things as well as larger ones? and you will not wonder why Roy Burton and Harold Brown are such close friends.

Parley P. Jenson.

THE habit of lying, when once formed, is easily extended to serve the designs of malice or interest; like all habits, it spreads and grows of itself.

FIDO'S NEW PLAYFELLOW.

FIDO is a family pet, who has a very nice basket, lined with soft cloth, to sleep in, wears a pretty red ribbon bow tied in his collar for ornament, and never was treated unkindly in his life.

One day the cook left a basket of lobsters on the kitchen table, and ran into the yard to attend to her clothes that were hanging out to dry. Suddenly she heard the most woeful cries issuing from the house, and imagining many

a frantic shake to dislodge the savage lobster that had fastened hold of it with its claws.

He had probably heard the creatures moving about in the basket, and thinking to have some fun had pulled it from the table.

It is plain to see he had a great deal more fun than he bargained for. He never forgot the episode, however, and for a year afterwards would lift his paw and assume a most mournful expression



horrible things, she rushed indoors to see what could be the cause of such cries as she heard.

Poor little Fido, with tears actually running down his face, and every tooth in the lower jaw plainly showing, was seated in the middle of the floor, holding one of her front paws beseechingly toward her, every few minutes giving it

whenever the word "lobster" was said in his presence.

A FRENCH PUZZLE.—Take away my first letter; take away my second letter; take away my third letter; take away all my letters, and I remain what I was before—the postman.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.)

SISTER RICHARDS' relatives did not care to own her since she joined the "awful Mormons," as the Saints were called; and when her husband died it appeared that she was forsaken entirely. But she still trusted in the Lord, and felt that although He had permitted her to suffer the affliction that came upon her He would not forget her.

She still had hopes that some day she and her little boy would go to Zion, although she did not know how such a thing could be made possible.

She managed to get something to do in the way of washing and sewing for other families living in the neighborhood. In this way she managed to keep herself and child from want, and from being compelled to beg. For this she was very thankful.

The young widow struggled along in this way for nearly a year after her husband's death. One day the same kind Elder who had brought the gospel to her called upon her and asked if she would like to go to Utah.

"O yes," she replied, "but I expect I shall have to wait a long time yet before I will be able to go."

She had been unable to earn enough money by washing and sewing to do more than get food for herself and her little one. The clothing she had when her husband died had lasted her so far, but she did not know how she would get new clothing when those she had were worn out. But the experience she was passing through taught her to trust in the Lord, so she did not feel very much concerned about her future wants as her present needs were supplied.

The Elder informed her he had been released from his missionary labors to return home, and that he had made

arrangements to get her passage paid from the emigration fund. The money to pay her way would be loaned to her and she could pay it back after she reached Utah and had some opportunity to earn the means. Sister Richards and her husband had been very kind to the missionary, and he was anxious to do what he could in return for the kindness shown him.

The company of Saints with which the missionary expected to travel would leave Liverpool, the port from which the ship would sail, in two weeks, so there was not much time to prepare for the journey. It did not take long for the woman to decide about going; and she did not need much time to prepare, as she had no great possessions to dispose of nor to pack up and take with her.

When the time came for her to leave her home she was all ready. She had never before been very far from her native town, but it was no great trial for her to bid farewell to the land of her birth, although she never expected to see it again. Her relatives did not care for her since she embraced the gospel, as they all were ashamed to own her, as a relative. Her dearest friends were the few Saints living in the little branch of the Church to which she belonged. Already some of them had departed for America, and those who were left were earnestly looking forward for an opportunity to follow at an early day. A few were going with the same company with which she expected to travel. All her greatest and dearest hopes were upon going to Zion, where she could associate with the Saints of the Lord, and where her little son, the only treasure she had on earth, might grow up to be a useful member in the kingdom of God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

O, MY FATHER. (Set to a New Melody.)

Solo with Vocal Accompaniment.

WORDS BY E. R. S. SMITH.

MUSIC BY C. J. THOMAS.

INTRODUCTION 1ST TIME ONLY.

Andante Affetuoso.

The introduction consists of two staves of piano music. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a melody in 9/8 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

SOLO.

1. O, my Fath - er, Thou that dwellest In the high and glorious
 2. For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me here on
 3. I had learned to call Thee Father, Through Thy Spir - it from on
 4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence, When I lay this mor - tal

TREBLE.

pp **ALTO.**

1. O, my Father, Thou that dwellest In the high and
 2. For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me
 3. I had learned to call Thee Father, Through Thy Spir - it
 4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence, When I lay this

TENOR.

pp **BASS.**

The vocal solo is written for a single voice. The piano accompaniment includes parts for Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, all in 9/8 time with a two-flat key signature. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal melody.

place! When shall I re - gain Thy presence, And again be - hold Thy face?
 earth, And withheld the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my form - er friends and birth.
 high; But, until the Key of Knowledge Was restored I knew not why.
 by, Father, Moth - er, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?

glorious place! When shall I re - gain Thy presence, And again be - hold Thy face?
 here on earth, And withheld the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my former friends and birth.
 from on high; But, until the Key of Knowledge was restored I knew not why.
 mortal by, Father, Mother, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?

The second part of the music features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The piano part continues with chords and single notes in the same 9/8 time and key signature.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re-
 Yet oft - times a se - cret something Whispered, "You're a stranger
 In the heav'ns, are parents sin - gle? No; the thought makes reason
 Then, at length, when I've com - plet - ed All you sent me forth to

side? In my first prim - ev - al childhood, Was I nurtured near Thy
 here;" And I felt that I had wandered From a more ex - alt - ed
 stare! Truth is rea - son; truth e - ter - nal Tells me, I've a mother
 do, With your mu - tual ap - pro - bation Let me come and [dwell with

side? Was I nurtured near thy side?
 sphere, From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
 there, Tells me I've a mother there,
 you, Let me come and dwell with you.

side? Was I nurtured near Thy side, was near Thy side.
 spere, From a more ex - alt - ed sphere, ex - alt - ed sphere.
 there, Tells me Iv'e a mother there, a moth - er there,
 you, Let me come and dwell with you, and dwell with you.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1896.

No. 4.

THE WHALE.

"THERE'S a whale! There's a whale! See it spout!" All eyes were turned in the direction indicated by the excited individual, and sure enough, at our left, a few rods in advance of the moving vessel was a large, black object, with a glistening white column ascending into the air.

"What a big fellow!" exclaimed one.

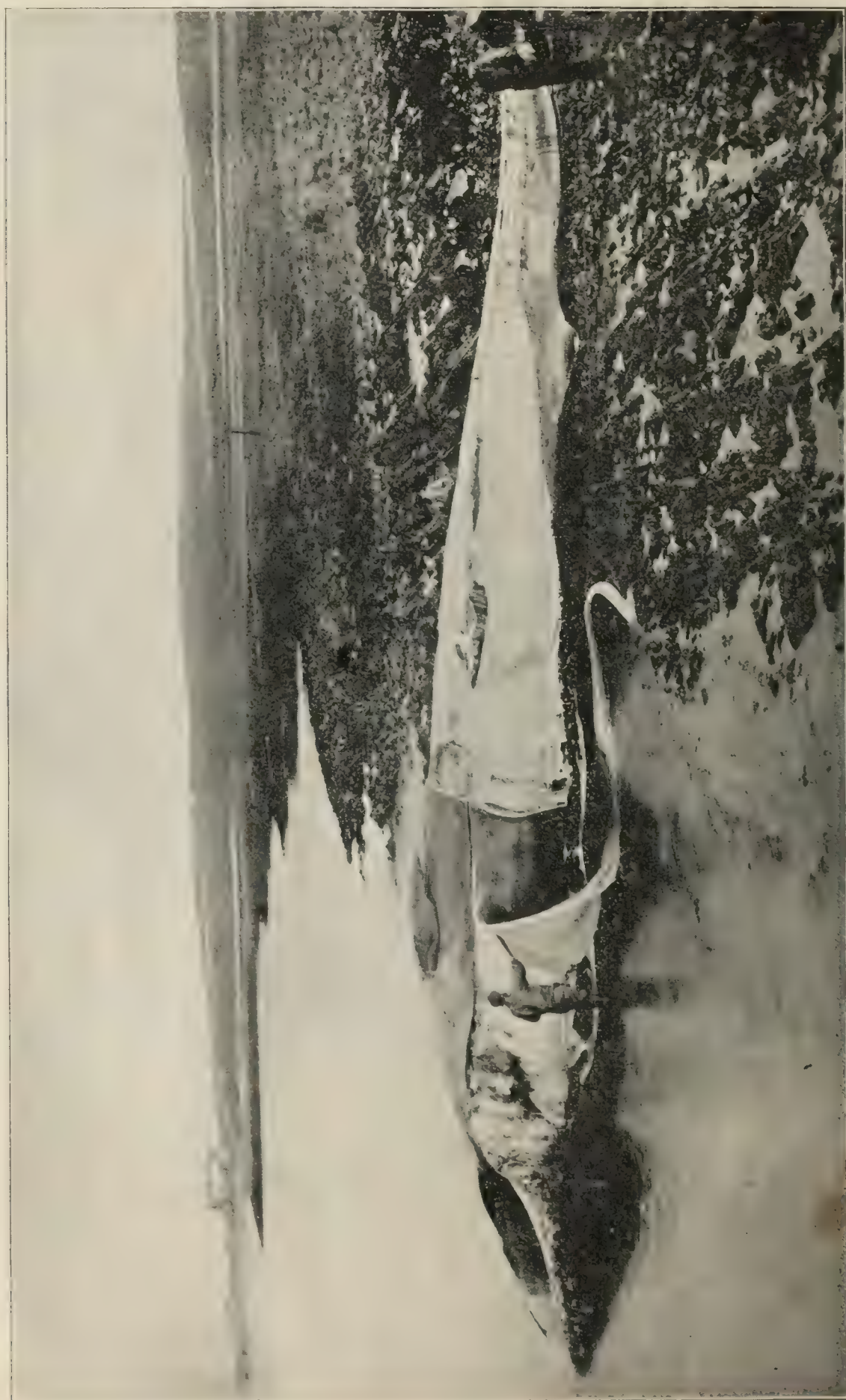
"That's the first whale I ever saw. I'm glad I can get a good look at him," said another, and out came the inevitable note book that the great event might be chronicled, and the five passengers with cameras prepared to photograph it, at once. The captain smiled, and as the ship sailed nearer, and the object remained motionless, a shout arose from the party, and we found that our "whale" was a black log with a glistening bare branch projecting from its surface.

That was our first whale, but it was not the last one by any means. As we sailed farther north we saw plenty of them, so many in fact that we ceased to exclaim as each new one appeared. Often they were a great distance away, and all we could discern was the vapor spouting many feet into the air; but occasionally they came so near to the vessel that we could see them distinctly. They were very numerous, one day we counted twenty. The indus-

trious young lady with the note book, who thirsted for information on all subjects, searched for knowledge upon this subject in every book she could find. She also questioned the good-natured mate who knew, or professed to know everything of that nature, learning much of cetacea, and we were able to glean considerable information from her earnest research.

There are a great many kinds of whales. They are found in all the oceans. Those in the cold waters are considerable larger than those in the tropics. The larger kinds range from forty to ninety feet in length, the average being about sixty feet. The varieties are somewhat similar in appearance, though differing in size. One peculiar variety is the Beluga. This is of no particular value, except for its peculiarities. It is almost pure white in color, and very small, being rarely known to exceed fourteen feet in length. It is found in the Atlantic Ocean, sometimes in the mouth of the Hudson River, and along the coast of Scotland.

The head of the whale is large, the cavity of the mouth often being greater than both the thoracic and abdominal cavities. In the mouth is the baleen or whalebone which acts as a sieve when the animal eats. When the whale is hungry it fills its mouth with the water which contains innumerable



TAKING THE BLUBBER FROM A WHALE.

fish and crustaceans. The whalebone which is exceedingly flexible and covered with long, elastic projections which fold back or straighten out as the jaws are opened or closed, and act in such a way as to allow the water to escape while retaining the most minute particles of food. The cavity in the skull is so large that a man is able to enter and remove the whalebone which is valuable to him as well as the animal, and is such a source of wealth to merchants.

Another valuable article of commerce found in the whale is the sperm. The cachalot or sperm whale is somewhat unlike the other species. It is very large and its head is immense, measuring quite one-third of its entire body. In the skull is found the fat which yields the spermaceti.

Owing to the great commercial value of the whale, it is sought for extensively. The principal fisheries are under the American, British and Norwegian governments. The Japanese are also engaged in this enterprise to a certain extent, confining themselves to the Pacific Ocean. Whale fishing has been pursued since the tenth century. Thousands of dollars worth of oil and bone are annually used by different nations. This necessitates the capture of hundreds of whales, and it is greatly feared that they will at some time be exterminated. An average adult whale yields from fifteen to twenty tons of oil and about one ton of whalebone.

The method of capturing them is interesting. Immense ships are built for this purpose, as strong as it is possible to make them. Each vessel carries several whale boats. These are about twenty-seven feet in length and some six feet in breadth, and are built especially for whaling, in the peculiar

style necessary for the purpose. The harpoon gun is commonly used at present and aids greatly in the capture of the animal. It is about five feet in length. Its barrel is three feet long. This gun is placed in an elevated position on the boat and protected from the ocean spray by a movable brass cover. It is fired with powder, and projects the harpoon to a great distance. The Americans have another weapon known as the "toggle iron," an ingenious arrangement which opens out upon entering the body, assuming the form of a cross. This is almost impossible for the animal to free itself from.

In the top mast of the whaling vessel is the "crow's nest," from which a strict watch is kept to sight the prey. As soon as one is seen, at ever so great a distance, the signal is given, and the boats are dispatched toward it with all possible speed. The boats are rowed softly up as near to the animal as they can without his becoming aware of their presence, then the harpoons are fired, and entering the body the beast immediately dives into the water dragging the lines after it. It bleeds freely, and is usually exhausted in about forty minutes, and safely captured in little more than an hour from the time it receives the first wound. It is then drawn to the vessel's side where it is firmly attached and carried in triumph to port. The coat of fat is usually removed, shortly after its capture, in pieces weighing about one ton each, and securely packed in "tween decks." It is a disagreeable task removing this blubber, at least to one who is unaccustomed to the work, but the men whose occupation it is do not mind it in the least and hail with delight each new capture. Each boat carries six men, who

thoroughly understand their business and act quickly and precisely.

Whales belong to the mammalia family, although they are often classed with fish. Their loose, thick skin is dark in color, and immediately underneath is the thick layer of fat called "blubber," which serves to keep the body heated. The animal is filled with oil. Its bones even, which are of a spongy substance, are saturated with it. The phenomenon of spouting which we observe is easily explained. It is not due, as many people suppose, to its throwing out the water taken into its mouth, but merely to its exhaling the air in its lungs, which is warm and very moist, and coming in contact with the cold atmosphere condenses and can be distinctly seen looking like a column of water. Although the whale's mouth is so large its throat is very small. It has no hind limbs externally, but they are found in a rudimentary condition underneath the skin. The skin is covered with papilae which vary from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in length. These float in the water and aid greatly in their sense of touch. A whale is able to feel any disturbance in the water and is often able to evade the enemy by this means.

They are very sociable animals, and have affectionate dispositions. Where one is seen, there are others near by. They go in herds, and when one is harpooned its fellows follow it as if to offer their assistance. Notwithstanding their great size they are very timid animals, and follow their leader, often rushing blindly into danger. They are quiet, inoffensive animals, and it seems a pity that they should be destroyed for the sake of the products which they contain and which man could live without. They do not multiply rapidly, and

some varieties have almost entirely disappeared. The sperm whale is rapidly becoming scarce and will become extinct ere long unless men cease the warfare which they are waging against it.

R. A. C.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

NECESSITY OF HONORING THE PRIESTHOOD.

A COMMUNICATION which I have received from the President of the Davis Stake of Zion informs us of the good effects which have followed a recent visit of himself and counselors to each ward in that Stake.

There never was a time that I can remember when there appeared to be greater need of the leading authorities in the Stakes of Zion, as well as the general authorities of the Church, bringing strongly before the people the absolute necessity of respecting and honoring the Priesthood of the Son of God. The agitation of politics has had a remarkably strange effect upon many of the people. There is danger that many may have their faith undermined, and perhaps overthrown, unless they are warned and repent of feelings they have indulged in and remarks they have made.

Our Heavenly Father, accompanied by His Son Jesus, came to prepare the way for the ushering in of the last dispensation. Angels were sent from heaven who held the keys of the Aaronic and Melchisedek Priesthoods, and they ministered unto man. In this manner the Priesthood was restored once more to the earth. The result is that the Church of Jesus Christ has been re-established upon the earth, with all its officers and its ordinances, and the ancient gospel in its purity, with the gifts thereof.

Without the Priesthood this could not have been done. It is the authority which our Heavenly Father bestows and which He recognizes as possessing the power to act in the name of His Son Jesus. Through this authority men have traversed the different continents and the islands of the sea—illiterate, humble men, without any advantages of special training such as ministers of various denominations obtain—and by the declaration, in simple language, of the message with which they have been entrusted, accompanied by the Spirit and power of God, there have been thousands upon thousands of people gathered from the various lands which have been visited, and hundreds and hundreds of thousands been warned of the calamities and judgments which the the Lord has said are to be poured out upon the ungodly.

The men who have held this Priesthood have been fallible, weak and imperfect men, subject to all the frailties of human nature; but they have been God's messengers, and He has sustained them; and the world has witnessed, as a result of their labors, the most miraculous gathering together of people from all the quarters of the earth that has ever been witnessed since the creation.

It has been the Priesthood which they received that has been the cause of their success; and God has shown that, however weak and imperfect a man may be, if he will seek to magnify that Priesthood God will honor and sustain him. This the whole history of the Church has proved, and its truth has been illustrated by innumerable cases; while on the other hand, innumerable instances are found in the history of the Church where men have lost the Spirit of God and gone into darkness through treating the Priesthood of God with contempt.

In the early days of the Church the Prophet Joseph gave it as a certain sign, that could be depended upon, that whenever men were found finding fault with and murmuring against the bearers of the Priesthood, especially those whom God had chosen to lead His people, apostasy would inevitably follow, if not speedily repented of. The indulgence in such a spirit is most dangerous, and has been attended up to the present time, and will be attended hereafter, with fatal consequences to the faith of those who indulge in it.

Men have said concerning servants of God: "Oh! these men are but mortal; they are very fallible, and they are as liable to do wrong as anybody else." This may be true. At the same time God does not sustain those who imagine they have a right to criticize, find fault with, or in this manner condemn His servants. They are weak and fallible; but they bear the Priesthood. The Priesthood cannot be separated from the men; and in attacking the men it is evident, from the results which have followed such a course, that the Lord views such attacks as being made upon His authority.

We were gratified to learn from this communication to which I refer that the Presidency of the Davis Stake had deemed it their duty to warn the Saints against speaking evil of the authorities of the Church; and we judge from the communication received, they have been successful in calling the attention of the people to the danger there is in yielding to a spirit of this kind.

If Satan can only destroy the confidence of the Latter-day Saints in the Priesthood which God has bestowed, his end is accomplished, for it is against the Priesthood that he has made unceasing warfare. Much blood has been

shed under his instigation for the purpose of destroying the authority by which the Church of Christ is established and the great works of God are accomplished.

The Latter-day Saints should reflect upon this. If we believe that our Father in heaven has visited the earth, to open this dispensation, and has sent angelic messengers to bestow the Priesthood upon men, can we suppose that He will not see that that Priesthood is not misused, and that the men who bear it do not use it for wrong purposes? To have any other idea than this is to suppose that the Lord has either gone to sleep or taken a journey, or has lost His interest in the great work which He has founded.

The revelations of the Lord through the Prophet Joseph plainly intimated to him and to the Church that if he did not do right he would be removed. President Young often told the people that the Lord would not permit him to lead the people astray. Presidents Taylor and Woodruff have made the same statement. And that which is true concerning the men who hold the keys is true in relation to the other officers of the Church. The Lord will take care of His people, and He will not suffer His work to be thwarted. When men standing in high places do wrong He will deal with them. He will not suffer them to persist for any length of time in wrong-doing, withdrawing His Spirit and His power from them, and removing them out of their places. He has done this in the past; He will continue to do it in the future, until the Lord himself shall come to preside over His people.

AUTHORITY TO REBUKE DISEASE.

One of our correspondents, in a letter recently received, asks some questions

concerning the article which appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of January 15th last, in which a distinction was made between rebuking disease in the name of Jesus and in the authority of the Priesthood. Our correspondent states that he does not understand the difference between rebuking in Jesus' name and in the authority of the Priesthood. He understands that women, and even children, may pray to the Father in the the name of Jesus in behalf of their sick and afflicted, and their prayers be answered; but he understands that to rebuke or to command in the name of Jesus requires the exercise of authority from Him, or, in other words, the authority of the Priesthood.

The point in his mind seems to be whether the word "rebuke" can be properly used by a member of the Church who has not the Priesthood.

Now, while there may be, and doubtless is, some force in the point which our correspondent makes respecting the use of the word "rebuke," we nevertheless think that a member of the Church, if led by the Spirit so to do, might use the name of Jesus and rebuke a disease or the power of the destroyer. Certainly it could do no harm to administer and use this word if so led; though to satisfy those who might have scruples upon this point, it would be better for members of the Church who do not have the Priesthood to ask the Father in the name of Jesus to rebuke the sickness.

There is great efficacy in the use of the name of Jesus, and every faithful member of the Church, in times of distress, sickness and peril can appeal to it for help and deliverance. An illustration of the power of the name of Jesus, the Son of God, to help and save when called upon, even in moments of despair and intense anguish, is given in Alma's

recital of his experience, as recorded in the 36th chapter of the Book of Alma, from the 17th to the 23rd verse.

And it came to pass that as I was thus racked with torment, while I was harrowed up by the memory of my many sins, behold, I remembered also to have heard my father prophesy unto the people concerning the coming of Jesus Christ, a Son of God, to atone for the sins of the world.

Now as my mind caught hold upon this thought, I cried within my heart, O Jesus, thou Son of God, have mercy on me, who art in the gall of bitterness, and art encircled about by the everlasting chains of death.

And now, behold, when I thought this, I could remember my pains no more; yea, I was harrowed up by the memory of my sins no more.

And oh, what joy, and what marvelous light I did behold; yea, my soul was filled with joy as exceeding as was my pain;

Yea, I say unto you, my son, that there could be nothing so exquisite and so bitter, as was my pains. Yea, and again I say unto you my son, that on the other hand, there can be nothing so exquisite and sweet as was my joy;

Yea, me thought I saw, even as our father Lehi saw, God sitting upon his throne, surrounded with numberless concourses of angels, in the attitude of singing and praising their God; yea, and my soul did long to be there.

In treating upon this subject we must not be understood as saying that a member of the Church, whether man or woman, has the right to rebuke disease in the sense and with the same authority that those do who bear the Holy Priesthood.

The Editor.

WHAT JENNIE LEARNED ONE DAY.

"THERE is more power in a soft answer than there is in a ton of gunpowder."

"Why, mamma, what a very funny remark, I can't understand it! Why, a ton of gunpowder would blow up this whole house, and words could not."

"Well, my dear little girl, that is what they call a figurative sentence; but it is also very true, for often kind words will do more wonderful things than force can ever do."

That afternoon Jennie was going to play with her little girl friend, Amy Lowe, and she was what you would call a spoiled child. Amy was the only little stranger that had ever come to the Lowe home, and was very much petted, and not being blessed with such a very pleasant disposition, it oftentimes caused much trouble in the home.

When Jennie's mamma, Mrs. Finch, tied on her pretty white bonnet, she told her to be very careful and not in any way intrude or annoy Mrs. Lowe. With a kiss from mamma, she bounded away to her playmate's home.

She rang the door bell but no answer came. She rang again, and then she heard hurried footsteps coming down the stairs, and in another instant the door was opened, and there stood Mrs. Lowe, in a very unhappy and excited way.

"Why Jennie," she said, "I am really glad you have come, Amy and Carrie Flake have been playing together and disagreed over their play-things and have been quarreling very badly, and Carrie threw a large building block at Amy and hit her on the foot and she can hardly walk; can't you hear her crying."

"Yes I can," said Jennie, "poor Amy, I am very sorry."

"Well, come up stairs to the nursery. Carrie is still there, and I will try and make things all right again, and then you three little girls can have a very happy time."

Jennie followed Mrs. Lowe up the broad, lovely staircase, and when they entered the nursery, she thought, oh how could any one quarrel in a beautiful place like this! There were about a dozen dolls, cradles, beds, doll carriages, building blocks, picture books, and the cutest little chairs you ever

saw. Jennie very soon became interested and the little girls all seemed to be happy again, for Jennie's appearance had caused them to forget their old troubles.

Carrie was just going to tie on one of the dolls a pretty little blue silk bonnet, when Amy took a notion to it, and asked Carrie to let her doll wear it awhile.

"Oh no, Amy, I have already got it on my dollie, you let her wear that pretty white lace one."

Another quarrel seemed to be starting, for Amy picked up Carrie's doll in a very quick way, and said, "If you don't let me have it, I'll throw your doll out of the window, and then it will die."

Carrie did not know what to do, she was so frightened for fear her best dollie would go, that she trembled all over; Jennie was also alarmed and dreaded to see the pretty doll destroyed, but yet Carrie was stubborn enough not to give up the bonnet. Amy rushed to the window and opened the screen and was just ready to throw it when Jennie said, "Oh Amy, wait, please; don't throw the doll and I will get Carrie to let you take the bonnet. Oh Carrie be kind to Amy once, for see how you hurt her foot, and then your poor doll will not fall and die."

"All right," said Carrie, "here is the bonnet," and soon the poor dollie was in Carrie's arms feeling quite happy to think she had escaped such a terrible fall.

When Jennie went home she was telling her mamma how the little girls quarreled, and how she stopped Amy from breaking Carrie's doll.

"Well Jennie," said her mamma, "now you can understand why there is more power in a soft answer than there

is in a ton of gunpowder, for a ton of gunpowder would never have stopped the quarrel, and your kind words did."

"Yes, mamma, I can understand it now, and I think I have learned a very good lesson."

Little children remember Jennie's lesson. When you are angry and quarreling and want to stop the trouble, just try a few kind words, and you will find that this will do more good, and make you all feel better than to say a great many naughty cruel things.

When you grow up to be men and women you will do well to always remember that sentence that seemed so queer to Jennie, that "there is more power in a soft answer than there is in a ton of gunpowder."

HOPE.

HOPE is the soul's bright guiding star,
That twinkles in the darkest night,
And sheds her influence near and far,
To give the weary wand'rer light.

The past may have been scant of cheer,
The present may be fraught with woe;
But hope doth make the future clear,
As down the stream of life we go.

When sickness saddens hearth and home,
Or death hath wrung the bosom's core,
Hope hangs her lamp beyond the tomb,
And bids us pine and grieve no more.

But love, and faith, and truth must be
The pivot where our hope should turn,
And focus life that we may see
The claims of duty, bold and stern.

Hope, magic spark, from forge divine,
Emitted by misfortune's blow;
What other gift from heav'n like thine
Can soothe our troubled souls below!

Along the burning sands of time,
On sorrow's deserts, parched and dry,
With cooling draughts of grace sublime,
Thy limpid springs stand bubbling nigh.

We praise Thy name, kind, loving God,
For all the gifts of earth and heaven;
But, 'midst Thy gifts so well bestowed,
No grander gift than hope is given.

J. C.

UNDER A SNOW-SLIDE.

"HAROLD, you must hitch 'Bonnie' to the cart and drive down to Red Crag, and bring Daisy and Ross home tomorrow. I am getting lonesome without them."

"I thought father was going himself," replied Harold, putting up his fishing-rod regretfully.

"He intended to go, but Mr. Shelton came over this morning and took him off to inspect the sheep over on the other range. He couldn't go now before the day after tomorrow, and I can't wait so long to see them. He left word that you should go, my son."

"All right, mother. I'll give 'Bonnie' an extra feed of oats and be ready to start in less than an hour."

"I'll prepare you a nice lunch, for you can't reach your uncle's at Red Crag till sometime this afternoon."

"And driving always makes me as hungry as a young mountain lion!" laughed Harold.

"You will stay all night at your Uncle Dan's, and start back bright and early tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, mother."

The Fletchers lived on a sheep ranch up in the Rocky Mountains. The family consisted of the father and mother, Harold, a robust youth of fifteen, and Daisy and Ross, aged ten and seven respectively.

Mr. Fletcher was half-owner with Mark Shelton in the largest and most prosperous sheep ranch in that part of the Rockies.

They were thirty-five miles from Red Crag, a thrifty mining camp, where Mr. Fletcher's brother Daniel was superintendent of the Ragged Robin mine.

Dan Fletcher and his wife were very fond of children, and, having none of their own, had, on the occasion of their

last visit at the sheep ranch, begged the "loan" of Daisy and Ross for ten days at least.

Utterly carried away with the invitation, the children had accompanied their uncle and aunt back to Red Crag, where they were petted and feasted to their hearts' content.

Although Harold found them well and enjoying life in the highest degree at their Uncle Dan's, Daisy and Ross were both very willing to go home, when they learned the object of his coming.

After an early breakfast, they clamored into the cart behind "Bonnie," and started up the gulch toward home.

It was a bright day in the middle of March, and the air was spicy with balm from the pines and balsams. Mile after mile they drove along the old trail, gradually getting higher.

The winding canyon became more rocky as they proceeded, and the cedars and pines, clothed in their everlasting green, formed a picturesque contrast with the vast quantity of snow above them on the higher slopes and rugged cliffs. And high over all soared an eagle, in slow, majestic circles. Daisy and Ross were very happy, and chatted away like two young magpies, asking Harold a hundred questions about every thing at home. Before he could answer, they would refer to Red Crag, and launch out into the most extravagant praise of Uncle Dan and Aunt Lina.

Owing to their having eaten a very early breakfast, the children were hungry and demanded lunch before they had gone half their long journey.

So, at about half-past eleven o'clock, Harold halted "Bonnie" near a pretty, clear stream, and at the base of a mountain that towered hundreds of feet above them.

Unhitching the horse, he led him to the stream for a drink, then fed him on a smooth rock near by.

While "Bonnie" was eagerly feasting on his oats, Harold took the lunch basket which Aunt Lina had carefully filled, and, selecting a table-shaped boulder on the bank of the plunging brook, he spread the napkins out and placed the food on them.

"Oh, Harold," exclaimed Daisy, clapping her hands "It's just like a picnic!"

"Well I'm awful glad we got something to eat!" remarked little Ross.

"Then come and sit here and get to work," said Harold, laughing, "or 'Bonnie' will beat you through eating."

With appetites whetted to the keenest edge from their long ride through the pure mountain air, Daisy and Ross were soon eating away like two young gypsies that had been kept on short rations for a week.

"Oh!" cried Daisy, looking up at the top of the frowning mountains above them, "just see the great heaps of snow up there!"

"Bushels and bushels!" said Ross.

"Yes, tons and tons," added Harold. "Enough to make a whole regiment of snow men, and the barracks thrown in."

Their eyes were turned away from "Bonnie," and it was several moments before Harold became aware that the horse had snapped his halter rein, and was wandering off down the stream.

In a second the boy was on his feet and was running down the trail to capture the horse. But "Bonnie" was in high spirits and started on down the canyon in a brisk trot.

"Whoa, Bonnie!" called Harold, in his most commanding voice.

But "Bonnie" kept right on. He was in no mood to be captured easily.

"He acts as if he was scared at something," thought Harold, following the runaway at a good pace.

"Bonnie" led his young master a chase of more than three miles before he submitted to capture.

When at last Harold's hand did grasp the broken halter rein, he said, in a wondering way:

"'Bonnie,' that was a queer streak for you to take. I'll not scold or whip you, though, but I'm going to make you carry me back up the canyon, and at a lively canter, too!"

So saying he sprang on the horse's back, and started him up the trail again.

He had not proceeded far, when suddenly, from up the canyon, right in the direction of the place where he had left the children came strange sounds.

What could they mean? The sounds were a commingling of roarings and crashings that were appalling to hear.

With a wild apprehension of some terrible happening, the nature of which he could not even imagine, Harold urged "Bonnie" forward over the rocky trail.

But before he came to the turn in the canyon, which shut the place where they had eaten their lunch from view, the singular crashing sounds had ceased.

Only the whisper of the winds among the cedars, and the trickling of the silvery water over the rocks in its rugged bed, fell on Harold's ears as he turned the point of the jutting boulders in his road.

But what a sight met his eyes!

The slope before him was a wreck. The beautiful pines and cedars which had nodded to him as he sped down the canyon to catch "Bonnie" were crushed or splintered under an avalanche of snow and rocks that had

descended from the towering mountain above.

He looked hopelessly up the trail where he had left the cart and children.

Only a giant mass of snow and shapeless, broken trees met his strained gaze. Daisy and Ross were buried beneath it all!

Harold Fletcher had lived long enough in the Rockies to know something of the destructive force of these awful descents of snow, known in western vernacular as snow-slides.

It was with a sickening feeling that he approached as near as he dared up the devastated slope.

Slipping from the horse's back, he began trying to dig a path toward where he had left the children. But he had nothing with which to work except a long pole, and the tears blinded his eyes so constantly that he made but slow progress through the great bank of snow.

When Harold had left Daisy and Ross they were just finishing their lunch.

As he disappeared around the boulders, Daisy put the fragments into the basket, and then proposed a plan for their amusement.

"Now, Ross, while Harold's gone after 'Bonnie,' let's play we're explorers, and get some pretty stones for mamma's cabinet."

"All right, sister. I'll be Columbus."

And the little fellow ran ahead, munching away at a piece of sponge cake.

Not finding any especially pretty specimens on the slope, they went over to the foot of some big rocks that jutted upward in peculiar shapes under the frowning crags of the great mountain.

"Oh, look, sister!" cried Ross. "See this queer hole down under the rocks!"

"Come away, quick, Ross!" said

Daisy, pulling at his sleeve. "There's a bear in there, I just know!"

"Pooh!" replied the young discoverer, looking up with contempt at his sister. "That's a cave, and ain't I Columbus? I ain't afraid of bears—'splorers never are. I'm going in to 'splore my cave."

And in spite of Daisy's efforts to draw him away, Ross stooped down and crawled through the oblong aperture into what proved to be a goodly-sized cavern, extending far back, in irregular crooks and turns, under the overhanging mountain.

Daisy followed her daring little brother into the passage of the cave. She did not feel like a brave explorer. Her heart was beating uncomfortably fast, for at every step she feared to hear the growl of a bear or the snarl of a mountain lion.

Suddenly, muffled, crashing sounds came from without, and in another moment the cavern became as dark as a dungeon.

In silent terror, the little explorers clung to each other and felt their way back to the entrance, only to find it blocked up with snow.

"There's been an awful storm, and the snow has shut us in, and we'll never get out," said Daisy, beginning to cry.

The situation was very serious, indeed, and Ross let a few tears fall, in sympathy; but quickly deciding that Columbus would never have shown such weakness in a like position, the little man answered, bravely:

"Don't cry, sister! We can tramp the snow down and get out. That's the way 'splorers do, when they get caught like us. See!"

And, with his little stout boots, he began kicking the snow to right and left, in a very reckless fashion.

When he reached the opening, he

pushed his head through into the snow without; but he speedily drew it back.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "There's lots more snow than I thought."

He was almost tempted to ask his sister to be Columbus awhile and go ahead. She was nearly two and a half years older. Then he thought of what might come up afterward, if he yielded the position of honor to her this time.

"Let me try, Ross," said Daisy, gathering courage from the young discoverer.

"No" he objected, pushing her gently back from the aperture. "It's not so bad, I guess. I'll try again."

It required more than one attempt however, on the part of Ross to displace enough snow to clear the opening, so that he and Daisy could crawl out; but at last they stood without the cave, gazing about them in a very bewildered manner.

The mountain overhung the approach to the cave, in such a way that comparatively little snow had been whirled within the concavity; but gigantic walls of glistening white hemmed them in on every side, except their granite background.

The peculiar formations of projecting rocks before them had served as solid breastworks in opposing the entrance of much snow. All that had got into the hollow between the rocks and mountain, and into the aperture of the cavern, had fallen in from above while the snow-slide was making an active descent.

A pine tree had fallen in such a manner as to form an inclined plane, its shattered top resting securely in the jagged apex of one of the projecting rocks.

Up this the bold young explorer

proposed climbing, to get a view of the scene beyond.

With a boost from Daisy, Ross was soon scaling his way upward among the scraggy branches of the fallen pine.

When the little fellow had reached the top he could only gaze in wide-eyed amazement at the wild scene that met his vision. When at last he had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak he called back to Daisy:

"Oh, sister! There's come the awfulest snow, and it's smashed down all the pretty trees."

"Where's Harold?" Daisy called up to the hardy little lookout.

"Don't know."

"Can't you see him?"

"No. Oh! I see 'Bonnie' down by the creek; and there's a pole working in the snow. It's Harold! He's trying to dig out the old cart. Well, isn't this jolly! I don't mind playing Columbus, only its getting awful chilly up here!"

Elevating his voice to his highest key, he called:

"Oh, Harold! Harold!"

Harold heard and looked.

"How did you get up there?" he cried.

"Climbed up!" shouted back the explorer, very proud of his achievement.

"Where's Daisy?"

"Down here by my cave. We've just been 'sploring a little!"

Harold brushed away a few tears of joy; then he began to study how he could best effect a rescue of the snow-buried children.

Mounting 'Bonnie,' he crossed the creek and made a wide detour of the slope, coming out on the trail beyond leading on toward the ranch.

Then he set to work making a path again, at the base of the mountain to

the hollow, where Daisy and Ross awaited him.

It was slow work, but with much energetic pounding of the snow with poles, and with much patient tramping of it with his feet, the path was completed and the little explorers were rescued from the retreat which had saved them from a terrible death under a snow-slide.

C. S.

BURIED IN A COAL MINE.

IN the month of March, 1852, I attended a conference of Latter-day Saints, held in a large room in the new market, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, England. It was a lovely Sabbath day, and the smiling countenances of the brethren and sisters as they kindly greeted each other with a hearty shake of the hand, was a sight worth remembering. At that time it was a great treat for the Saints to receive a call from an Elder just from Utah, and on that day it was our happy lot to have meet with us Elder Daniel Garn, who was on his way to Germany, on a mission.

For some time previous to my attending this conference I had a strong desire to be gathered with the Saints in Zion and receive of the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant for myself and my friends, both the living and the dead. At the same time I was troubled with a feeling as if some dreadful thing would happen to me, and I would not have the privilege of going to Zion, but that I would lay my body down in old Babylon; and this feeling gave me much uneasiness, especially as I had no reason why it should be so. I concluded I would reveal my feelings to Brother Garn, privately, as I felt in doing so, I would get a blessing.

At the close of the evening services, I spoke to Brother Garn and told him how I was feeling, and after talking some time on the subject, he finally said, "If you will do as I tell you, I promise you, in the name of the Lord, you will not lay your body down in this country, but you will live and be gathered with your family to the land of Zion: you must pray in secret to the Lord and make known unto Him your desires in righteousness every day and as often as you can, and God will answer your prayers."

I returned home that night with a grateful heart to God for the promises of the blessings I so much desired, and with the help of God I was determined I would seek unto the Lord for a fulfillment of the promises made.

On the 2nd of August, 1852, I went to my work as usual, I being a coal miner. The vein of coal, in which three of us were working, was seven feet thick and twenty feet wide. On the coal was a layer of stone three feet thick, and required very strong and very close propping to keep it up.

In procuring the coal we left two pillars in the front of the excavation to keep the roof up while we cut farther in. My partners and I were not long in getting our load ready to take out. When all was cleared I told my partners to go back and I would take out the pillars. They did so, and at the same time warned me to be careful. I took out the first pillar all right, but I had only struck two or three blows on the second, when it seemed as if the whole roof was coming down. It was but a few seconds before I found myself in the midst of a fall of many tons of coal and stone, to all appearances closed in the jaws of the monster death.

I instantly realized my perilous posi

tion and called upon the Lord to spare my life. Immediately I felt I would be delivered in answer to my prayer.

When the fall took place, my partners ran and gave the alarm, and in a very short time there was quite a number of men in the place working hard to get me out. The first man that came into the place shouted, "Where are you?"

I answered, "Be sharp! be sharp! get my head clear. I am suffocating!" When he got down to my head, I told him to take me by the hair and raise up my head so that I could breathe. By this time there were a dozen men in the place, doing their best to get me out.

I was jammed in between two very large rocks, and to get me free they had to use picks, and in doing so I was struck with the pick several times.

As soon as I was free, the men took me to where my clothes were lying to dress me, but before doing so, I wished them to bear me up on my knees, while I returned thanks to my heavenly Father for my miraculous deliverance from death. I was then dressed, and the men assisted me to the shaft where the cage was in readiness. I was taken up and once more landed in safety on the surface of the earth, and the feelings of thankfulness and gratitude which I felt on beholding the light of day and the beautiful sun shining, (it being about 5 p. m.,) I will never forget while I live.

I remember before leaving the place I took a look at the heap of coal and stone, from which I was taken and said in my heart, it was impossible to have been buried in such a place and live, unless it was by the saving power of Almighty God, which I know protected me.

A remarkable thing connected with the accident was the position in which I was lying, when the men began to dig

me out. Before the fall I was standing on the floor of the mine, with a pick in my hand, and when found by the men who came to my rescue, I was lying in a nearly horizontal position, nearer to the top than to the floor.

Now to conclude I wish to say my miraculous deliverance is due to the power of God, made manifest in my behalf; and the promise made, that I should live and be gathered to the land of Zion with my family, was verified.

John Hair.

A TYPICAL CASE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

WITH occasional storm and long intervals of sunshine, the winter melted into spring. Norwood, keeping out of doors when the weather would permit, and taking frequent strolls about the settlement, became unconsciously interested in the lives of the people and more tolerant of their peculiarities and limitations. When the skies were clear and the way not too slippery, Mary and he resumed their rambles in the hills, prolonging them as the days lengthened. Norwood's cough was unchanged, and although he thought he breathed more easily and he was no longer troubled with hemorrhages, he had resolved from the first never to permit himself to be preyed upon by the delusions so common in this most deceptive, most capricious and most insidious of diseases, which invariably cheats its victims with the promise of recovery while swiftly bearing them to the tomb. Yet he noted with surprise that he had acquired a hearty appetite and was gaining in flesh.

"Tomorrow," began Mary one bright Friday afternoon in April as she met Norwood after an early dismissal of her

school, "tomorrow"—she hesitated and looked searchingly in his face.

"Tomorrow—what?"

But what she had seen only partly satisfied her.

"Tomorrow—shall we start out on our tour of exploration for the fern? Do you feel able?"

"Agreed!" cried Norwood heartily, yet in his mind there was a troubled reserve. To penetrate to the locality where the fern was reputed to grow, it would be necessary to climb higher and farther than he had before attempted, and to pass the spot where he had fallen bleeding and senseless in the days before Mary had joined him.

They started out at daybreak. Meadow larks sounded their liquid notes from every fence rail, and the air thrilled with twitter and song. By easy stages they made the ascent, frequently resting where turns in the path developed new prospects or presented the glen in the novel and charming aspect. At one of these stopping places Norwood suddenly rose and looked around him. Close to his feet was a slab of porous sandstone bearing a rusty stain which all the winter rains had been unable to efface.

"Is the climb too much for you? You look pale and tired. Let me get you a drink."

As she unslung her little canteen, he caught the sound of water tinkling over the rocks beside the trail. In an instant Mary was back again with a flowing canteen. Norwood drank deeply.

"To think it was so near at hand!" he remarked incoherently. "You could find it, but I would have perished without discovering it."

Mary looked mystified, but she asked no questions. That was one of her

greatest charms. She was such a comfortable little woman.

In a little glade beyond, they stopped and ate luncheon. It was long past noon when they came at length to a perpendicular cliff where curious hieroglyphics were traced in faded red paint. A few feet above the trail there was a dark opening in its face.

"There is the cave!" cried Mary joyfully. "And oh, look up in that pretty cleft. It is the fern! the fern! and there is the daintiest little pathway, a staircase in the solid rock, leading directly to it. The pre-historic races were evidently botanists!"

Far above their heads time and the elements had hollowed a tiny hanging garden in the cliff. A scraggy mountain lilac grew there, fragrant with bunches of tiny lavender blossoms. At its base, drooping in delicate tracery over the rock, were clusters of pale green fronds.

"Don't try to climb up there, Mary. It is too steep. You might slip. I'll get it for you."

But the girl, agile and surefooted as a fawn, was already hastening up the winding staircase. She stopped to call back a mischievous defiance.

"Too late! don't you dare to follow, Dr. Norwood. I want the best professional skill, in—case I—shouldn't—come—down—with due ceremony!"

He watched her scrambling along the ledge's face. The path up the rock looked very solid and safe, but she was climbing to a dizzy height, and there was nothing but rock below. He held his breath as he waited. She had reached her goal, had gained a hold on the thorny ceanothus, was carefully detaching a clump of ferns and tossing it down to him with a triumphant laugh. She was cautiously stepping downward and backward to find the next

foothold below, when a loose slab of rock, detached by the touch of her foot, crashed downward, leaving the girl suspended on the face of the cliff, her only hold the slender branch of the mountain lilac.

"My Heavens! Mary, hold on till I come!" Norwood cried, springing toward the ledge.

Mary Wentworth thought quickly. The bush she held was tough-fibred and in all probability would sustain her. But what might be the consequences of the strain upon that enfeebled frame and those half-healed tissues, if Norwood, with an uncertain footing on the rock, should undertake to support her weight and lower her to a place of safety!

She turned her head and gave him a look that he did not understand but that he never forgot. Then she shut her eyes tightly, loosed her hold, and fell, swiftly, horribly, upon the rocks below.

She opened her eyes to find Norwood bending over her, bathing her head with water. She smiled weakly.

"It is nothing. I was only a little stunned."

But when she tried to rise, she gave a cry of pain:

"My arm!"

Norwood stooped and examined it.

"It is broken. A simple fracture. Thank heaven it is no worse! I must bind it up as well as I can."

He helped her to an easier posture, then busied himself selecting a suitable piece of driftwood, which he hacked to the proper length with the aid of his pocket-knife, then laboriously fashioned into splints. Handkerchiefs and napkins were torn into strips to supply a bandage. When he had finally set the injured member and had converted his silk muffler into a sling, she glanced up

at him, roguishly recalling her parting speech as she left him, to climb the cliff:

"You see the force of my logic now, Dr. Norwood!"

She was very faint and weak. She sipped a little water he had brought her, then rose unsteadily and looked about her.

"Where has the sun gone? What makes it so dark in the canyon?"

"My little girl," said Norwood, laying his hand very gently on her shoulder, "the sun has gone because it has a mission to perform on the other side of the globe. Night is coming on."

"Oh, what have I done! We must get back. We will start at once. It will never do for you to spend the night up here," cried Mary, with a great fear of the consequences of her own rash act.

"Mary, it is out of the question for us to return to the glen tonight. It would be a very perilous undertaking to try to make our way down in the darkness over this rough trail and along the edge of the precipitous gorges we have passed. Should we give out on the way, we could find no comfortable shelter like this," and he waved his hand in the direction of the ledge.

"The cave!" said Mary.

"The cave!" assented Norwood cheerily. "I think we shall get along very cosily. There is any amount of driftwood near by, and I have matches in my pocket. Thanks to your provident spirit, the remnants of our luncheon will make a very good supper."

Their relations seemed suddenly to have changed. From the weak invalid, the object of other's solicitude, he had suddenly become her stout-hearted and resourceful protector. He helped her into the cave, floored with dry sand, the result of centuries of rock disin-

tegration. It was small and dome-shaped, and through a crevice in the apex they could catch a glimpse of the sky.

"A natural chimney!" cried Norwood, exultingly. "Now we can have a jolly camp fire, with no fear of suffocation."

He bustled about, securing a supply of firewood and bringing water from the brook. Soon they were sitting before a blazing fire, enjoying a dainty meal spread on sycamore leaves. Supper over, they composed themselves for the night on either side of the fire. Norwood fell asleep like a tired boy, but Mary, tortured with anxiety lest this night's exposure should work deadly results to the invalid, did not close her eyes till long past midnight, rising and stealthily replenishing the fire at intervals.

She awoke to behold the sun streaming in at the entrance, and Norwood's figure outlined in the sunshine. In his hand he held a willow twig, strung with mountain trout.

"Don't make me tell how I caught them or the fish commission will be after me!" he warned her. "Only bestir yourself, my lazy little housewife, and prepare our breakfast, for my skill stops with the providing."

"And it hasn't killed you, sleeping in the open air without any covering this chilly night?"

"On the contrary I slept like a top, and when I awoke this morning a load seemed to have been lifted off my chest," returned the young man seriously. "I'm going to try an experiment, Mary, and move my bed out upon the balcony at Frazer's."

"And you really mean to go into the Lord's sanctuary today, and teach the gospel to those innocent children, Miss Wentworth?" demanded Mrs. Frazer,

as Mary made her appearance at the door of the little parlor that afternoon, having accomplished the laborious feat of performing her ablutions and changing her garments with a single hand.

"Oh I'm feeling nicely now," answered the girl innocently. "My arm is really not at all painful. Dr. Norwood says it is a beautiful fracture, of the simplest and most thorough type. By the way, Mrs. Frazer, he intended going down with me, but I think he laid down for a nap after dinner, and he has evidently overslept. He's tired out. Don't wake him!"

"I'm likely to!" was the lady's caustic rejoinder. "Thank you, Miss Wentworth, I'm not that kind of a woman!"

Why should her landlady speak so sharply and bitterly, over such a little matter? She had received the girl with scant courtesy that morning, when they had come down from the mountains, while to Norwood she had vouchsafed a pitying patronage. Mr. Frazer, singularly cowed and embarrassed, 'lowed that he didn't organize no expedition to go out and hunt them the previous night because he thought they was old enough to take care of themselves, and his "azmy" hampered him so. He had bestowed his heartiest condolence upon Mary when apprised of her accident, but his wife had viewed the bandaged arm skeptically and made no comment.

Mary was besieged with inquiries when she made her appearance at church with her arm in a sling. The simple tale of her night's adventure thrilled the children, while from their elders she received the heartiest sympathy. Mrs. Staples the blacksmith's plump little wife, hung over her after services were over, unspoken anxiety in her kind blue eyes.

"Are you sure you will get along

comfortably at Frazer's, Miss Wentworth? I don't see how you can wait on yourself with your arm helpless; and Mrs. Frazer—Mrs. Frazer's such a busy woman."

"Oh, I shall get along famously without taxing Mrs. Frazer," answered the girl. Dr. Norwood promises me I may have the splints taken off in three or four weeks, and I can use my hand a little now."

On her way back Mary encountered her landlady, sallying forth on a round of calls through the settlement. The good woman's face was the picture of righteous indignation, and she only recognized the girl with a stony stare and a slight inclination of her Sunday bonnet.

"What can it mean? How have I offended her?" puzzled the young woman, for although she did not particularly prize Mrs. Frazer's friendship, it was very disconcerting to receive such treatment.

Her question was not to be long left unanswered. The next morning Mary found herself served with a sumptuous breakfast, the product of Mrs. Frazer's best culinary skill: such a repast as might be served to a condemned criminal when the hour of his execution draws nigh. After the meal was over Mary was invited into the little parlor, where the lady of the house, stern and self-righteous, awaited her.

"Answer me one question, Miss Wentworth. Are you engaged to Dr. Norwood? Are you going to be his wife?"

"I really cannot say. He has never asked me," replied Mary with a little ripple of embarrassed laughter.

"It's no laughing matter," retorted the old woman angrily. "But I don't want to argue the point or go into matters that it ain't becoming a lady what is a

lady to discuss. I tell you Miss Wentworth, I ain't going to have no more such carryings on from my house which it shall be respectable so long as I'm left to draw the breath of life and keep it so. As for the doctor, he's a young man, feeble of health and easy led astray. He's welcome to stay as long as he likes. But the sooner you get another boarding place, the better I'll be satisfied."

At last Mary understood. The crimson blood surged into her face, then retreated, leaving it colorless. She made no reply, but quietly went out of the door and down the path to where Norwood awaited her.

Quick to note any change in her face, he cried out upon her appearance.

"Mary, you are pale as a ghost. How is your arm?"

"My arm is doing beautifully, but I'm growing awkward. I gave my ankle a little wrench on the doorstep. It's all right now." And she exerted herself to talk gaily and brightly until they parted.

"Don't come for me at the usual hour tonight. I have a good deal to do to-day. I shall be late."

When the last pupil had lingeringly departed that afternoon, Mary sat down to her desk to face the bitter humiliation of her position, and to decide what to do.

As she went back over all the incidents of her life in Bonnie Glen, beginning with her first unexpected advent, Norwood's frank surprise and their subsequent association, she saw only too plainly the absurdly compromising light in which she had placed herself with a people who knew nothing whatever of her antecedents, to whom she could not bare her hidden springs of action, and whose suspicions she was powerless to refute. Mrs. Frazer had doubtless spread the awful tale of her misdeeds

throughout the Glen. To what friend dared she turn in her distress?

As she realized her perfect helplessness and loneliness, her head dropped on her arms and she gave way to bitter tears.

She did not see the door pushed noiselessly open, and the woman who stood on the threshold sorrowfully regarding her. There was a soft step up the aisle, which she did not hear, and bonnie little Mrs. Staples had taken the girl in her own motherly arms.

"Dear Miss Wentworth, did she dare say anything to you? Don't trouble about it for a moment. It is too absurd to dwell upon. We all know that unhappy woman's bitter tongue. Every one in the Glen trusts and loves you."

It was quite a new experience for Mary Wentworth, high-spirited and self-poised, always the reliance of others, to be soothed and sustained by another woman, and so warmly defended from the malignant shafts of gossip. But it was very comfortable. She smiled gratefully at her small protector.

"You shall not stay under her roof another night, Miss Wentworth," her new-found friend went on. "There are a dozen homes in the Glen where you'd be more than welcome. Mrs. Simonton always hoped you'd come to her if you ever got tired of the walk up to Frazer's. But I've wanted you all along, ever since I had the first glimpse of your sweet face as you came in on the stage. And the children are wild over the very idea of having you. If you thought you could put up with their noise, I'd try to make it just as pleasant as I could—"

"Dear Mrs. Staples, I shall be so happy to be with you," said the girl with unaffected pleasure. But Dr.

Norwood must not know. He must never guess."

"I understand," said the little woman softly, busying herself to pin up a loosened coil of the girl's shining brown hair that had somehow slipped its leash. This little occupation made it unnecessary to meet the girl's eyes just then, and Mary was very grateful for it. Only once did the young matron speak again, while she deftly wound the soft lock around her hand and pinned it into place. "Trust me!" she said cheerily.

Norwood met them at the door, and the small woman proved herself equal to the situation. "Dr. Norwood," she said, "I have taken Miss Wentworth captive. She's going to stay with me till her arm's entirely well. We shall hope to see you often."

Yet not even the hearty faith of Mrs. Staples or the kind inclination of the rest of the villagers could wholly silence the inuendoes suggested by one woman's unclean mind. Village gossip, when once started, is like the gossamer winged seed of the thistle, apparently harmless and unsubstantial yet with malignant powers dormant, and capable of inflicting countless petty stabs. Wherever Mary went, she was conscious of eyes that viewed her askance, and when she walked out with Norwood she caught significant glances that were only endurable because she alone knew their import.

When small strife and petty scandal dominate a community, an omnipotent power sometimes frees it from bondage with a vital shock. Already the grim shadow of coming woe frowned upon Bonnie Glenn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flora Haines Leighard.

CLOSE your ears to slander.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

WE ARE glad to see congregational singing becoming more common among us than it has been. It is a beautiful feature in the worship of God, and our Creator can be praised as much in the song, if it comes from the heart, as in any other form of worship. But when individuals sing in a congregational capacity they ought to sing with their hearts as well as with their lips. They should enjoy the sentiments of the hymn, and their voices should blend in tuneful harmony and in thankfulness to our Father in heaven, whose praises find expression in their songs.

We notice in some congregations an absence of hymn books, and the people stand voiceless and without joining in any manner in the hymn that is being sung, and when the hymn is ended appear relieved at having the opportunity of again sitting down. When singing is conducted in this manner it is not worship. The heart is not engaged in the praise of God, and no feeling of thankfulness can swell the heart of one who is thus indifferent.

While it is excellent to have good choirs, and to listen to the delightful melody which their voices produce, and feel almost entranced by the sweetness and power of their voices, and imagine to ourselves how the heavenly choirs must delight the souls of those who listen to them, still public worship is not

complete when all the singing is done by a select body of singers and the congregation has no opportunity of joining in the music. Choirs frequently sing anthems which it is not possible for the congregation to join in, because it requires considerable skill and training to sing them properly; but this is not the case with the hymns that are found in our hymn book. There are very many familiar tunes which the congregation can join in singing, that bring back very pleasant memories and give utterance to those feelings of joy and gladness and thanksgiving which should fill the bosoms of all who come before the Lord to worship.

The training of our children in singing in Sunday schools is preparing the rising generation to take their part in congregational singing; and this practice should be cultivated in all our Sunday schools. All the children in the schools should be required to join in the singing, to take interest in it, and to become familiar with the words and the tunes. There are many advantages which will follow this practice. They will not only, as they grow older, be prepared to join in congregational singing, but they will be so familiar with tunes and hymns that they can have appropriate singing in their households.

The young men, when called to go on missions, will find that familiarity with our hymns and tunes will be of great service to them in preaching the Gospel and in gaining the ears of the people. It is a great advantage for an Elder to be able to sing well. Experience has proved that an Elder, traveling as a missionary, who has a good voice and knows how to use it well, can secure attention and kindness and entertainment when perhaps another not so gifted might be turned away or not listened

to. For this reason, if for no other, our young men should cultivate their voices and learn to sing. And there is scarcely anyone who cannot be taught to sing. Of course, some will excell others; but those familiar with teaching vocal music assert that there is no voice so poor, or no one so destitute of tune, that he cannot learn to sing if he will bestow enough care and labor upon acquiring a knowledge of tunes.

We hope to see more attention paid to this form of worship, and the congregations of the Saints take more interest in singing—to sing with spirit and with their hearts engaged in the praise of God through the words of the hymns.

SAYING AMEN.

There is another practice that ought to be maintained among us: it is the saying of "Amen" in an audible voice after prayer has been offered in the congregation.

The Church in early days was taught that this was an acceptable practice in the sight of God. It was expected that every member of the Church, when prayer was offered, would in an audible voice say "Amen" at the conclusion of the prayer—in effect saying to the Lord that the prayer that had been offered was their prayer.

In many congregations in places where we visit we find that this practice has almost fallen into disuse. Sometimes at the conclusion of a public prayer scarcely a sound can be heard from the congregation. This, we think, is great neglect, and it should be corrected. The practice that we have been taught from the beginning as the proper one, should be maintained.

Our children should be taught to say Amen when a blessing is asked at the

table, or when prayers are offered in the Sunday school or in the family circle; and the same should be done in the public congregations. In this way we can witness unto the Lord that we are interested in having the prayers that are offered heard and answered; and we may rest assured it will be more acceptable to the Lord, because in doing this we display an interest in the objects that are prayed for.

A VERY EVENTFUL DAY.

"Yes, Dick, mama says I can go fishing in the morning. I am so glad, as she never does like me to be around water much, but she says you are much older, and used to going, so there will be no danger."

"All right, Harry. Now you must be up good and early, and as you say your little baby brother always cries out, long before the roosters begin to crow, just use him for an alarm clock and jump out on the first signal given."

Harry went to bed very early that night, and it seemed to him at times that the baby had given up that uncomfortable habit, just to spoil his day's pleasure. But sure enough here came the cry, and it was so dark Harry could hardly find his clothes. He got them on some way and thought, "Well, if you have to get up in the middle of the night to get a day's fun, I think a very few days will be enough for me." Harry changed his mind though, when he was riding along with Dick Marshall in his little cart.

The pure morning air made him feel so well and strong, and the grass and trees looked so grand and pretty; and oh what a pretty world it was when the sun began to rise! he thought then that

if every little boy and girl knew how good it would make them feel to get up early, that nearly all the beds in the land would be empty by this time.

Now they had just come to the mouth of the canyon. Oh did it not look strange, those great high mountains! They looked like great big castles he had read about in story books, and he wondered if he climbed one of them, if he would not find the giant and giantess that Jack found when he climbed the bean-stalk.

Now he began to feel like he could hear the breakfast bell ringing at home, or rather wished some good fairy would send down a good big breakfast right then and there, when Dick took out his watch and said, "Yes, about time for breakfast.

"Whoa there, Dandy. Here's a fine place to camp."

Dick told Harry to gather some sticks, and soon there was a bright fire, a coffee pot boiling, eggs and bacon cooking, and a nice hot cake ready to take out of the bake-oven. Dick was an old camper and knew how to manage everything in the mountains, out fishing, or any other place where there were not any fine carpets, and silk curtains and other grand things.

Oh my what a good breakfast! Harry thought his mama and Mary, the housekeeper, were famous cooks, but nothing ever tasted as good as this before.

They had eaten all the hot cakes; the eggs and bacon had all disappeared from the frying pan, and nothing was left but a cup or two of coffee and that did not tempt Harry, so old Dandy was led away from the grass patch she had been enjoying, and was soon in the harness jogging along at a quiet gait.

Harry noticed that people had farms

up in Provo Canyon, and wondered how they made everything look so well. Pretty soon they came to the "Bridal-veil Falls"—that was the grandest thing yet; the roar of the water splashing seemed like music for the waves that foamed and lashed themselves against the rocks. "Oh I wish I was an artist, a painter like Sam Jepperson, I would just stay here until I got all this beautiful canyon painted, so I could see it every time I wanted to."

A half hour's drive brought them to the fishing ground, and now his sport seemed to be complete. He got his line and walked quietly along by Dick; when Dick put his line in the water, he took out his pipe and began to smoke in silence. They sat there on some rocks eagerly watching for the lines to move. Jerk, jerk, went Dick's line, he began pulling, then it went slack, Dick looked worried, then another jerk, and a lovely trout was lying on the grass, jumping and twisting about.

Harry did not have much luck, and every time Dick would pull out a fine trout, he would almost feel jealous of his good fortune.

Late in the afternoon, just as they were thinking it was time to have another fry of fish, and then get ready for home, Harry felt a tug at his line; he began to pull, then feared his line was not strong enough, for he imagined it would be a monster, but one more jerk and another pull, and sure enough out came a trout. Oh my how big Harry's head felt! and he wondered if his hat would stay on while he was going home.

Well that was not the last of his luck, for when they started to get supper he had two good sized trout, and three little ones on his string. After they had eaten all the fish that was fried, they started home, and Harry was so

glad to know he could see the beautiful canyon once again. While they were driving along and talking of their day's sport, old Dandy began to prick up his ears, and act rather queer. "Why what's the matter, said Dick, and he jumped out to see if some part of the harness was not broken, but no, that was all right, so he looked around and saw a big camp-fire, and near it about a dozen Indians. As soon as the Indians saw them they came towards them and asked for bread or sugar, so Dick having some left, and not having any need of it, gave it to them. While getting at the food the Indians saw the fish and wanted some of them, too; but Dick would not give them up and they started to get angry. Dick did not know what to do, so he thought a moment and then said, "Heap men coming back there with big guns, got to save fish for them, now go away, as they shoot, quick," and he motioned with his hands how they would do.

The Indians started to run as fast as they could, and were soon on their horses finding another camping ground.

Dick and Harry laughed heartily over this adventure and thought that if they did tell a falsehood they would be forgiven, for the trout would do the folks more good than the Indians. As they rode past the farm houses, Harry saw a red flag waving on a long pole. "Why what's that for?" he asked.

"I guess some one needs some help, that's a danger signal. Well my little man we will have to go and see what is the matter."

As they reached the house, they heard some moans, and as they entered saw a sick boy lying on a cot, and a poor woman leaning over him. "Oh some one will come soon to help us, and the folks will soon return; God

won't let us die here like this I know," said the woman. When she had finished speaking she looked around, and saw the two persons; she threw up her hands and said, "Thank God!"

She told them her husband had been away for over a week, and a man who had promised to bring them some provisions had never been seen, and they were starving, and her boy was growing worse.

"Well," said Harry, "I've got a string of trout and so has Dick, also some flour, and you can have that and we will tell Marshal Knight about you when we get to Provo and they will soon bring you food and help."

"You are a good-hearted little man and God will bless you, for I have nothing to give you in return for your kindness. You have saved our lives, and perhaps some day I can make you happy."

They emptied the contents of their grub box and put it all on the table. "What a blessing," said Dick, "that the Indians did not get away with the fish, for they will do these people lots of good."

It was nearly dark when Harry reached home, and after he had told his parents about his many adventures, he said, "Well, I have had a good time fishing, got frightened nearly to death, and done some good in the world, too, so I think this has been a very eventful day, and one I will remember a long time."

When Christmas came around that year a large basket was found sitting on the front porch very early in the morning, and on it was tied a card with the words, "For Harry Simpson." Upon opening it were found some lovely red apples, pears, dried grapes, dried prunes, and a little jar of elder berry jam, and at the bottom of the basket was

a letter from the folks of the farmhouse, thanking him for his goodness, and telling him that their son was alive and well, also asking him when summer came again to come up and see them, and they would give him a good day's fun and outing.

HOW ROB WAS SAVED FROM DROWNING.

ROBERT SIMPSON, a son of Thomas J. Simpson, owes his life to the intelligence of his pet dog "Jack." Saturday morning Rob, tempted by the glassy, newly-formed ice, put on his skates and started out for a morning's sport on the inviting and treacherous surface. All went well until Rob had fun enough, and was skating in toward the shore to take off his skates. When about a quarter of a mile from the beach, and directly opposite his father's house, he broke through the ice, and was in danger of drowning.

Now, when the skater started out in the morning, his dog "Jack" wanted to go along, and it was with difficulty that he could be kept at home. After the boy had gone "Jack" trotted up and down the beach and watched his master skim about the smooth surface. When Robert crushed through the ice the dog was directly opposite him on the shore, and the instant the ice gave way "Jack" gave an excited bark and dashed across the ice to the place where the young man was struggling, and arriving there he caught the skater by the collar and dragged him out, never stopping until he was on firm ice. The young man was almost insensible from cold, but practically unharmed. He hurried to his home, followed by the dog, who barked and frisked around him joyfully, as if he appreciated the importance of his act.

"Jack" is a shepherd dog, with long black hair, which fairly glistens. His handsome head and bright eyes bespeak much intelligence. Though a powerful swimmer, he never enters the water of his own accord except to make a rescue. This is not the first time he has figured as a life saver. Two years ago last summer, he rescued Elmer Simpson's five year old boy, Gussy, who tumbled into the little pond on Montgomery Street.—*Newburg Register*.

WHOA, THERE!

An old farmer the other day had just driven into town with his mules to sell a load of pumpkins, and stopped in front of the phonograph store.

"What air them fellows doin' in there with spouts in ther ears?" he asked.

"Those are talking machines," answered a man in the doorway.

The farmer was a little incredulous, but he finally left his mules and went into the store. The tubes were placed in his ears, he dropped the nickel in the slot, and a brass band began to play.

"Whoa, there!" shouted the rustic, darting out of the store, "them mules o' mine won't stand no brass band."

AN INTERRUPTED QUARREL.

FIRST Baby Bunting pinched the snow between her fingers small,

And smiled to see that it had grown to a large, white round snowball.

Then Tommy Tupper rolled it on, and made of it instead,

Asnowy tower, higher than his little curly head;

Then Lucy Locket reached to it, just standing on her toes,

And changed it to a great snow man with eyes, and mouth, and nose.

And then cried out these children three, "Now see what I have done!"

"It's mine!" said Tom "No, no, it's mine!" and so said every one.

The warm, bright sun looked laughing out, in mischief and in play,

And while they quarrelled for the doll, he melted it away.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

My Grandmother's Story.

My grandmother has been telling us a very interesting story, and I thought some of the young readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR would like to hear it.

On the 22nd of November, 1895, Brothers Joseph Bond and Henry Bloomfield and their wives, started from Ramah, New Mexico, for St. George, Utah, a distance of nearly six hundred miles.

Grandma was going with them as far as St Joseph, Arizona, to stay with us this winter. Nothing unusual happened the first day out. Grandma said she was pleased with the improvement of the Indians of the Zuni Village, since she had traveled that road before. They had bridged over many of the bad places in the wagon roads, which were to be seen running in many directions. Many of them were hauling their fire wood with their teams and wagons, and would say, "Get up," to their horses, as plainly as any of us. They were also polite enough to pass the time of day with her.

The first night out the company camped about two miles the other side of the Zuni Village. The next morning when they got ready to start Brother Bond's horses would not go; and it took him quite awhile to get them started. As they had never been known to balk before, this seemed strange. They took a cut off from the main road, which none of them were acquainted with, for any more than a short distance. All went well until in the afternoon, when Brother Bond's

horses stopped again, without any discernible cause. All the rest of the day they would stop often. At such times no amount of coaxing or whipping would start them. The only way they could start them was to hitch Brother Bloomfield's team on the front.

By this time Brother Bond began to be worried, and said he was afraid there was something wrong; and perhaps he ought not to go at that time. He asked grandma how she felt about it. She answered, "About the same as you do; but perhaps it is not best to travel this road, as the horses have done little but balk since we got into the road," which they had difficulty in finding on account of the many Indian wood roads. Grandma said, "Perhaps they could not keep that road as it was very seldom traveled, and the snow had fallen some fourteen inches since they started, and it was still snowing." Either of the men could not be persuaded, but what that road was as good as any.

They made an early camp for the night. Brother Bond said he would see how he felt about going back, in the morning, as all except grandma, opposed it.

Early next morning, he asked grandma how she felt about going back. She answered, "Just the same as I did before."

"So do I," said Brother Bond.

Grandma said, "if it was right to go on the horses would not balk."

Brother Bond was still undecided, so he hitched his team to a large cedar tree, to try them. They would drag that around without balking, and would start and stop when told; but when he hitched them to the wagon, they would not straighten the tugs; but showed plainly, they did not intend to go. He repeated the exercise with the cedar

tree, then he hitched them to the wagon again. But as they would not go, grandma asked him why he did not tell them he was going home; but he did not. So grandma said, "Now horses we are going home; so if that is the trouble, you don't need to act badly any more."

Brother Bond gave them the word to start, and to his surprise and great joy they started. He drove out through the brush and snow, and back into the road. Then he told Brother Bloomfield that he was going home; and as Brother Bloomfield was not prepared to go alone, he had to go back too. Brother Bond stopped his horses several times during the day, but they started each time with the same result as at first.

When they reached home, they found the folks looking for them; but it surprised them when they were told, that it was the horses, and not the storm that turned them back.

The horses still hold their good name, as they have never balked since, although they have been worked many times.

The roads between here and Ramah, were nearly impassable at the time of the storm, partly on account of the heavy rain that fell just before the snow, and partly on account of the snow.

Soon after the snow, the weather became extremely cold, but the ground would not freeze on account of the snow being so deep.

If the folks had come on, they would have been almost unable to travel, and might have perished.

Thus we see how the Lord takes care of those who serve Him.

Rulon E. Porter,

Age 14 years.

ST. JOSEPH, NAVAJO CO., ARIZONA.

The India Rubber Tree.

In South America there are some India rubber trees. They grow near the Amazon, which is the largest river in the world. These trees have a milky colored sap. The tappers go early in the morning, so that they can get through extracting the sap by ten o'clock, because the sun heals the wounds in the heat of the day. The sap drips into earthen cups, then the men take it to a fire, which is made of nut shells.

There is a black smoke arises from the fire. A man has a piece of wood the shape of an oar. The blade is dipped in the sap, then it is passed through the smoke. This makes it black and hard; then it is taken off and hung on a cord or branch. Clay is put on the paddle or oar, to make it come off easy, and not stick to the oar. Then it is shipped to other countries and made into a great many useful things.

Some people dry the sap in the sun so as to make it white. The white rubber is used to rub out pencil marks.

Frank Jakeman,

Age 11 years.

PROVO CITY, UTAH.

Box Elder County.

BOX ELDER COUNTY was settled about 1851. The first settlement was made near Brigham City, at what was known as the Old Fort, on Box Elder creek.

Box Elder County is situated in the north-western part of Utah. It is about one hundred and ten miles in length, and seventy miles in width. It contains a larger part of the Great Salt Lake, than any other county in Utah. The lake is 4,210 feet above sea-level. It contains Strong Knob, Gunnison, and Dolphin islands, in the Box Elder portion of it.

The largest river in the county is the Bear River. It empties into what is known as the Bear River Bay.

At the mouth of this river is the greatest duck hunting region of the county, and I think of Utah.

Besides this river, Box Elder County contains Malad River, Raft River, and many smaller creeks.

The eastern part of the county is the most mountainous, although there are mountains in nearly every part. In the eastern part of the county is found Box Elder Peak. It is 9,542 feet high and is the highest in the county. Of minerals, lead, copper, silver, iron, gold, nitrate of soda, onyx and coal, are found.

There are two railroads in this county, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific.

Farming is the chief pursuit, although manufacturing is carried on to some extent.

There are about eight thousand people in Box Elder County.

*Martin Mortensen,
Age 15 years.*

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94.)

LITTLE ROBERT, or "Robbie," as his mother fondly called her boy, was now but three years old. He was too young to remember much about his native land, or about the journey across the wide ocean from Liverpool to New Orleans on a sailing ship, which took six weeks to make the trip; nor could he recollect the journey up the Mississippi river from New Orleans to St. Louis, and then further on to Keokuk, which was made in a steamboat. At Keokuk the emigrants left the steam-

boat, and started across the plains with ox teams.

The only thing Robbie distinctly remembered that happened in his life before coming to Utah, was when he fell out of the wagon in which he rode while crossing the plains, between the Mississippi and Utah Territory. What made him remember this was the awful fright it gave him. The way it happened was, one day the oxen became frightened, and started to run, and the sudden jerk caused the little fellow to fall out from the rear end of the wagon, where he was seated on a trunk. But his first connected remembrances of incidents was after he reached the valley, and was living with his mother in the southern part of Salt Lake City, in a small, one-room adobe house, which had but one very small window and an only door. This was several months after arriving in the city, for he and his mother remained for some time at the house of the kind missionary with whom they made the journey.

The mother found plenty of work to do, such as sewing and washing, as soon as she arrived, but the pay she received was in such produce as the people had. As it was she could get most of the necessities of life in the way of food and clothing, but she was ever anxious to get means to pay her indebtedness to the Church for the money advanced for her emigration; and the very first money she received she saved for that purpose. She continued to save what she could to pay this debt, and at the end of two years it was settled in full.

A great deal of care and pains were taken by the mother to teach little Robbie good principles and habits. Until he was nearly ten years old his mother had been his only school teacher. When he was quite small, she under-

took to teach him the alphabet and to read simple lessons. Her own opportunities for education when a child were very meagre. Yet she was desirous that her son should have a better education than she had received. She had no books, but had a large card with the alphabet on one side and some simple reading lessons on the other. Robbie was a bright student, and learned the letters of the alphabet when very young, so young that he could not remember the time when he did not know them. His mother also taught him to write by giving him lessons on a slate, or on scraps of wrapping paper, as writing materials were scarce in those days, and poor people could not afford them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PIECES FOR RECITATION.

The Lesson of the Birds.

THE little birds are wide awake,
So early in the morn;
Just think how funny it would be
To see the robins yawn!

To hear the little sparrow say,
"Oh, dear! 'tis hardly light!
Mamma, I want to sleep some more,"—
'Twould make you laugh outright.

They hop out of their little nest,
So cosy and so warm,
And sing their merry morning song
In sunshine and in storm.

And, now, my pet, run find mamma,
And whisper in her ear;
That when she wakes her birdie up,
It will be sure to hear.

God Sees.

WHEN I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear,
Night and day my Father's near—
God sees.

PRIZES FOR 1896.

FOLLOWING is a list of prizes which we offer for work done by our young friends. We invite all to take part in the competition. All cannot receive prizes, but the practice they get by trying will be a help to them in their studies.

For Best Original Story, suitable for Our Little Folks' Department of the INSTRUCTOR, by boy or girl under fourteen years of age we offer as first prize, leather, gilt L. D. S. Hymn Book. Second prize, Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

For Best Original Story, suitable for Our Little Folks' Department of the INSTRUCTOR by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years of age, first prize, leather bound, large print Book of Mormon; second prize, cloth bound, large print Book of Mormon.

For Best Lead Pencil Drawing, by boy or girl under fourteen years, subject to be chosen by competitor, first prize, copy of "First Book of Nature;" second prize copy of "The Martyrs."

For Best Lead Pencil Drawing, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, subject to be chosen by competitor, first prize, copy of "Gospel Philosophy;" second prize, copy of "The Hand of Providence."

For Best Map of Utah, drawn and colored, by boy or girl under fourteen, first prize, copy of "Life of Brigham Young;" second prize, copy of "City of the Saints."

For Best Map of United States,

drawn and colored, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, first prize, leather bound, large print Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, cloth bound, large print Doctrine and Covenants.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, by boy or girl under fourteen, first prize, copy of Simple Bible Stories; second prize, copy of Book of Mormon Stories.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship, consisting of the Ten Commandments, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, first prize, copy of "Forty Years Among the Indians;" second prize, copy of "From Kirtland to Salt Lake."

For Best Historical and Descriptive Sketch, competition open to all under twenty years of age. Each competitor in this class is expected to write an account of the valley in which he lives, stating when and by whom first settled, the principal items of interest connected with its history since first colonized, description of its location and surroundings, the natural curiosities found in it, its population, its industries, etc. That our young friends will fully understand what we mean, we will explain that the competitors who live in Sanpete Valley, for example, will write a sketch of that valley, and its settlement, no matter what town they live in; those living in Utah Valley will write about Utah Valley, and so on. Where there are large valleys, as, for instance, Salt Lake Valley, those living in Salt Lake County should write about that part of it only, and those living in Davis County should write only about that one county. First prize, leather bound copy of Life of Heber C. Kimball; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Heber C. Kimball.

For Best Piece for Recitation, suit-

able for little child, either prose or poetry, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, Morocco gift copy of Life of John Taylor, second prize, leather bound copy of Life of John Taylor.

For best Dialogue, suitable for children, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, Morocco, gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, leather bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

For best story suitable for Our Little Folks' Department of the INSTRUCTOR, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, large print, Morocco gilt copy of Book of Mormon, second prize, large print leather copy of Book of Mormon.

All articles sent in for competition must reach us by June 1st, 1896. If manuscripts or drawings are to be returned stamps for return mail must be forwarded.

All stories, recitations or dialogues that are suitable will be published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, whether awarded prizes or not.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Samson the Strong Man.

AGAIN the children of Israel did wickedly in the sight of the Lord, and He delivered them into the hands of the Philistines forty years; and He sent an angel to a man named Manoah and his wife who had no children, to tell them they should have a son by and by who would grow up to be a strong man and should begin to deliver the Israelites out of the hands of the Philistines.

The angel told the woman she must not drink wine nor strong drink, nor eat

anything that the Lord had told them was unclean or unsuitable to eat, and that when the child that he had promised her was born she must never cut his hair.

After awhile they had a baby boy and they named him Samson, and as he grew up they taught him to serve the Lord.

When Samson was grown up he saw a young woman among the Philistines whom he wanted to marry.

When he was going down to make arrangements for the wedding a young lion came out and roared at him and he took hold of it and tore it all to pieces with his hands.

A few weeks after the wedding he went back home for awhile and when he went down to see his wife again her father told him that she was married to some one else and he could not have her.

Samson was very angry about it and he went out and caught three hundred foxes and tied fire brands to their tails and turned them loose in the wheat and corn fields of the Philistines, and all their grain was burned up.

Then the Philistines were angry, and burned up the woman and her father, and Samson killed a great many of the Philistines all alone.

About three thousand of the Israelites came to where Samson was and told him he ought not to have done as he had for they were servants of the Philistines and ought to be submissive to them, and now they were going to bind him and give him to the Philistines so that they could punish him as they wished.

He let himself be tied and carried away, but when he was in the midst of the Philistines the Lord helped him to break the ropes as if they were threads, and then he picked up the jaw bone of

some dead animal that lay near, and with it he killed a thousand men.

One time he went into a city called Gaza, and then the officers of the city thought they would get him sure; so they slept near the city gates, thinking they would get him in the morning when he was ready to go away; but he did not stay till morning: he got up in the night and when he found the big city gate was locked he just took hold of it and picked it up, with the posts and all, and carried it to the top of a hill near by.

He used to go and see a woman named Delilah, and the Philistines promised her a lot of money if she would find out what made him so strong, for they wanted to kill him, so she used to coax him every day to tell her what was the cause of his great strength.

He told her one day that if he were bound with new ropes that had never been used he would be no stronger than other men, so she bound him and then called to the men who were waiting in another room and when they came in Samson broke the ropes as easily as if they had been spider webs.

He then told her if she would weave his hair in with the cloth in the loom he would lose his strength, and she did it while he was asleep, but when he waked up he walked right off with all the cloth that was in the loom hanging to his hair.

Delilah then cried and said she knew he did not love her or he would tell her, and she coaxed so hard that he finally told her if she were to cut off his hair his strength would leave him, so she cut off his hair when he was asleep, and the men who were waiting came in and bound him and carried him away.

They took him to Gaza and put out both his eyes and then they put him in

prison and made him work hard grinding at the mill.

The Philistines had a large, fine house in which to worship Dagon, their god or idol, and they all met there one day to rejoice and to thank Dagon for delivering Samson into their hands.

While they were enjoying themselves to the utmost some one proposed that they should send for blind Samson so that they could have some fun at his expense: so they brought him out of prison and then laughed at him for being in their power and for having lost his eyesight.

After awhile he told the boy who was leading him that he wanted to rest, and he asked the boy to let him lean against the great pillars that held up the house.

He then stretched out his hands and found that he was between two of the great pillars and could easily reach them both at the same time.


Samson asked the Lord to give him strength once more and then he reached out his hands and pushed against both pillars as hard as he could, so that the pillars were broken and the house fell down.

The house was quite full of people and there were three thousand on the roof besides, and when the house fell every one was killed.

Samson was killed with them, but he killed more of the Philistines at the time of his death than he had in all his life before.

Celia A. Smith.

SELF-RESPECT is the corner stone of all virtue.

SILENCE at the proper season is wisdom, and better than any speech. 

HOW THE LOST CHILD WAS FOUND.

THE people of Eureka, Minn., were quite excited a short time ago by the loss of a little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schofield. The little fellow, about three years old, was playing about the house Wednesday afternoon, and was seen a few minutes before five o'clock. Shortly after, when his mother went to look for him, he could not be found. A hurried search of the premises did not reveal him, and word was sent to the neighbors to see if he was at any of the near houses. Later a general alarm was sent around the neighborhood, and the men turned out to hunt, while a number of ladies went to the residence of the distracted parents. A diligent search was made of the highways and adjoining fields, but without results. During this search of the surrounding country a pet cat belonging to the lost boy appeared at the house, and made itself so disagreeable by its continued cries that it was put out of the house. Again it got in, and continued its pitiful mewing, and was again put out. This time some of the men happened to be near, and saw it disappear into the woods near the house. The suggestion was at once made that the cat might know where the boy was, and it was determined to transfer the search to the woods. Accordingly, a line of men was formed, one rod apart, every second man carrying a lantern, and they proceeded systematically through the woods and back again. After passing through the woods a number of times, some one caught a glimpse of the cat as it dashed away into the thick part of the woods. This information was conveyed to the searchers, and they changed their line of march, so as to cover that part of the woods toward which the cat appeared to be going. This resulted in finding the

lost boy soon after, in a dense growth of underbrush, asleep on the ground, with the pet cat nestled down beside him. It was about eleven o'clock when he was found, and the place was fully half a mile from the house.

HOME.

WORDS BY O. F. WHITNEY.

MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

1ST AND 2ND TENOR.

p

1. Ye who would brave the bounding billow, To view the wonders of the world.
 2. Hast nev-er thought, while rapt ad-mir-ing The distant starlight ov - er - head,
 3. But I have stood a - mid the thunders, When shook the tow'ring gra - nite height,
 4. Sing not of Er-in's famed Killarney, Laud not the wave of Ga - li - lee,

1ST AND 2ND BASS.

mf

And magni - fy with vain devo - tion, The scenes in foreign climes unfurled!
 There may be flow'rs of beau-ty blushing Neglect - ed 'neath thy careless tread?
 And trembled where the viv - id lightnings Blazed on the angry brow of night.
 For I have sailed the buoyant waters Of Utah's wondrous sa - line sea.

p

Have ye ne'er dreamed of near - er splendors, Than beau - ti - fy an al - ien strand— The
 Ne'er has it been my lot to wander O'er Orient sands or Alpine snows, To
 Oh, tell me not that grand - er tempests Re - ver - berate with louder roar, On
 I've climbed her ev - er - dur - ing mountains, I've rest-ed in her peaceful vales, I've

p

glor - ious leg - a - cies of nature Bequeathed un - to your na - tive land?
 lin - ger in the vineclad valleys Where Rhine's clear, wind - ing wa - ter flows;
 Switzerland's his - toric summits, Than on the Rock - y Mountains hoar.
 quaffed her pure and sparkling streamlets, I've breathed her life - re - new-ing gales.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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No. 5.

NORWAY.

Scraps of Legend and History.

IN studying the history of any nation we endeavor to discover as much as possible of the origin and early conditions of the people. This is often a

in these traditions, which, true or otherwise, are of some interest to us. One of these legends is of the King Olaf, the first Christian king in the land, who

* * * * raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse ;



STREET IN TROMSØ, NORWAY.

difficult matter, as so much of the ancient history of any land is little more than mythological tales and legends. These are sometimes very interesting, and are often believed to be not without foundation. The country under our consideration at present is not lacking

Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross ;
Choose !"

* * * * *

King Olaf said, "O, Sea King !
Little time have we for speaking :
Be baptized, or thou shalt die."

Many years ago in this far-off land.

upon the huge cliffs, against which the ocean madly tossed its spray high into the air, stood a strong, massive fortress called the "Castle of the Winds," owned by two brothers who were sorcerers. When Olaf was a mere child he was carried to this lonely castle, by the will of his mother, Astrid, to learn of the mysteries of the gods, with whom the wizards professed to be on intimate terms. Olaf soon discovered, however, that the brothers were not all that they professed to be; that, instead of being

ments took the oath; everything was sworn but the mistletoe, which was unfortunately overlooked. This gave the wicked Loki, the spirit of evil, a chance to try his power. He made a spear of the mistletoe, which he gave to Hodur, the blind brother of Baldur, to throw at him. Tradition tells us that the blind god still holds the spear, and that if he ever hurls it his brother will perish; and then the spirits of evil, using the earth, air and water will overthrow the gods, and the end of the world will come.



TRAVELERS.

in holy communion with the gods, they were aiding and befriending the wicked pirates who swarmed the coasts. He grew to hate his teachers and their deities, only believing in the happy god, Thor, whom all boys admired, and the mighty Baldur, the son of Odin and Frigg. This god, according to the myth, was the idol of his parents, who succeeded in making everything in creation swear to protect their child. Mountains, winds, sea, and the ele-

The earth, sun, moon and stars will be consumed by fire and cast into the sea. There was another prophecy in connection with this, of which the sorcerers did not like to speak, that after the end there would rise out of the sea a new heaven and earth, to be ruled by the All-Father with mercy and justice. This tale delighted Olaf, and he loved to relate it to his little playmate, Signe, who, being a timid girl, and much younger than the prince, would cling to

him in affright when he came to the burning up part.

Olaf grew so discontented with his lot, and so anxious to free himself from the rule of the sorcerers, that his little friend, who had been brought into the castle through a secret passage from the sea, told him how he could escape. This entrance was known only to the brothers, the pirates, and little Signe, who still remembered it. She showed the boy the way, although she knew how sad and lonely she would be without him. He was met at the door by a troop of soldiers; whether they were friends or foes Signe never knew; but they carried him away with them to distant lands.

Years passed by, and whispers of a wonderful new religion reached the castle; and the brothers, in their fear and anger, gladly consented to assist in making a great sacrifice of animals and human beings to Baldur, to ward off the danger. They feared that Hodur would throw the spear, and that all would be lost. They decided to offer Signe as one of the human lives which they were to furnish.

On the day of the sacrifice, while the brothers were at the temple making their preparations, poor little Signe, sitting in her prison, mourning over her sad fate, and dreaming of her long-lost friend, saw a mighty ship striving to enter the fiord. The wind raged and moaned around the castle, the waves dashed themselves into spray against the cliffs, the clouds hung black and lowering over the raging ocean; all heaven and earth seemed bent upon the destruction of the noble vessel which was vainly striving to draw near the shore. Signe watched it aimlessly. "They are pirates," she thought. "How foolish of them to try to combat with fate! They

must perish. We all must perish. The end is near." She did not know that the ship contained her only friend, who was risking all for her sake, until King Olaf came, and, loosing her chains, carried her away with him.

The castle now is seen no more, it having been consumed by fire immediately upon the departure of the king; but one can still see the grotesque outlines of human faces upon the mighty crags, which the legend tells us are the wizards cursed by the Christian king.

Whether this story of Olaf's life is true or not, we cannot say; but that he was the first promoter of the Christian faith in Norway is certain. His religious ideas were more instinctive than comprehensive; but he enthusiastically embraced the cause, and established the new religion forever in the land. He gave the people their choice between death or Christianity, and they chose the latter, often from a fear of the king and the terrible tortures which he inflicted, rather than from a love of Christ.

Olaf commenced his reign in the year 995, and in 1001 he was drowned at sea. He was on an expedition, in his great ship the *Long Serpent*, against the kings of Denmark and Sweden, and, having been defeated, he is supposed to have thrown himself overboard. His countrymen would not at first believe in his death; but when he returned no more, they were bound to accept the truth.

The country was then taken possession of by the conquerors, and divided between them. Norway has endeavored to regain her freedom, but has never succeeded. Even now she is under the control of Sweden, although she has a comparatively free government of her own.

No other country presents such a remarkable coast-line as Norway. It is of rugged mountains, which rise almost perpendicularly out of the water, broken in places by the fiords through which the ocean extends its arms inland. This adds to the beauty and picturesqueness of the country. On the interior are rivers and beautiful, clear lakes, which are numerous and very deep.

The water, lying in these fiords and around the islands which line the coast, being cut off from the icy ocean currents which sweep down from the north, is always mild in temperature, and moderates the climate, which would otherwise be extremely cold. The temperature of the water is as high as, and often higher than, that of the surrounding atmosphere. The climate of the interior is not so even as that of the coast, the summers being warmer, the winters colder than that reached by the sea. As there is no great formation of ice along the coast in the winter, the sun is able, during the summer months, to produce the best results upon the vegetation.

There was at one time what is known as the "ice age," of which vestiges still remain. The glaciers have swept on into the sea, and now perpetual snow is found only in elevated localities and in the northern regions.

During the summer months the grass and flowers spring forth abundantly. The hills are covered with dense forests of pine, fir, spruce, oak, and many other kinds of trees. Through the forests roam the wolf, the bear, and the lynx, preying upon the deer, elk, and smaller mammals, such as the hare. As the forests disappear, the animals which abound in them become scarce. The reindeer and elk, so valuable to the

people, are protected by them as much as possible.

The Norwegians, who are a peaceable, industrious people, find ample means of support in the many advantages offered in the sea and on the land. The fiords abound in all kinds of aquatic animals, as do also the rivers and lakes. Hundreds of the inhabitants gain a livelihood by fishing. The whale, oyster, salmon, herring and trout are commonly found. Those who are engaged in this occupation sometimes do not taste any other flesh for months at a time than the fish that they catch. The blubber and sperm of the whale are shipped inland to the factories, where the oil is extracted. Tromsø is a small fishing port, and the capital of the Tromsø Amt. It has a population of some 66,000 inhabitants.

The vast forests furnish timber for ship-building, and this, together with the nearness of the ocean and the fascination which it possesses, makes a race of sailors. The felling and exporting of timber affords another occupation for the people. The exports of this material alone amount to about \$11,640,000.00 annually. The forests are under government control, and a wanton destruction of the trees is not permitted. However, some kinds are becoming scarce.

Norway carries on a considerable foreign commerce, and it is rapidly increasing.

The educational system is one of the best in Europe; a common education is general even among the poorest classes.

The population of Norway in 1891, when the last census was taken, was 1,999,176. The population is steadily increasing, in spite of the constant emigration from the country.

R. A. C.

. . . THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

IT IS very gratifying to witness the advantages which the children of these mountains have at the present time in matters of education. We are likely to have before long one of the best educated communities to be found within the confines of the United States. School buildings are of the most costly and excellent character; teachers are well qualified, and are generally selected with some degree of care, and education is receiving attention such as probably it never received before within the Republic. It is surprising in traveling in this and other States to see how widespread and earnest is the desire for school learning. It is almost universal, and young men and young women are seeking for and obtaining college training in greater numbers than ever before. To be ignorant at the present time appears disgraceful, because education is so easily and cheaply obtained.

In the early days the Elders of this Church could travel and mingle with the people, even though they were illiterate, and create no particular comment—at least, not such as would be evoked at the present time by illiteracy, because in those days illiteracy was more common. School facilities were not plentiful; the whole of the United States was what might be termed new, and the struggles to form new settlements in every direction prevented large masses of the people from obtaining more than

the most meagre knowledge of school education. This lack of book learning in those days was no disgrace. But now all this is changed. There is danger now of there being in some respects too much education—that is, book education—and too great a neglect of that practical education that is necessary for the upbuilding of a nation.

If education should have the tendency to make young people look upon manual labor with dislike or as being beneath them, then education, so far as that is concerned, is a failure. If it should have the effect to make young men think they must learn a profession or follow some avocation in which they will not soil their clothes or their hands, then so far as that is concerned it is injurious. Such training or the adoption of such ideas, is not true education. Education ought to be of a character to qualify men and women to be better citizens, to be more useful, to equip them in the best manner for the battle of life, to make them more capable of providing a subsistence for themselves and for others who may be dependent upon them. Any education which fails in this is false and unsound. Labor ought to be glorified and made most honorable. Idleness should be made to appear as a sin. All labor that does not lead to evil should be made to appear honorable. If the labor itself is not of a character to make a man dignified, the man himself should be taught to dignify the labor in his person; he should never allow it to appear degrading. Any education that has a tendency to make honorable labor, however humble, appear menial is dangerous.

We need in our State educated workmen in all the paths of life. All cannot be lawyers, all cannot be doctors, all cannot be professional men, nor mer-

chants. The earth must be tilled, grain must be sown, trees must be planted, crops must be harvested, houses and other structures must be reared and the materials to construct them must be provided, and all this involves toil. The improvements which have been made in machinery and new appliances have lightened toil to a wonderful extent. Doubtless other improvements will follow which will relieve labor of many of its arduous and toilsome features. We live in an age of progress. The Lord is revealing the secrets of nature, and men inspired by Him—though seldom giving Him the glory therefor—are obtaining an insight into hidden forces which they are bringing into use for the benefit of man. As time rolls on the Latter-day Saints will be able to avail themselves of the advantages which these discoveries afford. Under the system which God has revealed, a better order of things will be established, by which all classes of our people will be benefitted, and all will receive and share in the benefits of those grand discoveries which God is causing to be brought to light. The prospect may not appear very bright to many for class distinctions to be obliterated; but sooner or later they must disappear; for God has founded Zion, and He will build up Zion, and in building up Zion equality among His children will have to be observed and maintained.

We sincerely trust that in the eager efforts that are being made for education by the young men and young women of our community, they will always remember that the man who is the best educated is the man who is the most useful to his fellow-man. No man can show that education has been of true profit to him, unless he proves that he

is a benefactor to his race. The man who can perform the greatest amount of good for mankind and for their elevation to a higher plane, where they can enjoy all that God has so bountifully provided, not for one class of His children, but for all, shows that he is the possessor of true knowledge.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.—SERIES II., NO. 4.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION, FEB. 1st, 1896.

Board of Examiners.—An adjournment of the regular quarterly meeting of this Board had been taken until Friday, January 25th, at 4 p.m. A quorum was present. The reports of the successful examinations of candidates for academic and intermediate grades respectively were received and ordered to be recorded. The diplomas and certificates of the successful candidates will be issued and published in due time, in conformity with our established rules.

Several applications for examination in the academic grade could not be acted upon, as the candidates had neglected to specify the courses and the branches they had chosen to represent them. Candidates will please avoid this oversight in future, and thus save our Secretary much additional labor.

The names of several instructors and specialists appear in the lists of some of our Church School faculties, who either have not yet secured a license, or whose license has expired. This is in violation of the instructions given in General Circular, No. 7, page 5. Principals will oblige, therefore, the General Superintendent by rectifying this neglect before March 1st, so that in his report to the General Board at April Conference no

special mention of such cases need be made.

All candidates for academic honors, either as regular professors or as specialists, or for certificates of the intermediate or the primary grades, are requested to send in their applications, containing specifications as to courses and branches (see General Circular, No. 7, pages 6-12) to Prof. Willard Done, Salt Lake City (P. O. Box 1706), no later than April 1st next. Applications received later cannot be considered before October next.

No annual license can be renewed in any case without special permission of President Wilford Woodruff.

Principals will be held responsible in future for engaging or continuing in service any instructor who is not duly authorized by the General Board.

Brigham Young Academy.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this institution, held Friday, January 24th—Apostle Brigham Young presiding—it was decided, on motion of President George Q. Cannon, to appeal to the friends of the Academy for assistance in the endeavor to raise the necessary funds for the completion of the Academy building and for other pressing needs.

This institution is the recognized Church Normal Training School for teachers of all grades from the kindergarten to the collegiate courses. It also conducts Normal training classes for Sunday School and for Mutual Improvement Association work, besides offering unsurpassed facilities for scientific, commercial, artistic and technical studies. Eight hundred students from almost every county of Utah, as also from Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, Nevada, Old and New Mexico, are at present in attendance. The institution is in charge

of a large corps of efficient professors and instructors.

The phenomenal growth of this mother institution of all our Church schools, in regard to attendance, efficiency, and influence, notwithstanding the many almost overwhelming difficulties, is an evidence of its indispensable mission in the educational system of the Latter-day Saints.

Church School Convention.—Requests have been made by several of our co-laborers that a Church School Convention be called some time during the summer vacation, for the purpose of harmonizing the labors of the various Church schools, and to assist in advancing our educational system still nearer to the point for which it is destined, to take the lead among the educational systems of the world.

To this end it is suggested that present as well as former duly authorized teachers in our Church school organization, or any officers thereof, should communicate to the General Superintendent their ideas in regard to place, time, subject matter and mode of procedure, at their earliest convenience, so that steps may be taken to carry the idea to a successful issue.

The following suggestions on the subject have been made already: 1. Two sessions should be held per day, for the period of two weeks, with class exercises and lectures on educational topics. 2. A committee on plan of work should be appointed. 3. Evening lectures should be given by leading public lecturers, active educators among the Latter-day Saints given the preference. 4. Special attention be given to methods of theological instructions as approved by the Church authorities. 5. The formation of a permanent organization of Latter-day Saint teachers, with offic-

ers for the ensuing year. 6. Adoption of general plans for high school, intermediate, and primary grades in our Church schools.

Religion Classes.—By kind invitation of Elder T. C. Griggs, Superintendent of Sunday Schools for Salt Lake Stake, the undersigned gave a class drill, with explanatory lecture on primary religion class work before the monthly Sunday school teachers' meeting, at the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms, Salt Lake City, Monday, January 20th, at 7:30 p.m.

A very satisfactory report from Elder Daniel T. Miller, Superintendent of Religion Classes of Cache Valley Stake has been received. It appears from this report that he is assisted by four assistants in his superintendency, that seventeen wards of that stake have classes organized, and that fifty-seven superintendents and instructors are laboring in religion class work in Cache Valley Stake. This is the proudest record that any stake of Zion has been able to make thus far in this direction.

By order of the General Church Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE POWER OF GOD MANIFESTED.

THE power of God to bring to pass His purposes and to fulfill His promises has been wonderfully illustrated by the events of the past few years. Who could have thought ten years ago, in viewing the condition and prospects of the Latter-day Saints, that such a remarkable change in public sentiment concerning them could have occurred within so short a period of time? To very many people, at that time, it seemed as though the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was doomed

to overthrow, and that its members would be compelled to either abandon their faith or become outlaws. Many friends of the Latter-day Saints thought this fate almost inevitable, for the feeling against them appeared to be so fixed and unrelenting that escape seemed impossible. Among other plans which were suggested and advocated to forever destroy the power and influence of the Latter-day Saints was that to disfranchise them—that is, to take away from them the right to vote, and to reduce them to the condition of Indians and Chinamen. Men who understood what the effect of this would be and were desirous to forever destroy the influence of the Mormon people urged the enactment of this measure. A man without a vote in this country is deprived, in one sense, of the chief attribute of manhood, and becomes debased and reduced to the condition of a slave. All his rights are at the mercy of others. And in the case of a community like ours the effect would be most disastrous and widespread. The franchise once taken away, and the people reduced to this helpless state, when could its restoration ever be looked for? It is much easier to lose rights than to gain them. It is much easier to contend and battle for them while in one's possession than to struggle to regain them when once they have been taken away. When a race or community, as for instance, the Indians and Chinese, have no vote, they have neither the power nor the influence which the negro race have; the latter can vote and this compels respect. The proposition, therefore, to disfranchise us was fraught with more danger to us and our future influence than any that has ever been made concerning us—excepting the proposition to kill us off.

Our God was exceedingly merciful to

us, and helped us ward off this threatened calamity. The retention of the franchise has been attended with many advantages. It is true, a great many unpleasant things have arisen in our midst through our division upon party lines; but storms of this character are much easier endured and the troubles that grow out of them much easier corrected than the evils that would follow the disfranchisement of the people. We now not only as men have the right to vote and to express our views concerning the government of our land, and whom we shall have to act as our officers and to enact our laws, but the women of our State also have the same right. There is a striking contrast between possessing these privileges and rights and the abject and dreadful condition the people of our religion would have been in had the franchise been taken from the men.

The deliverance that has been wrought out for us during these recent years ought to call forth the liveliest emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord; for there is no power but His that could have brought about such grand changes as we witness. The State of Utah has taken a wonderful stride in advance. There is no part of the United States which possesses greater interest or attracts more attention than does our own State, and the change in public sentiment concerning the Latter-day Saints and the qualities they possess is not the least remarkable among the many changes that have occurred. The example which the Saints have set in Utah is pointed to. It is quoted very favorably, and our methods are looked upon with favor. Many of the features of our management of affairs which in former days were condemned are now praised. Sufficient time has elapsed to

enable men to see the beneficent results which have followed their operation. This will continue to be the case if the Latter-day Saints do their duty.

We have advantages such as no other people possess. God has given unto us the truth. He has enlightened us by His Holy Spirit. He has taught us standards that are much higher than those which are accepted by the world at large. If we will live up to these standards we shall have an ideal condition of affairs in our country; our people will possess qualities that will extort admiration, because they will be qualities that mankind who desire excellence seek after. Already we have taught the world a good many things—lessons which many are showing greater willingness to accept. Not only is this the case in religious matters and doctrine, but it is also the case in business affairs. It is our mission—the work for which we have been chosen, for which we have been organized, and for which we have been preserved—to teach the world lessons of a higher, a purer and a better life and to work out a great revolution in the affairs of the children of men. The world greatly needs such lessons as we are capable of teaching it; and if we follow the guidance of Him who has chosen us, we shall be able to teach it these lessons, and set it examples that shall be more and more impressive.

How necessary is it, then, that having this high mission entrusted to us we should endeavor to discharge its duties in a manner that shall be acceptable unto the Lord and that will fulfill the destiny He has in view for us!

Our children should be taught to not live according to the traditions of the world nor after the fashion that their parents have been trained in, but to live a higher life, to have higher ideals of

life than those which prevail in the world, and to bring into their lives the elevating power and glorious tendencies of the principles of the Gospel. The Gospel is not a Sunday affair; it is not a theory; but it is entirely practical, when viewed aright and applied as the Lord intends it shall be. It is not an affair to be put on and off as we do our Sunday clothes; to be thought about only when we meet together for worship; but its principles ought to be embodied in our lives, in our daily practice, and children should be taught that this is the express purpose of the Gospel, and that this is the true way of living. No greater mission was ever entrusted to man than that which has been given to the Latter-day Saints; and God has shown His power in behalf of His Saints for the express purpose of accomplishing the great end He has in view. He has saved us repeatedly from the most threatening calamities; His care is constantly over us as a people, and He will continue His salvation unto us from this time forward until the end. But He will remove from His Church all that offend, all that are impure, and all that will not live according to the requirements which He makes.

AN INTERESTING COMMUNITY.

THE *Ile de Sein* is an island off the coast of France, a little more than a mile long and scarcely a quarter of a mile broad in its widest part; yet it supports a fixed population of about eight hundred. These depend for subsistence upon fishing, as the island is but little more than a bare rock. It is said that the annual value of the fishery amounts to about \$60,000, and the fishery has brought such prosperity to the islanders that there is now little or no poverty

among them. The principal fish caught are lobsters and cray-fish. Being so exposed and following such a hazardous occupation, a great many of the men are drowned and widows are quite numerous on the little island.

But the point that our attention is drawn to connected with these islanders is that they rarely marry with any people from the mainland. Girls on the mainland do not wish to submit to an existence which is little better than imprisonment on this small and dreary rock. The people have been in the habit of marrying almost exclusively among themselves for centuries. The natural consequence is that they are all more or less blood relations. They are really a population of cousins. Scarcely a marriage takes place without the Catholic Church having to give what is called a dispensation, so as to permit the blood relations to marry.

The opinion which prevails among physiologists and scientific men generally is that a race which marries as closely as this, and has continued to do so for centuries, must give evidence of physical and mental degradation. But it is said that such is not the case in this instance. These islanders are superior to all the fishing population that one sees in the neighboring ports, and are quite free from any tendency to deformity or idiocy. The beauty of the women contrasts wonderfully with the plainness of those of the neighboring mainland. It is said that they are noted for the straightness and delicacy of the nose, the prominence of the chin and the sensibility of the mouth. With these features there is often a certain porcelain-like whiteness of the skin combined with rosiness of cheek. Such delicacy of feature and tint, together with such refinement of expression, is so rare in women

accustomed from childhood to a hard life and much exposure to weather, that the visitor marvels to find it here upon this desolate rock. As age approaches, they frequently become handsome. These islanders rarely eat any animal food, except fish. The common drink is water or cider; water is precious for much of that which is used is brought from the mainland.

This description of these islanders is very interesting, because it comes in contact with the commonly received idea that intermarriage is attended with bad effects. Here is an illustration of the opposite effect. Doubtless these results are due to the healthiness of the people, the simplicity and correctness of their lives, and perhaps, to a very great extent, to the original stock being free from taint, physical or mental, of every kind. Intermarriage among people who have unhealthy tendencies, either physical or mental, is likely to be attended with very bad effects; but a pure race, possessing full mental and physical vigor, is not likely, by intermarriage, to degenerate into idiocy or deformity.

MANNER OF ORDAINING PRIESTS AND TEACHERS.

We are informed that some question has arisen in some of the Stakes as to the proper manner of ordaining priests or teachers. Some have referred to the manner of ordination which "the disciples who were called the elders of the church ordained priests and teachers" among the Nephites, as given in the Book of Mormon, and think that the form there given is not applicable to this dispensation, but that they should be ordained with greater fullness of language.

There certainly would be no harm in

adopting the form that is given in the Book of Mormon; neither would there be any harm, if the Spirit so led, in using greater fullness of language. If, however, the language used in the Book of Mormon was sufficient to ordain priests and teachers, and they were ordained "according to the gifts and callings of God unto men" and "by the power of the Holy Ghost which was in" the men who ordained them, in the days when the Lord had a church on the earth before, that language is certainly sufficient to convey the same authority at the present time.

Our readers will notice that the form which is given in administering the sacrament, in blessing the bread and in blessing the wine, is exactly the same that has been given to us by revelation in our day; and while we are not told that this form of ordination is to be followed by us in ordaining priests and teachers, the object in it being recorded as it is in the Book of Mormon was for our benefit, that we might see the manner in which ordinations were attended to in that day.

HOW THE TEN COMMANDMENTS WERE FIRST GIVEN.

A question has been asked by a theological class as to how the ten commandments were first given to the children of Israel at Mount Sinai. Some of the pupils believe they were given in the presence of the people, and they saw the face of the Lord and heard His words, while others think they did not hear the words, but only the sound of the trumpets, the thunderings and the great noise.

A close reading of the text leads to the conclusion that though the Lord had told Moses to make the people ready for

the third day when He would come down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai, when all the people heard the thunderings, and the noise of the trumpet, and saw the lightnings, and the mountain smoking, they were frightened, their faith failed them, and they removed and stood afar off, and they said unto Moses, "Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

We are asked, Is the Church of God and the Kingdom of God the same organization? and we are informed that some of the brethren hold that they are separate.

This is the correct view to take. The Kingdom of God is a separate organization from the Church of God. There may be men acting as officers in the Kingdom of God who will not be members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On this point the Prophet Joseph gave particular instructions before his death, and gave an example, which he asked the younger Elders who were present to always remember. It was to the effect that men might be chosen to officiate as members of the Kingdom of God who had no standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Kingdom of God when established will not be for the protection of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints alone, but for the protection of all men, whatever their religious views or opinions may be. Under its rule, no one will be permitted to overstep the proper bounds or to interfere with the rights of others.

The Editor.

No man is without his load of trouble.

A TYPICAL CASE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115.)

One day a stranger came to Bonnie Glen.

An Indian woman, with her sick papoose bound upon her back, a sturdy lad trudging by her side, and empty cages woven of the wild bamboo in her hands, came up from the populous city whither she had wandered on her annual pilgrimage, asking alms and selling mocking birds.

She stopped at the store, and Simonton gave her hard tack and bologna, while the villagers gathered curiously around her. She called at the house of Boggs, the cobbler-preacher, and Miss Elmira Boggs, his only child and the apple of his eye, presented her with her last winter's cloak and a bundle of tracts. She strolled up to the schoolhouse, and the children clustered about her, trying to make out her funny patois, peeping at the papoose, and urging the sullen featured boy to join in their frolics. Mrs. Frazer, meeting her by the roadside, unbent to inquire what price mocking birds had brought that season, half promising to buy one from her the next year. Footsore and weary, she stopped at the blacksmith's gate, and kind-hearted Mrs. Staples invited her in to rest and gave her food for herself and her little ones, and a worn blanket in which to wrap the sick baby. Staples coming upon her in the midst of these ministrations, abetted her weakness by leading the pilgrims to comfortable quarters for the night in his great barn loft, filled with hay.

Next morning the six Staples' boys, hovering over their guests with youthful zest for the weird and outlandish, reported the woman too sick to leave her bed on the hay, and more provisions were carried up to the loft by the young

philanthropists. Day after day passed and still the squaw and her babe lay helpless, while her boy played with the children of Bonnie Glen by day and crawled to his mother's side at night.

At length the blacksmith climbed up to the loft one day and came down with a blanched face.

"My heavens, Annie!" he groaned. "Why didn't we think of the smallpox raging down at——" naming the city whence the wanderer had come. "And there's Robbie ailing all day, and Ned complaining. Oh, Annie, if I should lose you or the boys!"

A fleet messenger was dispatched to Norwood, the nearest available medical adviser, who promptly came. He declared the disease smallpox of a malignant type.

The Indian baby died that night and was buried before dawn. At daybreak Robbie was in a raging fever, and two of his brothers were coming down with a violent type of the malady. A day later reports of other victims began to come in. Miss Elmira Boggs was very ill. Frazer was ailing. One of Simon-ton's daughters had taken to her bed. Several school children living up a distant gulch had been attacked.

School was at once suspended and Mary joined the parents in caring for their sick brood. A messenger was sent to the next settlement below, a brisk little town a dozen miles away, the dwelling-place of the old doctor whom it had been customary to summon to Bonnie Glen in case of accident or emergency, for it had been the boast of her inhabitants that disease had never obtained any foothold there. The old doctor declined to neglect his regular practice and plunge into the thick of a struggle with a deadly disease, of which he might carry back the infection.

In this extremity all turned to Norwood, and he rose to the cry as a soldier answers the bugle call. If he thought of himself at all, it was with the reflection that it was good to find so worthy a cause to which to dedicate his little remnant of life.

Day and night the young doctor traveled up and down the Glen, answering every call, giving his best skill to every patient. When he slept, it was lying on a lounge, fully clothed, or sitting by some patient the crisis in whose disease he awaited. When he ate he joined in the hastily prepared family meal of some panic-stricken home, or accepted a cup of coffee pressed upon him at the door of some sick room.

Each of Staples' sturdy boys sickened and passed through a phase of the disease that in its violence seemed proportioned to their own vigorous constitutions. Mary shared the parents' anxiety and joined their rejoicing when the doctor pronounced the last of the six out of danger and on the highroad to recovery.

"Where is help most needed?" she asked Norwood simply, when she saw that she could be spared from this happy household.

"Everywhere. At Frazer's most of all," he promptly answered. "Frazer had a mild attack and is pretty well over it, but his head doesn't seem exactly right. His wife is badly off, and he isn't fit to take care of her."

Mary did not go up to Frazer's without some mild remonstrance from her friends, but she held steadily to her duty. She found the sick woman, lying in an untidy room, berating her husband's poor housekeeping, and groaning over the unskimmed milk in the dairy and the setting hens that Frazer would be sure to get mixed up when it came

to feeding and getting them back on their nests. She stared at Mary, mutteringly accepted her attentions, but when the girl had bathed her, combed out her tangled hair and put clean linen on her, the woman put her hands over her poor disfigured face, its harsh lines grotesquely distorted by the eruption that covered it, and shed weak tears.

Her cheerful young nurse took no notice of this demonstration, but prepared wholesome and appetizing food for her, skimmed the cream and induced Mr. Frazer to churn the butter, and saw that Mrs. Biddy No. 6, who had been set the week before, did not gain possession of the nest of Mrs. Biddy No. 1, whose chicks were peeping in the shell.

She restored order in the demoralized kitchen and cheered the spirits and recalled the wandering wits of poor Mr. Frazer with her blithe voice and smile.

A week later, with the blessings of a soured old woman on her head, she returned to the settlement, and joined Norwood in his work there.

Miss Elmira Boggs was dying. Over her hung her father, wringing his hands and helplessly crying out in his despair. The dying girl watched him with curiously strained eyes. All day she had been lying still and thoughtful, occasionally startling the neighbors with questions which caused them to shake their heads sadly and declare "poor Miss Elmiry was out of her head."

She directed one of these inquiries to her father:

"It's all dark ahead, pa. How do you know there is light beyond? Are you sure—sure?"

The old man dropped on his knees, burying his face in the bed-clothes.

"Don't talk so, Elmiry. Have faith, deary—faith in your Savior."

"But—are you sure, pa? Or is it all a guess? One doesn't want to trust to guesses when—they sail on unknown waters. Do you *know* there is a God?"

The girl's voice had risen to a shrill cry of terror. Boggs, dumb and unanswering, pressed his hands to his ears to shut it out. Norwood, who had entered unheard, and was standing in the open door, came quietly forward and took the girl's hand, meeting her strained vision with calm, commanding eyes.

"Yes, Elmira, we know. Know by His constant deeds of love and mercy. This beautiful world of His creation is a constant testimony of His love, and a promise we can trust that beyond the shadows a more beautiful world and a higher life is waiting. Trust to His word. 'The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.'"

Slowly he repeated the words of that most comforting of Psalms, the dying girl clinging to his hand. As he finished, she relaxed her hold, and he bent and reverently crossed her hands upon her breast.

Little Mrs. Staples, having seen all her family through the plague, herself came down with a mild attack of varioloid, and was faithfully nursed through it by Mary, while Staples stood guard over his young army of peevish convalescents.

"You seem to lead a charmed existence, Miss Wentworth," her latest patient said one day when she was able to be about again, gratefully pressing the girl's small hand which had done such generous service. "No one has been exposed like you, shut up for days at a time with people in every stage of the disease. Yet you do not take it."

"Don't flatter me, Mrs. Staples. There seems something selfish in my

perfect health, when all around me are suffering."

"God has given you strength in time of need, my daughter," said a deep, rich voice.

In the doorway stood a stalwart figure in the coarse garb of the Franciscan order; and with the martial bearing of a soldier of the Lord.

"It is Father Joaquin! Padre Joaquin!" shouted the boys, surrounding him, a rejoicing group. The blacksmith and his wife re-echoed the cry.

In a distant Franciscan mission Father Joaquin had heard of the single-handed fight one man was waging with death and disease in this isolated spot, and he had traveled day and night over the rough mountain trails to lend him aid.

He gravely listened to their account of the ravages of the pest, and of the young doctor's heroic devotion to the people. He shook his head as they finished.

"I have come none too soon," he said.

The door opened and Norwood entered. He did not seem to see the faces around him, but groped his way to a chair like one stricken with sudden blindness, pressing his hands to his temples.

"I am tired—deathly tired!" he said.

Mary knelt at his feet, chafing his cold hands. Mrs. Staples held to his lips a stimulating drink, but he turned away his head repeating the same monotonous plaint:

"Only tired—so deathly tired!"

Padre Joaquin observed the scene in silence for a time; then he lifted the fainting man in his own strong arms and bore him to the bed in the dainty, white-draped room Mary had occupied. It was Father Joaquin who persuaded

him to take a soothing draught, and who worked over him until midnight saw the sufferer sink into an uneasy slumber. And Padre Joaquin repeated to himself his own words spoken but a little time before:

"I have come none too soon—none too soon!"

Norwood slept but an hour. He awoke raving in delirium, and then began the sharp struggle a system so long in the grasp of a mortal malady was about to wage with another and a fiercer foe.

"The doctor is down!"

Like wildfire the news flew through the settlement. Even hearts that had lately suffered the bitter woe of parting with their own felt the strain of suspense that ruled the Glen, with the knowledge that this staunch friend who had so fearlessly stood by them in the thick of the battle, who had endeared himself to all by sympathy and faithful service and skill so freely given, was prostrated with disease contracted in their service, with the certainty that it would go hard with him.

All hearts seemed to hang upon the tidings from his sickroom. Men and women gathered at the gate, and waited for the word brought by still messengers who ventured nearer. They journeyed to the white cottage as to a shrine. It sheltered one who had been willing to lay down his life for them, and who had not counted the cost.

In the darkened room something more than a battle for life was being waged. The story of a soul was being unfolded.

In the grasp of fever, wild with delirium, the seal that Norwood had set on his lips was broken. In rambling phrases and disjointed cries that racked the hearts of his hearers, he revealed his melancholy past. They became ac-

quainted with the soaring ambitions of his youth, the nobler aims of manhood. They learned the silent agony he had endured when the cup of life, filled to the brim, was snatched from his lips; the bitter despair that had never been outwardly revealed, the young man's hopeless rebellion, his final resignation to fate.

Sometimes consciousness returned for a brief interval, and he recognized a face that was always near him; but oftenest, when his pitiful cry for "Mary!" rent his watcher's heart, and she placed her hand soothingly upon his head, he would view her with blank, uncomprehending eyes, or weakly endeavor to push her away, repeating his appealing cry:

"Mary! don't leave me, Mary! Keep close to me so long as I am here. Let your face be the last on which my eyes close."

Interrupted by moans and sighs, this refrain was constantly on his lips.

For eleven days the fever ebbed and flowed in his veins. For eleven days such of the people as were able to drag themselves along the roads or could be spared from sick-rooms, made constant pilgrimage to Staples' cottage. As every day made evident the fatal progress of the disease, a deep depression settled upon Bonnie Glen. Only a few rebelled against the inevitable, or dared to hope for the miraculous.

"He's got to live!" protested Boggs. "We can't spare him."

Padre Joaquin, who came and went in his ministrations among the sick, placed his hand on Mary's head as he entered the sick-room this eleventh day, and the look of high courage on his saintly old face was inspiration and strength.

"Be brave, my daughter! I have faith

that the Lord will yet give him back to us. Humanity needs such souls as Norwood's."

But when the priest had looked upon the still figure lying wrapped in the dread lethargy that precedes death, he whispered a prayer over him, and left the room with a murmured blessing.

Mary Wentworth sat motionless beside the bed, her hands clasped on the coverlet, all her soul going out to that kindred spirit, so dear to her, unconsciously making ready for its last, lone journey. Once Mrs. Staples came and placed her arms around the girl.

"Oh, my dear, don't look like that! Don't give up! He must live—live for your sake. Do go and lie down, Miss Wentworth. You have not tasted food or closed your eyes for more than twenty-four hours. We will call you if there is the least change."

But the girl shook her head in mournful negation, imploring to be left alone in her grief and desolation.

Mary lost all count of time. She was conscious that night went by, and dawn came, with a flutter of wings and a musical twitter outside the open window. And at length there was a stir, a movement of the still form. Norwood's eyes opened and rested on her with an unfathomable look, and he faintly murmured:

"Mary—your face—the last."

She could not speak. She could only reach out her hand, her strong, shapely hand, through whose veins pulsed an abounding vitality, and place it in his, wasted and feverish, which closed tightly upon it, while his eyes, smiling a dreamy content, again closed.

Her heart was well nigh bursting. A lifetime of agony and renunciation seemed compressed into the next few moments. Was this to be the last?

Were life, and hope, and all that made life dear, fading from her with that last look and handclasp? She bowed her head in anguish, and prayed for strength to bear—merely to be able to bear.

What was it that caused her to lift her face and look so intently at the sufferer? The hand she held—the hot, dry hand he had held out to her—had suddenly grown moist and natural. She bent over him and listened. He was breathing as sweetly and softly as a child. Eagerly she watched and waited, and doubt gave place to hope, and hope yielded to blessed certainty.

Then a great drowsiness overcame her. Scarcely daring to breath or stir, still clasping the wasted hand, she softly lowered her head until it rested on the edge of his pillow. Mrs. Staples, cautiously entering the room a little later, found her resting there, while Norwood slumbered peacefully on.

One afternoon in June they started out for their first walk together since he rose from his bed of sickness.

It seemed as if all Bonnie Glen turned out to greet them as they passed. Delighted children ran to meet them, their hands filled with flowers. Men and women, still wan from sickness, reached their hands over their low gates to press the young doctor's in their own, and moist eyes made eloquent clumsy words of gratitude. Neighbor exchanged meaning glance with neighbor, from hearts overflowing with love and thankfulness, as they looked after the young couple.

They turned their faces towards the hills, and stopped to rest on a charming bench of land overlooking the entire Glen. Near at hand was a crumbling house, and around them were tall olive trees, a few neglected lemon and orange trees, a dilapidated grape arbor, and a

wayward tangle of Castilian roses, sweet with bloom, the ruins of an old Spanish garden.

Norwood looked long at the picturesque little settlement, once so hateful to him, now grown so strangely dear. Each lichen-grown roof sheltered hearts joined to his own in the close bond that only loving service, fræly given and accepted, can forge.

He led the girl to a seat beside an old sun-dial. She observed that he was strangely grave and pre-occupied.

"Mary," he said, "I've come to a different conclusion about my case. All the doctors were wrong, or the type has changed. The case is one of the slow sort, after all. It's going to be like Saffron's."

The girl's face was turned away from him. Could he have seen it, he might have been surprised, or even aggrieved, at the odd smile that gathered there.

"This makes it necessary for me to revise all my plans," Norwood went on seriously. "Of course no one can tell how long this new lease of life is going to run, but I certainly cannot afford to spend it in idleness. It would not be wise to attempt living in any lower altitude. What is more, I would not be willing to live anywhere else but in Bonnie Glen."

Mary nodded her head approvingly. She seemed waiting to hear the rest.

"It would be useless to think of depending upon my profession up here. The people are not able to pay doctor's bills, and it's only on rare occasions that they need medical advice. But I must have occupation. Now this piece of land on which we are standing is owned by Staples. There are twenty acres of it. The soil is excellent; frost never touches it, and there is any amount of water. He offers it to me at

an absurdly low price. A little cabin of three or four rooms would make capital bachelor quarters, with the old adobe as a picturesque adjunct. And I might possibly cultivate it to some small profit. What do you think about it, Mary?"

"Think!" exclaimed Mary Wentworth, with animation, "I think the idea admirable. You will make a lovely home, surrounded by vines, and flowers, and fruits. You can lead an idyllic pastoral life, raising early spring vegetables and fruits for the city market. It will be so tranquil, apart from the low ambitions and groveling cares, and the hurry and unrest of the world. You will practice a little among the health-seekers that the salubrious climate of the Vernal Hills will bring in greater and greater numbers every year; but for the most part you will be occupied in mending the broken limbs of Mr. Staples' adventurous lads, now and then ushering a new soul into the world, or easing the departure of the old and weary. And thus your life will flow on, evenly and happily, while you are more and more beloved and revered by these honest people."

"You draw a glowing picture, Mary."

"I might make it more glowing. Your financial prospects may be more brilliant than you think. Now and then your brother physicians in the city will send rich patients up here, and you will have some large fees. And you cannot spend your money up here, sir. It costs next to nothing to live, when you have your own little garden. No Germans, no operas, no coaching bills or livery hire, or tailor's bills, or squandering your substance upon bouquets or confections for pretty girls! Your cabin will soon grow into a house with an ell, and your house into a castle where you will dwell in solitary grandeur. But

sometimes, when you are roaming the hills, you will come across a little plant, alien to this region, and you will send it up to San Francisco, for me to put it in my herbarium."

He was appalled to find that she did not include herself in this new scheme of life. Indifferently as Norwood had faced death in its most hideous form, submissive as he had grown to the dismal fate which had so long overhung him, he had never been able to face the thought that some day he would have to say good-by to this sweet companion who must leave him to go back to the great world, to find new joys, new interests, new hopes and cares.

"Mary, I cannot live without you!"

"Why should you?" said Mary Wentworth very simply; and then she covered her crimsoning face with her hands, appalled at her own boldness.

Like a man thirsting in a wilderness, who turns away from the spring that would strengthen and refresh him, Norwood resolutely put from him the hope her words suggested. There had been enough of genuine possibility in her forecast of his future to fire him with new ambition. Yet after all this was merely a castle in Spain, and what man dare ask the woman he loves to climb its insecure foundations and share in the possible ruin when it should topple down upon them, as castles in Spain have a fashion of doing? And then there was his malady, checked a little, but still a potent evil, an evil that might be handed down to coming generations, as it had been handed down to him.

"Mary, I dare not. Don't you understand? How can I ask you to share the curse that rests on me? Don't you know that my doom is only deferred? If

it is to be reached by slow stages, so much drearier the journey."

Then Mary Wentworth, staid, thoughtful Mary Wentworth, took a very unexpected and astonishing step. She came directly to the young doctor, and she placed her hand on his arm, as one who had a right to do so; and she laid her cheek upon it, and looked up into his face with arch, glad, tantalizing eyes.

"Dr. Norwood, where is your cough?" she said.

Confused and amazed by this extraordinary challenge, Norwood coughed, a shallow, artificial semblance of a cough, which plainly had no excuse for being. He remembered a brief conversation with Staples that morning, as they stood looking out, on the western hills, glorified by the rising sun. He had said thoughtfully:

"It's a good place to die in." And Staples, turning upon him with what had seemed to Norwood unnecessary ferocity, had opposed him with an emphatic:

"It's a better place to live in!"

He looked down into the sweet face on his arm, suddenly grown very solemn, and into the deep eyes where unshed tears gathered, and the scales fell from his own. For the first time he realized what every one in Bonnie Glen had long since discovered; and which had been for days the subject of general rejoicing.

In his own case one of the rare miracles of nature had been accomplished. A fierce and deadly disease, burning its course through his system, already purified and strengthened by life in the clear mountain atmosphere, had scourged from his body the last vestiges of hereditary malady.

A human soul, recalled to life and hope from the extremity of despair, is

like one long prisoned in darkness, whose eyes shrink from their first contact with sunlight. The proud man who had defiantly looked death in the face and had gone to his doom with a laugh and jest, realized that he stood, free and untrammelled, on the threshold of a useful manhood; he saw the holy, happy light in the face of the woman he loved, and he gathered her to his breast with a sob.

Six years later a national medical association met in San Francisco. Elliott, president of the State Society, called the attention of one of the eastern delegates to a handsome man, in the vigor of manhood, who was entering the room with a lady on his arm.

"There's a case that will interest you, doctor. It is Norwood, head of the Sanitarium up in the Vernal Hills. He went up there, a dead man, half a dozen years ago. Look at him now. He's a living exponent of what the climate can do."

An old physician, Leonard, a man of whom the profession has never taken much account, was standing near and overheard this remark. He followed the direction of their eyes, and noted what they did not see, a look interchanged between husband and wife, their expression of perfect harmony and happiness, and he murmured a dissenting opinion that the others did not heed:

"I don't know. I believe it was the woman."

Flora Haines Loughead.

No man should ever be ashamed to own he was in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

A BLESSED NEW YEAR.

THE old Babbage house had a tennant at last. There could be no mistake this time, for a wagon load of furniture stood outside the gate and Winnie watched them carry every piece of it into the house.

"The people have took the house really, mamma," she said as her mother came in from the barn, where she had been feeding the cow.

"I guess they ain't rented it," said Mrs. Driggs skeptically. "I fancy they're just looking at it. That's about all most people want to do with the Babbage house. They wouldn't take it as a gift any morn'n I would, let alone renting it."

"But they're moving in truly," asserted Winnie timidly. "There's one load moved into the house, and here comes another."

Winnie did not dispute her mother's word without cause, for she knew too well that to oppose meant to bring the element of contention in her mother's nature into violent exercise and she usually chose to keep silent even when in the right, than to endure the unpleasant results.

Her mother came to the window and looked out. Surely enough, there were two men unloading a wagon of furniture and carrying it into the old house.

"Well, I declare, if it don't beat all!" said Widow Driggs. "To think of anybody moving into that ramshackle old Babbage house! It's safe to say they can't be much, to take up with that place. You could tell that by their furniture anyway. It looks awful poverty-struck."

Winnie thought of their own poor abode, with its meagre furnishings, but did not say anything. She had become used to the disparaging tone with which

her mother was wont to comment on her neighbors, and though it jarred upon her sweet, wholesome nature, she had learned to keep silent with regard to this, as with other things that kept the atmosphere of her home tinged with unhappiness. Her thoughts were at present diverted suddenly into another channel by the sight of someone coming down the street.

"It's the lady we saw there yesterday," Winnie said, as a dark robed little woman appeared in view, "and, oh, mamma," she continued excitedly, "there's a little boy and girl with her this time, too."

"I hope to the land sakes they don't belong to the family," said Mrs. Driggs, petulantly. "It'll be bad enough having such close neighbors without anything worse. There's bound to be running back and forth where there's young ones 'n I expect they won't wait to get settled till they'll be coming here all the time. I might as well set my foot down first as last if they do belong there," she continued, "and that is, that I ain't going to have any thick neighboring, and if they start it I'll put a stop to it the first thing. You see that you keep your own side of the hedge," she said sharply to Winnie, "and then they won't have anything for an excuse to commence running here." She turned and went into the kitchen as she ended, leaving Winnie alone by the window. The child as usual had no reply for her mother's tirade, but the bright look that lit her face for a moment had gone, leaving the sad and patient expression there that made her look old and unchildlike.

The fact that they were to have near neighbors had brought a glow of comfort and gladness to her heart, and then the thought that there were children

who perhaps might be companions for her at times, had seemed to promise a coming gleam of sunshine in her lonely life. Then in the space of a moment all chance of the glad hope being realized, was crushed out by her mother's interdict. There had been few things to cheer or gladden Winnie's young life. Ever since she could remember, she and her mother had lived by themselves, without any intercourse to speak of with other people, those who had shown themselves disposed to be friendly and neighborly having been chilled into "keeping their distance" by Mrs. Driggs' forbidding attitude. True, they lived some distance out from the village, and had no nearer neighbors than a mile or so away; but even when people came that far to show their friendliness by bringing Winnie some dainty or toy, the widow had repulsed them in a way that had made them loath to come again. Some charitable ones made excuse for her on the score of her past trials, which in fact had been truly severe.

Reared in comfortable circumstances she had married a man who had considerable property, and they had lived surrounded by comfort if not luxury, until five years since, when they had lost all of the property they jointly owned, in the disastrous period of the boom. A few months after the final crash came in which they gave up even the roof which sheltered them—her husband died, leaving her dependent upon her own effort for a livelihood, and as her former life had not fitted her for the new experiences which came to her, she had drifted into a rebellious and hard frame of mind, constantly repining at fate—blaming the world for her misfortunes and growing to cherish towards mankind in general, a fretful and uncharitable spirit,

which kept from her that best of all blessings, the companionship and sympathy of her fellow-creatures.

Finally, as a crown to her misfortunes had befallen the accident to Winnie which had made the child a helpless sufferer during the past four years, and which the doctors said, must end in making her a cripple for life. Surely a list of cruel misfortunes—and there were many who repeated them in excuse for the widow's eccentricities.

"Such trouble is bound to make one sour," some said.

"I've seen people that worse trials have made sweet," another replied, to whom this remark was made. "No one goes scott free from trouble in this world, and the pith of the mystery lies in the way one bears his allotted share. Look at that little Mrs. Dudley. She's been through the same thing as the Driggs woman. Money and home lost—her husband a helpless invalid for three years, and now dead, and she left to support herself and two little children. But my conscience, look at the difference! You can't go near that cheery souled little woman without getting help from the influence of her brave, sweet spirit, and the other—why look here I happen to know that Mrs. Driggs was given the Babbage house a year ago to live in free of charge, but it wasn't good enough, and she's letting the county pay her rent for her out of the poor fund, because she wanted a little better house to live in.

"Now she's lived there for a year and let the place run down till it all looks worse than the Babbage house. Last month old John Tate gave her a cow so that she could make a little money selling milk, and the last thing I heard was that she is grumbling now because she's got the trouble of taking care of

the cow. I'm inclined to be charitable where there's a chance for it, according to my notion, but charity's pretty much wasted on a nature like Widow Driggs. Last week the Bishop of her ward sent her five bushels of his best potatoes to last her for the winter, and yesterday I heard she'd told it around where she goes to sell milk, that the Bishop had picked out all the rotten potatoes in his cellar and brought 'em round to her for a present. Now I helped to load those potatoes myself, and drove 'em down to her, and I can give you my word, there wasn't a better lot of potatoes in a millionaire's house than the five bushels that were given to her. But that's the kind of gratitude she shows always; and I can tell you I've found it hard work making excuses for her."

This was the comment made by people who knew Ann Driggs best, and in four years she had spent in Millston she had become but too well known to many.

What comment the people might make upon her the woman cared little. Self contained and independent—growing constantly more bitter from the belief that she had been specially picked upon for misfortunes, she had come to the comfortable conclusion that the world owed her a living, and cared little in which way it came, so that she had it. There was but one soft spot in her embittered and unhappy heart, and that was for her child; though even here her nature had become too selfish to see clearly enough to act for Winnie's welfare—her own hardness poisoning what little remained to the child of happiness by keeping her spirit disturbed continually by her unwholesome atmosphere of discontent. Fortunately, there was a sweet sunshiny soul in the

maimed little body that kept itself untainted from the unhappy influence that was about—but that the effect was felt in other ways was evidenced by the sorrowful look in the soft brown eyes, and in the half-fearful expression that showed itself continually in her countenance. Physical suffering is not the keenest evil even with children, and could the child have put into words an expression of her unconscious thought she would gladly have borne double the pain caused by the bent spine, to have had as recompense an atmosphere of peace and love surrounding her.

Often she looked at the house opposite where the two Dudley children played happily in the sunshine—longing to join with them in their games, or even to sit near where she might watch and sometimes speak to them. But though the children had two or three times made advances to the sweet-faced little girl watching them with sad and longing eyes from the doorway or windows opposite, Mrs. Driggs' repellant manner soon kept them from coming near. It was something to have someone so near though, after the long time they had dwelt alone; and Winnie took joy in watching them as they played in the yard or on the sidewalk, rejoicing in the thought of their close neighborhood. Such a change as there was in the Babbage house, too. People hardly recognized it for the shabby and poverty stricken abode that had been the eyesore of the locality for so many years.

Hardly had the Dudleys become settled in their home than the place began to take on new aspects. Day by day a little figure robed in a calico wrapper, and with white towel for head-gear appeared outside the house armed with whitewash brush and step-ladder, and in a few days the dingy walls were

transformed from gray to a pretty warm tinted chocolate color; then the porch and shutters gradually changed their dirty slate shade, to a hue in harmony with the tint of the walls, until finally when the deft work of the painstaking and clever little woman was finished, the "old Babbage house" was completely metamorphosed, having been changed by the magic stroke of the paint and whitewash wands into a cosy-looking modern cottage—the admiration if not the envy of half the people in Millston.

Across the way Mrs. Driggs had watched the improvements going on with the same sarcastic comment that she had indulged in at the expense of its slovenly appearance before the coming of the Dudley's. Nothing in fact could come amiss to the widow in this regard—her talent for fault-finding and censure, lifting her above the commonplace level of consistency. To Winnie, however, the change had been always a delight; the view of the pretty house with its neat surroundings offering a sort of diversion from the dreary aspect of her own home. Doomed by her infirmity to be closely confined to the house, even little details were wont to impress and affect her spirits, hence she found pleasure in sitting at the window watching the cheery little cottage opposite and trying to imagine something of the life and occupation of the home-circle inside; and so saw the bright sunshine and warmth of the glorious autumn fade, and the chill winter days set in with a sense of absolute loss at thought that the doors of the house must shut from her sight the plays and pastimes of the two happy children.

* * * * *

It was Christmas morning. Snow was falling, and the clouds heavily charged with vapor, hung dark and low, making

the day dull and cheerless, save in homes where warm hearth-fires and abundance of good cheer made sunshine of themselves in people's hearts.

In one home, though, this latter element was sadly lacking. Alone together in the cheerless kitchen of their little cottage, Mrs. Driggs and Winnie sat at breakfast, both silent, and each with her face saddened with unpleasant thoughts.

Winnie herself, so far as personal feelings were concerned, would have been full of happiness and rejoicing, had it not been for her mother's mournful countenance and manner. The latter had made her the gift of a book, and in this the child would have found sufficient content and joy for the day; but she knew from the look in her mother's face that it was one of those worst of days—when unhappy memories were flooding her heart with unusual bitterness, and the thought took all the pleasure and gladness from her own cheery spirit.

Even the censures and faultfindings and scornful tirades were less hard for her to endure than this gloomy silence—for Winnie knew that a real sorrow and heartache were the cause of this, and her own tender heart throbbed in sympathy, though she could not sense the meaning of her mother's dispondency. Memories of better days of youth or childhood perhaps, when life had promised something brighter and worthier than her present starved and narrow existence, came to the woman now and then, giving her a glimpse of the absolute emptiness of her life, and filling her with a sort of hopeless sorrow and rebellion. The mood was on her this morning, and though Winnie tried in various ways to arouse her interest and waken her into something like cheerfulness, it had all proved in

vain, and the child relapsed at last into a silence as gloomy almost, and hopeless as her mother's. How different it was over there in the Dudley house, Winnie thought. Having waked early herself in anticipation of the day, she had seen a light lit there at daybreak and looking from her own window, had seen through the open blinds, the two Dudley children moving gaily about, and had even caught snatches of laughter and joyous talk in the stillness of the country morning. How happy they must be with their mother hovering near all smiling and joyful—joining blithely in the children's happiness almost as much a child as themselves. Winnie sighed as she pictured the gait and joy so near at hand, and in which she could have no part.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

OF all the gifts which Providence has bestowed on the Oriental world, the cocoa-nut tree most deserves our notice: in this single production of nature, what blessings are conveyed to man! It grows a stately column, from thirty to fifty feet in height, crowned by a verdant capital of waving branches, covered with long spiral leaves; under this foliage, branches of blossoms, clusters of green fruit, and others arrived at maturity, appear in mingled beauty. The trunk, though porous, furnishes beams and rafters for our habitations; and the leaves, when platted together, make an excellent thatch, common umbrellas, coarse mats for the floor, and brooms; while their finest fibres are woven into very beautiful mats for the rich. The covering of the young fruit is extremely curious, resembling a piece of thick cloth, in a conical form, close and firm as it came

from the loom; it expands after the fruit has burst through its inclosure, and then appears of a coarser texture. The nuts contain a delicious milk, and a kernel sweet as the almond: this, when dried, affords abundance of oil; and when that is expressed, the remains feed cattle and poultry, and make good manure. The shell of the nut furnishes cups, ladles, and other domestic utensils, while the husk which incloses it is of the utmost importance; it is manufactured into ropes and cordage of every kind, from the smallest twine to the largest cable, which are far more durable than those of hemp. In the Nicobar islands, the natives build their vessels, make the sails and cordage, supply them with provisions and necessaries, and provide a cargo of arrack, vinegar, oil, gagpree or coarse sugar, cocoa nuts, coir, cordage, black paint, and several inferior articles, for foreign markets, entirely from this tree.

Many of the trees are not permitted to bear fruit; but the embryo bud, from which the blossoms and nuts would spring, is tied up, to prevent its expansion; and a small incision being then made at the end, there oozes in gentle drops a cool, pleasant liquor, called Trace, or Toddy, the palm wine of the poets. This, when first drawn, is cooling and salutary; but when fermented and distilled, produces an intoxicating spirit. Thus, a plantation of cocoa-nut trees yields the proprietor considerable profits, and generally forms part of the government revenue.

No man who does not choose, enter into and walk in some narrow way of life, will ever have any moral character, any clearness of purpose, any wisdom of intelligence, or any tenderness or strength of heart.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Story of a Tiger.

SEEING SO many stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR written by the young folks, I thought I would try to write a story of a tiger in a Hindoo temple. My cousin, who has been to India, related it to me.

In one of the remotest districts of upper India there lies a ruined village. No doubt there are many such, but it is of one in particular I want to tell you, because this one was haunted by a tiger. That tiger was not an ordinary beast of prey, pouncing upon cattle and fourfooted animals, but it was a man-eating tiger. This deserted village was a weird and dreary spot. The river on whose banks it stood had so often flooded the country round that the inmates had at last abandoned it and moved elsewhere. The huts they left were falling to pieces, and the water tanks were half filled up with mud, while a dense mass of plants and creepers tangled together, choked everything and made a passage through them almost impossible.

Through the foliage the grey, cracked roof of a heathen temple might be seen, but no worshipers ever found their way there now. And this spot of ruin and decay was supposed to be the abode of a fierce and cruel tiger, the dread of all the villages around.

Some English hunters heard of it and, keen after sport, were delighted with the thought of a tiger hunt. So they mounted their elephants and hunted with a good will, but all seemed in vain. "Old Stripes," as they called him, was not anywhere to be seen.

At last one of the party saw the marks

of a tiger's claw on the bark of a tree. You know your kitten sharpens its nails against a tree, and the tiger, who is only a large cat, does the same thing. Two of the hunters, who were brothers, got down from their elephants to explore farther. The elder was brave and enterprising, though somewhat rash, or he would never have dashed into the thicket as he did. When he was in, he hated to go on, but he thought he would like to see the ruined temple and go inside. So, shouting for his brother to come, he worked his way through the dense foliage.

He at last reached the crumbling steps, and peered into the haunted temple. It was a lonely and strange place, and the hunter wished himself out of it but he suddenly saw two bright things shine like jewels; he thought they were jewels, for he often heard that the natives adorned their temples with them. So, shouting once more to his brother to bring a light, he turned to feel his way towards the supposed jewels. Presently the sportsman found that he alone was cooped up, face to face with a man-eating tiger, just about to spring upon him. With presence of mind, he laid flat on his face, and the tiger bounded over him, and then fled round and round the interior of the building. In a few moments the tiger settled down in one of the corners of the temple.

The man knew he was in prison and that now or never was his chance of life. He raised himself and drew his pistol. What light there was showed him the tiger's head as he crouched in the corner, and he took aim and fired. The walls gave back the report in prolonged echoes, but there was no sound from the tiger. The bullet had gone into its brain, the man-eater was dead and the hunter was delivered from a horrible death.

III. III.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON I.—THE GOSPEL.

IN this lesson we will endeavor to learn something concerning the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I fancy I hear some one ask:

"What is the Gospel?"

The Gospel, my dear young friends, is a series of principles and ordinances, or rites to be performed, which our Heavenly Father has given to save His children and make them happy forever.

The Lord has promised great blessings to all those who believe and obey the Gospel; but those who do not obey the Gospel, after they have heard it, the Lord has said He will punish, and will not suffer them to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

It is very important that you, my young brothers and sisters, should understand the first principles of the Gospel, for the Lord expects that, when children arrive at the age of eight years, they will be prepared to obey them; that is, they will be ready to receive the ordinances of baptism and confirmation or laying on of hands. By these ordinances they will be made members of the Church of Christ, and receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, which will fill their souls with joy, and give them a testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that they have done His will in obeying the Gospel as He has commanded.

Now, there are many churches in the land, and many forms of religious worship; but with God there is but *one* true Church, and *one* true religion. That Church is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the one true religion spoken of is the Gospel of the Son of God: the same Gospel that was preached by Jesus and His apostles when they were upon the earth.

The Savior taught that there is but one way, but one gate, leading to the celestial kingdom of God. Hear His words:

"Enter ye in at the *straight gate*: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.

"Because straight is *the gate* and narrow is *the way* which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matthew vii: 13-14.)

Again he says:

"I am *the way*, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

The Apostle Paul taught the same doctrine. He says:

"There is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling;

"*One Lord, one faith, one baptism.*" (Ephesians iv: 4-5.)

And in writing to the Galatian saints the same apostle says:

"But though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you, let him be accursed." (Gal. i: 8.)

Besides, it is not reasonable to suppose that God would have more than *one* true Church and *one* true Gospel. To do so would only be to cause discord and confusion among His children, and God is not the author of confusion, but of peace and love.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only Church upon the earth which teaches the true and everlasting Gospel. The Church received it from the Prophet Joseph Smith, to whom it was revealed by a holy angel. The restoration of the Gospel by an angel was simply a fulfillment of the predictions or prophecies of the ancient prophets. The Apostle John, while a prisoner upon the Isle of Patmos, for

the testimony of Jesus, was given a most glorious vision by the Lord. In this vision he beheld many things which were to transpire or happen in the last days, and among these he says:

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

"Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water." (Rev. xiv. 6-7.)

The angel seen by John in his vision, was none other than the angel Moroni. On the 22nd day of September, 1827, this angel delivered to Joseph Smith the plates which contained the Book of Mormon. By the gift and power of God, Joseph translated them or changed the writings upon them into the English language. These plates contained the fullness of the everlasting Gospel.

Having learned from the holy scriptures, from the teaching of Jesus and His apostles, that there is but one true and everlasting Gospel, we will next try and learn what the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are. The Prophet Joseph Smith says:

"We believe that these ordinances are: First, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Articles of Faith, par. 4.)

From this we learn that the first principle of the Gospel is Faith in God; and in His Son Jesus Christ, and the next lesson will be devoted to the consideration of this most important subject.

Wm. A. Morton.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124.)

JUST as soon as he was able to be of any help to his mother, Robbie had chores to do, such as carrying in wood and water, and sewing carpet rags.

In those days people made their own clothes, and it was customary for every family to procure a quantity of wool each year for the purpose. This wool first had to be "picked," to clean out the dirt, burs, or other foreign matter. Then it was sent to the carding mill to be made into rolls. These rolls were next spun into yarn on an old-fashioned spinning wheel, reeled into skeins, and sent to the weaver to be made into cloth. The weaving was usually done by some woman of the neighborhood who owned a hand-loom. Each family again made the cloth into garments.

As Mrs. Richards had no girls to help her with her house work, Robbie was required to help her in everything of this kind. He not only learned to "pick" wool, and reel it, but to knit stockings, sew carpet rags, wash dishes, and to wash clothes. In this way he was kept busy, and early learned habits of industry.

His mother well understood the great evil of having a boy brought up in idleness, and was determined to do all she could to have Robbie learn to work with his hands.

Of course he had to have some play, but his mother insisted that each day he should do a certain amount of work, and also a certain amount of study. When his labors and lessons were finished he was given the rest of the day to play about home, only he was expected to be on hand to perform little errands if needed.

Robbie sometimes played with other boys in the neighborhood, but usually

he found some way of amusing himself alone. One Christmas he received a pocket-knife for a present, which delighted him very much. He was very fond of making all kinds of articles, and his knife was a very useful tool. Often he would whittle for hours at a time, trying to make a boat, a wagon, or some other toy. By this means he derived a great deal of enjoyment. There was much satisfaction received in making the toys, and then the pleasure he had with them when made was also considerable. Knowing how much trouble it gave him to make his own toys, he was careful with them, and learned to take good care of them. With his new pocket-knife he soon learned to make all sorts of toys, such as wooden horses, sheep, wagons, wheelbarrows, boats, and many other things.

Little Robbie, like other boys, was sometimes disobedient, and got into trouble, as people generally do when disobedient.

The first act of disobedience he recollected was one day in early summer. His mother gave him permission to go barefooted when the warm weather came. Nearly all the boys in the neighborhood went barefooted. One reason for this was, their parents were poor, and could not afford to get shoes for their children, and the children themselves were glad of the chance to go without shoes.

One day a neighbor's boy came and persuaded Robbie to go away with him to a pond of water not far from where they lived. Here, the boy told Robbie, they could have so much fun wading about and trying to catch some small fish which were in the pond. This was the first morning of the season he had been permitted to go without his shoes. He had been told, as usual, not to go

so far from the house that he could not hear his mother call him. Before this day it was not so hard to obey this request, but now came a temptation. The fun he expected to get in wading after the fish in the pond of water the boy had been telling about made him wish his mother had not told him to remain about home. Then he began to reason with himself. His mother would not likely want him before dinner time, he said to himself, and he would surely be back by that time; then she would not know that he had been away at all; so he decided to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF SALT LAKE COUNTY.

SALT LAKE COUNTY is situated in the northern part of Utah, on the south-east shore of Great Salt Lake. It includes a small portion of the lake, which is 4,218 feet above sea level. The county has an area of 960 square miles. Its population being about 56,000, and the assessed valuation of property in it is about \$20,000,000. The principal river of the county is the Jordan, although there are many creeks and canals.

Salt Lake County is the most populous, and wealthy county in the State of Utah. It is rich in gold, silver, copper, lead, salt, granite, and several other minor minerals. Agriculture, mining, manufacturing, smelting, and commerce in general form the employments of the people.

Salt Lake City, situated in the northern part of the county, about twelve miles from the shore of Great Salt Lake, is the oldest and largest city in the county, and also in the State; and is the capital of Utah. It was settled on

July 24, 1847, by a band of 143 Mormons, under the leadership of President Brigham Young; being the first settlement made in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

This county cannot be excelled anywhere in Utah for its pleasure grounds and scenery. Pleasant drives can be made up the various canyons to cool mountain resorts. Here, too, is Salt-air Beach, that is visited by thousands of strangers as well as the people of the county. Bathing can be enjoyed from May 1st, to October 1st.

Emigration, Parley's, Big and Little Cottonwood canyons are the chief mountain resorts. Big Cottonwood possesses many beautiful lakes. Little Cottonwood is rich in granite stone of which the Salt Lake Temple is built. The other two afford excellent fishing and hunting grounds. City Creek Canyon is also a pleasant outing place.

In the city can be seen the handsome Temple, Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, City and County Building, Co-op. Store and Shoe Factory, Chamber of Commerce, University, Grave of President Brigham Young, Eagle Gate, Theater, Gardo House, several large hotels, the Lion and Bee Hive houses (former residences of President Brigham Young), and several other buildings and places of interest. The parks are also pleasant pleasure grounds.

Fort Douglas, a little way east of the city, can be reached by electric cars.

The Salt Lake Theater has a seating capacity of 1,800 people; erected by President Brigham Young in 1862.

There are 150 miles of streets, and 700 miles of telephone wires with 600 instruments; 25 towns are connected by telephone to Salt Lake City. There is a splendid electric light system in the city.

The city has fifteen banks with a capital of \$5,600,000, and deposits of about \$8,000,000. There are about sixty public and private schools, academies, etc.

Nearly 5,000 people were added to the city, and buildings worth \$8,400,000 were erected in 1890.

The Temple is the finest building in Utah, and was erected at a cost of nearly \$4,000,000. Its highest point is reached by the center east tower which is 222½ feet.

The Tabernacle is a handsome building, 250 feet long and 150 feet wide, and 90 feet high. Its seating capacity is 10,000.

A great pipe organ is in this building, and is not only one of the largest, but is said to be the finest toned organ in the world.

The City and County Building, with the grounds, occupies a whole block. It was erected at a cost of almost \$1,000,000. Its highest point, the clock tower, is 268 feet. The clock bells can be distinctly heard from five to six miles distance. The face of the clock is ten feet in diameter.

The county is traversed by several railroads. The principal ones are the Union Pacific, and Rio Grande Western. The Utah Central being a short route to Park City.

Other towns of importance in the county are Bingham, Sandy, and Murray.

Bingham is third in importance of Utah's mining camps, being heaviest in lead product; a branch of the Rio Grande Western Railroad runs to it.

Sandy contains large smelting and ore-sampling works.

Murray has extensive smelting plants, and manufactures bricks.

The Hot Springs afford excellent and healthy bathing. They are reached by

steam railways, and are situated north of Salt Lake City.

John T. Barrett,
Age 17 years.

SALT LAKE CITY.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Ruth and Naomi.

ONE time there was a famine in the land of Canaan; that is, a time when the crops were very poor, and there was very little to eat; and there was a woman named Naomi and her husband who took their two sons and went to live in another part of the country called Moab, on account of the famine in their own land.

After awhile Naomi's husband died; and when her sons grew up they each married a young lady of that country. One of the girls was named Orpah and the other one Ruth.

After a few years Naomi's sons died, and then, hearing there was plenty to eat in her own country, she wanted to go back there to live.

The two girls that her sons had married started to go with her, but she told them they had better stay with their own people; so Orpah went back to her father's house, but Ruth said she would not leave Naomi but would go wherever she did and would live where she did; and they went to the town of Bethlehem, where Naomi used to live.

In that town there lived a very rich man named Boaz, who owned large fields of barley and wheat outside of town, and when the grain was ripe he hired a great many young men to cut it and tie it in bundles or sheaves, for there were no threshing machines in those days.

It was customary for the girls and

young ladies of poor families to glean after the reapers; that is, they would pick up for themselves that which was left around the edges of the field, and stray heads of grain that would be dropped or left standing as the reapers worked quickly along.

Ruth asked Naomi to let her go and glean with the other girls, and it so happened that she went to the field that Boaz owned, and when Boaz came to look after the reapers he asked them who she was, and told them to some times drop good handfuls of grain on purpose for her.

Boaz spoke kindly to Ruth, and told her to come and glean in his field every day and not to go to any other field, so she went every day to his field to glean until all the harvesting was done, and after that Boaz married her, for he had found that she was a good woman, and that she was good to Naomi, her mother-in-law.

Celia A. Smith.

UTAH, THE PRIDE OF THE WEST.

Oh Utah, the gem of the rockies!
The home of the brave pioneer,
Who, driven by the hand of oppression,
Found rest in thy valleys so dear.
Thou wert but a bleak, barren desert
A desert all wild thou didst seem,
Ere the brave, stalwart band of exiles
Realized their long cherished dream.

Thy fame has grown bright in the nation,
Well known are thy resources grand,
And the wealth within thy rich borders,
Garnered here by the good Father's hand.
Thou art known everywhere as an Eden,
For thy crystal lakes, rivers, and rills;
Thy blue summer's sky has no equal,
Nor the verdure of thy shel't'ring hills.

We rejoice in thy progress, oh Utah!
We are proud of our beautiful State;
We feel it an honor to serve thee,
And our loyalty ne'er will abate.
Once thy name was held in derision,
Proud Columbia spurned thy requests;
Now she claims thee among her fair daughters,
As Utah, the pride of the west.

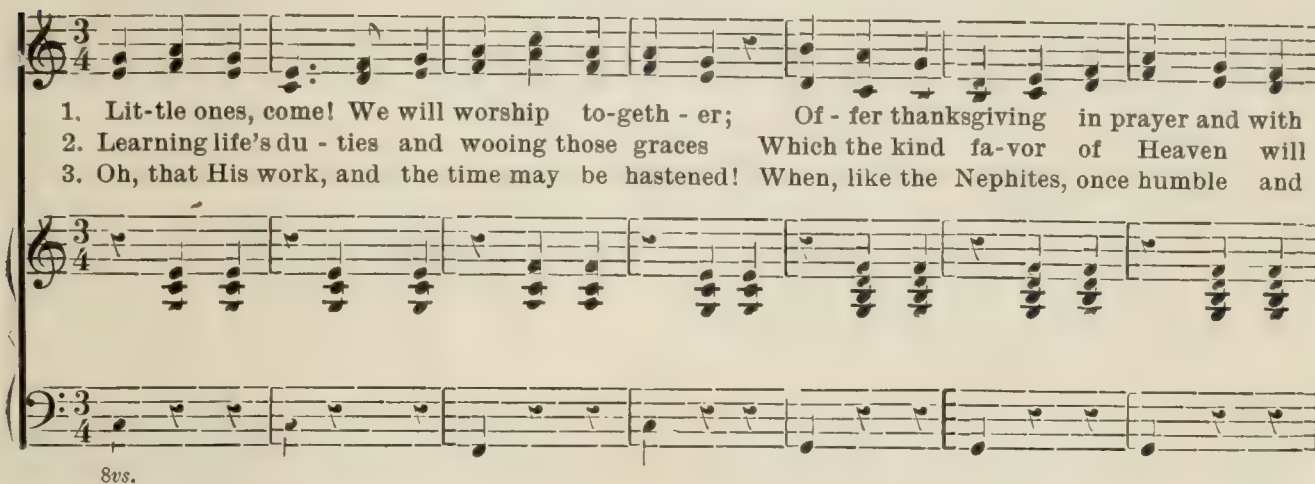
Madge Graydon.

OUR ANGELS.

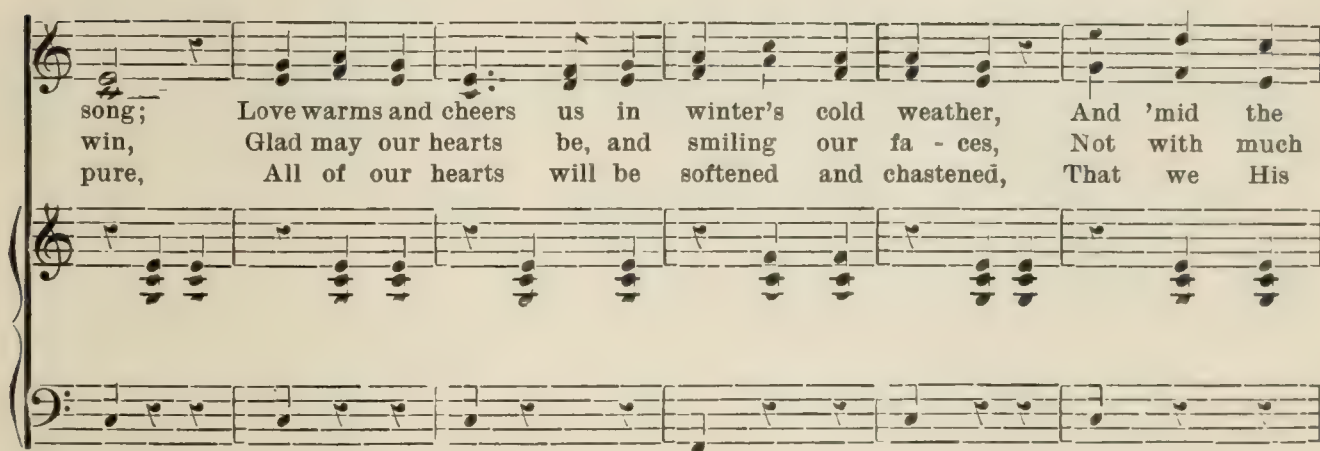
Song for Zion's Little Ones.

WORDS BY LULA.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Trebles and Altos.


1. Lit-tle ones, come! We will worship to-geth - er; Of - fer thanksgiving in prayer and with
 2. Learning life's du - ties and wooing those graces Which the kind fa - vor of Heaven will
 3. Oh, that His work, and the time may be hastened! When, like the Nephites, once humble and

Svs.


song; Love warms and cheers us in winter's cold weather, And 'mid the
 win, Glad may our hearts be, and smiling our fa - ces, Not with much
 pure, All of our hearts will be softened and chastened, That we His



summer's heat, faith makes us strong. Soft-ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 laughter, for that would be sin. Soft - ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 presence may safe - ly endure. Soft - ly, sing softly! He hears us and

Soft - ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 Soft ly, sing softly! Our an - gels are
 Soft-ly, sing softly! He hears us and

Cres. *f* *p*

'round us, Joy - ful - ly bear - ing our praise to the Lord; If meek, and lov - ing, and
near us; When we are pure as we're striving to be, We shall see them as they
sees us! Let us u - nit - ed - ly seek for His grace; Bless us, Thy lit - tle ones,

'round us, Joy - ful - ly bearing our praise to the Lord; If meek and lov - ing, and
near us, When we are pure as we're striving to be, We shall see them as they
see us! Let us u - nit - ed - ly seek for His grace; Bless us, Thy lit - tle ones,

Cres. *f* *p*

true they have found us, Great is God's prom - ise to us, of re - ward.
see us, and hear us— Ev - en our Sav - ior Him - self we shall see.
dearest Lord Jesus; Oh, make us worthy to look on Thy face!

true they have found us, Great is God's promise to us, of re - ward.
see us and hear us— Ev - en our Sav - ior Him - self we shall see.
dearest Lord Jesus; Oh, make us worthy to look on Thy face!

f

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

To save me steps, while on a journey long,
I crossed a wood where branches thickly lay;
Torn from the pines by tempest fierce and strong
And fresh as if the work of yesterday.

The havoc wrought, awoke in me the thought
Of wrecks of human hopes so often found;
Of towering pride to sudden ruin brought
By gusts of fate that swiftly dart around.

Today our leafy boughs wave proud and high,
Hope spreads her banner to the balmy breeze:
Tomorrow in the dust we hapless lie,
Stripped of our pride like those dismantled trees.

The birds seemed doleful as they twittered round
The tangled limbs, of sap and verdure shorn,
Where oft they'd built and sung, and shelter found
From scorching sun and Boreas' wrath and scorn.

Methought sad birds your doleful dirge is mine,
When men are severed from the Parent tree
To share no more the sap of life divine
Which makes one strong midst dire adversity.

But why repining muse, I thought again
Is not the test of character required
To prove to mortals that their hopes are vain
Unless by heavenly love and law inspired?

'Tis fit that all should know adversity
And in the seething crucible be tried;
'Tis meet the wheat and tares should parted be,
And from the dross the Gold be purified.

These were my thoughts as here I stopped to rest
My blistered feet, which made my journey slow;
But I must off—the sun is in the west,
And I have many weary miles to go.

J. C.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1896.

No. 6.

GRUMBLE CORNER.

I knew a man, and his name was Horner,
Who used to live at Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town.
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As after saluting, I turned my head;
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner,
Who lived for so long at Grumble Corner."

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down;
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear;
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said with none of the old-time drawl:
"Why: I've changed my residence; that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner;
"It wasn't healthy at Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now in Thanksgiving Street."

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days at Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house in Thanksgiving Street.

Josephine Pollard.

THE OBSTINATE PAIR.

Two goats upon a morning
Went off to spend the day,
But, as it happ'd, a slender bridge
Lay stretched across the way:
It spanned a torrent, deep and wide,
And one goat came on either side.

"I shan't go back," cried Softy White;
"I'm quite as good as you"
"May be," said Patch, "but I shall cross
This bridge, that's certain—true."
So each stepped on, until half way
They met, upon the fir-tree grey

They struggled long as best they could,
Cried Softy, "You go back."
"I won't," said Patch; "pray, who are you,
That I should clear your track?"
They pushed and twisted with long horn,
Then tried with jump and skip,
Each would be first, so in the end
They both did over slip.

They slipped and fell, their foolish pride
Had cost them each a life;
The waters bore them both away,
Cold victims to their strife.

A BLESSED NEW YEAR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148.)

WINNIE and her mother finished their meal in silence and were about to rise from the table when a knock sounded at the back door.

"It's old Mr. Barney come for the milk," said Winnie.

But it was not Mr. Barney who opened the door at her mother's bidding. A little girl with flushed and happy face stood there and at once delivered the following:

"My mamma sent me over to ask if Mrs. Driggs and her little girl won't please come over. We've got a Christmas tree, and mamma says Santa Claus has left something on it for both of you, and she wants you to come and see what it is, and stay to dinner."

Bessie Dudley paused at last, all out of breath with her long speech, and glancing a little doubtfully and fearfully at Mrs. Driggs, who was gazing at her with silent but undisguised astonishment.

This from the Dudleys, whom she had all but insulted in the times of their kindly overtures of peace and friendship!

"I—I guess your mother didn't—know you was coming, did she?" Mrs. Driggs asked feebly at last.

"Yes, ma'am, and she said you was to be sure to come," said Bessie, stoutly.

"I don't just see how we can come this morning," Mrs. Driggs commenced with a return of the old, ungracious spirit, but stopped suddenly as she caught sight of Winnie's face. "Tell your mother Winnie will be over when she get's straightened up a little," she said instead, "and if I don't come why she can tell me all about it when she gets back."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll tell her," said Bessie. "Only mamma said you must be sure and come."

She went away with a bright little smile and nod at Winnie over her shoulder. As she disappeared Winnie turned to her mother with beaming face.

"Oh, mamma, isn't it grand and isn't it good of them to remember us; and oh, mamma, to think of them asking us to dinner, too! Why I can play all day with the children and show them my book and——"

"Oh, you'll have a good time enough. It's going to be pretty lonesome for me though, eating my Christmas dinner alone."

"Alone, mamma!" said Winnie, her face paling, "why you're invited too."

"Why, child, you don't suppose I'm going over to the Dudleys to dinner, do you? I couldn't enjoy a bite I'd have, eating at a stranger's. Besides, I've got plenty at home, and I don't need to be beholden to neighbors for my Christmas dinner. Why, child alive, you needn't look like that! I haven't said you can't go. Go along and stay over there and enjoy yourself; I'll get along all right here by myself, and you can tell me all about it when you come home. There now, I don't see what you're crying for!"

"Mamma, you know that I will never go and leave you here alone," said Winnie, sobbing. "I'll stay home forever before I'll do that."

"Shucks!" the woman commenced, and then stopped abruptly as she had done once before. There was something in the sight of the little maimed figure sitting with face hidden on the table and crying hopelessly and silently that touched her heart with unwonted sympathy and tenderness.

She went over and laid her hand on the child's head.

"There, there," she said, "I ain't going to have your Christmas spoilt on my account. Come and wash your face

now and get tidied up, and we'll both go over to the Dudleys right away."

It took Winnie a very few minutes to get herself ready, and presently the two put on their wraps and started across the street.

What an atmosphere of cheer, and warmth, and peace, and good-will! It seemed fairly to gush out at the open door as Mrs. Dudley stood with hand outstretched meeting the two as they came in with friendly Christmas greeting. There was no withstanding its influence, and Mrs. Driggs felt her heart thrill with a sudden warm glow as she entered the pretty house and felt the spirit of good-will and cheer that exuded from every corner of the room. Friendship, comfort, hospitality were in every face, and the adornments of the room themselves seemed to breathe a welcome. On the hearth a bright fire glowed redly, lighting with warm hues the most distant corners of the room. In one of these stood a great, evergreen tree, decked out with candles and bright tinsel and beads, trinkets saved from other years and picked up here and there in odd moments, bright, inexpensive little bits that made the tree shimmer and sparkle prettily in the bright light of the fire. Besides these adornments were a half-dozen toys which Santa Claus had fastened on the topmost branches, so that the children had to climb on chairs and reach high with a merry scramble and laughing to get them. Little Paul Dudley it was who climbed for Winnie's present, and a side-splitting thing it was to see his pudgy little figure balanced on tip-toe, with two short arms waving fruitlessly on high in an attempt to reach and pull down the little green bough that held the gift. A gift well worth the striving for it turned out to be, though when, at last

little Paul triumphantly clambered down from the chair and put it into Winnie's hands.

A dainty work-basket lined with blue silk, and holding a tiny housewife's outfit—thimble, scissors, needles of all kinds, and skeins upon skeins of bright embroidering silk—things for which Winnie's deft fingers had often vainly yearned; and then besides this, a box of dainty confectionery made by Mrs. Dudley's own gifted hands—chocolates, caramels, cocoanut-creams, and other things that made one's mouth water only to look at them.

For Mrs. Driggs was brought forth a warm, knitted shawl, made also by Mrs. Dudley, and Winnie was even more happy over that than her own gifts, for she had heard her mother say often during the past cold months how much she needed one. Even Mrs. Driggs smiled with pleasure as she saw it, and more than all put together was the joy to Winnie of seeing the hard, bitter look which she was wont to see in her mother's countenance effaced by the influence of cheer and good-will around her. Who indeed could be morose in the bright, cheery room aglow with warmth and comfort, and surrounded by hearts overflowing with joy and affection?

Mrs. Driggs had forgotten the spirit of criticism and curiosity with which she had set forth on her visit, though she indeed looked with wonder upon the transformation that had been wrought in the interior of the old house. The walls, cracked and dirty, covered by pretty tinted paper, and the furniture which she criticised as "poverty-struck" changed to an aspect of positive luxuriousness by bright chintz coverings, and scarves of dainty muslin and silk remnants of old gowns made into marvels of art by deft and industrious hands.

Mrs. Driggs hardly could have told herself how it happened, but after a while, when the children had gone into the kitchen to help Martha pick over the raisins to be added to the mince pies they were to have for dinner, and she and Mrs. Dudley were alone in the bright little room, she found herself talking of her past life and her troubles, and shedding tears as she recounted them—something she had not done in all the years of her worst trials. All her feeling had been pent up into a hard and bitter rebellion that left no place for softness nor weakness of any kind, and it was proof of the gentler spirit that had come to her today that she was able to pour forth her sorrows in words to another.

And with what gentle and sympathetic tact were her confidences met! Listening with quiet and sincere attention, Mrs. Dudley made her realize, as she had never done before, the value of human association and sympathy. Why, her heart felt lighter even for the tears she shed, and there was positive relief in expressing the load of grievances and cares that had laid heavy on her heart for so long. Then when she had finished, Mrs. Dudley told something of her own sorrows; and yet dwelling upon them so lightly, and in such brave and patient acceptance of them as a part of the trials meant to prove each being in the great struggle of life—to fit them for honors and blessings which were to be eternal—that she began to feel a half shame at her own expression of rebellion and grief. Here was one whose trouble had been as great almost as her own, and yet not one murmur of repining or bitterness had fallen from her lips.

"It's strange to me how you've managed to keep up under it," she said at

length, expressing the thought that was uppermost in her mind.

"Oh, there are many times that I have been tempted to give up the struggle," said Mrs. Dudley; "and then it happens that I see some one suffering under some burden heavier than my own, and it makes me humble and thankful again for the blessings that are given me. I have promised myself today as a Christmas remembrance that I will never repine again so long as my children are spared to me in health and strength; and"—she stopped suddenly, pained by the look that crossed her visitor's face.

"Mrs. Dudley," said the latter abruptly, "look there!" She pointed through the kitchen door to Winnie, who sat with her slight figure bent over the table, wincing now and then at some spasm of pain that came with almost each movement of her body. "It was *that* that took away my faith and hope, and almost all my religion," she said. "If I had been spared that, I could have lived and worked with a better heart, for I could have looked forward to her future as something to struggle and live for. But to think what her life has got to be at the very best!—do you think it's any wonder that I've stopped striving to keep up the good in my nature or to live for anything but just to eat and be clothed—come as it may—till the struggle's over?"

Her face was dark again with the old sorrow and bitterness, and Mrs. Dudley spoke with eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Mrs. Driggs, your burden is heavy indeed, but there may be help even for that!"

"Help! why the best doctors in the west saw her when she was in the hospital, and told me her case was hopeless."

"The tears were on her cheeks again

as she spoke, and Mrs. Dudley came over to the sofa where she was sitting, and took her hand in her own.

"Mrs. Driggs," she said, earnestly, "there is One whose wisdom and power exceed all human science, and He has been known to stretch forth His hand to uplift when all other power has failed."

"Do you think I haven't prayed?" demanded the woman with a sob. "Why there was months that I went on my knees day and night, and promised to make any sacrifice for her sake; but I was never answered."

"I believe, Mrs. Driggs," said the other, earnestly, "that we will know sometime that there is something lacking in the faith of those prayers of ours that seem unheeded; either this, or that some higher thing is aimed at for our good in their withholdment. I can say that with all my trials, nothing was ever yet denied to my prayers that did not result in my greater good; either in the development of a power of fortitude and self-reliance, or the exercise of a spirit of humble acquiescence to His will that has brought me a sweeter peace and content than any worldly joy or material possession I have ever had."

"Oh, I could have stood anything that didn't touch *her*," said Mrs. Driggs. "But to think of her life being wasted."

"Perhaps it need not be," said the other.

"I wish somebody could show me a way to help it," the widow answered hopelessly.

"Mrs. Driggs," said her hostess, suddenly, "have you ever thought of having the Elders administer"—

"I ain't much of a Mormon," interrupted the other quickly. "I had all of that took out of me years ago."

"And yet," said Mrs. Dudley, softly,

"perhaps if you had only had faith, your child might have been made whole."

"I don't know about that. I've heard a good deal about their miracles, but I never saw one yet. I never was one to swallow much of anything like that on hearsay. I'd have to have proof."

She was beginning to show evidences of the old spirit of contradiction and bitterness, and Mrs. Dudley was glad that the children chanced to come in just then to change the subject. A game was started in which they all joined—grown people and children—and by the time dinner was ready all were in the best of spirits, and sat down to a hearty enjoyment of the splendid meal spread out before them.

Turkey and cranberry sauce, sweet baked potatoes and white ones mashed with butter and milk; celery in crisp, white stalks in the cut-glass holder that had been one of the wedding presents of the hostess, and some cooked with cream in dainty side dishes, to say nothing of pickles and jellies and sauce; and then for dessert—the delicious raisin-packed mince pies, and plum pudding, and candies, and nuts, that were good enough to have deserved an empty stomach to begin on, so tempting was the sight and taste of each of them.

After supper there was a series of merry games with the children, and the long evening was well spent, when Mrs. Driggs and Winnie finally withdrew from the cheerful little house with reluctant good nights from all, and went home.

To Winnie it seemed almost like shutting the doors of Paradise to leave the scene of her one perfect day's happiness. Nothing like it had ever come into her life before, for, though she had

had some few joys in her short past, there had always been the drawback of her mother's morose and gloomy spirit to hinder her pleasure and appreciation. Never had she seen her mother so care-free and gentle as today, and she dreaded lest the strange charm might be all too soon destroyed.

But for once she was to be happily disappointed. The manifestation of sincere love and sympathy had aroused new feelings in the woman's heart, and the softening influence remained with her on the morrow, and through the following week, showing itself in a gentleness that Winnie had never experienced before. The peace and joy of the new spirit she looked at almost as a recompense for the torment of her affliction whose pain had been so nearly unbearable since the exertions and excitement of Christmas day. How sweet it seemed to have her mother care for her without the chiding and fretfulness that had made so much harder the burden she had to bear!

Only, as the week passed, and she daily grew worse, and it became so hard to hide and check the spasms of pain that convulsed her now so often, she saw once more the sorrowful and bitter look gathering upon her mother's countenance, and noted the return to the old, brooding spirit of bitterness and rebellion—longing, oh, so fervently, that she might be better before it had taken hold upon her and darkened her life as of old.

But it was not better, but worse, that she grew; and when New Year's day came it found Winnie stretched upon her bed of suffering, barely able to be moved by other's hands, to say nothing of herself.

The doctor had been called during the night, and did not leave till daybreak,

and when he went Mrs. Driggs followed him into the hall, leaving Mrs. Dudley to stay with the little sick girl. What they said could not be heard, but a sudden, hopeless cry came to them through the door, startling even Winnie's senses, dulled as they were with the narcotics the doctor had been administering at intervals through the night. Then Mrs. Dudley rose suddenly and went out, and Winnie was conscious of stifled sobs and whisperings outside the room, and presently her mother's voice, rising in agonized tones, piercing her tender heart with the sound of suffering. "Oh, yes, yes! bring them—bring them in mercy's name! Anything to save her! I can't live without her! It will make a madwoman of me if I lose her! I'm lost, too, if she goes. Only God can cure either of us now, for I'll give up hope and faith for good if I'm left alone!"

Then came Mrs. Dudley's soothing voice, answering in soothing tones—some unintelligible replies, and Winnie drifted into the stupor of drug-wrought sleep.

"She is healed!"

Joseph Linford took his hands from the child's head with a praiseful, reverent look in his face.

"Our prayers are answered—I know it!" he said. "Take good care of her, sister, and she will be well. I take it upon myself to promise you that."

The woman he addressed did not answer. She was gazing with tearful, awe-struck eyes at Winnie's face.

Had it ever looked so before—so full of peace and quiet joy—free from the tense, strained look of constant suffering? What could it mean? what did it portend? There was more of dread, almost, than hope in her own heart at the

sudden change. She laid her hand tremblingly on her child's brow.

"Mamma," said Winnie, suddenly, "I should like to get up now."

"Why, Winnie?" commenced her mother.

"I knew it!" interrupted the Elder. "Let her do as she likes," he continued, "and see for yourself what prayer and faith have done."

There was a hush almost as of death in the room while the child rose, in her fleecy bed-gown and slippers, and walked to her chair at the fireside. Then Ann Driggs, her eyes streaming with tears of gratitude, fell on her knees.

"The Lord has not forsaken me," she sobbed. "He has led us forth into a new life!"

Josephine Spencer.

A RACE AGAINST DEATH.

A LOG house of five rooms nestling in a recess of a deep canyon, where the sunbeams always came late and departed early; a log stable and a corral standing off to one side; a rusty looking wagon, a few chickens feebly scratching at the unimpressible ground, and a dog stretched lazily out before the open door of the house—these constituted the most noticeable outer features of Ray Morton's home on the fourth of July, 1887.

Not exactly the most noticeable, either, for Ray himself was swinging an ax at the wood pile with a vigor that spoke well for power of his young muscles and the industry of the spirit behind them.

He was a well knit, supple looking boy of fifteen, with a face burned brown by the western sun, and lighted by a pair of honest, hazel eyes, that seemed full of trouble on this particular morning.

A man stepped out of the open door and watched him chop for a few mo-

ments. The man's face also was overcast by a heavy shade of anxiety, and he had the appearance of one who has been keeping a long and weary vigil not yet concluded.

"Ray!"

"Yes, father!"

"You had better quit chopping, son, and go and catch Hawk; your mother is so much worse that I must send you for the doctor."

The ax fell with a ring against the chopping log, and the boy stepped onto the rough porch and took down a heavy bridle hanging against the side of the house.

"Do you think mother is going to leave us, father?" he asked, with a tremor in his voice and his eyes full of unshed tears.

"Whether she does or not, Ray, is in the hands of Eternal Providence!" his father answered reverently. "We must do what we can to save her; the issue is in the keeping of Him who ordereth all things well."

Mrs. Morton had been ill for a week, but during the past two days she had seemed to improve, and no doctor had been called. It was fifty miles to the little town on the railroad—the nearest point where a physician could be obtained, and the fee for attendance was a very heavy one.

Hawk, a magnificent black stallion, and the best saddle horse for a hundred miles around, was grazing in the pasture above the house. He seemed to know there was urgent need for his services, for he did not "cut up" in his usual tantalizing way when Ray stepped hastily up to him and displayed the bridle.

"Your mother has just had a slight convulsion which, I am afraid, will return in a more severe form," said Mr.

Morton, stepping out of the house and assisting the boy to adjust the saddle with trembling hands. "Ride! ride, my son, as you never did before; for your mother's life probably hangs on the speed you make!"

A hasty visit to the sick room, and a long, trembling pressure of his mother's fevered lips to his own: a few rapid words of caution and advice from his father, and he was into the saddle and away.

The tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks as Hawk settled into a long, swinging lope down the dusty road. His mother—the playmate of his childhood, and the never-failing friend to whom he still confided his every doubt and trouble—his mother was in danger of dying, and his father had told him that her life, in all probability, depended upon how quickly he rode the fifty miles before him.

"I'll get there in time if Hawk will only hold out," he sobbed to himself, dashing the tears from his eyes and settling himself more firmly in the saddle.

On, on down the winding, mountain road the black horse steadily galloped. The mouth of the canyon, where begin the great plains that stretch to the banks of the Missouri with hardly a break, would come into view around the next turn; and he looked at his handsome silver watch—a kindly remembrance from the little mother on his last birthday—to see how fast Hawk was traveling.

"Forty-five minutes—and the mouth of the canyon is ten good miles from home," he muttered. "It was just ten o'clock when I started; counting breathing spells for Hawk—and father said I was to breathe him five minutes at the end of every ten miles—this gait would take me into town between two and

three this afternoon. I must beat that. Come, Hawk! we are riding for mother."

Hawk responded with a quickened stride and a toss of his shapely head that scattered the foam from the heavy bit in a shower of snowy flakes.

Out on the sun-baked plain swept the noble horse and his sorrowful little rider. The sweat was slowly dripping from the broad cinches now, and the foam of it rose in white streaks in the creases of Hawk's powerful muscles, two snowy lines decorating his shoulders and haunches where the heavy saddle chafed him at each swing of his broad back.

On, on good horse! The happiness of three kindly human hearts centers in your tireless stride: and the hand of the gentle mistress who has so often stroked your silken coat will never again caress you if you fail her boy today!

The sun glared down on the parched plain with scorching fervor, and the dust rose and rolled in gray billows under the stallion's feet, settling on his foam-flecked coat and transforming his ebon hue into a shade of sombre drab.

Miles ahead, where the road crossed the bed of an ancient lake,—a league of heavy sand that Ray dreaded, but which he knew he could not avoid,—there suddenly sprang into view a glistening sheet of water, bordered by tall trees whose airy branches appeared to tremble in a cool breeze from the distant mountains.

"If it only *was* water!" he gasped, as the illusive *mirage* slowly dissolved.

When the border of the sandy stretch was reached, Hawk was panting heavily, the proud arch of his neck had disappeared, and he looked at his rider questioningly when he dismounted for a few minutes and loosened the cinches so that the horse might breathe more freely.

'Twenty-five miles from home—half-way to town, and Hawk has made it in an hour and fifty minutes," Ray muttered as he consulted his watch.

Unslinging a small canteen hanging at his side, he carefully washed out Hawk's mouth with a part of the water it contained, and then spent the remaining part of the allotted ten minutes in rubbing his steed's legs and shoulders vigorously with his bare hands.

"Now, Hawk, old boy! another twenty-five miles for mother!" he said, as he once more swung himself into the saddle.

Hawk responded gallantly to the call; but Ray noticed that the springy heave of two hours before was missing from the broad back under him, and the stallion seemed to put down and pick up his feet with a heavier motion.

"Don't fail me, Hawk!" he cried, with a sob in his voice, as he reached forward and patted the horse's reeking neck. "Mother was always kind to you, and she needs the best there is in you now."

The miles sped steadily away behind, and before one o'clock, Ray caught sight of the mound marking the site of the old well, close to the left of the road—the hole in which old man Norcross sunk a small fortune, endeavoring to strike water where no water is.

"Fifteen miles yet, and Hawk is awful tired!" he moaned, as they swept by it.

No cruel spurs disfigured his heels, nor would he have used them if they had. He knew that Hawk would continue the wild race until he dropped exhausted, and there was no need to urge him with steel or quirt.

Forward, good Hawk! That faint sound stirring the waves of sultry air is the whistle of a horse of iron approach-

ing the goal for which you strive. Eight miles more—a short eight miles, and the life-long gratitude of a husband and wife, a father, mother and son awaits you!

Ray's heart, already full of anxiety for his mother, now commenced to ache for Hawk. The pace had been fearful—forty-two miles in a little over three hours—and the noble animal's breath was coming and going in sobbing gasps that sounded like the breaking of his gallant heart. He lurched heavily every few moments, and the boy felt the overtaxed muscles quivering spasmodically under him at every stride.

"I cannot kill him!" Ray moaned; "and mother would not wish me to do so even to save her own life."

Four miles more, and at the top of a rise in the road the tall tank at the depot came into view. It seemed so near in the clear air of that altitude, that Ray imagined he could distinguish the white stains on its side made by the alkali water slopping over the top.

"Come, Hawk!" he coaxed. "Three miles more, and mother will say we did our best!"

But Hawk was almost done. Galloping down the next slight descent, he suddenly pitched heavily forward, made a desperate effort to recover himself, and fell in a heap to the ground, throwing his rider ten feet down the slope. He tried to rise, but the effort was too great for his weakness, and he sank back with a moan almost human in its distress.

Staggering giddily to his feet, Ray walked over to the horse and removed the saddle and bridle, washed his mouth with the water remaining in the canteen, gave him an affectionate pat or two, and then started for town as fast as he could run.

His high-heeled cowboy boots impeded his progress, and he stopped and took them off, leaving them by the roadside.

"Hawk couldn't have made these last three miles any quicker than I can afoot," he thought, as he sped along.

Three hours later, a tired, dusty, hatless boy, staggered up to the door of the only doctor the little town could boast of, and told his story in sobbing gasps.

The physician was so accustomed to the emergencies of a western practice, that he immediately rushed for his medicine case, ordered his horse saddled, and in five minutes he was ready to start.

Nor was faithful Hawk forgotten. A light wagon soon rolled out of town, carrying two men, a keg of water, and such medicines as the one livery stable could furnish.

"You were just in time, my son," said the doctor, a few days later. "One hour more, and I couldn't have saved your mother."

"Ray!" called a soft voice from the adjoining room.

"Yes, mother!"

"Please come and open the window. Hawk is trying to get his head in, so that I can pet him!"

Alan Clifford.

A YOUNG editor fell in love with the clergyman's daughter. The next time he went to church he was rather taken back when the preacher announced his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

A TRUE friend is not the one who says, "I told you so," every time you make a mistake.

BROTHER GODDARD'S LETTER AND ITS ANSWER.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
March 6, 1896.

Geo. Q. Cannon, Gen. Supt. S. S. Union:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—With the view of giving the Sunday School interests throughout Zion an additional aid, and extending its influence among the leaders of Israel in every stake, early in 1894 it was deemed wisdom by yourself and others to hold annual Sunday school conferences in every stake of Zion. It was also thought advisable that one or more members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board should be present at these conferences. It affords me much pleasure to inform you that since that time your wishes have been carried out in all the thirty-six stakes of Zion.

With three or four exceptions, two days conferences have been held, and those generally on Saturday and Sunday. Saturdays' meetings at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. are mostly taken up with exercises by the children, reports from superintendents, etc. Sunday meetings include reports, short addresses by local authorities and remarks by visiting brethren. In addition to these four general meetings, which bring us in contact with children, parents and leading authorities of every stake, we hold a teachers' meeting, immediately after 12 a. m., to which all other officials are invited. Special instructions are given, and any one present invited to ask questions on Sunday school work. In the majority of stakes we also have an evening meeting, and when a long way off from home, and circumstances favor it, we hold two evening meetings, Saturday and Sunday.

It has been my pleasure to have as a companion in visiting distant stakes either Brother George Reynolds or Brother Karl G. Maeser.

When with Brother Reynolds, Seventy's meetings were also held, and the general interest of the quorum inquired into, and instructions imparted.

When with Brother Maeser, religion classes, faculty and board meetings, Latter-day Saint College matters are also attended to, and occasional lectures on education given. In all, up to the present time, over three hundred meetings have been held during these conferences, and over twenty thousand miles traveled.

I have also had the pleasure of the following brethren as companions on shorter trips: Levi W. Richards, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerays, John M. Whitaker, and Joseph M. Tanner.

Subjects treated upon in our instructions embrace the following: Punctuality, Interruptions, Grading, Nickel day, Sacrament, Teachers' Meetings, Minutes, Recording, Concert Singing, Word of Wisdom, Oral Teaching, Baptism, Articles of Faith, Lord's Prayer, Reviews, Festivals, Duties of Superintendents and Teachers, Avoidance of Discussion in Theological Classes, Tithing, etc. Twenty weeks' course of instruction to normal students, at the Brigham Young Academy, have been a great blessing in many of the stakes. On their return home, many of them not only impart to the Sunday school teachers the system they had acquired at Provo, but are also to be found in the Sunday schools as teachers in different departments.

Our visits have been highly appreciated in every stake. The Spirit of the Lord always accompanies us. Our temporal needs while traveling and in their midst, have been scrupulously regarded. We have abundant reason to believe that these conferences have been richly recognized, and blest by our Heavenly Father, besides being a source of cheer

and encouragement to all the Sunday school workers in Zion.

Trusting these few items may afford you some degree of pleasure in perusing, I remain your friend and co-worker in the great cause,

Your brother,
George Goddard.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
March 9, 1896.

To the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union:

I have received from our Assistant Superintendent, Elder George Goddard, a very interesting communication, giving a succinct description of the labors of himself and co-workers for some time past. I think the communication so remarkable and so worthy of preservation, showing as it does how vigorously Elder Goddard has been able to perform his arduous duties notwithstanding his advanced age, that it should be preserved in the archives of the Board, and for this purpose I enclose it herewith.

Geo. Q. Cannon, Gen. Supt.

NOTICE TO S. S. SUPERINTENDENTS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
March 11, 1896.

We regret to say that the following stakes and missions have not as yet sent in their annual statistical and financial reports, and we again urge that those delinquent at once forward to Elder John M. Whitaker, the general secretary, Salt Lake City, Utah, their complete annual reports: Bingham, Malad, Panguitch, St. Johns, Salt Lake, Tooele, Uintah, Weber, Great Britain, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,
GEORGE GODDARD,
KARL G. MAESER,

General Superintendency of Sunday Schools.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

MARRIAGES OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

THE experience of nearly half a century in this country has made some counsels that have been given to the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints very clear. This experience has proved the necessity for these counsels being given and the importance of obeying them. We refer now particularly to marriages between members of our Church and those who are not of our faith.

There were perhaps a few cases of such marriages before 1854; but they were very few. In the fall of the year 1854 a number of United States troops came into the Valley and wintered in this city. They were accompanied by numbers of civilians. Some Mormon girls formed alliances with these strangers and went off to California with them.

From that time until the present numerous alliances between girls who belong to the Church and men of other faiths have occurred. It is exceedingly difficult, however, to point out any of these matches which have resulted happily—that is, if the retention of faith on the part of the woman be looked upon as contributing to happiness. There may be some of these marriages that have not resulted in alienation of affection, and then in separation and divorce; but such instances are very rare, and where there have been no separations an examination will prove that the

wives have abandoned their faith in the gospel of the Lord Jesus and have become indifferent concerning their standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the most of instances wives have found themselves in this position: after probably months, and perhaps years, of union with their husbands, they have either had to abandon their faith and fall into the unbelief of their husbands or suffer a loss of love and affection through a want of harmony upon questions of vital importance—questions that involve their eternal happiness in the world to come.

The counsel has been constantly given by men of experience in the Church that it is unwise and almost invariably attended with bad effects for members of the Church to marry those who are not of their faith. The consequences have been described very plainly and eloquently from the beginning, and illustrations have been given of the evil consequences which attend such marriages by pointing to the history of the many persons known in all our communities who have taken this mis-step. There is no lack of illustrations of the evil consequences which follow this course. Many young women, believing their lovers to be open to their influence, have fondly hoped that they would be able to make them see the truth of their religion and induce them to embrace it, and they have married with this expectation, only to find themselves, as a rule, greatly disappointed.

In seeking a mate for life great care should be taken by every young person that one of congenial tastes, education, habits of thought, and circumstances should be found. Two persons who are alike in these respects, when united in wedlock, are more likely to form a happy union than if there should be any dis-

similarity upon any of these points. An educated woman, of superior tastes, ought not to expect to be happy with an inferior, ignorant man, whose tastes are dissimilar to her own, whose breeding has been different, to that which she has had. She either has to descend to his level, or he has to ascend to hers. It might not be so difficult for her to descend as for him to rise; but a descent of this kind on her part would do violence to all her feelings and inclinations and contribute to her unhappiness. The marriage, also, of a rich girl with a poor man is not generally a happy union. Two persons who occupy such different stations in life stand in greater danger of becoming estranged to each other than if they were social equals. Women who are wealthy in their own right, and who marry poor men, may be tempted to assume a tone and demeanor towards their husbands which would offend the latter and make them feel restless and unhappy.

The experience of mankind, therefore, makes the counsel to young people to marry those of their own station, who are as near equal as possible in all relations of life, very appropriate and wise. But the alliance of the intelligent and the ignorant, the refined and the coarse, the rich and the poor, productive of bad results as it may be, is far from being as likely to result in evil effects as the union of two persons of opposite religious faiths. And this is particularly the case if one of them is a Latter-day Saint. Of course where one of the parties makes no profession of religion and cares nothing about it, there is much less danger of trouble upon the question of religious belief. If a man with faith in his religion marries a woman of a different faith he naturally desires his children to be brought up to believe as he does. On

the other hand, a woman who believes in her religion has an equally strong desire that her offspring should believe as she does. The result is that causes for contention arise, and serious differences follow. There are numerous cases where young women who were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have thoughtlessly married those not of their faith. Their admiration and love for the men of their choice has apparently blinded them to the future. But children are born. Then thought is awakened. The realities of life are brought forcibly home to them. They look forward to the future, and think about eternity, and they ask themselves, What will be my position there? What can I rely upon? Can I suffer my children to grow up aliens to the gospel, and my hopes for eternal happiness and exaltation be taken away from me? And they become dissatisfied, restless and unhappy? Then they ask, What can be done to remedy this condition and to correct the misstep which I have taken?

The men who counsel young people to be careful in marrying, and to take every pains to secure a proper mate for life, and especially one who has the same religious faith should be appreciated by all classes. Many have accused leading men among the Latter-day Saints of being exclusive and as doing something wrong in giving counsel of this kind; but those who do so make a great mistake. It is an act of friendship to the man himself, who seeks to gain a girl of our Church as a wife, to represent to him the probability of subsequent unhappiness and separation. The instances are so numerous which can be cited in proof of this that it can not be made to appear as an evidence of "Mormon exclusiveness;" but rather of Mormon good sense and prudence in profiting by the experience of mankind

in various lands and covering ages of time. We would be neglectful of our duty to the young and inexperienced of our church if we did not warn them of the evil consequences which follow ill-advised and unsuitable marriages of every kind; but particularly marriages with those who are not of their own religious faith.

CHILD ORDINATION.

A CASE is submitted to us of this character: It seems that a child was ordained when he was four days old to the office of an Elder. On the strength of this ordination, when grown up, he connected himself with a quorum of Elders, and has recently applied for a recommendation to another quorum. Objection is made to this recommendation being given on the ground that it may not be proper to recognize that ordination at that early age as binding; and this question is propounded:

First.—Is an ordination to any office in the Priesthood valid before a person has become a member by baptism?

Second.—Must a person so ordained be re-ordained before officiating in any of the duties pertaining to that office or calling?

Third.—Can we as a quorum refuse rightfully to grant a recommendation to such person, he being in all other respects worthy of such recommendation?

The ordination of a child under such circumstances would not empower him when grown up to act in the office to which he is ordained without further ordination. He would necessarily, in order to make his standing entirely valid, have to be ordained again.

This answers the first and second questions.

The third question depends upon the

answer already given, and, of course, it follows that if re-ordination is necessary, and that has not been attended to, the quorum can rightfully refuse to grant a recommendation to such a person, whatever his worthiness may be in other respects.

FORMS OF ORDINATION.

WE receive communications from time to time, from theological classes and from others, making enquiries concerning the language to be used in ordaining different officers in the Church. On this and many other points there is a very manifest disposition to be technical and to attach importance to certain phraseology. Of course, no one can object to the exercise of proper care in administering the different ordinances of the gospel, whether the ordinance of baptism, laying on of hands, administering to the sick, or the ordaining of men to various offices in the Priesthood. But while this is right, and there should be no looseness about this, people should not become too great sticklers for words, and become too critical and technical. The form which is given us by the Lord for the administration of the ordinance of baptism is exceedingly simple and to the point. Undoubtedly the Lord knew better than anyone else whether it was proper and covered the ground or not. It would be very presumptuous in any man to think that he could improve on that which the Lord has given; though there have been times when the President of the Church has suggested language to be used in administering the ordinance of baptism that was appropriate to the then existing circumstances surrounding the candidates. This, of course, he had the right to do, as the man holding the keys. But

the canyons, which are noted for their beautiful scenery. Nature seems to have provided this little spot as a place of confinement. With the ocean on one side and a mountain towering far above on the other, one feels as though he were really in bondage.

The news of our arrival soon spread through the village. At an early hour men and women came and peeped over the fence, but, seeing no one astir, moved on. On arising, we found they were standing at the gate. Chief among them was the president of the branch, who had come to look after our welfare. Our attention was at once directed to a crowd of people clustering around a frame structure that stood near by. We were informed that they were receiving their daily rations, which consisted of three pounds of hard or unmixed *poi* and one pound of beef. Our sensitiveness had been worked up to such a pitch by looking at the lepers that hunger was a thing foreign to us, yet our first necessity was something to eat. The Saints were on hand to furnish us anything we might need, but we were compelled to refuse their edibles. Our only safe way was to eat canned goods from the store. At last they brought a chicken, evidently thinking we had no ground for refusing that. We accepted it, pending an investigation. A few days later, when almost ready to leave, Bro. H—— suddenly asked: "What shall we do with our chicken?" We decided to liberate the captive, so loosened the string, and it flew over the fence, apparently pleased to regain its freedom.

The sisters were gathering for Relief Society. We hurried to the meeting-house, a frame building standing on a slight eminence not far from the sea shore. As we emerged from our enclosure we saw a woman tripping across a

grassy plot toward us. As she drew near, we saw she was a maiden of about eighteen summers. She was neatly dressed; a blue neck-ribbon fluttered in the breeze. She was going to Relief Society, so we walked on together. She proved to be a daughter of a prominent Saint of Honolulu.

"Your parents send love to you, Louisa."

Choking back the sobs that gathered in her throat, she replied:

"Yes, they wrote me a letter saying you were coming. Are they all well? How is little baby brother? Whom does he look like? Bless him! He has been born since I was taken away."

"How long have you been living here?"

"It is over two years since the officers tore me from my home and friends."

"Are you contented here?"

"Oh, yes. Of course I felt very bad when I had to leave those whom I love. I have now become reconciled to my fate. I am provided with plenty to eat and wear. I have now become accustomed to living here, and never expect to leave. The officers of the government are kind to us."

The meeting-house was already well filled. We entered and sat down. The sight that met our gaze we shall not attempt to describe. A year had passed since the last visit of our Elders. Their whole countenances beamed with affection. They looked at us as if we were messengers from another world—so, indeed we were, though mortal ones. The longer we looked at those poor creatures the more our hearts went out to them. We felt to say, "O, Father, have mercy for these afflicted children."

Tears were trickling down many of their faces. No one spoke. Nearly

half an hour passed in silence. Stout-hearted men as we profess to be, we could not refrain. We wept with them; we wept for them. The Spirit of God burned within us; we were filled with compassion toward them. There was a sorely afflicted people, some of them half-way in the grave. Their pains and ills make life a drag; yet their affliction is swallowed up in the hope of a glorious hereafter. We find among these exiled Saints a portion of that love which binds Saint to Saint, children to parents, and mankind to our Eternal Father; that confidence and affection that exists nowhere outside of the true Church of Christ. May it not be that, like Lazarus, who lay at the rich man's gate, and afterward went to Abraham's bosom, some of these despised outcasts may yet occupy exalted stations throughout eternity?

Silence was at last broken by the president, an elderly lady, who arose and called the assembly to order. A good influence was enjoyed to the end of the meeting. The following day was Sunday. We hastened to the Sabbath school. There we found a zealous band of workers. Despite their aches and pains, they exhibited an earnestness and a familiarity with the principles of the Gospel which might serve as examples for many of their brethren with sound bodies and enlightened minds. Following this came the general meeting; then came the Mutual Improvement Association, all of which well nigh occupied the day. On Monday morning we held meeting at Kalawao, the sister village of Kalaupapa. The afternoon was set apart for baptisms. Three persons were taken down to the beach near by and baptized for the remission of their sins. During the past year fourteen had come into the fold. There are many who are con-

verted and join the Church after they reach the leper colony. The membership now numbers 184.

We returned to the meeting-house, which was again filled, although no meeting had been called. After attending to the confirmation, we sang and passed the time in social chat. The president of the branch is an unassuming man, fifty-nine years of age, and apparently a true shepherd to the little flock. He is but slightly affected by the disease. He wears a full beard is of medium stature, and, were his skin white, he would much resemble some of our veteran Saints in Zion.

"How long have you lived here in the colony?"

"I have passed eighteen years on these lonely shores," he replied.

"Are you happy here? Do you pine to see your relatives?"

"My parents have long since died. My other relatives I know not if they be alive. My temporal wants are well supplied. I devote much of my time to studying the gospel and laboring among the Saints, in which I find a deep satisfaction."

The superintendent of the Sunday school is an interesting person. Although his features are badly distorted, his eyes shine with intelligence. His spirit seems little hampered by his bodily affliction. His energy in conducting the school is commendable. Thus throughout all the organizations an earnestness prevails which speaks volumes in favor of our Hawaiian Saints in the leper colony. The almost total absence of children made their condition seem all the more lonely.

Darkness came ere our little gathering dispersed. This was our last meeting. The time had come for us to take leave of them. We shall not soon forget our

standing in the twilight, just outside the church door. Tears stood in their eyes, as they bade us farewell and returned to their homes.

Tuesday morning found us preparing to leave. The president and his associates drew up in front of our quarters, bringing horses to assist us part way on our journey. The party consisted of twenty five men and women. We mounted and rode off, some of the Saints coming out to bid us goodbye as we passed along. A short distance up the trail, which, begins to ascend half a mile to the right of the town, we came to a halt. There on a smooth grassy spot was our parting scene. One of the brethren, who is not a leper, but an officer in the colony, ascended with us to carry our personal effects. As we climbed the steep over rocks and among the brush, we were made dizzy in looking down the rugged mountain side. We reached the top quite exhausted. We heartily thanked our escort, who returned at once. Looking down, we saw our friends below, still standing on the spot where we left them. We waved a last farewell to them, took a long look at Kalaupapa as she lay there an emblem of death, still as the silent tomb. Her houses, like whitened sepulchres, shone in the noon-day sun. The waves that wash the rocky coast sound as soothing strains in the ears of her slowly dying victims.

Sadder and wiser, we turn and resume our journey; sad, because we had beheld humanity in distress; wise, because we could better appreciate the boon of health that has been given us; yet thankful that we had been humble instruments in the hands of the Lord in making glad the hearts of a sorrow-laden people.

Dear reader, we leave you here. In

conclusion we would say: If you are unfortunate, bear your ills bravely; if you have strong bodies, consider yourself exceedingly blessed; but whatever may be your condition, observe strictly the Word of Wisdom which has been given for the guidance of the Saints. Lead virtuous lives; and thus escape the judgment that must come upon a wicked generation, if they repent not, as surely as the Lord hath spoken it.

Edwin C. Dibble.

HOW A SECRET WAS FOUND OUT.

A Dialogue.

Characters: CYRUS, OSMOND, BRIGHAM, MR. SQUIRES (*a school teacher*).

SCENE: *Cyrus chopping wood. Enter Brigham.*

BRIG.: Good morning Cyrus. Going fishing today?

CYRUS: No; got to chop wood. Besides, dad's going to the mill and I'll have to do chores. Are you going?

BRIG.: Well, yes, I guess I'll go if I can get Osmond to go with me. I don't like to go alone.

CYRUS: I wouldn't go a step with old Osmond—he's got the big head since he got that prize, don't you think so?

BRIG.: Well, I don't know—perhaps he has. I haven't noticed it, though.

CYRUS: But I have. Jim, Dan, Ross, and a whole lot of 'em said I ought to have had that prize.

BRIG.: If you had earned it, you would have received it.

CYRUS: No I wouldn't; he's Squires' pet. He draws such long faces when he enters the schoolroom—like as though he were entering a grave. Why, you couldn't have hired him to crack a

smile, or set pins for the "kids" and teachers to sit upon. And the way he'd study them 'er books of his until I thought there would be no printin' left in 'em. Ain't that a fact?

BRIG.: Yes, that's true. We couldn't get him to do a thing, if he thought it not exactly proper. The other day during examination he was terribly bothered. Did you see him?

CYRUS: No, I was too busy getting my own. Did you see me cheat?

BRIG.: Yes, a little; but that's nothing. Did you see me? But old Squires did not and I got my papers to perfection. Could not help it when I had my book. But poor Osmond, he was terribly bothered about that third question. I tried to show him my papers for I had got the answer from the book, but I'll be blowed if he wasn't too honest and long faced to copy. He left that answer a blank.

CYRUS: That's just him; and for him to get that prize—after I'd answered everyone correctly—I can't see it. But I don't care, I can buy a kite just as good as that any day. There's one just like it in Hank's store. But say, Brig, since we've been telling secrets 'bout cheatin' and so on, I've got a secret I'll tell you if you'll not tell a living person.

BRIG.: Well, I won't tell a living soul, you know that.

CYRUS: Now, don't you tell for a hundred dollars, for I wouldn't have it known for nothin'. You know last night when Osmond got that 'ere prize he put up his head and strutted about worse'n a turkey. You saw him didn't you?

BRIG.: Yes.

CYRUS: He came a marchin' up to me with one of his long faces and took my hands and said: "Well, Cyrus, that was an even match. I thought

sure you'd get it. You deserved it. I wish it had been such a prize as could be divided, I'd give you half of it anyway." Fact, it made me so mad that I felt like knockin' him down. He didn't mean a word he said. But I've done somethin' that'll stop his struttin'. Last night he went home, and after parading around showing his kite, he hung it up so carefully in the woodshed. I saw him do it. Now, thought I, old fellow I'll fool you, so I got up this morning before anyone was around, and sneaked into the wood-house, carried his kite out, and now I have broken it into about forty pieces. Won't he be surprised when he goes to get it and finds it gone?

BRIG.: Won't he, though? But you didn't do that—did you?

CYRUS: Sure, I did. If you don't believe it, I can show you a piece of it with his own name on, written by Squires himself. See (*showing some of the kite*).

BRIG.: Sure enough that's his. Won't he feel queer?

CYRUS: You bet. He won't feel so smart and hold his head so high when—(*Enter Osmond, unnoticed by either of the boys. Has a bundle under his arm.*)

OSMOND: Good morning, boys. Hope I'm not intruding. Must be a secret, for you've stopped talking. Fine morning, isn't it?

BRIG.: Yes, quite—quite warm this morning.

OSMOND: How do you feel after the examination? Quite hard, wasn't it?

BRIG.: Yes, quite hard.

OSMOND: How did you find it, Cyrus?

CYRUS (*not looking up*)—Quite—very—it was quite hard sometimes.

OSMOND: Say, Cyrus, I know you deserved and expected that prize. I wish you'd have got it. I could not

sleep last night for thinking about it. So early this morning I called on Mr. Squires and told him about it, and asked how it would be to buy that kite at Hank's and give it to you. It's just like mine. Here it is, and I hope you will accept it as a token of love and friendship. (*Hands kite to Cyrus.*)

CYRUS—Oh, Osmond, I can't—I will—I—

OSMOND: Why, what's the matter? I have not offended you, have I? I meant no harm.

CYRUS: No, no; not offended. But, Osmond, how can you ever forgive me?—I—(*bursting into tears.*)

(*Enter Mr. Squires.*)

MR. SQUIRES: What's the matter, boys—no trouble, I hope?

OSMOND: Not on my part, Mr. Squires. Cyrus does not seem to accept my prize.

MR. SQUIRES: Why, Cyrus; what's the reason?

CYRUS: Oh, Mr. Squires—Osmond—I can't stand this.

OSMOND:) Can't stand what?

MR. SQUIRES:)

CYRUS: Well, it must be told. It was cruel, wicked—I did not possess my own mind. This morning in my anger I broke Osmond's kite.

OSMOND—How's that? I had it late last night.

CYRUS—Yes, but I took it this morning. I was angry—jealous, and now I see the folly of it. You now have lost confidence in me, and I can never be trusted.

MR. SQUIRES—Not so, Bro. Cyrus. The meanest person on earth can reform. Sinners can repent. But, now the secret has been found out, I think a lesson has been learned by all. But another lesson to be learned is this:

"An honest course is the best to pursue." Always be honest. Remember God sees you when you think no one sees. Angels are ever hovering near and taking note of all you do. Yesterday when you were being examined, and thought you were not seen—I saw—angels saw—our Heavenly Father saw. All felt grieved for you both. Satan saw you—saw that he was gaining a little more control over you. 'Twas for this dishonesty that you did not receive the prize, Cyrus. Now my advice is—Osmond, forgive Cyrus, and make him your best friend. He has now suffered and repented. Cyrus and Brigham, think not that you can conceal things from your Heavenly Father. He sees you always. Be honest and all will end well.

CYRUS: Truly I have learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

BRIG.: And I, too.

OSMOND: We have all been benefited by the experience of Cyrus; may he never be compelled to pass through the like again.

CYRUS:

BRIG:

MR. SQUIRES:

} Amen; so let it be.

GRATITUDE.

It was a bitter cold day in the month of December. A heavy mantle of snow covered the earth. An old man was tottering along through the crowded thoroughfares of one of our large cities. His clothing hung in rags about him; he wore an old, greasy, broad-brimmed hat. His old shoes, which had seen many winters, were full of holes. Beneath his hat was a face pinched and thin, and furrowed with age and hardship. His gray locks hung over his shoulders in a confused, untidy manner.

People hurried past him, wrapped in warm furs and cloaks. Everyone seemed bent upon his own business, and paid no attention to the old man, not even so much as to cast towards him a look of pity.

A crowd of boys were standing on the street corner where he was passing.

"Hello, old ragpatch!" said one of the boys. "How much bread have you got in your sack?" shouted another. "I would like to have his hair to fill a mattress." These were the words that greeted the old man's ears.

Just then one of the boys threw a snowball at him. This was followed by a perfect shower. This onslaught, together with the icy pavement, was too much for the old man. He lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground, where he lay trembling with cold and pain.

There was one boy who stood apart from the crowd and watched the proceedings in silence. When the old man fell he walked up and helped him on his feet, the crowd jeering all the time.

"You are a baby, John Graham," said one of the boys.

John faced the crowd and rebuked them for their conduct, asking them how they could be so cruel to a helpless old man. He then offered to conduct the stranger to his home.

After traveling several blocks they came to a cheerless old hovel. The rickety steps shook as they passed over them. In one corner of the room stood an old bedstead. On it lay a pile of straw, which served for a bed. The room was cold and destitute of everything that contributes to comfort.

John stayed a few moments, then bade the old man good-by and left, the latter thanking him very much for his services.

John thought no more of the incident until several weeks afterwards he was reading a newspaper and came across this item:

"Found Dead.—Yesterday morning an old man about seventy years of age, was found dead at his home on Seventh South and Tenth East Street. It is thought his death was brought on by starvation and exposure. He has been seen to leave his home every morning with a bag hanging from his shoulder.

"He would spend the day begging on the streets, and return at night. For several days the neighbors have noticed no one go or come from his home. At last, becoming suspicious that something was wrong, they burst open the door and found him as has been stated.

"Under his pillow was found his will, bequeathing everything he owned to John Graham. With the will was found a note, disclosing the place where there was secreted fifty thousand dollars. The coroner and his jury followed out the instructions in the note, and found the money in the garret of the miner's home.

"The note also gave a short sketch of the old man's life. It appears that when he was quite a young man he fell heir to a large fortune. He had lived and died a miser. It comes out that several months ago this John Graham befriended him on the street, from the attack of a crowd of rough boys. The old man having no relatives, has left all to Mr. Graham."

Wm. A. Westover.

WHEN you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

The Upper Snake River Valley.

THIS vast country was first settled by a small colony consisting of fifteen men under the leadership of President T. E. Ricks.

The company arrived on the ground on the 11th or 12th of March in the year 1883. They at once set to work to establish a community and make homes for themselves and their families.

The snow was deep and the weather was intensely cold, yet undaunted, their surveyor, A. S. Anderson, marked out the course of a water ditch and surveyed a townsite. They named the town Rexburg. It is now the leading settlement of the valley. With a united effort they soon had houses to live in, and as spring and summer advanced improvements could be seen on every hand.

Before harvest time the original colonizers, with the assistance of those who followed them, had fenced two sections of land and made two large canals. That fall they reaped 6,000 bushels of grain and hundreds of bushels of vegetables.

President Ricks, with his characteristic enterprise and foresight, built a ferry boat where the north fork bridge now stands. It was completed and ready for the incoming emigration the same day that the ice broke up and floated down the river. He owned a flour mill in Logan, from whence our flour was obtained for the first year. The first flour mill that was built within 200 miles of us, was built at this town, Rexburg, in the year 1884.

In the fall of 1883 President Ricks opened the first store in this place. The advancement that has been made on

every hand, all around us, since then is perfectly wonderful to behold.

Bishop Wm. B. Preston, while on one of his recent visits to the Snake River country, was heard to remark:

"This is the grandest irrigated country in the world. You may travel all over the world and you will not find so many and such extensive canals as are to be found right within a radius of a few miles around Rexburg."

My father arrived here in April, 1883, and built the seventh house in Rexburg. We moved in the following September. The winter was very severe. We had eight head of cattle when we came to Rexburg. That winter the snow was from three to four feet deep on the level and hay was from ten to twelve dollars a ton. It took four days to haul a ton of hay six miles, the men had to shovel the snow away for the horses to go along most of the time. The winter was so bad that four head of our cattle died.

Joseph T. Young,

Age 15 years.

REXBURG, FREMONT CO., IDAHO.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON II.—FAITH IN GOD.

GOD is our Heavenly Father. It was He who created us, in His own likeness and image; and He has placed us here upon the earth that we might learn from our own experience the good from the evil.

God made the heavens and the earth, the seas, and all things in them. It is by His almighty power that all these things exist, and by Him they are governed and controlled.

God has spoken at different times to men upon the earth. When Adam and Eve dwelt in the Garden of Eden, they

were frequently visited by the Lord, who conversed with them, and taught them His laws and commandments. When they, through eating of the forbidden fruit, were sent forth from the Garden, the Lord did not forsake them, but He sent angels to minister unto them. He also spoke to them by His own voice from the heavens.

The Lord revealed Himself to Abraham, in the plains of Mamre. Abraham was sitting in the door of his tent one summer's day, and, lifting up his eyes, he saw three persons approaching. Abraham went out to meet them, and as he drew near he saw that one of them was the Lord; the other two were angels. When Abraham saw the Lord, he bowed himself to the earth and said:

"My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant:

"Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree:

"And I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on: for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, So do as thou hast said."

Abraham then hastened to the herd, and he got a calf, tender and good, and gave it to a young man to dress. "And he took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree and they did eat." (Genesis xviii: 3-4, 7-8.)

Moses also was a man highly favored of God. The Lord appeared unto him many times, and talked with him face to face, as one man talketh with another. Moses spent forty days with the Lord at one time, when he went up to Mount Sinai to receive the Ten Command-

ments for the children of Israel. On that occasion Moses said:

"And the Lord delivered unto me two tables of stone written with the finger of God; and on them was written according to all the words which the Lord spoke with you in the Mount, out of the midst of the fire, in the day of the assembly. (Deuteronomy ix: 10.)

On another occasion the Lord appeared unto Moses in the tabernacle. This is recorded in the 33rd chapter of Exodus, in verses 9, 10, and 11, as follows.

"And it came to pass, as Moses entered into the tabernacle, the cloudy pillar descended, and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses.

"And all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door: and all the people rose up and worshiped, every man in his tent door.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

The Lord appeared to Isaiah, Jeremiah, and to many more of the ancient prophets. Stephen, when he was being stoned to death by a wicked mob, had the heavens opened unto him. "And he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And he said, Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." (Acts vii: 55-56.)

Has God revealed Himself to anyone in our day? He has—to the boy Joseph Smith.

How Joseph Smith came to be visited by the Lord was on this wise: One day while reading the Scriptures, Joseph's eyes chanced to rest upon the fifth verse of the first chapter of the Epistle of

James, which reads as follows: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." This sacred verse made a deep impression upon the boy's simple soul. He lacked wisdom. His desire was to *know* which of the different churches God acknowledged as the true church. He had no idea that they were all wrong, but thought some one must be teaching the true Gospel, and he wished to know which one. Putting full faith in the testimony of the Apostle James, which we have quoted above, Joseph determined that he would go and ask God to reveal to him what church he should join.

For this purpose he retired on a bright spring morning in the year 1820 to the woods, not far from his father's home. When Joseph found that he was alone, he bowed down in prayer. Scarcely had he begun, he declares, when suddenly he was seized by some unseen power, even the power of Satan, which paralyzed his tongue so that he could no longer speak. Then a cloud of darkness overshadowed him, filling his soul with horror, and foreshadowing instant destruction. Exerting all his powers, he cried in his spirit unto God to deliver him from the grasp of the evil one, and, just as he was about to give way and sink down in despair, he saw a light descending from heaven, directly over his head, of such surpassing brilliance as to exceed that of the noonday sun. In the midst of the pillar were two personages, of exceeding glory, in the form of men, one of whom, addressing Joseph by name, and pointing to the other, said, "This is my beloved son, hear him!"

These personages were God the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ. They

talked with Joseph—at least Jesus did—and told him what course to pursue. The Savior commanded him not to join any of the churches, because He said they had all gone astray; they had transgressed the laws of the Gospel, and were teaching for doctrine the commandments of men. The Lord told Joseph that the Gospel had been taken from the earth, after the death of His apostles, because of the wickedness of men; but that He had promised through His servant John (see Revelations xiv: 6,) to restore it in the last days, and He told Joseph, if he would remain true and faithful, that he would be a chosen vessel unto God, through whom the Gospel would be restored to the people of this generation. All this is recorded in the *History of Joseph Smith*.

Now, with the foregoing evidence before us, and much more that might be quoted, how can we ever doubt the existence of God?

W. A. Morton.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Samuel the Child of God.

THERE was one time a good woman named Hannah who went to the temple every year with her husband to offer sacrifices, but she had no children and she felt very badly about it, so when they were at the temple one time, she prayed very earnestly that the Lord would let her have a son.

The priest, whose name was Eli, spoke kindly to her and said he hoped the Lord would grant her request, although he did not know what she had asked for.

After awhile Hannah had a little baby boy and she named him Samuel, because that means, "asked of the Lord."

She had made a vow, or promise that if the Lord would let her have a son she would give him to the Lord; so after the child was weaned she went again to the temple to offer sacrifices and she told Eli, the priest, what her prayer had been, and now she was going to leave little Samuel with Eli, so that he might be trained up to serve the Lord.

After that, Hannah made a little coat for Samuel every year and took it to him when she went to offer sacrifices at the temple.

Eli taught Samuel to be a good boy and to serve the Lord, and the spirit of the Lord was with Samuel to help him be good.

Eli had two sons who served in the priest's office in the temple, but they were bad men and did wickedly in the sight of the Lord. Eli heard of all their wickedness and told them they ought not to do such things, but he did not punish them for their evil deeds, and the Lord told him that for neglecting his duty in that respect He would punish him.

One night after Samuel had gone to bed he heard someone say "Samuel," so he arose and ran to Eli to know what he wanted, but Eli said he had not called him.

He went back to bed and soon heard his name called again, and when he went to ask what Eli wanted, Eli said again that he had not called him.

After he had laid down again he heard the voice as before, saying "Samuel," and he went again to see what Eli wanted. Eli then knew that the Lord had called him, and he told him to go back to bed, and if he heard the voice again to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Samuel went back to bed again, and very soon the Lord called him for the

fourth time, "Samuel, Samuel," so he answered as Eli had told him to do, and the Lord then told him all that He meant to do to Eli and his family.

The sons of Eli had done wickedly and Eli had done wrong in not restraining them or punishing them for it. He had told Eli before, that both his sons should die in one day, and that other calamities should befall them and now they would soon come to pass, and He would raise up a prophet who would do His will and serve Him in all things.

In the morning Eli asked what the Lord had said to him. Samuel did not like to tell, but he had learned to obey, so he told Eli everything that the Lord had said, and when he had finished Eli said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth Him good."

And Samuel grew and the Lord was with him, and all Israel knew that he was to be a prophet of the Lord.

Next time I will tell you what happened to the ark of the covenant.

Celia A. Smith.

FROM A MISSIONARY.

MICHIGAN CITY, MISS., Feb. 25, 1896.
Editor Juvenile Instructor:

WITH a view of adding another testimony certifying to the healing power of God, as exercised by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in this day, and for the encouragement of the youth of Zion, I feel impressed to relate an incident which occurred last year while in pursuance of my missionary labors in the South.

Several months ago Sister Calhoun and daughter were baptized and became members of the Church. Others of her family were earnestly investigating, but could not, it seemed, become satisfied,

perhaps because of the great opposition waged against the truth taught by our Elders.

Subsequent to this Elders David Hubbard, Edward F. Stevens, Ernest Ricks and myself were visiting certain families of Saints, including these sisters, all of whom resided in Eastern Alabama.

While stopping some five miles from Sister Calhoun's, one Wednesday night, we received word that her daughter was sick and wished us to administer unto her.

The next morning, accompanied by brother William Kennedy, we visited our sister and found her in a most pitiable condition. She had been suffering for some time with spinal and brain troubles, which caused her to toss about in bed and groan in the most agonizing manner. We learned that her physician had the night before pronounced her beyond recovery, stating that her death could be expected at any moment; many of the neighbors, in fact, came in to see her die. We were further informed that some three or four days before the sick girl had repeatedly requested to be administered to by the Elders, which request was met with unintentional indifference on the part of the parents, and scorn from the neighbors who were helping at the bedside.

Upon our arrival we found the sick room full of people, many of whom, as before stated, had the gravest doubts as to the Elders in any way assisting the invalid. As prompted, we promised the girl health and then proceeded to administer unto her. The first administration seemed to do no good, and we all felt that the room contained infidelic influences, which should not be there. After a brief conference among ourselves, we requested certain parties to leave the room, retaining only a few who could

conscientiously unite with us in prayer. The sick girl groaned convulsively as she twisted and turned in her bed.

Forming a circle, we humbly supplicated the Lord for power; then rebuking the evil one from the room we dedicated all unto God. Placing our hands on the sick girl we rebuked the disease, and commanded her in the name of Jesus to be healed. Immediately she sprang to her feet, relieved from all pain, and in a few moments she was dressed and had a child on her lap playing with it, to the great amazement of the lookers on. She was perfectly healed by the Lord.

While administering to this sister I felt, as it were, the healing influence of God coursing through my arms and fingers. My companions said they had a similar experience.

Of course the news spread like wild fire, and many enemies of truth said that by the power of Satan we placed a spell on the girl which made her sick, then withdrew it that the people might be deceived. Notwithstanding this, however, the following Sunday, at the mill pond, witnessed by over fifty people, we led five believers into the waters, and these were added to God's Church, among the baptized being a preacher of another denomination, and the father and sisters of the healed girl.

This display of God's goodness I hope will ever remain in their minds as an additional testimony unto those four Elders of the truth of Mormonism.

Your Brother,

Jos. W. Musser.

Men might live quiet and easy enough, if they would be careful not to give themselves trouble, and forbear meddling with what other people do and say, in which they are in no way concerned.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156.)

ROBBIE did not enjoy his trip to the pond as much as he expected. Something seemed to say to him all the time that he was doing wrong in going away after his mother told him to stay about home. However, the time passed very rapidly, and it was late in the afternoon when the two boys left the pond. As Robbie was not at home for dinner his mother would be sure to inquire of him where he had been. She would certainly know he had been off to some place where he should not have gone, for his clothes were wet and muddy.

They did not find any fish in the pond as they expected to. What the neighbor's boy took for fish were some young tadpoles, or "polliwogs," as the boys called them. Robbie told his companion on the way home that he was sorry he went away when his mother told him not to. But the other boy only laughed at him, and said he thought Robbie was a big baby. If *his* mother should ask *him* where he had been, he would tell her he had only been in the street near by, and his mother would not know any better. Robbie had been taught to be truthful, and had no thought of trying to deceive his mother in any such way. He felt that he had done enough wrong in disobeying her, and did not want to make matters any worse. The day's experience with this boy was a lesson to him, and Robbie resolved to not listen to his coaxing any more if he should ever come again and try to get him to do a mean act. He decided also to try and find better boys to play with.

When Robbie went home that evening he looked rather sheepish, and felt much ashamed of his conduct. He did not try to deny where he had been, nor

to conceal the condition of his clothing. Like a little man he related the whole history of the day's adventure to his mother and told her he was sorry for what he had done.

His mother did not punish him for his disobedience, as she believed the lesson he gained that day would be remembered. He did remember the lesson for a long time, but, like other people, he would sometimes forget. Then again Temptation would come to him in a different form, and he would be caught again in its snares. Robbie was a regular attendant at Sunday school, and there he got acquainted with some boys who did not live so near his home as the ones he usually played with during the week. These boys had good parents, but they were not so strict with their children as was Robbie's mother.

Instead of taking their children to meeting with them in the afternoon, these parents would go to meeting regularly themselves, and leave their children to do as they pleased after Sabbath school was dismissed.

One Sunday, some of these boys persuaded Robbie to go with them to the home of one of the boys who lived near a deep creek. This creek abounded with fish, and it was the intention of the boys to engage in the sport of fishing. Robbie did not know their intention until he got to the place. At first he refused to join them in the sport, but was not wise enough to run home and thus get away from the temptation. He looked on for a while and then began to think there would be no harm in joining his companions. Soon the boys became boisterous in their play, and one of them in fun gave Robbie a shove as he sat on the bank of the creek. Robbie happened to be leaning forward at the time, and the slight push sent him

overhead into the water. He managed to scramble out again, but his clothing was wet through from head to foot. In this condition he went home a wiser boy, having learned one more lesson in the school of experience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANSWER TO A FAITHFUL MOTHER'S PRAYER.

IN the summer of 18— I was in the employ of a stockman herding cattle in the mountains of the Wasatch, about sixty-five miles from my home. I was then about twenty-one years of age. In my youth I had been taught faith in God and a love for the right by a faithful and devoted mother, and learned to rely implicitly upon her word. At the time of which I write I was in the company of rough men, and met with circumstances calculated to try the faith of one so young and inexperienced as I. But I kept in mind my mother's teachings, and they were ever an anchor to my soul and a true source of comfort. One day I received a letter from my mother, filled with words of love and kindness, and asking me if I could send her a little money, as she was in need of some. I asked and obtained from my employer a small check, and enclosed it to her with my letter of reply.

In due time an answer came, and among many other good things, she made this promise: "God will abundantly reward you for being so kind to your poor old mother." These words sank deep into my heart, and my joy knew no bounds, for I knew that promise came from as true a heart as ever beat, and I had full faith in its fulfillment.

I immediately started out, after receiving the letter, on a cattle hunt, some ten miles from camp. While riding

carelessly along the trail, my attention was drawn to a beautiful heifer of about three years of age, standing broadside, about 100 yards from the trail. I seemed impelled to ride out and look at her more closely. I did so, and imagine my astonishment when I discovered that she was my own, and had been lost for about eighteen months. I had traversed the same range scores of times, and never could find her. Instantly my mother's promise came to my mind. The value of the animal was about equal to the amount of the check I had sent her. I may be called childish, but I am as well satisfied as that I live that the animal was restored to me in answer to the prayers of my dear, faithful mother.

H.

PIECE FOR RECITATION.

An Indignant Scholar.

Such a horrid jogafty lesson!
Cities and mountains and lakes,
And the longest, crookedest rivers,
Just wiggling about like snakes.
I tell you I wish Columbus
Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,
And started to find new countries
That folks didn't need at all.

Now wouldn't it be too lovely
If all that you had to find out
Was just about Spain and England,
And a few other lands thereabout.
And the rest of the maps were printed
With pink and yellow to say,
"All this is an unknown region
Where bogies and fairies stay!"

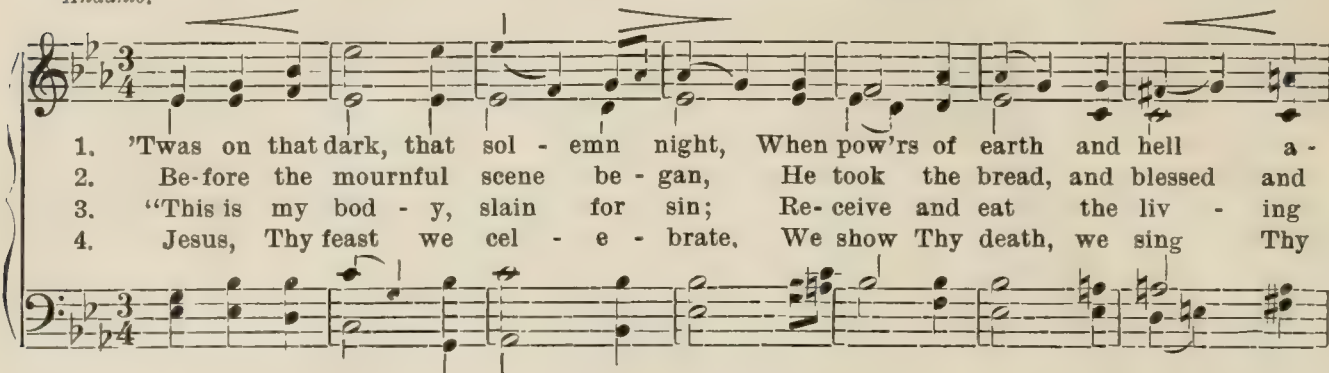
But what is the use of wishing
Since Columbus sailed over here,
And men keep hunting and 'sploring
And finding more things every year.
Now show me the Yampah River,
And tell me where does it flow?
And how do you bound Montana?
And Utah and Mexico.

Emily H. Miller.

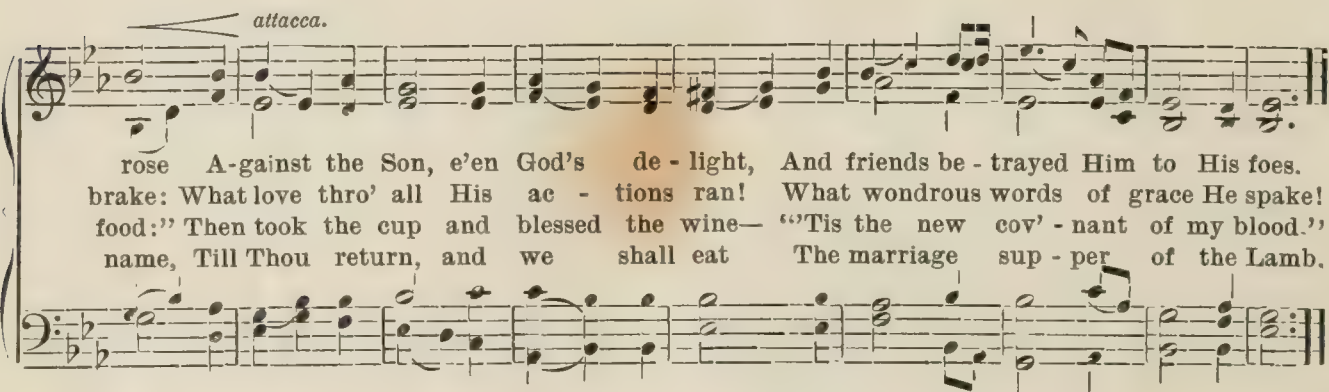
SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

WORDS BY WATTS.

MUSIC BY GEO. H. DONE. ARRANGED BY J. J. MCCLELLAN.

Andante.


1. 'Twas on that dark, that sol - emn night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a -
 2. Be-fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blessed and
 3. "This is my bod - y, slain for sin; Re- ceive and eat the liv - ing
 4. Jesus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate. We show Thy death, we sing Thy

attacca.


rose A-against the Son, e'en God's de - light, And friends be - trayed Him to His foes.
 brake: What love thro' all His ac - tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
 food:" Then took the cup and blessed the wine— "'Tis the new cov' - nant of my blood."
 name, Till Thou return, and we shall eat The marriage sup - per of the Lamb.

THE CHRISTIANS' "GOOD NIGHT."

[The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good night," so sure were they of their awakening at the Resurrection morning.]

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest,
 Lay down thy head upon thy Savior's breast,
 We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.
 Good night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
 But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
 There is a perfect rest, secure and deep.
 Good night!

Until the shadow from this earth is cast,
 Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
 Until the twilight gloom is overpast,
 Good night!

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
 Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
 And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
 Good night!

Until made beautiful by love Divine,
 Thou, in the image of thy Lord, shalt shine,
 And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
 Good night!

Only good night, beloved, not farewell;
 A little while and all His Saints shall dwell
 In hallowed union indivisible:

Good night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
 Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
 Until we know even as we are known,
 Good night!

—Selected.

A NAME RIDDLE.

(Mother and I were looking in the big dictionary and we found a word which made us think of this riddle.)

I have an uncle whose first name,
 When I loaned it two letters a little bird became.
 Both letters were consonants which I had to lend,
 One at the beginning, the other at the end.
 My uncle's name though proper, may be counted com-
 mon still;
 And the little bird is often seen on post, or tree, or hill.

Heber G. Richards.

Answer: (R)Ed-win(g).

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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No. 7.

RICE PRODUCTION.

Were it not for the peculiar dress and features of the people in the enclosed engraving, we might suppose that they were residents of some of the agricul-

these people are engaged in winnowing rice, that very useful article of diet which is so well known to all the people of Utah. The work people are inhabitants of China who are thus engaged.



CLEANING RICE.

tural regions of the United States, where primitive methods of farming prevail, for we see the grain lying around in bundles on the floor, indicating that it is being cleansed by threshing and winnowing. The fact is, however, that

China is perhaps the greatest rice producing country in the world; indeed, it is said that this plant was first raised in China, from whence it has spread to India, Japan, Australia and other tropical countries. It is claimed in evidence

of this statement that 2800 years B. C. a ceremonial existed in China in which the emperor once each year sowed rice himself, and invoked at the same time the blessing of his God upon the crops of his people. The rice of China is larger than that of India. There are two general kinds—the white rice, which is the better quality and is known principally to us, and the red or coarser quality. The seed is first sown in a small patch of ground which has been thoroughly pulverized and then soaked with water. After a very few days the bright green plants are transferred to fields, and placed about eight or nine inches apart. The seed, however, is first soaked in liquid manure to promote its growth, as well as to make it obnoxious to insects.

About mid-summer the plants begin to turn yellow, which is an indication that the grain is nearly ripe, whereupon the fields are drained, and by the end of June or the beginning of July the crop is ready to harvest. With a sickle or crooked knife the tufts of grain are cut and bound in bundles. They are then taken to the threshing floors, where a flail is commonly used for threshing the stocks. The winnowing machine which is used is almost exactly like those we have, thus leading to the belief that we borrowed this useful invention from the Chinese.

A second crop of rice is generally obtained, the ground being immediately prepared after the first gathering. The second crop is usually harvested in November. The same ground usually produces another crop of quick growing vegetables, as the Chinese cannot afford to allow any part of their land which can be in any way reclaimed to remain unused, nor do they allow it to rest a single day more than is absolutely neces-

sary. With their almost perfect system of manuring, and in other ways replenishing the soil, is it alone made possible for the vast hordes of Chinese to live in their comparatively small country.

In recent years there has been developed a rice plant that will grow upon the hill sides, but this quality is not considered as good as that which is grown on the low lands, where alluvial deposits so greatly enrich the soil.

A large quantity of rice is used for producing spirituous drinks, and in Japan the national beverage, sake, is obtained from this grain.

Rice is a very healthful food, though of a farinaceous character, and requires to be combined with fatty or nitrogenous substances to meet the requirements of the human system. C.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.—SERIES II., NO. 5.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION, APRIL 1st, 1896.

General Superintendent's visits—Oneida Stake Academy.—In compliance with previous appointments I arrived at Preston, Idaho, Friday, February 21st, and the same day had the privilege of attending a faculty meeting of the Stake Academy. The faculty is composed of Elders John E. Dally, Principal Academic, Joseph G. Nelson, Intermediate, Ezra F. Wooley, Preparatory, Miss Carrie Parkinson, Primary, and Professor Edwards, music. The reports of the Principal and teachers, and the condition of the records of the Academy were exceedingly satisfactory, and President Geo. Parkinson, as well as other members of the Board present, expressed themselves in terms of approval of the condition of the Academy, and the labors of the faculty. There are nearly

300 students in attendance at present. The Board and Faculty are prepared to apply to the General Board for a high school charter, and commence such courses at the beginning of the next academic year. The Academy building is one of the finest school buildings in the state of Idaho. It is surrounded by beautifully laid out grounds, crossed by gravel walks lined with trees, and the whole square is fenced in. Stables and sheds for the horses, and vehicles of the students are in course of erection, as many students have to come to school daily from long distances. President Geo. Parkinson and his associates in the Board deserve much credit for their good judgment and untiring perseverance in overcoming the momentous difficulties at first besetting their enterprise. The exercises in the Academy, as witnessed by me, reflected creditably upon teachers and students, and the prospects of this institution are exceedingly bright for the future.

Oneida County Teachers' Institute.—By special invitation I had the honor of addressing the district school teachers of Oneida County, at Weston, Saturday, February 22nd, 9.30 p.m. Subject: The teacher and his relationship to the family and the public.

Brigham Young College, Logan.—On my return from Preston, Monday, February 24th, it was my privilege to meet with the faculty of the college at 4 p. m. The Faculty is composed of Professors Wm. J. Kerr, B. S. D. B; President; Douglass M. Todd, James H. Linford, Jacob F. Miller, Geo. L. Swendsen, S. B., Daniel F. Miller, James A. Langton, B. L., Josiah E. Hickman, B. S., Bishop Orson F. Whitney, and four assistant instructors. It appeared from the proceedings at the meeting, that in consequence of the

overcrowded condition of the college the Board had approved of the plans for additional buildings, and concluded to commence the erection of some of them without delay, so that they could be used for college purposes at the beginning of the next collegiate year. The arrangement of the curriculum, the completeness of the records, and the spirit and general efficiency of the students testify unequivocally of the wise management of President Kerr and the efficiency of his co-laborers. The Brigham Young College exercises an influence for good throughout all the regions of Northern Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming.

Bear Lake Stake Academy, Paris, Idaho.—I arrived at Paris, Idaho, Wednesday, February, 26th, and found the Stake Academy temporarily piled into the second ward meeting house. There are poor accommodations as regards room, furniture, and utensils. This academy has been somewhat under a cloud for several years, but thanks to President Wm. Budge and his co-laborers in the Board, the institution has not been suffered to collapse entirely. In response to the request of President Budge, Elder Emil Maeser was recommended to him as Principal of the Academy. The latter thereupon took charge of the institution immediately after his return from a mission in Europe. He is assisted by his wife Sister Lillian Maeser, who takes charge of the Primary, Ladies Department, and Physical Culture. Elder E. Maeser has succeeded in reviving the educational interest in Bear Lake Stake. The Academy has been filled to overflowing with students of all grades notwithstanding the poor accommodations. In the meeting of the Stake Board, held at the Tithing office, Paris, Thursday, February 27th, it was developed, that

Elder J. Stucki, of Paris, had donated to the Board a four acre city lot for the purpose of having an academy building erected thereon; the Board decided to proceed with the building as soon as the weather will allow, so as to have the building ready for occupancy at the beginning of the next academic year. The expenses will be covered by donations for which subscription lists will be opened. Several very creditable plans are now before the Board.

Bannock Stake Academy, Rexburg, Idaho.—I arrived at Rexburg, Wednesday, March 4th, and attended the Academy in the afternoon. The old Rexburg meeting house has been fitted up for educational purposes as suitably as circumstances allowed. There are two recitation rooms besides the general assembly room which is divided by a movable curtain, so as to separate the Academic and Intermediate grades, while the primaries, and the Sunday school normals occupy the other two rooms. The Faculty consists of Elders George Cale, Principal; Bishop Edmund Z. Carbine, Intermediate; Elder Willard Johnson, Sunday School Normals, and Miss Josephine Turner, Primaries. It is with deep regret that I have to record the withdrawal of Elder Charles N. Watkins from the educational field on account of severe indisposition. Brother Watkins, the former principal of this Academy, has rendered his successor all possible assistance as long as his failing health would permit. It is to be hoped that some other sphere of activity more suitable to his physical condition, and in accordance with his many accomplishments will soon be open for him. Brother George Cole has worked up the Academy to its present flourishing condition in the face of many difficulties. In these endeavors he has

been faithfully seconded by all his co-laborers. The records of the Academy, and the reports of the teachers at the Faculty meeting, as well as my own observations during my attendance at the various class exercises reflect much credit upon that institution.

Religion Classes—Referring to the Religion.—Class exercises given by me in various places, as reported in Church School Papers, No. 3 and 4, I consented after frequent requests from other Stake authorities to give similar exercises in the public meetings during my recent circuit through Oneida, Bear Lake, and Bannock Stakes of Zion. They were held as follows: Preston, Sunday, February 23rd; St. Charles, Thursday, February 27th; Liberty, Friday, February 28th; Ovid, Saturday, February 29th; Paris, Sunday, March 1st, at 2 p.m.; and the same day at Bloomington at 7:30 p.m.; Parker Ward in Bannock Stake, Friday, March 6th, at 10 a.m.; and on the same day near St. Anthony at 2 p.m.; Rexburg, Monday, March 10th, at 2 p.m. and Lewisville, same day at 8:30; Pocatello, Tuesday, March 11th.

Stake Board meetings in the interest of Religion Classes were held at Preston, Saturday, February 22nd, at 2 p.m. President Geo. Parkinson presiding. Elder John E. Dalley, Stake Superintendent reported the work in rather a lingering condition, but expected a vigorous revival from now on.

The Cache Stake Board of Education met in Logan, Tuesday, February 26th, at 10 a.m.; President Orson Smith presiding. Stake Superintendent Elder Daniel T. Miller, reported 125 Religion Class Instructors laboring in Cache Valley, and expected a steady increase in the number of classes, instructors, pupils, and thoroughness of the work.

The Stake Presidency and Superintendency of Cache Stake deserve the highest praise for the appreciation of this great work and their earnest devotion in its execution.

The Board of Education of Bannock Stake of Zion met in the Tithing office at Rexburg, Friday, March 6th, at 7:30 p.m. President Thos. E. Ricks presiding. Elder Chas. N. Watkins as Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes stated that Religion Classes would be organized in every Ward throughout the Stake, and President Ricks endorsed energetically the movement. He had taken me around to the places already mentioned, and had witnessed the exercises, at each occasion urging the people to avail themselves of the benefits derived from the training in these classes.

Records and Reports.—The Presidents and Principals of Church Colleges, Academies, and Seminaries were all reminded of our standing rule, that none of them can honorably close the school year without seeing that all records required to be kept according to Gen. Circ. No. 7, page 17, are straightened up to date, and that all statistical reports are sent to the office of the General Superintendent on or before June 30th. Blanks for statistical reports will be forwarded to all church schools before May 1st.

Notice.—The General Board of Education has been informed that so-called "College Yells" have been introduced into some of our Church schools. The General Board does not consider such, and similar boisterous demonstrations in harmony with the spirit that should characterize the growth of Zion, and desires, therefore, that the Boards and Faculties in our Church School Organization will discountenance such unbecoming habits in the future.

Licenses.—It will be impossible for

the General Superintendent to make a correct statistical report to the General Board at the next annual meeting, if the statistical reports are not complete, or are not on hand in proper time, or if teachers without licenses would not have reported to me as requested in Church School Papers, No. 4.

By order of the General Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

A VISITOR FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

It was some time during the seventies. Diphtheria was raging in the county of Sanpete. Among the great number of people afflicted with this terrible disease, many were compelled to yield submission to its deadly requirements.

One case in particular I must necessarily refer to in order to more fully express myself in the narrative I here wish to relate.

A resident of Ephraim City, in the above-mentioned county, by the name of Paul Paulson, was one among many others compelled to battle against the awful disease. Several of his family were bedfast, and after some time of great suffering, he lost his eldest son, a boy about ten or twelve years of age.

Among the many sympathizers of the bereaved family were two small boys, maternal and paternal cousins to the deceased. The two boys being so closely related to the deceased, yet comparatively young and incapable of fully realizing their situation, considered well the conditions of this life and the certainty of the life to come.

One day, while sitting under an apple tree in the writer's garden, conversing upon the real existence of an immortal life beyond this, different ideas were suggested as the talk between the boys

went on. One was, "That in order to better know the real condition of those spirits who have been taken from this world to a spirit world would be to have a talk with some messenger or witness from that place." Having been taught from their earliest recollection that all men must sooner or later pass beyond this life to another world, the two boys took hold of hands, and one said to the other: "Let us enter into an agreement that, if it is possible, the one of us who dies first shall come and tell the other his condition in the spirit world." This, a verbal yet solemn contract, was agreed upon, a third boy, by the name of Joseph Hansen, being witness. Time went on, and the covenant was gradually forgotten.

In July, 1883, the writer returned from his last mission to Denmark. Six weeks later, the 1st day of September in the same year, his eldest son, who was one of the boys mentioned above, died, being then seventeen years, eleven months, and nineteen days old. The writer knew nothing of the contract the boys had entered into until a few months ago, when a rumor came from some one that P. C. Anderson had talked with my son who had died, "Toney," as he was called, his name being Anton.

Knowing Anderson to be a truthful and strictly upright man in all his sayings and actions among his fellow-laborers, I went to him and inquired regarding the matter.

I asked him if he had seen and talked with Anton, my son, since he had died. He answered as follows, as near as I can remember:

"Yes. It was about nine months after Anton's death. I was watering one day south-west of town. Having changed my water, I walked a short distance over to the road, where I sat

down, partly lying or reclining on my side. While in that position, and looking straight in the direction I was facing, I saw Toney walking right up to me, as naturally as I ever saw him in my life. Not having the least fear, and entirely forgetting myself at the moment, I said: 'Why, Toney, I thought you were dead.'

"He looked me straight in the face and answered: 'Don't you remember our agreement?'

"Hesitatingly, I said 'Yes, but I thought you were dead.'

"He more sternly inquired again: 'Don't you remember our agreement?'

"A third time I remarked, 'Yes, but I thought you were dead. Then how came you here, and what are your conditions?' I added.

"'If it had not been for that agreement,' he answered, 'I should not have been permitted to come here. It has been very difficult and hard for me to come. I am very busy, have a great deal to do; and my conditions are more excellent than you are able to comprehend.'

"At that very moment he disappeared before my eyes, apparently being in a great hurry."

After the latter statement I inquired of Anderson whether or not he was asleep at the time here spoken of, and if he had talked to anyone else about this matter. His second testimony, fully as reliable as the first, was to the effect that he was not asleep, but as wide awake as I was at the time he spoke.

Now I am afraid there are many people, even among the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, who consider the validity of such impossible. As for me, I could not have believed it any stronger had I seen and heard it with my own eyes and ears. Anderson today has a family,

and is a very prominent man in the community where he lives, ready at all times to bear testimony, not only to the above statement, but also to the truthfulness of the gospel of Christ as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith in this day and age.

A. C. Nielson.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WRITE.

AMONG the many wise counsels which the Prophet Joseph Smith gave to his brethren and to the world, one was, never to commit anything to paper in correspondence that could be communicated orally, or that if written would not bear publication. This counsel the Elders of our Church and our people generally should follow; in fact, it would be better for everybody to remember it, and never put in writing that which they would be ashamed to see in print. There has been no end of trouble through carelessness in these respects. When a person has committed to writing that which should not be said it is difficult and in some cases impossible to recall it. Words spoken are heard and sometimes remembered in a way to produce unpleasant results; but that danger is insignificant compared with that which attends the committing of things to writing that should not be said.

There is a recent illustration of this which adds great force to the wisdom of the counsel of the Prophet upon this subject. Cardinal Manning was an eminent minister of the Church of England, but afterwards joined the Roman Catholic church, and was subsequently elevated to the position of cardinal in that church. He was a very influential man, not only in Great Britain, but through-

out the Catholic Church and was highly esteemed by people of other denominations as well as his own. About four years ago he died. Before his death all his diaries, journals, and autobiographical notes passed into the possession of a gentleman named Edmund Sheridan Purcell. This was the Cardinal's wish and will, expressly for the purpose of this bishop writing his biography. This gentleman has written and published a biography of the Cardinal. Since its publication a great outcry has been raised against it, especially by the Catholic papers and dignitaries of the Catholic Church. It is said that Mr. Purcell's treatment of his subject is altogether too candid, and that he tells too much, and a great amount of feeling has been produced in consequence of it; in fact, criticism is raging.

Another English Cardinal, Vaughan, has written in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* upon the subject with unusual force and feeling. He says that the publication of this Life is almost a crime. He feels sure that Cardinal Manning would rather that his right hand had been cut off, or that he had suddenly been struck dead, than that many of the documents which fill this work should have been published. He further says that it is simply inconceivable that Manning could ever have "intended his spiritual struggles and confessions, the record of his own impressions, criticisms and judgments on men and measures many of them still in the process of solution, together with private and personal letters and notes dealing with the faults real or imaginay of others and with matters the most contentious to be gathered together and launched back on the stormy sea he had left behind the moment he himself had set foot upon the eternal shore."

But the feeling concerning the publication of this biography is not confined to the Catholic Church; its publication has caused a commotion in Methodism. It seems that a prominent Methodist minister, one of the leaders of that denomination, wrote a letter to Cardinal Manning, in which he alludes in very strong language to another prominent Methodist minister and editor—Hugh Price Hughes. This has raised a great commotion and, as a matter of course, Mr. Hughes feels deeply hurt and offended at these expressions of his fellow-minister, and does not hesitate to say so in his paper.

In speaking of this one of the papers quotes, "Whatsoever ye have said in darkness shall be heard in the light; and what ye have spoken in the ear in the inner chambers shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

Cardinal Manning's character is likely to suffer from this publication. His biography says that for years he spoke with a double voice—or, as our Indian friends would say, with two tongues; one time proclaiming in public certain views which he professed to entertain, but in private saying things which were in direct opposition to those views.

Among others who express themselves as having been deceived by Cardinal Manning, is the famous English statesman Mr. Gladstone. He has been surprised beyond measure by that which he has learned from these letters of Cardinal Manning's that are now published. He expresses himself to the effect that the information which he has thus gathered is most startling, for which he was quite unprepared. In all their correspondence and conversations during an intimacy which extended over many years, Gladstone says Manning never once led him to believe that he entertained views which

from his letters now published he evidently did believe. Gladstone appears to think that if Manning was not insincere, at least he was not simple and straightforward. The appearance is that he was, for a while at least, playing a double part.

This biography illustrates very clearly how important it is for men not to write that which they do not wish published, or which if published would make them blush. Cardinal Manning is dead; but the Methodist minister whose letter now appears is still living, and he does not feel very comfortable to have one of his letters produced in which he calls another eminent co-laborer in the ministry a Methodist "firebrand."

It would be well for the young men and young women who read his article to remember the wise counsel which the Prophet gave, and avoid putting things on paper that should not be published or that, if published, would make them appear in a bad light.

The Editor.

A PIMA WAIF.

CHAPTER I.

WE called him Chip, which is rather a queer name to give a boy, I will admit. Yet it seemed to fit my hero very well, and I doubt if we could have found one that would have suited him better. To tell the truth, I believe he cared very little about his name, anyway, though he seemed to like it or dislike it according to the purpose you had in using it.

If mother went to the door and called "Chi-ip" when dinner was on the table he never failed to appear quickly, with his brown face wreathed in a pleasant smile. His name always pleased him at

noon, but when the stove-wood ran low, or water was needed on washdays, or the cows were to be driven up from the pasture, then you might call "Chi-ip" until you were hoarse. If he appeared at all, his face wore a scowl that would have become one of his wild ancestors, when meeting an enemy on the warpath. There was no doubt that he disliked his name then.

Chip's mother, a Pima squaw, crawled into our stable one stormy January night and died there. Father found her when he went to feed the horses in the early morning; and he found Chip also, curled up in one corner of old Major's stall, and sleeping as soundly as though the death of a mother was an everyday occurrence with him.

Major had followed the guidons in a cavalry regiment for some years, and he hated an Indian. Father used to say it was because Major did not like the way they smelled, and I have seen him run at them with open mouth if they came too close to him when he was loose. But when the little savage was found in the old troop horse's stall, without a scratch or a bruise about him, I lost faith in father's theory. I am sure Chip had not had his face washed since he was born, not to mention such a thing as a bath all over; and he smelled bad enough to have justified Major in kicking him clear out of the stable.

We buried Chip's mother at the foot of a tall pine tree in the canyon, and the little orphan was adopted into the family, with restrictions, and he became a permanent feature of life on the ranch.

He was about three years old at that time and we got along very well with him at first. He learned English nicely, though he liked best to talk Spanish, which almost all Arizona Indians understand.

Chip had a thousand generations of savage ancestors behind him, however, and they proposed to have something to say about the way in which he behaved himself. Their ideas about the best way to bring up children were different from ours, and they soon told us so,—through Chip.

The first outbreak came when he was between five and six years old. Mother had made him a pair of knee pants and Chip was was a very prond little Indian when he put them on for the first time.

"They seem to be a rather tight fit," said father, as some of the stitches popped the first time Chip sat down in them.

"Yes, they are a little tight; but they'll stretch some after he has worn them a few days," mother replied.

Whether she was right in regard to those particular panties we never knew, for when Chip came in to dinner we discovered that he had invented a way to give them "slack" which was entirely effective, and which nobody but an Indian would have thought of.

"Chip, what have you been doing to your pants?" mother asked, angrily.

"Pants fit to much; me mend 'em" he blandly replied.

The mending had been accomplished by ripping open the outside seams the full length of the garment. He had then punched holes, in pairs, from the waistband down. Through these he had run strings and knotted them, but so loosely that a good three inches of brown skin showed along the whole length of the parted seam.

"Chip, I have a great mind to whip you," father said, sternly, though there was a twinkle in his eye which showed that he was not quite as angry as he pretended to be. "No white boy would

think of spoiling his clothes in that way.

"Me no white boy, me Pima. Injun no like white boy pants, 'cause 'em fit too much for sit down," he retorted in a way that sent us all into a fit of laughter.

Chip disliked knives, forks and spoons quite as much as he did tight pants. We tried our best to teach him that it was not polite to eat with his fingers, but he cared nothing for good manners. The moment he felt sure that nobody was watching him, down went his hand into his plate, first one then the other, and the food was bolted with a rapidity that an ostrich might have envied.

His greatest delight was to be with the horses and I believe they soon came to like him better than any other person on the ranch. Major was his favorite, and he spent hours in the old horse's stall, petting him, smoothing his mane and tail, and calling him by all the tender names he could think of, both in Spanish and English.

Chip did not like mules, but we did not know it until we heard a great noise of kicking and stamping in the stable one day. Father stole softly to the stable door and peeped in; then he stepped into the harness room and came out with the buggy whip. That was a sure sign that Chip was in some serious mischief. There was silence in the stable for a moment, then father appeared, leading the little Pima by the ear, and we found out what kind of a prank he had been up to.

Kitty and Bess, our span of mules, occupied a double stall near the door. Chip had climbed to a rafter above them and he was amusing himself by poking their ears, ribs and flanks with a long pole, the end of which he had sharpened to a fine point. When father

appeared on the scene, the little rascal was almost bursting with silent mirth at their antics under the torture, while the poor mules were almost frantic and kicked wildly at the sides of the stall and at each other.

Poor Chip. The buggy whip was applied that day in earnest, and he sat down to supper a sadder and, perhaps, a better boy.

The first important service Chip rendered the family happened when he was eleven years old, and it gave him a reputation for courage such as even a man grown might be proud to possess.

The part of Arizona where he lived was very rugged and wild. Bears, mountain lions and wolves were numerous in the hills round about us, and father once shot a bear less than half a mile from the house. As for those cheeky little thieves the coyotes, they carried off mother's chickens from under her very nose; and anything eatable, even harness, was not safe from their sharp little teeth if left out after dark.

In the early part of November father's business called him to the railroad. Dick, my only brother, was away at college; and mother, my baby sister and I were left, with Chip as our only protector.

During the afternoon of the second day after father had left, I took a pail and started for the spring, which flowed out of a rocky hillside some distance above the house. A line of pipe led the water almost to the door, but we always imagined it to be sweeter and cooler if we carried it from the spring itself.

The path to the spring led past the stable. I had just turned the corner of that building when a big cinnamon bear waddled awkwardly out from behind the spring house, stopped, and began to

look around as coolly as though he owned the ranch.

I was lucky enough to see him before he saw me and I dodged quickly back behind the corner of the stable. I was badly frightened by the thought of how narrowly I had escaped meeting him at the spring.

He could not possibly see me in my hiding place, and as it was only a few steps back to the house, I felt that it would be safe for me to watch him for a little while. I never had seen a live bear before; but Dick had seen one in a trap and he boasted of it accordingly. Here was my chance to turn the tables on Mister Dick.

Bruin did not look very savage at that distance and I began to hope that he would go away without doing anything unpleasant. The wish was scarcely born, however, before he turned his attention to a couple of baby calves, which we kept in a corral on the other side of the canyon. He probably thought their plaintiff "moo-moos" were an invitation to dine. At any rate he trotted off in their direction.

This sudden move terrified me, and I ran back to the house with the speed of a hunted rabbit. Those baby calves were pets of mine and the idea that that big, ugly bear was going to eat them filled me with horror.

"Bear—in the calf-pen," I gasped, tearing into the kitchen like a wild thing.

Mother was ironing some clothes; she dropped her iron and stared at me as if she thought I had taken leave of my wits.

"A bear in the calf-pen?" she repeated. "Why, Mary, you must be crazy."

Before I had time to reply, Chip, who was lying on his stomach under the

table when I entered, snatched up father's heavy Winchester and darted out of the house.

Mother was a timid woman, but she would have followed him at once, had I not clung to her skirts, and begged her to stay in the safe refuge of the house.

We stood in trembling silence for a minute or two, then—"Bang" came a heavy report, followed almost immediately by another. There were no more shots and we began to feel braver.

"Mamma, I am sure Chip has killed the bear," I said.

"More likely the bear has killed him," she replied. "Let us go and see."

Each of us grasped some portion of the other's dress as a protection against the bear or hysterics, and out we went.

"Chi-ip," mother called.

"Me here. Come see *oso*," came Chip's shrill voice, in reply.

I knew that *oso* was the Spanish name for a bear, and I felt sure Chip had killed the big cinnamon.

We turned the corner of the stable and our fright gave way to a fit of laughter. There lay the bear within a few feet of the calf-pen, and he was dead enough, to suit even us. Chip had killed him with a lucky shot just in time to save my pets. The cause of our merriment was to see our small champion going through an exaggerated war dance around the huge carcass of his victim. I had seen a great many of Chip's antics but this was the most remarkable performance I had ever known him to indulge in.

The closer we approached, the faster he danced. His wiry brown legs were spread wide apart with every leap, and his skinny arms flopped this way and that like the limbs of a scare-crow.

When we reached the spot and he condescended to notice us, he swelled

up with importance like an angry frog. He patted himself on the breast, then pointed to the bear, and said:

"See, *oso* dead. Me kill him *muy pronto* (very quick.) Nuder *oso* come, me kill him, *tambien*. White boy no can do dat. Only me; me Pima."

When father returned he rewarded Chip's bravery by making him a present of a fine two-year-old colt called Eagle. Chip was very proud of his handsome steed, and Eagle soon grew so fond of his little master that he would follow at his heels like a dog.

I owe it to those two that I live to write this story, and I will tell you what they did in the next number.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

IN the hard winter days, between Christmas and New Years 1852, myself and a young Elder, Brother Poulsen, were traveling as missionaries on the island of Lolland, Denmark. We visited a friendly family by the name of Jensen, the head of which was the overseer over the large oak forest in which the house was situated. The man and his wife were not then baptized, but preferred to wait till spring for that ordinance. While we were conversing with them on the gospel in the afternoon, there arrived in the house five men—the parish police, sognefoged, of Wester Utterlev, being the foreman. After the common Christmas salutation, they asked for brandy; but the host said that nothing of that sort was in the house. The men sneeringly said, "Yes, we should think not, for now you are holy." Then the sognefoged wanted to know what kind of strangers were in the house.

One of the men, named Frederik, whom I had heard on a former occasion

cursing the Mormons, was especially full of wrath. He said, "These wicked Mormon priests are going around to lead young people and old fools to destruction."

There was an old man among the visitors, who said, "If those Priests could preach and read from our good old Bible instead of from Joseph Smith's gold-bible it would be all right."

"Yes," said the man Frederik, "they are taking Bible texts, for," pointing to Brother Poulsen, "this young greenhorn told me the other day that the time would come when I shall call upon the mountains to fall on me to hide me from God's presence."

In that very moment the Savior's words came to me, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and turning towards Brother Poulsen said, "Well, is that so? You must always remember that we are to be messengers of peace and good-will to all men, and not condemn, or use such words as those that this gentleman says you uttered towards him." I then apologized for Brother Poulsen to Frederik, saying, "You must excuse this young man for what he thoughtlessly has said, for you see he is young and inexperienced, and has not been out in the world much."

My words seemed to have the desired effect, for the man said to me, "You are a reasonable person, but this other fellow I don't like."

I then took my pocket Bible from my valise and said, "Gentlemen, please see if this little book is not Martin Luther's translation of the Bible, for from that book we will point out to you the truths of all our teachings and peachings."

I then commenced from the Old Testament to read from the prophets of God's promise to the house of Israel, and the

gathering of them to Zion and Jerusalem in the latter-days, to raise up a people to prepare a kingdom for the second coming of Christ, and I pointed out from the New Testament the only way to enter into the kingdom of heaven: repentance and baptism, and the reception of the Holy Ghost. I further showed from the book of Revelation that the Apostle John saw in his vision an angel proclaiming and bringing the everlasting Gospel again to the earth, which is the only true plan of salvation and the heavenly law for His Church, in which there must be Prophets and Apostles, etc., with gifts and blessings to guide and instruct, through continual revelation from God, the members of the body or the Church of Christ, until they arrive to perfection in all the heavenly graces. I told them that Satan, through wicked men, had formerly killed the men of God who held the priesthood, with heavenly authority to officiate in the name of the Son of God; and that for many hundred years God has not had any representative on earth, until a few years ago He raised up a man to be His Prophet and Apostle, with that authority which Christ gave to Peter to bind and loose on earth and in heaven.

After answering some questions, there seemed a more calm spirit to enter into the men, so that the three of them became friendly towards us, and the sog-nefoged, with the one man, both full of wrath, dared not harm us, and they all went away. I did not think that those men were prepared then to receive the Gospel, but gave them a warning not to fight against the truth, and to do no harm to God's servants, and especially not to thrash us with their heavy oaken sticks, which no doubt they cut in the forest for that purpose.

Our host, Mr. Jensen, then remarked,

"They could not do you any harm in the house; but possibly they will lie in wait for you in the forest. You better stay with us for the night." We thanked him for his kindness and stayed there.

In the night I dreamed that I was alone and traveling in an open field; but looking back I beheld a great carnivorous monster, something like a bear, coming after me. As I turned my head again I noticed a close growth of trees at a distance in front of me, and then I ran with all my speed for that clump of trees, thinking that if I could pass through them I would be safe; but coming in among the trees I found myself entangled in snares and strings twined all over and from one tree to the next, so that I had to use all my strength to break them. I then came out and pursued my journey gladly.

I awoke from my dream and thought I had the interpretation of it. I told Brother Poulsen that snares would be laid for me by the sectarian priestcraft, but that the Lord would deliver me out all right. The next morning we left there to go to Thoreby, a village on the east-end of Lolland, close to a narrow strait of the Baltic Sea, separating that island from the island of Talster. Both islands belonged to the same conference, and were presided over by the late Johannes Swenson, shoemaker, of Salt Lake City, who was there one year before me, and which brother had come from Talster to Thoreby. There were thirteen members of the Church in said place, where we held several well-attended meetings, and on the following Saturday night we baptized eleven persons, and among them a full-blooded Jew.

The next Sunday morning Brother Swenson took Brother Poulsen with him and left me alone with the twenty members to hold fast-day and sacrament

meetings in the house of a brother, Niels Jensen. We all rejoiced greatly through that Sabbath day with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and in praising our Heavenly Father for the increase of members to the fold of Christ. In the afternoon as I stood to officiate with the holy supper, the Lutheran minister or priest for Thoreby and neighboring parish, came with his deacon and a great many people, proudly strutting along, thinking to disturb our meeting and scare us all out of the house. We held our meeting in an inner room, there being one room and the hall outside of that, which now became full, and a multitude was still outside the building.

The minister stood facing us in the open door, with intent to come farther in; but in that moment I uttered the words, "Let us all kneel down and ask the blessing upon the bread." The minister and all of his crowd stood still as if paralyzed, while we all, members, and strangers in our congregation, knelt before the Lord. After the sacrament was over, I spoke of the sufferings of Christ, the atonement of the Lamb of God for the fallen world, of our covenants to God and of our duty and love to one another.

While I was speaking and singing my voice became hoarse, and my lungs had been bleeding; for I had taken much cold in the winter by traveling in the deep snow with wet feet. I prayed in my heart to my Heavenly Father that He would strengthen my lungs and restore my voice. With a clear voice and with great freedom I spoke for about one hour, while all stood still and listened, and only my own voice sounded in the deep silence. I laid before that great crowd the eternal plan of salvation, leaving the priest and his people with no excuse for failing to accept the only way to escape the judg-

ments of God by becoming members of the true Church of Christ.

The Spirit then told me to stop, and the minister asked for leave to speak, and then commenced, saying, "My own dear church people, I must admit that I have listened to the honorable gentleman's speech with great interest. He has portrayed the love of God to His children on earth from the beginning, and His dealings with mankind through the different dispensations down to Jesus Christ; but when he went farther and boldly exclaimed in the language of Paul, 'We are the true messengers of God to invite all mankind to be reconciled to Him, to escape the coming wrath, I must indeed protest, for you all know that Thoreby congregation is very good and God-like.'"

There stood near the priest four or five men holding large brandy bottles in shape of time or sand-glasses, and long oak sticks in their hands, by which they knocked on the floor and howled out, "Yes, Thoreby church is by the d—— good."

I then said to the priest, "Now, your own church folks have sealed your testimony of your congregation's godliness."

The priest felt somewhat embarrassed, and exclaimed, "There is some scabby sheep in every flock," which words the drunken men did not relish, so, for a while, they did not know what side to take.

Then ensued a wrangling conversation about the meaning of the words of Christ to His apostles, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel," etc., from his side, and after I had partly silenced him with the true interpretation of God's word, he said, "My former church members, I feel very sorry for you, especially for the young folks, at being led astray from Jesus by those vagrant Mormons;

for when you die you cannot have a Christian burial, but must be cast outside and be put in the potter's field, among murderers and suicides."

I then took the word and said, "Listen, my friends; it will not profit a man if he gains all worldly honor and riches, if he loses his soul, and if he is buried with all the pomp and splendor, while his church bell is clanging, and a fine marble monument afterwards is raised over his grave, if when the archangel is sounding his trumpet with a loud voice, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!' he who persecutes the true followers of Christ will try to hide himself from the terrible majesty of Him who sits upon the throne, and then must hear the words, 'Go hence, I know you not!' But those who are reckoned as the outcasts of the world, yet have walked in the straight and narrow way to the end of their mortal lives, will be raised out of their graves to meet their Redeemer in the clouds of heaven, and with Him go down and take possession of the earth, and reign under Him as kings and priests to God and the Lamb for evermore."

After my last remarks the people whispered, "The Mormon priest is right."

As darkness now set in, the priest prepared to leave. As he was doing so, he said, "I will now go, for you see I cannot persuade that gentleman to be a Christian, and he cannot, by G—, make a Mormon of me."

"All right," said one of the worst in the crowd. "We will baptize that Mormon priest in his own blood."

Now as a lighted candle stood upon the table in front of us, a rock came thundering through the window and smashed the table, extinguishing the candle-light. I asked for another light, and then the men with the clubs surrounding

the table, struck upon it and cursed the Mormons.

There was a miserable subject among them, who came forward and said, "These Mormon Priests cured my thumb the other day, which was nearly cut off, and," pointing to me, "he was one of the two; but by what power they did it I cannot say."

The meeting-room where I still was was full of men and some women, and I quite realized that I stood facing the thick growth of trees, tied together with priestcraft, which I saw in my dream; but how to get through that crowd I did not know. A friendly man came to me and whispered to me, "Mr. Bohn, you had better get out of here or else you will be killed."

The words seemed to set my feet in motion, and before I knew it I found myself in a small inner room. I tried to open the windows there to get out, but found them fastened outside. At last I got one open and jumped out; but to escape from the house was impossible, as it was full-moon light, and many of the mobbers were outside watching for me. Therefore I went into a little outside room close by, where fodder for the stock was cut, crept behind the cutting-box and hid under some rye straw bundles, while I heard the mob yelling, "Where is the Mormon? Where is he?"

I heard a woman say, "He went into the bedrom."

I lay shivering in the cold, with chattering teeth, and heard the destruction going on both inside and outside the house. I did not fear very much for my own life or person, for I believed I would come out unharmed, as I saw in my dream; but I felt anxious for my day-book, in which I had written sixty Latter-day Saint hymns of my own composition. I had left it on the windowsill,

under which all brick and plastering was torn out.

After the mob had destroyed all the household utensils, they took the new feather bed, etc., which Brother Jensen's wife had prepared for the next emigration, and put it down in the well, throwing all kinds of filth over them, after which they broke down the stone wall of the well, which fell on top of all. Still they were not satisfied to leave before all brick was knocked out of that old frame-building, and as the last piece of glass in the outbuilding was broken with a rock, I heard a wagon coming on the road, and a person in the wagon said with loud voice, "What is going on here? Is it murder or robbery?"

The crowd then left, and all was stillness. With silent thanks to God I emerged from my prison and saw the destruction; but to my great astonishment and joy, my day-book lay right on top of a pile of mortar and brick, and I then knew that the Lord had preserved it for His own purpose. Those hymns and thirteen more, with the beautiful songs of C. C. A. Christensen, and of the late P. O. Thomassen, as well as fifty of mine, translated into Swedish, have been sung in the Scandinavian meetings for over forty years.

As I came to the house I called for Brother Jensen and wife; and as they heard my voice they cried out, "O, Brother Bohn, are you alive? We thought you dead." I answered, "The Lord has sheltered me from all harm."

I saw then the wife with bleeding and swollen temple, and a twelve-year old boy with nearly broken ribs, both being hurt with pieces of brick. I consoled them as much as I could, and asked for my under jacket, cap and cane. I received my jacket, but my cane was gone and my cap was torn to pieces; I felt glad that

my head was not in it when the mob tore it. I now started for a seven Danish mile tramp in that clear, bright and frosty winter night, to Helling's mill. I was very faint, cold and hungry; but the Lord strengthened me so that I came towards early morning to my beloved brethren and sisters, who received me with open arms, and we all praised God for my deliverance out of the snares of the adversary.

Now, after more than forty-three years, I can clearly see that my Heavenly Father at many times protected my body, which never was very strong and robust, from harm, so that I have reached the good age of seventy-three, and have dwelt in the mountains of Ephraim for forty-one years and a half. I have witnessed temples reared to the mighty God of Jacob, in which I have stood as the only one of my kindred, with my wife and children, as saviors upon Mount Zion, wherefore from the depths of my heart I feel to exclaim, "All thanks, praise, honor and glory be to God and the Lamb forever!"

John M. Bohn.

WITH THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

You know during my vacation from business, during the latter part of the year 1888, and the greater portion of the year 1889, I put up at the Hotel de Dyer, and, in company with some two hundred other sojourners at the hotel named, gathered on Sunday afternoons in the grand dining hall of the establishment, for the purpose of receiving religious instruction.

But should you not know, allow me to inform you that such was our usual custom, not only our custom, but rule, and rather a cast-iron rule—one which we had no hand in making—and it was

especially enforced by the hotel-keeper and his waiters, better known to some of my acquaintances as the warden and his guards.

Here, in the grand dining hall, we would meet in turn the ministers of the several religious denominations who had established themselves and their churches in Salt Lake City.

The order observed on these occasions was as follows: At the signal of three bells, we gentlemen in "stripes" formed in line on the gangway outside our respective cell doors, and marched in single file to our places in the dining hall, there to await in strict silence the coming of the minister; and sometimes quite a time would elapse before his arrival.

I remember on the occasion of a longer delay of this character than usual, an amusing incident occurring, which, although of small moment, serves to show the freedom existing in the intercourse of the prisoners and officers of the prison on some occasions.

An interested officer about this time said in regard to the Mormon prisoners, that there was no need of walls or stocks to keep them in. If he was to plow a furrow around a ten-acre lot, and tell them to stay within the mark, they would do it.

So with this class of men, the guards of the penitentiary were at ease, and still more at ease, by knowing that all the prisoners of that same class were guards over the other men confined there; and thus a spirit of freedom and liberty was fostered within these prison walls which seemed at times strangely at variance with prison discipline, but no harm came of it.

One Sunday afternoon Tommy Williams came marching into church, with his sprightly little Scotch terrier dog

"Peggy" under his arm—by the way, this dog was the pet of the prisoners; they fondled and caressed her on all occasions.

Many a time have I seen some great, broad-chested convict leaning over "Peggy" and her pups, watching her supply them with the lacteal fluid, with all the solicitude that we generally ascribe to old maids with their cats; but men are very like old maids in this respect, and under certain circumstances, like them, they must have something to love and caress; so these men loved and caressed "Peggy," and snuggled her up to their rough faces, which she licked to their entire satisfaction.

So general a favorite was "Peggy," and so highly esteemed, that when Mr. Doyle (the guard) saw her being carried into church under her owner's arm, he asked Williams if he did not think the dog would disturb the services.

Tommy replied: "I think not, Mr. Doyle. I brought her in, thinking probably she might make a disturbance in the cell house, and cause more annoyance, sir." So the prisoner's dog remained to hear the service.

Why the delay, which was unusually prolonged on this occasion, I do not remember; but we were left sitting in the dining hall, awaiting the arrival of the minister, for a longer time than usual that Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Doyle left the hall for a few minutes to ascertain the reason of the delay, I supposed, when some of the prisoners took advantage of his absence to get off some smart tricks and jests. One of them, a real, reckless, jolly dog himself, arose to his feet and addressed himself to another prisoner, who was the butt of many of their jokes, and said: Mr. Bronson, Chairman Bronson, I move this meeting do now adjourn, in

order that 'Peggy' may have an opportunity to suckle her pups."

The burst of laughter that greeted this proposition was only smothered in time to receive, with very red faces, the incoming of the guard, accompanied by the preacher.

The Rev. T. C. Iliff, of Methodist fame, once came out, and addressed us. He spoke very well; his ideas and teachings were practical and plain.

The celebrated Miles Grant, the Adventist, tried his persuasive eloquence on us once, with the idea of converting us from the error of our way. He was accompanied, and strongly supported by the presence of the Hon. John T. Caine, the delegate of Utah; the Territorial Marshal, and a leading representative of the Grand Army of the Republic, as well as several other gentlemen.

Elder Miles started out in rather a high key, for the kind of an audience before him—too much of a make-yourself-at-home sort of a style; however, it did not take from my mind the fact that he was really out visiting, in a very strange place, and among very strange company, indeed.

He did fairly well at flying his kite for a time, but after he had been sailing along a little more at his ease, he was suddenly brought to the ground by the non-show of hands in affirmative response to the question, "Would you not like to go to Jesus and have Him save you from your sins?"

The question, as put by the old practitioner, was not only sandwiched between very palatable slices of persuasive phrases, but the slices themselves were thickly covered with the honey of enticing words, and nothing seemed in the way of the ready reception of the tempting bait; but with all this, the fish before him did not bite, to his great

astonishment, and greater perplexity, for not a hand was raised.

No doubt the good man had worked this little by-play of the preacher's art on many audiences with success; the failure here non-plussed him so much that it acted as an effectual extinguisher of what little fire he raised on the occasion, and he soon brought his remarks to a close, somewhat ingloriously, although he disguised his defeat as much as possible.

And, indeed, to preach to those "spirits in prison" was no easy task. A living wall seemed to confront the preachers, built up strong and impenetrable, between them and the Mormon prisoners seated in the front, composed of their strong materialism and knowledge of scriptural points and principles—a wall not seen, but felt; beyond this another wall was reared, making another barrier hard to surmount by the preacher's art, built of the remembrance of vile deeds, not repented of, and anticipations of evil not yet accomplished.

The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were allowed to visit the hotel the first Sunday in each month. At these visits we were entertained by the fine singing of a quartette of voices, usually composing the choir that the officiating Elder invariably brought to aid him in the service.

On another occasion, I was much interested in the exertions of a "Salvation lassie," who made quite a fair attempt in addressing us, and, aided by the influence of our "hotel choir," she worked up a small wave of religious excitement. We joined most heartily in the choruses of her songs, especially getting in a heavy swing on the chorus of "He's the Lily of the Valley."

She tried with all the energy she could master to have one from our ranks, "only one, even one," as she said, in her most plaintive style, acknowledge he was saved through her administration; but all in vain. 'Tis true, one poor fellow, possessed of a weak emotional nature, or perhaps weaker brain, was shedding tears profusely, his feelings played upon by the force and fervor of her appeals of "Come to Jesus;" but not one dare arise of that assembly, and face the contumely of his fellows, and say he was "saved," even to her repeated and most fervent supplications.

At her last appeal of a more moderate nature, "If any one among the sinners present desired her to pray for him," Mulligan, one of the toughest of good-natured toughs, held up his hand, more for the purpose of comforting her with the idea that her labors were not all thrown away; still I am more inclined to the belief it was to originate a standing joke of short life, and afford fun for his comrades during the coming week.

One Sunday we had the Rev. A—, whose personal appearance, though somewhat above common-place, did not denote very great force of character; he was about twenty-seven years of age, medium size, dark hair and complexion, with full, dark eyes.

He was accompanied by his wife and child, a handsome boy of about six years, also a fine-appearing young woman of about twenty. It was easily seen how great an interest the wife took in the services, or rather in the manner of their presentation, by the man she loved: her promptness in voicing the response in the service her husband was rendering, manifested her anxiety for the successful issue of her husband's ministration, and was a splendid endeavor to render all the

support in her power to the man who had her heart's affections.

I became quite interested, and as the services progressed my interest still increased in the study of the pair before me, this husband and wife. The prayers and the lesson of the day—the latter a portion of the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew—being finished, Mr. A—announced his text, the fifty-first Psalm.

Was it not rather singular that he should chose this psalm? This question immediately arose in my mind, and I at once concluded he intended that the deep contrition and repentance of the Psalmist David for his sin with Uriah's wife should have a telling effect upon those under the sound of his voice, guilty of a like crime in his estimation.

While this may have been the intended application of his text, I thought from his stumbling tongue and the laborious passage of the sentences he uttered, every movement and word followed by the closest attention of his wife, that the words of the psalmist might have been pertinent to a transgression of like nature in himself.

That his self-imposed task was a heavy burden on his weak shoulders was apparent in the faltering manner in which he labored at the work, from his first remark, made at the conclusion of the reading of the Psalm.

The fifth verse afforded him a shield behind which he sheltered guilt to a great extent, throwing the greater burden of blame upon the manner of our coming into the world, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." (I don't like David for that.)

The preacher seemed to cower in fear beneath this wall he so readily built for his cover, and as if still fearing the inefficiency of this protection, he threw

out as an advanced earthwork in the defence, the French proverb, "Man is half devil, half demon;" but immediately acknowledged the falsity and weakness of his position by saying, "It should have been, 'Man is half devil, half divine.'"

He then made a weak effort to palliate the commission of sin, not so much to justify the guilty, but to show the necessity for the existence of sin, not in order to exemplify its opposite virtue, but more for its leading to the production of good, that otherwise the human family might have been deprived of. "Without the sinning of David," said he, "the people of this earth would not have been blest with the possession of many of the grand and sublime poetic effusions of the psalmist." Here he repeated portions of the psalm, "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." The eyes of his wife were upon him, as with pale face he made the acknowledgment. I could not help but think, was not the man's voice raised more in supplication for himself than for others, as he rehearsed the words, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me; cast me not away from thy presence."

And now since it has been made known to me that Mr. A—— was one of the many suspected of visiting a lewd woman, in the expose made by the Salt Lake police a year or so back, I at once comprehended the position and consequent emotion of Mr. A——on the occasion; the close attention of his wife, her quick glance, and close following of every word uttered by her husband, is all fully accounted for; and methinks confessed her knowledge of his crime and also her knowledge of his deep contrition and repentance.

Now, although the man was not capable of filling his self-imposed task in a

manner to draw forth the admiration of his hearers, let us put as charitable a construction on the attempt as possible: it may have been in his lack of language, or even that his repentance had not yet reached that point to attain 'the free spirit of verse twelve, so that he was still hampered by his remaining guilt from "teaching transgressors His ways that they might be converted unto Him." The young woman in their company bore her part in the responses of the earlier part of the service with a very good grace, kneeling and rising in accord with the attitude consorting with the service, and bore with the greatest composure the plain but poetic allusion to sexual sin in the reading of the Psalm; and this while under the gaze of an audience of so many males, known to her as criminals convicted of all the known crimes in the decalogue.

Under any circumstances, it is quite an ordeal for a woman to encounter the gaze of such an audience as presents itself before the religious teacher holding service at any of our penitentiaries.

And when the deprivation of that audience from all association with womankind is considered, it is only natural to suppose such an audience would improve their opportunity to gaze upon the form of woman, no matter how poor or how rich in personal charms she might be.

The fair object of our attention on this occasion, with her intelligence, could easily realize that she was under the scrutiny of men convicted of all classes of crime, from those whose love of the symmetrical portions of a fine horse had led them to appropriate it unlawfully to their own use, to men whose base and fiendlike passions had led them to turn a deaf ear to the cries of outraged virginity.

With a final prayer to the throne of

grace, Mr. A——, his wife, his child, and the fair young woman, vanished through the door of the dining-hall (our improvised church) while I was still lost in thought, wondering if Mr. A——'s heart was truly in his work, or worthy of the love that was seemingly lavished upon him by his somewhat careworn wife. And then if the young woman was engaged, who to, and what kind of a man was the possessor of so——

When the quick, sharp sound of the bell, rung by the energetic hand of Mr. Doyle, recalled me to the fact that I was in stripes and a prisoner.

Albert Jones.

PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

IT HAS been said that the highest honor that any person or nation could have, would be to have William H. Prescott for his or its historian. His rank as a writer is of the highest, and with singular acuteness and patriotism his best work was ever reserved for themes that were either American in their significance, or intimately related to the New World. His "Conquest of Peru" is a classic, and will live as long as literature endures; and no less charming, if indeed it is not the very best of his works, is his scholarly and altogether admirable history of Ferdinand and Isabella. We hardly need remind our readers that his incentive to the treatment of these two sovereigns was the fact that it was under their auspices and encouragement that America was discovered by Christopher Columbus. While Spain has always been an interesting land, and during the period he discusses was first among the nations of the earth, naturally the main interest felt in the volumes referred to grows out of the events leading up to and consequent

upon the discovery of the New World, and upon the series of triumphs by which those potentates reached the degree of might and splendor that then characterized their court.

In a brief article such as can properly find a place in the columns of the INSTRUCTOR, no attempt can be made to review in a satisfactory manner either the work of the historian, the condition of the country whose rulers he immortalizes, or the tremendously important event which led him to take up the subject. As a matter of fact, he selects a period in Spanish history which other writers had curiously overlooked in their accounts of the later prominence of the "Peninsula," as the south-western corner of Europe is called—a period which is the very basis of the country's modern history. He had access to the rare records that had been preserved though in many cases almost forgotten, and was able thoroughly to study not only the work of Spanish scholars who had written concerning the royal pair who have been named, but also original documents as to the Inquisition, the political institutions of the country, the old Spanish-Arab chronicles, and the priceless unpublished documents illustrating the history of Columbus and the early Castilian navigators. Hence the work, while possessing to Americans one supreme feature, is furthermore a complete and accurate description of all that pertained to Spanish custom, achievement, and tendency at the time.

What will be of particular value and importance to our readers in connection with the great work of this great man, is an incident which shows the power of human resolution in overcoming obstacles. It will be remembered that Milton, one of the noblest of English poets, did much excellent work after he lost his eye.

sight, and that some famous musicians have been not only blind, but in at least one case stone deaf. These cases are surprising enough; and yet it seems to us that none of them equals the case of Prescott, who ventured to explore the intricacies of an ancient, confused and contradictory literature with other eyes than his own. For years after he had made arrangements for obtaining his material from the Spanish archives, he was entirely deprived of his sight for all purposes of reading or writing, and had no prospect of recovering it. Such an obstacle might well appear insurmountable in a task which required the study and comparison of a vast mass of authorities in various languages, and the transfer of their contents, when confirmed, to other pages. But though shut out from one sense, the historian was able to rely confidently upon another—he taught his ear to do the work of his eye. Of course he had to secure the assistance of a reader, and with that help he worked his way through many venerable Spanish volumes. At length he had his ear so trained to foreign sounds and a strange and frequently obsolete phraseology, that his progress and success were assured. He had been led blindfolded through many stony and devious paths of literature, and had made himself so complete a master of the field which he had explored and trodden, that when, under the blessing of Providence, his sight was again restored, he had but to finish up and apply the last graceful touches to the work

done during his years of physical darkness.

These circumstances of course lend an added interest to the history which bears his name. His example is no less glorious than is the work which he had persevered in accomplishing. Both



PRESCOTT.

can be sincerely applauded and commended to the young, as worthy of their study and imitation; and while to but few may be given the literary power and eloquence and judgment and skill that mark the work of William H. Prescott, the great historian, there is none who cannot

emulate the example of pluck, energy, endurance and courage which he has left to us. We hope that no one who now reads these lines will ever have to do without his eyesight—a loss so great that the bare thought makes the heart sick; but all will have and have had, difficulties to meet which, though they seem great, are but as trifles compared with this. Be brave and persevering, and success cannot be withheld.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

Women Have Nothing To Do.

THE above remark was made by a man who lived in the nineteenth century, on a little farm, near the city of C—.

He had a very good opinion of himself, and was often heard to say he could do as much work in one day as his wife could do in two, and sleep half his time.

John, as we shall call him, did not have a lazy wife. She was a smart, intelligent, industrious little woman. She was always willing to help him all she could. Kit was her name.

Coming home from work one night in his usual mood, grumbling about how hard he had to work hoeing corn, "while you," referring to his wife, "have nothing to do, but cook, and wash for yourself, me, and the five children. If that was all I had to do, I could go visiting most of the time."

"No, John, there is nothing I should like better than to carry my share of the hardships in life. So, if you like, I shall be happy to exchange jobs with you."

"Agreed," says John, rubbing his hands together in great glee. "You do the field labor, and I will show you how to do housework, and while I am doing

it, I shall write a treatise on methods of housekeeping. Aha! little woman, how do you like that?"

Next morning Kit was up with the lark, and washed and dressed all the children—something which John never thought of doing.

She gave him instructions what to do with the cow, the pig, the chickens, and above all cautioned him to watch little Johnny. As she was leaving, with the hoe on her shoulder, she called back to him: "Remember the bread in the oven, and do not forget the churning."

"You do not need brains," says he, "to hoe corn. Oh, no—just in house-keeping. Leave that to me, my dear. Do not get so interested in the corn trade that you forget to come home to supper."

John sat down in the large rocker, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I've got out of hard work or one day at least. She will have all the corn she wants before night. The idea of her thinking I could not do the house-work. Aha! when I get my hand in a little, I can take a run over and help neighbor Jones' wife, and give her also a lesson or two on housekeeping."

But in the midst of his planning for the future, a thought suddenly came to him concerning his duty at present. Where is little Johnny? He runs all around calling "Johnny, Johnny," at the top of his voice, until all the neighbors' dogs came running to see what was wrong.

After searching for over an hour he found this promising copy of himself with the rest of the children playing in the mud, not far from the house.

When he returned a dense cloud of smoke was coming from the door, which he had left open. His heart gave a great thump on his ribs when He saw it,

but to his joy he found it was only the bread in the oven on fire.

The cow and chickens had been forgotten, so he turned them out to eat grass, but old Boss had been used to getting bran, and refused to leave the door. Getting tired seeing her standing there, he untied a large pup which was kept chained to keep him out of mischief. He started the dog after the cow, and thus succeeded in driving her over into Jones' cabbage patch.

John ran to bring the cow back, and while he was gone Towser took advantage of his absence, and helped himself to a good breakfast of the sitting hen's eggs. He was so overjoyed at being loose, that he had over half of the chickens killed before John got back.

Our new housekeeper next thought of the churning. Putting the cream in the churn, he commenced the process, but soon stopped, perspiring at every pore. He thought of the beer, and went down the cellar to get a drink, to cool his fevered brow. He had just turned the faucet in the keg when he was startled by a loud clash like thunder. Running up to ascertain the cause of the noise, he was horrified to find the old black sow in the kitchen. She had become tired waiting for her breakfast, and was at this minute up to her eyes in cream.

It was now after three o'clock, and Kit would soon be home. He had no bread, and what could he cook for supper?

He thought mush and milk good enough for one meal. He hung the pot on the fire to boil, while he looked to see what Bossy was doing. He found her in the cabbage patch again. Not knowing what to do with her this time, he thought of a long rope which hung in the cellar. Hastening to get it, he sud-

denly found himself up to his ankles in beer, for he had forgotten to turn the faucet, and it had all run out.

He put the rope on Bossy's head, but could not find a place to tether her. Somehow he must manage to hold her. The fireplace was one of the primitive kind, built outside the house, and not higher than his head. The thought suggested itself to him, that he could run one end of the rope down the chimney, and tie it round his waist, while making the mush; for the door had to be kept shut to keep the old sow out.

Boss was feeding around the house quite contentedly, when she saw a bunch of nice grass growing on the roof of the potato bin. Up she goes, but her weight is too much for the beams, and down she falls six feet into the cellar. At the same time John is taken away very suddenly from his job of cooking the evening meal.

At that moment Kit makes her appearance on the scene in time to cut the rope and let her lord and master down, before he is smoked to death. And always after that, when John begins to brag about his great powers, Kit says to him: "John, do you remember your trip up the chimney," and it always has the desired effect.

Robert Baird.

There are only two rules for good manners: One is, always think of others; the other is, never think of yourself.

People who spend their energies in getting even seldom get ahead.

In most things success depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

THE

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCE.**

WE know of no community as young as ours which bestows the attention upon music, both vocal and instrumental, that the Latter-day Saints do. The pains taken to train choirs in singing in most of our settlements is very praiseworthy; and while there may be some places where skilled teachers are not found, the knowledge of music and a taste in singing are spreading so rapidly, that it may be reasonably expected that it will not be long until a very high standard of knowledge will be reached throughout the entire State, and even outside of the State where communities of Latter-day Saints exist, in the direction of music. It appears to be natural for Latter-day Saints to express their praise of the Great Creator in songs and hymns; and our climate being so favorable for the development of the human voice, and singing being a delightful exercise also, the love of music is being cultivated very widely.

Every one who has any taste in this direction can find abundant opportunities now of acquiring skill, both in vocal and in instrumental music. The fame of the Tabernacle Choir has extended all over the land. It is an organization concerning which we all have reason to feel gratified, and the example of this famous choir gives a stimulus to singing all over the State. A feeling of emulation is aroused, which is attended with

excellent effects. Those who come from other parts to our General Conference hear this good singing, and it elevates their taste and gives them a good idea of what can be done by organization and steady perseverance in the cultivation of singing.

We call attention to this, because we desire the young men especially of our Church to not neglect to avail themselves of the opportunities, now so numerous, to learn singing, and, if convenient and possible, instrumental music. All the Elders who have had any experience in the missionary field, know what a great advantage it is for an Elder to be able to sing well or to play on an instrument. If he holds open-air meetings, or enters a new field and has meetings indoors, it is a great help to be able to sing. In visiting new fields, while traveling without purse and scrip, a good singer can be welcomed to entertainment where without this gift he might be turned away, or at least treated coldly. A good singer can win the hearts of a family, and make friends, break down prejudice, and dislike, and opposition, where a young man not able to sing would have all these things to contend with. The young of both sexes among us should be taught to sing. Family singing should be indulged in and cultivated, and everyone should be taught to make the best use of his or her voice.

It is very pleasing to see the fashion of congregational singing growing up among us as it is. It is a good practice, and adds greatly to the effectiveness and solemnity of worship. A stranger who visits our Tabernacle, and beholds the vast congregation standing upon their feet joining with the choir and the organ in songs of praise to the Lord must carry away with him an im-

pression that will not soon be forgotten. It is a grand and impressive spectacle, and as the knowledge of singing extends it will become more and more inspiring and effective.

SUICIDES.

A Catholic minister has recently called attention to the fact that suicides are more uncommon in Ireland than in some of the neighboring countries. One of the reasons assigned for this is, that in Ireland self-murderers are not permitted to be buried in consecrated ground, which in the minds of religious people, trained as the Irish are especially, is a dreadful thing.

In times gone by the suicide was execrated. At one period the grave of such a person was selected at four cross roads, and a stake was driven through the body. Everything possible was done to show the abhorrence in which those who committed suicide were held. These severe methods of disposing of the bodies of those who took their lives in their own hands had a great effect in deterring people from committing this terrible crime. At one time, in a prominent city in Europe, an epidemic of suicides seemed to prevail. The authorities did not know what to do to check it. Finally the plan was adopted of exposing the bodies of those who committed suicide, in a nude condition in the morgue, to the gaze of all who might choose to visit there. This method had the desired effect. People who did not shrink from death appeared to fear the exposure of their naked bodies to the public gaze.

Where people who commit suicide are buried in the same cemetery as those who die natural deaths, and where religious rites are performed at their

funerals, persons disposed to self-murder are not so likely to shrink from death as if their remains were treated with ignominy. If in Ireland self-murderers should be buried in what is called consecrated ground, and their bodies were treated with the same respect as those who die natural deaths, it is more than likely that the effect would be to increase the number of suicides.

It is a dreadful sin for one to destroy his own body. Everything should be done among us to show the abhorrence of the people to the practice, and how great a crime it is in the sight of heaven. No man has the right to rush unbidden out of this life into the life beyond. God has given us a probation, and He has had a wise purpose in doing this. A man who, when sent on a mission, leaves his post and returns home, contrary to the counsel of those who preside over him, is held by the Latter-day Saints as a deserter and as unworthy of the Priesthood. Dishonor attaches to such conduct, and men who do this among us are viewed as weak and unreliable. But this is a trivial act compared with the taking of one's own life, and leaving the place which God has assigned to us in this world by an act of self-destruction. Human life is too sacred to be extinguished in this manner without incurring the severe displeasure of heaven.

We should by every means in our power impress upon the rising generation the value of life, and how dreadful a sin it is to take life. The lives of animals even should be held far more sacred than they are. Young people should be taught to be very merciful to the brute creation, and not to take life wantonly or for sport. The practice of hunting and killing game merely for

sport should be frowned upon and not encouraged among us. God has created the fowls and the beasts for man's convenience and comfort, and for his consumption at proper times and under proper circumstances; but he does not justify men in wantonly killing those creatures which He has made and with which He has supplied the earth. Much less can anyone be justified for wantonly taking human life, as it can scarcely be compared with the life of animals. Man is the lord of creation. He has descended from God, and having received a tabernacle of flesh, he should value it as beyond price and do all in his power to preserve it. God has given us laws and instructions concerning the best manner of preserving our bodies, and at no time has He given the least encouragement to anyone to destroy the temple of the spirit which He has provided for them.

Instead, therefore, of pompous, or even public funerals being accorded to those who take their own lives, everybody should understand that a man who commits this crime forfeits all claim to the respect, and attention, and sympathy of the people, and that the less notice that is taken of his demise the better it will suit the feelings of the people. It would not be wise to resort to such severe treatment of the remains of those who do this as was practiced in other times; but, on the other hand, it would be highly improper to accord to anyone who takes his own life the funeral obsequies that those who die natural deaths receive.

In making these remarks we are aware that there is a distinction in cases of this kind. There are instances where people, who to all appearance, have lived worthy lives, lose their reason, and while in that condition of insanity kill

themselves. Cases of this kind are very different from those of the ordinary suicide.

LOVE AND FLIRTATION.

YOUNG love, with sorry draggled wings,
His eyes bedimmed, his bow unstrung,
Moped in a corner, sad and still,
With listless hands and idle tongue.
"What, ho! My whilom, saucy lad!
No arrows for the heedless crowd?
No flying darts with reckless aim
For stupid men and maidens proud?"

The youngster shook his curly head.
"My span of life is well-nigh run,
I've done for millions in my time,
And oh! It has been lots of fun.
But now my bow has lost its power,
My arrows glance and turn aside.
Tailor-made girls are flint and steel,
My darts are spoiled, my rules defied.

"I've got a younger brother, too,
Who's taking in my ancient trade;
He used to run down all my game
And help me on in many a raid,
His victims all with promptness bring
For me to lay upon the shelf—
But now he sets them free as air,
Won't even keep them for himself.

"Flirtation is this fellow's name,
He's called an entertaining lad;
But he has killed love's ancient power,
His ways are wrong, his heart is bad."
The boy's voice low and fainter grew,
And heavy hung his curly head.
Ah! Love hath passed away from earth,
Flirtation reigneth in his stead.

A LADY who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a well dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Now is it, really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Ark of God in the Hands of the Philistines.

ONE time the Israelites went out to fight against the Philistines, and so many of them were killed in the first battle that the Elders of Israel thought they would get the Ark of the Covenant and bring it to the camp.

Now the Lord had not told them to take the ark out to the battle this time as He had sometimes, and it was not right for them to take it unless he told them to, but Eli's sons were serving in the temple, and they went with the ark out to the battle.

When the Philistines saw it they were greatly frightened thinking the Lord had come into the camp with the ark and they would surely be beaten; but they said they would fight the best they could anyway.

Because the Israelites had done what they had no right to do, the Lord would not help them, and He allowed the Philistines to beat them and to take away the ark from them; and Eli's sons were both killed on the same day.

Eli was quite old and nearly blind and could not go out to fight; but he was watching for news of the battle. He had a seat near the gate of the city, by the road, and after a while a man came running to town to tell how the battle was going.

The man told Eli that his two sons were dead and that the Ark of the Lord was in the hands of the Philistines. When Eli heard that the ark had been taken by their enemies he fell off his seat backward and broke his neck.

The Philistines took the ark to one of their cities and put it in the house where they kept their idol which was named Dagon. They set the ark by the side of Dagon, and the next morning when they went in they found that Dagon had fallen on his face in front of the ark. They set him in his place again, and the next morning they saw that he had again fallen on his face in front of the ark and that his head and both hands had broken off.

So many of the Philistines got sick and died that they sent the ark to another city, and soon the people of that city began to get sick; and in every city where they took the ark many people died.

At last they decided that they would send the ark back to the Israelites and see if the people would not have less sickness.

Next time I will tell you how they sent it back.

Celia A. Smith.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.)

Robbie's mother continued to give her boy lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic as regularly as she could and attend to her other duties as well.

Like all young folks, Robbie was full of curiosity to know about everything he saw and was ever asking questions. He would sometimes sit for a long time thinking earnestly about something.

The bits of knowledge he received at different times did not always seem to connect or agree with each other when he put them together; and it often took him a long while to think of a consistent way to understand the things which had been told him as facts. Most of the information he received was from his mother, so he did not doubt its truth,

but concluded very wisely that the fault was with himself: he did not understand aright. This was one reason why he would occasionally spend so much time thinking. It was interesting to him to discover some things himself, and, though he was often wrong in his conclusions, the thinking was a benefit to him, for when he found out his ideas were wrong he set about to get them right, and to do this he had to make more inquiry, to ask more questions.

Robbie had either heard or read that the world was round like a ball. And when he thought about the matter it appeared to him that this was certainly true, for when he climbed up into a tall tree or on the top of a barn and looked about him he thought he could see plainly that the world was round. But what he saw was the valley, which, surrounded by mountains on all sides, looked round. The slope of the mountains and the bottom of the valley formed one-half of the globe and the arched sky the other half. The world was round like a hollow ball, he thought, with the people inside, not on the outside. It would have puzzled him to understand how the people could stick on the outside if he had got the idea that they were on the outside of the ball, as he knew nothing about the law of gravitation, or the power that holds people to the earth. His own understanding of the subject seemed plain enough to him. He had no idea that the world was larger than Salt Lake Valley; and yet it was big to him for he never remembered being more than a mile or two from home. With this idea of the earth, the stars were to him bright-headed tacks, perhaps, for all he knew, to hold the blue ceiling up. He had seen canvas ceilings in some houses fastened to the rafters with bright, brass-headed tacks. Of course, he had heard

of a place called heaven, and had been told that the good people when they died went there. How they got out of this big ball called the world he did not exactly know and people could not tell him, so he set to work studying the problem. He had many times seen some dots on the side of the hill on the east of the valley. What he saw were the buildings at Camp Douglas, but to him they appeared to be holes in the side of the mountain. These he at least concluded were the gates that opened from earth into heaven. With this discovery he had mastered the whole plan of creation he supposed, or had at least formed a theory of his own regarding it.

He did not know much about what was in heaven, as he could not see through the holes he thought were in the mountain. But he often resolved in his mind that when he grew older he would climb up the hillside and take a peep through and see what was on the other side. He wondered why other people had not thought of such a thing before. But it appeared they did not or else they would have told about it, and he would have heard about their discoveries. Then the thought struck him that he must be a great discoverer himself, or at least soon would be when he climbed up and looked through the holes in the mountain and found out what was beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE are born to be sociable to one another; therefore either reform the world or bear with it.

THERE are very few who know how to ask questions well, and equally few who know how to answer them.

A MAN must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue except on his own side.

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

The Indian Trouble.

ABOUT August 1st, 1895, trouble arose in Jackson's Hole between the settlers and Indians about killing game. The settlers killed three Indians. That made the Indians angry, and they wanted to fight. The news reached Star Valley that the Indians had killed all the people in Jackson's Hole, and were coming toward Star Valley. Jackson's Hole is about seventy-five miles north of Star Valley, on the north fork of Snake River.

About sundown the news reached us that the Indians were in Strawberry Canyon, and that they would soon be upon us. We were very much frightened, and went to Afton to stay overnight. Some had lodging in the meeting-house. We went to a shingle mill to camp. Beds were made all over the floor of the mill, in all shapes and conditions. In the morning we looked like a lot of tramps, and of course we looked a little shy at each other. Scouts were sent out to find out the truth of the matter. The scouts rode up the canyon where the Indians were supposed to be. All at once an Indian rushed upon them. As soon as he found that he was in the company of armed men, he whirled his horse around, and rode as fast as he could up the canyon.

The scouts sent word that there was a large band of Indians in the canyon, and the people had better gather to Afton for safety. Another rush was made for Afton—old and young, in all kinds of wagons and in all conditions. Boxes, bedding, and provisions were tumbled in all shapes in the wagons, women and children were crying, and the men looked rather pale. The Indians came into the valley, but news was sent us

that all was peace, and we all went home again.

I think twenty-five Indians could have taken us all in. My brother says they would not have had to waste any bullets on him and his sister, for they would have died anyway if they had seen an Indian. Soldiers were sent here. The Indians went back to the reservation, and all is now peaceful.

Charles Thurman.

Muddy Valley.

THE Muddy Valley is situated in the southern part of Nevada, five miles west of the Rio Virgin. It is about fifteen miles long and three miles wide in its widest place, and its direction is from north-west to south-east.

About twenty-four years ago some fifty families settled here in Overton. They all got down with the chills and fever, and got discouraged and left, considering the valley a bad place. Since then there have not been very many settlers here until within the last two years, during which time they have been coming in.

When people come to this valley to settle they must expect to have a spell of the chills and fever, for they all have to have the malady before they become accustomed to the climate.

Most of the soil in the valley is of a dark color, and will produce all kinds of grain in abundance. In fact, most everything that grows in Utah can be raised here.

We never have snow here, and it hardly ever rains. It has rained but very little during the last four years. The winter is not very cold. The summer is very warm, although a man can work nearly all day long during the warmest weather.

There are three settlements in the val-

ley—St. Joe, Overton, and St. Thomas.

Sometimes the people all go down to the mouth of the Muddy to fish. There are plenty of large carp there, which are very nice to eat

Willard S. Jones. Age 17.

OVERTON, LINCOLN CO., NEVADA.

Cache County.

In the golden chain of valleys that lie across the breast of Utah there is no brighter link than Cache. No other valley in the state can show such verdant hills, such sparkling streams and such fertile soil. Nature always smiled on this her favored spot.

Cache County has a length of about fifty miles and an average width of twelve miles. It is about 4200 feet above the level of the sea. Nearly the entire valley is under cultivation, and it is one of the best grain growing regions of the state. The chief industry is agriculture, four-fifths of the people being farmers. It has more acres under cultivation than any other county, and it has been called, and rightly, too, the granary of Utah. Almost every kind of grain, vegetables and fruits are produced. Other industrial pursuits are manufacturing, stock-raising, dairying, lumbering, and mining.

Cache County was first settled in 1859, near the present site of Wellsville, by a company of Saints under the leadership of Peter Maughan. Other settlers soon followed, and since then Cache County has continued to grow and flourish until now it is one of the most beautiful valleys of the west. This valley contains several large rivers, among which are Bear, Logan, Blacksmith's Fork, and Little Bear River. The largest of these is Bear River.

Cache is also noted for its fine scenery. During the summer months people from

all parts of the state come to spend their vacation roaming through the picturesque canyons and in hunting and fishing. At the mouth of Blacksmith's Fork Canyon a fretful, foaming stream comes dancing and leaping down the rocky channel, and the rugged walls rise on both sides to very high peaks. Logan Canyon is also a great pleasure resort, with its clear, dancing streams teeming with fish.

The first and only railroad the county ever had is the Utah Northern, now a part of the Union Pacific system. Cache County has a population of from eighteen to twenty thousand.

The people take great interest in educational matters. They can boast that they have two of the finest institutions of learning which the state affords. These institutions are the Brigham Young Academy and the Agricultural College, both situated at Logan.

Mary Bishop, Age 16.

PARADISE, CACHE COUNTY.

My Home.

I LIVE in Loa, Wayne County, Utah, but in the summer time we live on a ranch situated in the south-eastern part of Sevier County. It is about eight miles from any neighbors. The house is situated at the foot of the hill, overlooking the pasture. The river which flows through the meadow is the right hand fork of the Fremont River.

We have fine sport riding horses, and tramping over the hills, gathering pine gum and picking berries. One morning my brother and I saw a deer with the saddle horses. We took the gun and went to kill it, but when it saw us coming, it went bounding up the hill into the timber. Another time, when we were going after saddle horses, we saw a coyote in the pasture. It would jump at a young calf, then the mother of the

calf would shake her head and frighten it away. This was done several times, then the coyote ran up the hill into the thick brush and trees.

John J. Forsyth, Age 14 years.

A REMARKABLE FREAK.

A REMARKABLE freak took possession of a cow belonging to a lady in the old Ontario, a short time since. One morning Peter went to the stable to feed the animals, as usual, but the cow was not there. The door had not been opened, and certainly no one had been in the barn, but an air of mystery at once prevailed, as the bovine had not got out, and she was just as surely not in. After

studying the phenomenon for a time, and the solution being as far off as ever, young Peter heard a gentle "moo-o-o!" but still Bossy was not to be found. Chancing to pass near the stairway while cogitating, Peter looked up, and there at the top of the stairs, looking wistfully down, stood Bossy, wondering how she should get down again. The second problem was much the harder to solve. Peter got the help of several strong men, who, with stay-ropes on her horns, and with much forcible persuasion, managed to get her down the stairs to the floor. Peter says he is going to take in the lightning rod every night now, so the cow cannot climb that.

PRAISE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

1. With all my soul in joy - ful lays, I'll nev - er cease to sing Thy
 2. On righteous-ness Thy throne is stayed, On justice its found - a - tion
 3. For boundless is Thy grace, O Lord, And thou hast mag - ni - fied Thy
 4. With all my heart I'll praise Thy name, O Lord, and I'll Thy grace pro -

praise, O Lord, and may for - ev - er - more, All na - tions join from
 laid, Be - fore Thy face, Thy way to show, Shall truth and mer - cy
 word; Thou heard me when to thee I cried, With light and strength my
 claim. I'll wor - ship in Thine ho - ly place, and do Thy bid - ding

shore to shore, All na - tions join from shore to shore!
 ev - er go, Shall truth and mer - cy ev - er go.
 soul sup - plied, With light and strength my soul sup - plied.
 all my days, And do Thy bid - ding all my days.

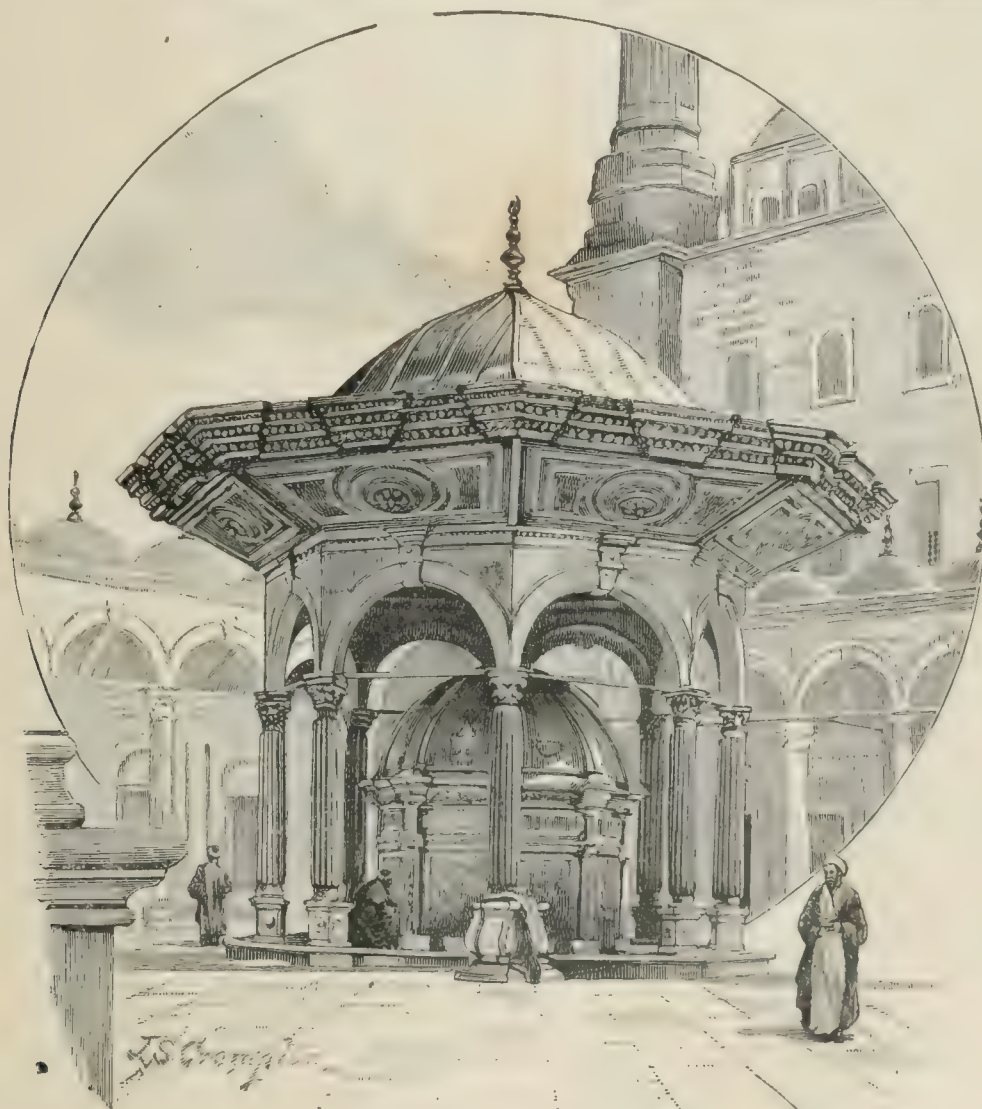
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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FOUNTAIN OF ABLUTIONS. MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI, CAIRO, EGYPT.

A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

It need hardly be said that the accompanying picture represents a scene in a Mohammedan land. The style of architecture is plainly that which has come down to us as Moorish or Arabesque, and which is identified in all respects with

Islamism; but even if this feature were less evident, the presence of the turbaned, loose-gowned figures would make the matter clear. The artist has depicted a Mohammedan scene in a Mohammedan country, and when we say that it is a mosque, or a portion thereof, we only

state that which most of our readers would have readily guessed. These mosques are the temples or places of worship of the followers of the Arabian prophet, and in many respects the thousands of them that have been built all resemble each other in many of their important features. The City of Cairo, a few miles above the delta of the Nile in Egypt, has itself over four hundred mosques, to say nothing of other churches. Some of them are historically famous by reason of their antiquity, their costliness, their beauty, or the fame of their builders and the circumstances under which they were constructed. The one selected by the artist for the illustration of this article has none of these claims to greatness; yet it stands on one of the most historic spots of the rare old Egyptian city, possesses numerous architectural charms, and was built by a sovereign who made for himself quite a name in his country and among his people.

What we see before us is the fountain of ablutions in the mosque of Mahommed Ali, at Cairo. Of the city itself, other articles in this journal have frequently spoken. Of the builder, it will perhaps be enough to say that he rose to be governor of Egypt in the beginning of this century by his energy and his military prowess, and held the control during many tempestuous years, dying in 1849. He was ambitious, firm, and shrewd enough to see the value of, and adopt as far as he could, European civilization. One fearful blot rests upon his memory, the massacre of the Mameluke chiefs who had been lured into his citadel, right near the mosque which bears his name, and there cruelly slew every one. But the constitution of the government of the country is due to him; he had high executive and military abilities, and his career is almost unequalled in Egyptian

history. Considering his training and surroundings, he is fairly entitled to be considered one of the most remarkable men of the century.

Among other works prosecuted by him for the improvement of his capital city, our article only requires that we refer to the mosque bearing his name, built of oriental alabaster, near the famous citadel built by the mighty Saladin about the year 1166. The mosque occupies the sight of an ancient building known as Joseph's Wall, and in its center is what is called Joseph's Well, sunk in the solid rock to the level of the Nile. These temples of Mohammedan worship generally have an open court, surrounded by covered sanctuaries. The building in question is constructed on this plan; and in the open court yard is the place or fountain of ablutions, a spot much resorted to in view of the repeated bathings in connection with the numerous daily prayers which all good Mohammedans offer. In fact the ablution is an indispensable part of the service, and it is so literally observed that travelers in the desert, far removed from water, prostrate themselves when the hour of prayer arrives and perform their washings with sand instead of water. J.

A PIMA WAIF,

CHAPTER II.

A couple of years after the adventure with the bear, father leased a fine range in a distant part of Arizona and moved his flocks and herds to it. The family of course accompanied him, Chip exhibiting an unusual flow of spirits at the prospect of a change.

He did not appear to have any love of locality, such as is generally exhibited in affection for the spot which we have

once called home. The nomadic spirit of his ancestry cropped out all over him on this trip, and he raced over the country like a little demon, until father, out of pity for Eagle, made the little savage ride the rest of the way in the wagon.

Our new house, built of squared pine logs, stood in a large canyon, and the scenery all about was full of wild sublimity.

The sunsets, in particular, were to me a source of constant delight. About a mile to the west of us a range of hills upreared their pine-clad summits. At the close of a fine day—and they were nearly all fine in Arizona—the slipping away of the sun behind this range was a picture of resplendent sublimity. Orange and crimson, purple and gold, banners of blue and mystic shapes of white, seemed to blend with and weave themselves into the delicate traces of the pines on the mountain tops; while the eloquent silence over all voiced the eternal hills' "Good night" to the departing luminary.

Father was extremely anxious that I should develop a strong physical constitution, and to this end he urged me to indulge in horseback riding at every opportunity. He cautioned me, however, never to stray from the main-traveled road, as the country round about us was extremely rough and confusing, and to one unfamiliar with it, a ride of twenty or thirty miles without a guide was a very serious matter. Dark and forbidding canyons intersected the hills in every direction, each one of which, to the uninitiated, was as much like its neighbor as two peas resemble each other. Numerous stories were current of people who had become lost in the mountains, and wandered about for days without food or shelter.

Chip frequently attended me on my

rides, an arrangement which was very satisfactory to my parents, as his reputation for courage had been at high-water mark ever since he had killed the bear. Had they known, however, that his roving propensities often tempted us into the gloomy recesses of the hills, they might not have been so well pleased. Yet I had perfect confidence in the little Pima's ability as a guide, and that with good reason, as the sequel will show. No matter how many turns and twists and doublings we made in our excursions, when the time came to return his nose pointed as straight for home as does the magnetic needle to the pole. The path-finding instinct of the savage, perfected and handed down to him through many generations of wandering ancestors, enabled him to explore the trackless wilds with the same assurance that the dweller in cities feels in the familiar streets about his home. Our nearest neighbor, a Mr. Cottrell, lived about fifteen miles to the west of us. His only child, Clara, had paid us a visit shortly after our arrival in the country, and I had promised to return the courtesy at the first opportunity.

"Mamma, dear, may I go over to Cottrell's, and stay a few days with Clara?" I asked at the breakfast table one morning.

"Yes, dear, when one of the men is at liberty to accompany you," mother replied.

"Why can't I go today? I am sure I can find the way, and it is almost three months since Clara gave me the invitation."

A decided but kindly negative from mother seemed to settle the matter, and I shortly after started on my morning ride down the canyon.

A couple of miles below the house I came to the "Cottrell cut-off," a dim and

narrow trail that led through the hills to Clara's home. Almost unconsciously I guided my pony into it, but ere I had ridden a hundred yards the demon of temptation awoke within me. Why shouldn't I ride over and see Clara anyway? It was only a short ten miles by this route; I could get there before dinner, spend a couple of hours with my friend, and be safe at home before night-fall. It would be a good joke on mother, who was so afraid to let me travel without an escort. Conscience whispered, "No!" but I promptly vetoed the warning and rode deeper into the hills.

For the first few miles all seemed to go well with me. Occasional cow-paths and deer-trails branched off at various angles from the path I followed, but I rigidly adhered to a westerly course.

Presently I came plump upon a large spring, at which several wild-looking bovines were slaking their thirst, and here my overweening confidence received its first check. Trails branched out from the water in every direction, like spokes from the hub of a wheel, at least half a dozen seeming to trend in a westerly course, none of which I could fix upon as the proper one for me to follow. Afraid to make a choice, yet determined not to be thwarted by the first rebuff, I guided my pony into the path which seemed most likely to lead to my goal, and pushed resolutely forward. I learned afterward that I did select the right trail, but I must have wandered from it within the first mile. For hours I rode, every step leading me deeper into the gloomy fastnesses of the hills, and I at last realized that I was lost.

Night found me endeavoring to retrace my steps. Hungry, worn out by an ever-increasing terror and anxiety, and afraid to travel in the darkness. I tied my pony to a tree, made a bed of my

saddle-blankets laid down and cried myself to sleep.

The warm rays of the morning sun striking full upon my face, awoke me to a day of such despair as I hope never to experience again. Glancing in the direction where I had tied my pony, I saw that he was gone. The broken bridles-reins still encircling the tree served but to accentuate my loneliness, and I flung myself on the ground and burst into a passion of repentant tears. Then I arose to my knees and prayed humbly, voicing my supplications to the Heavenly Father out of the fullness of a chastened and contrite heart.

Then a gleam of sense broke through the gloom of my recent folly. I determined to remain where I was until someone came to my rescue. I knew that papa would enlist every available man in the search for me. If I attempted to extricate myself, I might wander still deeper into the hills, but by remaining in one spot, those who first found my trail would the more quickly reach me.

Oh, the leaden hours of that awful day! Captivity in the strongest prison cell ever constructed by the hand of man would have been preferable to the silent desolation of those rock-ribbed hills. Twenty times I sprang to my feet, repenting of my resolution to remain quiet, and as often did I sink back in listless despair. As the sun crept up toward the zenith, I became conscious of an ardent thirst, hourly increased by the dreadful nervous strain under which I labored. Visions of a horrible death by starvation tormented me incessantly; and at last, when my overwrought brain could bear no more, I sank back in a semistupor.

Night had fallen before I revived sufficiently to sit up, and its enveloping shadows added another element of mis-

ery to my desolate state. My distress was now too great to permit me to find oblivion in sleep, and I sat through those long, weary hours, gazing vacantly into the darkness, and vainly wishing for that rescue which I was beginning to feel would arrive too late.

But God had heard my prayer, and His merciful hand led His humble instrument of succor to my relief. I must have dropped into a state of complete insensibility before morning. When I awoke, it was to find the sun high in the heavens, and to feel a slender, cool, brown hand stroking back the tangled hair from my forehead. The moment I stirred, a pair of kindly black eyes peered into mine, and a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Mornin', Miss Lu! I spec you pretty hungry. Chip come take you home to breakfas'."

Yes, Chip indeed! And there was Eagle, filling his moments of leisure by cropping the succulent grass that clothed the hillside.

In five minutes the little hero had boosted me into the saddle—I was far too weak to mount unaided—climbed up behind me, and we were heading for home.

As we rode, Chip told me his story. When he heard my parents' anxious speculations as to my absence, he had saddled Eagle and started out to find me, saying nothing of his intentions to anyone.

He had noticed a few days before that my pony had broken a large piece out of one of its hind hoofs. He had the Indian's instinct to track, and the mark of the broken hoof enabled him to trace me into the "Cottrell cut-off." When night came, he camped close to the trail, taking it up again at daylight next morning. Through the long day he plodded

on, often losing the "sign" on the hard or rocky ground over which I had ridden, yet seeking it again with a dogged perseverance that knew no failure. Remember, too, that he was all this time without food and with but little water, and you will not wonder that I love that little Pima better than many American girls love their more cultured brothers.

We reached home after a tedious ride of four or five hours, and a long-drawn "Hoo-hoo!" from Chip brought mother to the door with a rush, and in another moment I was safe in her warm embrace.

The scene that followed I shall never forget. After I had been hugged, and scolded, and examined, and hugged and scolded again, mother opened her arms and took the little Pima to her bosom as though he were her first-born. She was a Southern woman, with very rigid notions about the "color line;" but Chip had won her heart forever.

Chip endured the embrace with true Indian stoicism, but I saw a pair of tears twinkling on his dark lashes when she released him. Perhaps he thought of the dark-skinned woman sleeping near old Tucson, and wondered if she would have been as kind and gentle as this white mother, who was so grateful to him for saving her daughter.

Chip and I repeated our stories when the disheartened searchers came home to a joyful surprise, and you may feel sure that the family's gratitude was not restricted by any considerations of color or breeding. The best we had to give was thought none too good for my preserver, and he was deluged with a shower of gifts that filled his stout little heart with immeasurable delight.

When I married and went to live in another state, Chip was still a prominent member of the family, and the thing I remember most clearly in connection

with leaving home is, that I gave a backward glance ere we dropped over a rise in the canyon, and saw a wiry, brown figure sitting on the woodpile, and waving "Adios" with a handkerchief of blood-red hue.

Alan Clifford

NATHAN'S MISSION.

Nathan Boyle had lost both his parents, and now stood alone and homeless in the world. His father's brother living in Nebraska wrote and offered him a home there, and the boy accepted it for want of something better. He was not a Mormon, but of course we know that there are plenty of good boys and girls outside the Gospel, that try and do their best in every way. And Nathan was a good boy. He had had a good education, but was penniless. All his earthly belongings were contained in a small trunk, and the biggest part of it was books, good, wholesome literature, which Nathan thought everything of.

Nathan had been in his uncle's family a week, and he was now quite ready to move anywhere on earth, if he had had a place to go to.

He was the laughing-stock of his uncle's four big boys, for awkwardness with farming tools and his city ways.

We find him standing one morning on a manure pile, working with all his might till the perspiration rolled down his face. He was small of stature and quite delicate of health, and his slender hands, so unused to hard work, trembled in the effort now.

One of his cousins, who was of his own age, a big, over-grown boy, in dirty overalls, tucked inside top boots, with last spring's mud on yet, a red handkerchief round his neck, and an old, tattered, slouch hat, stood resting his folded

hands and chin on the fork handle and looked at his cousin, a sight which seemed to afford him much amusement, judging from the way he giggled.

"Say, Nathan, or Habakkuk, you better put yer hat on tight or your scalp may blow off 'n expose the learnin'."

Nathan paid no heed to him.

"Come, prepheser, tell us what yer call a pick-ax in Latin, and I'll show ye the difference between a grubbing hoe and a harness hook; won't yer?"

Nathan's mouth twitched nervously, but he made no answer, and the other continued: "What's the use o' ye picking away at that pile; there's nothing to show for it on the wagon."

"I think I accomplish as much as you, who don't do anything."

"Yes, you'll make a fine farmer after a while. Don't yer want a pair o' gloves?"

"Yes, have you got any?"

"Go along with you, you city rascal."

This was the way Nathan had been treated ever since he came, and he had shed many bitter tears nights, after the others slept, in spite of his sixteen years. He shared room with the other boys and could not say his prayers there, so he used to go down to the barn evenings before going to bed and lay his sorrows before his Heavenly Father.

"Dear Lord, I am no good here; take me away to some other place, or else let me die, and go to my dear, dear mother again," he would say, for life here seemed to him unbearable.

And Farmer Boyle said the same thing, though not to the Lord, but to his wife, one morning as he sat by the stove, slouched forward with elbows on his knees, smoking his pipe.

"He ain't no good here. I dunno what we'll do with him, now winter's coming on, and we hev plenty o' mouths to fill

withouten him. I'm mighty sorry I took him."

"So am I," said his wife, crossly. "I thought I could a got im ter tend baby. But he's so awkward with her."

"Wall, yer couldn't expect that, no-how; our own boys never could tend 'er ter suit you; but I made a grand mistake when I took 'im, sure."

On Sunday Nathan took out some of his books and went down in the untidy kitchen to read, when all the boys and two strangers came noisily in and sat down by the big table without taking any notice of him.

They brought out a deck of cards, and while the others rolled their cigarettes one shuffled the cards, and very soon the game was in full swing, while coarse slang, profanity and smoke filled the room, till Nathan could hardly endure it. Once or twice he rose to say something to them, but each time his courage forsook him and he sat down again. At last he ventured timidly:

"Do you think it's right to play cards on Sunday, boys?"

"Yes, we know it is," said Peter, the eldest of his cousins, and went on dealing the cards. The others grinned.

Presently Nathan got up again and came and stood looking at them. That took quite an effort for a timid boy like him; and he stood a long time struggling for courage for the next step. At last he said, quite steady:

"Let me read you something boys, something funny if you like."

"Oh, give us a rest," growled Peter, again. But the two strangers suggested that they try him to see if he could read. So throwing the cards down very ill-naturedly, as far as Peter was concerned, they suffered him to read.

Nathan happened to have the "Adventures of a Bashful Young Man," and

started from that, thinking it would interest them better than anything else; and very soon their rough laughter nearly shook the house.

"Say, that's a good 'un," said Peter, brushing away the tears laughter had brought to his eyes; "go on with her."

"Well, but I can't read much longer in this smoke," said Nathan, diplomatically.

"All right, let's 'blige him by quit-ting'," suggested one of the youngest, which they all accordingly did.

When it was chore-time, Peter declared he would have to finish it to them after supper. Nathan readily complied. He was almost hoarse when he stopped. But he had the gratification of having the two strange boys ask him if he had any more books like this one. If he had and would read they would come again next Sunday.

Nathan said he had some better ones, and the following Sunday when the boys had gathered, he began reading "Ivanhoe," and the boys got so interested they couldn't wait till Sunday again, but had to meet during the week.

Now Nathan's star was decidedly in the ascendancy among his country relations. Soon his audience was not confined to the few who first came, but boys for miles around gathered at Farmer Boyle's. And after a while Nathan suggested that he would hold a school every Sunday afternoon, where they would have Bible lessons, and then history and fiction afterwards. There was some grumbling to this proposition at first, but before the winter was over a pretty good Sunday School, on a small scale, was under way.

And when spring came the girls of the neighborhood joined, too, and that made it more lively. Nathan was in his element now.

Smoking and card-playing on Sunday were banished little by little, and some of the boys laid it by altogether. The following winter Nathan was offered the position as school teacher, and accepted it gratefully. He is but eighteen years old now, and small and delicate; but he is well liked, and considered quite an authority in that neighborhood, and his Sunday School is quite flourishing. "This is better than dying," he often says; "for God has made me of some good here, and I'm happy."

And Farmer Boyle said to his wife one day, "I dunno what we'd do without the chap, now, maw."

"No, it seems like he's done a mission."

S. Valentine.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The annual meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union convened in the Tabernacle April 3rd, at 7:30 p.m. There were present on the stand all the general superintendency, the officers and members of the Union Board, a number of the Apostles and Superintendents of Stakes. The meeting was called to order by First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard, and the Tabernacle choir sang, "Redeemer of Israel."

Elder Lars E. Eggertson, Superintendent of Sunday Schools of Utah Stake, offered prayer.

The choir sang, "Do what is right."

The General Secretary called the roll of stakes, which showed a representation from nearly every stake; also read the annual statistical and financial report for the year 1895, and presented the general Sunday School authorities, which were unanimously sustained. Statistical and financial report of Sunday Schools, 1895, will be found at the end of minutes.

General Sunday School authorities—

George Q. Cannon, General Superintendent; George Goddard, First Assistant General Superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, Second Assistant General Superintendent; John M. Whitaker, General Secretary; George Reynolds, General Treasurer.

Members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board—George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Abraham H. Cannon, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John C. Cutler, and Joseph M. Tanner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL GROWTH.

In his opening remarks, Elder George Goddard noted with pride and satisfaction the wonderful growth of the Sunday School work in the organized stakes, as also in the various missions; the increase in attendance; the improvement in the methods of instruction in the class work; the interest manifested by the children, and the faithful, untiring labors of the stake and ward officers and the teachers in the various schools; all contributing to place the Sunday Schools on a higher plane and raise the present excellent standard of religious training among the Latter-day Saints. These things he had observed in his attendance at the various stake annual Sunday School conferences during the past year. There was nothing that pleased him more than the general observance of the Word of Wisdom among nearly all the Sunday School superintendents, teachers and children. It is having a marked effect upon the parents, and the blessings of heaven will be graciously showered down upon those who observe this holy law.

The hearty responses to the nickel donation by nearly seventy-five per cent of the pupils, officers and teachers brings in a handsome sum, which in turn is

used in the publication of leaflets, 30,000 being distributed to the Sunday Schools free. The Sunday School Treatise, just issued, is being distributed during this conference, 2,500 of which are distributed free to the Sunday Schools and more of which, together with the Leaflets, may be purchased at the general office, the Leaflets at 40 cents per hundred, the Treatise at 15 cents each. This excellent work should find its way into the hands of every teacher. Many other valuable circulars and other literature are furnished the schools free. The means thus contributed returns again to the schools, the prosperous and large schools aiding in building up the smaller and poorer ones.

It is also designed this year to again have "nickel envelopes" sent out to each school so that the collection may be taken on "Nickel Sunday," the last Sunday in October of each year, and it is confidently expected that for 1896 the full complement of the nickel donation will be realized. Elder Goddard closed by stating that it was the intention of the Union Board to shortly publish a new Sunday School Hymn Book, which it was hoped could be sold to the scholars for ten cents per copy. This book would contain about 200 pages, and embrace the words (but not the music) of all the hymns contained in the last Sunday School Music Book and about twenty others in use in our congregations but not contained in that book. Brother Goddard requested that each Stake Superintendent inform the General Secretary at as early a date as possible how many of the schools in his stake will take if published at this low figure, so that the Union Board may know how many to print.

Second Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, in treating upon the

Latter-day Saints' Sunday School Treatise, stated that this useful little work brought the Sunday School cause forward one step in the cause of true religious training. It is the product of several committees who worked faithfully to bring forth something that was felt to be necessary in the great Sunday School cause. It cannot, of course, be found perfect; but it is the result of long, faithful and energetic study, preparation and arrangement. It embraces the work from the kindergarten or infant class, to the higher department, and special instructions are given suited to each; plans and diagrams are laid out and a sample of a model lesson is given in each grade. It is only placed there as a sample, a guide to those not so well acquainted with the art of teaching. The Treatise ought to find its way into the hands of every officer and teacher; should be carefully read and used as a means to an end—that of training the youth of Zion.

But the knowledge of this little work is but the smaller part of the great work of a Sunday School teacher; the most important part is the spiritual preparation; the love of God, the light of heaven, the Holy Ghost. No matter how well the lesson may be prepared, the Spirit of God must accompany its rendition to make our Sunday School teaching effective. Superintendent Maeser felt proud of this little work, and closed by invoking the choice blessings of heaven upon its use in the Sunday Schools of Zion.

Elder Francis M. Lyman spoke interestingly upon the Articles of Faith. Taking one up after another, he commented upon each in its order, explaining its meaning, giving a broad and comprehensive view of its application. How we believe in a God of body, parts and passions, a God of love, of wisdom, of power, the God of heaven and earth, the

No. of schools.	NAME OF STAKE.	STAKE SUPERINTENDENT AND P. O. ADDRESS.										No. times school held during year.	No. male officers and teachers.	Total number of officers and teachers.	Average attendance of pupils.	Total No. of pupils.	No. male pupils.	No. female pupils.	No. pupils in primary dept.	No. pupils in intermediate dept.	No. pupils in higher dept.	No. books in libraries.	Cash on hand at last report.	Miscellaneous Cash collected.	Total Collected From Nation.	Grand Total Collected.	Cash disbursed.	Cash in treasury.
4	Alberta	H. S. Allen	Cardston	Can.	130	21	21	42	28	189	143	334	182	374	125	80	45	82	122	36.00	3.30	9.20	48.50	48.50	251.15	30.30		
27	Bannock	Wm. J. Young	Lyman,	Idaho	138	27	128	355	219	1162	1120	2282	1386	2637	810	490	446	536	656	38.10	163.50	79.85	281.45	281.45	184.17	9.30		
17	Bingham	Chas. S. Crabtree	Idaho Falls	Idaho	783	153	114	267	163	853	848	1701	973	1968	625	340	319	417	334	27.77	109.45	56.25	193.47	193.47	321.41	77.03		
24	Bear Lake	A. Galloway	St. Charles	Idaho	1039	239	162	411	251	1512	1354	2866	1657	3267	1161	627	541	537	893	76.23	198.19	124.02	398.44	398.44	85.13	11.49		
8	Beaver	W. Fotheringham	Frisco	Utah	326	82	62	144	104	331	367	718	421	862	303	187	96	132	390	9.47	31.45	55.70	96.62	96.62	85.13	11.49		
20	Box Elder	O. W. Snow	Brigham City	Utah	889	204	194	398	289	1261	1333	2584	1855	2982	100	561	519	504	2801	59.83	371.23	109.40	540.46	540.46	441.97	98.49		
28	Cache	O. C. Ormsby	Logan	Utah	1269	391	250	641	430	2965	2862	5827	3551	6408	2109	327	1168	1223	3204	192.0	746.47	182.12	113.09	113.09	814.57	308.52		
12	Cassia	Orson P. Bates	Oakley	Idaho	593	117	77	194	140	530	577	1107	676	1301	427	275	509	196	429	74.12	145.54	47.60	267.26	267.26	177.31	89.95		
19	Davis	Nathan T. Porter	Centerville	Utah	823	174	134	308	206	1466	1501	2967	1559	3275	1105	583	545	734	2967	65.63	246.45	131.70	443.78	443.78	386.70	57.08		
12	Emery	Alex. Jameson	Castle Dale	Utah	598	117	101	248	162	914	912	1826	10.4	2074	784	430	66	346	770	13.31	102.80	42.10	158.21	140.31	142.15	17.90		
8	Kanab	Wm. Paxman	Nephi	Utah	381	81	59	140	99	563	659	1222	885	1362	348	118	173	187	190	88.25	15	22.30	31.20	28.25	2.95			
4	Malad	Jos. E. Robinson	Kanab	Utah	3.1	49	47	96	62	366	406	772	487	868	294	118	173	187	190	87.5	17.25	45.40	114.95	114.95	106.00	8.95		
5	Maricopa	Geo. W. Lewis,	Mesa	Idaho	220	56	3	87	60	331	270	591	392	678	165	78	75	173	225	44.85	19.60	27.75	92.0	92.0	87.80	4.40		
7	Mexico	Dennis E. Harris	Dublan	Ariz.	339	59	49	108	78	524	501	125	706	1133	371	223	153	278	395	14.86	117.18	64.05	132.04	132.04	83.06	48.98		
11	Millard	J. Greenwood	Fillmore	Utah	567	111	86	197	137	901	832	1843	1230	2040	581	340	353	569	399	39.19	113.17	64.05	216.41	216.41	164.85	51.56		
13	Morgan	F. W. Clark	Morgan	Utah	554	110	54	164	97	441	389	830	447	994	327	162	151	190	315	33.05	18.55	38.00	89.60	89.60	65.95	23.65		
2	Oneida	Wm. L. Webster	Franklin	Idaho	1446	268	198	466	293	1538	1438	2976	1769	3442	1058	720	589	609	1993	117.39	272.87	102.30	492.61	492.61	348.95	143.66		
14	Panguitch	Alma Burney	Panguitch	Utah	580	113	84	197	110	622	645	1267	708	1464	497	301	226	243	812	18.56	29.50	23.10	71.16	71.16	66.16	6.00		
8	Parowan	J. H. Armstrong	Cedar City	Utah	322	41	34	83	45	497	538	1035	430	1118	409	259	166	201	714	41.13	19.65	34.15	94.93	94.93	71.91	23.62		
62	Salt Lake	Thos. C. Griggs	Salt Lake City	Utah	2864	704	428	1132	762	6152	6747	12899	7348	14031	5496	2767	2242	2394	7976	565.10	973.42	589.19	3127.71	2339.55	788.16	788.16		
8	San Juan	Jas. B. Decker	Bluff	Utah	371	57	52	109	61	255	273	528	315	637	211	99	105	113	450	60	25.95	22.50	49.05	49.05	48.50	55		
9	San Luis	Ira B. Whitney	Sanford	Col.	385	74	30	104	66	489	514	1003	554	1107	490	174	151	178	225	19.67	51.40	27.42	98.49	98.49	84.38	14.11		
24	Sanpete	Geo. Christensen	Mount Pleasant	Utah	1112	263	231	494	325	291	1267	4358	3576	4552	1510	950	848	1050	2721	46.34	295.53	144.04	485.91	485.91	426.60	59.31		
17	Sevier	W. A. Seegmiller	Richfield	Utah	774	152	112	264	173	1197	1289	2486	1584	2750	877	562	473	574	697	14.23	142.18	85.90	242.31	242.31	204.65	37.66		
7	St. Johns	J. W. Brown	St. Johns	Ariz.	318	51	43	94	49	362	317	679	393	773	257	136	116	150	100	57.41	51.45	25.35	131.21	131.21	91.75	42.46		
9	St. Joseph	Sam'l. J. Sims	Pima	Ariz.	386	91	72	163	98	563	598	1161	498	1324	495	266	190	248	400	45.55	38.00	43.25	126.80	126.80	95.60	31.20		
24	St. George	Richard Morris	St. George,	Utah	1073	141	109	250	162	1050	1081	2121	1296	2381	891	461	331	418	537	38.00	7.58	47.15	131.78	131.78	71.10	60.68		
14	Snowflake	John A. West	Snowflake	Ariz.	544	94	99	193	107	366	369	735	44	928	197	158	143	137	222	9.05	7.58	47.15	131.78	131.78	71.10	60.68		
9	Star Valley	Ed. McLatchie	Alton	Wyo.	371	84	52	136	80	396	367	763	444	8.9	281	159	144	179	131	8.50	23.05	68.30	371.0	371.0	275.14	95.86		
16	Summit	John Boyden	Coalville	Utah	750	136	79	215	135	9.4	886	1810	1054	2025	763	408	323	316	306	47.65	255.05	68.30	371.0	371.0	275.14	95.86		
8	Tooele	A. G. Johnson	Tooele	Utah	391	73	53	126	79	428	520	948	655	1551	652	280	273	201	394	8.05	53.50	42.15	163.70	163.70	178.89	99.53		
12	Uintah	James Hacking	Vernal	Utah	1660	570	375	925	578	4176	4548	8724	5075	9649	3448	1880	1654	1942	2194	218.70	882.26	385.90	1486.86	1486.86	1175.33	311.53		
39	Utah	L. E. Eggertsen	Provo	Utah	1668	550	375	925	578	4176	4548	8724	5075	9649	3448	1880	1654	1942	2194	218.70	882.26	385.90	1486.86	1486.86	1175.33	311.53		
13	Wasatch	Jos. H. Lambert	Heber City	Utah	565	116	75	191	108	668	817	1485	862	1676	643	349	222	271	695	38.55	133.25	61.00	23.80	23.80	190.69	42.11		
13	Wayne	Jos. Eckersley	Loa	Utah	565	20	104	304	198	462	460	922	507	1226	344	216	155	207	355	17.78	48.90	41.70	107.88	107.88	91.33	16.55		
27	Weber	Rd. Ballantyne	Ogden	Utah	1291	341	182	523	426	2629	2715	5344	3867	5867	2174	1157	1021	992	1942	178.27	587.52	146.85	912.68	912.68	840.68	71.96		
					26816	3965	4108	10073	5536	40543	41755	82398	50148	97371	32495	17916	15017	17270	39608	2270	73	3033	12915	12915	10177	19	2738	75

Sunday School Reports of Various Missions.

3	California	H. S. Tanner	San Francisco, Cal.	98	10	4	14	12	46	39	85	57	99	32	5	48	75	5.00	2.55	2.45	
2	Eastern States	Sam'l. W. Richards	Brooklyn, New York	100	3	4	7	7	19	7	46	46	53	15	8	9	14	48	12.00	12.00	
13	Great Britain	Anton H. Lund	Liverpool, England	726	55	13	69	61	216	219	435	338	503	143	119	81	92	196	3.00	2.50	
5	Indian Ter.	W. D. Bowring	St. Johns, Kansas	76	8	6	14	13	42	83	75	53	89	23	52	44	31	2.80	2.80	50	
1	Josepa Colony	Kauleinamoku	Josepa, Tooele Co. Utah	51	7	7	7	6	20	14	34	30	41	10	6	8	10	31	11.85	11.85	
39	New Zealand	Wm. Gardner	Auckland, New Zealand	1704	101	20	121	97	905	591	1896	949	2017	328	557	216	795	674	113.67	108.60	
6	Northern States	Joshua R. Clark	Council Bluffs, Iowa	198	15	14	29	26	64	59	123	103	152	40	21	20	42	84	3.27	8.34	
6	Netherlands	Asa W. Judd	Rotterdam, Holland	340	26	11	37	34	120	155	245	207	282	84	57	37	67	175	116.94	108.60	
8	Samoa	Wm. G. Sears	Apoli, Samoa	371	31	3	34	33	138	121	259	209	23	70	61	48	81	240	333.97	233.69	
32	Sandwich Is.	Sam'l. E. Wooley	Honolulu, Sandwich Is.	1340	125	25	150	145	450	400	850	785	1000	200	200	200	994	229.09	233.69	100.28	
14	Scandinavia	Peter Sundwall	Copehagan, Denmark	455	60	33	93	82	395	362	657	529	750	249	104	149	155	183	40.55	36.40	4.15
27	Southern States	Elias S. Kimball	Chattanooga, Tenn.	516	85	58	143	124	281	319	539	451	742	255	105	13	226	421	5.80	5.80	
7	Swiss & German	Geo. C. Naegle	Bern, Switzerland	275	17	4	21	20	93	87	180	165	201	40	38	48	64	5.80	5.80		
163			Totals of Missions	5410	543	195	738	660	2698	2796	5484	3920	6222	1489	1281	829	1885	2174	108.15	423.76	115.72
598			Total organized Stakes	26816	3965	4108	10073	5536	40513	41755	82398	50148	92371	32095	17916	15017	17270	39608	2270.73	10177.19	2738.75

Father of all the human family; a Being of tabernacle of flesh and bone, to whom all men will render an account of their labors at the day of judgment. That the Son, Jesus Christ, our elder Brother, is in the express image of the Father; is a Personage of flesh and bone, in whose name we should always approach the Father and through whom all blessings are received. That the Holy Ghost is a Personage of Spirit, not having tabernacle of flesh and bone, but one of the Godhead, and who executes the will of the Father and Son: these three constituting the great governing council of the universe. Thus, in this interesting manner, did Elder Lyman take each of the Articles of Faith, showing the beauties each contained; how perfectly they applied to the needs of the children of men; how fully they covered the plan of salvation and how necessary it was for us to live up to the same, that salvation in the presence of the Father may come to all the righteous. He closed by invoking heaven's choicest blessing upon the great Sunday School cause, and hoped the report of 1896 would round out one hundred thousand officers, teachers and pupils.

The conference was then brought to a close by the choir and congregation singing, "Our God, we raise to Thee."

Benediction was pronounced by General Superintendent George Q. Cannon.

John M. Whitaker, Gen. Sec.

It's funny that a heated discussion generally produces a coldness between friends.

A wise man will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it.

A thimbleful of theory to a pound of practice is about the right proportion.

SAN JUAN COUNTY.

SAN JUAN COUNTY was organized by the Legislature in the winter of 1879-80. The County Court was organized, and Mr. James Lewis was appointed probate judge. It occupies the south-eastern part of the State of Utah, lying between 37° and $38\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north latitude and between 111° and 109° west longitude. The county has an area of 9,078 square miles; its population is 1,000. It is principally an elevated, arid mesa, broken by dry gulches and washes, with the exception of the Blue and Elk Mountains, near the center of the county, which extend east and west, and have an elevation of about nine thousand feet. The highest peak is Mount Baldy, twelve thousand feet. From these mountains issue small sparkling streams, to supply water for the irrigation of the adjoining land. Deep ravines from two hundred feet to two hundred and fifty feet branch off in every direction, those on the east and south to join the San Juan River, on the north to join the Green River, and on the west to join the Colorado River. The Blue Mountains are especially rich in minerals, which are as yet but partially developed.

The physical features of San Juan County are of sandstone formation. Ruins of cliff and mound builders are among its curiosities. The climate varies with the elevation.

The chief industrial pursuits are cattle and sheep raising, farming, mining, and trading with the Indians. In the vicinity of the Blue Mountains cereals, such as oats, wheat, potatoes, barley, alfalfa, and garden vegetables are raised, while in the southern portion of the county, the altitude being much lower, a variety of tropical fruits of superior quality are raised.

San Juan County was settled in 1879-80

by a colony of about sixty families from Iron County. The history of this colony is of the greatest interest. They were led by President Silas Smith, Counselor Platte D. Lyman, and Bishop Jens Nielsen, to settle the waste places of Southern Utah, and to form a barrier between the Indians and our neighboring settlers on the west. They left their homes in the fall, were on the journey

know of no place settled by the Saints in Utah that has had so many difficulties with which to contend as this colony. Some of the first years they hauled their supplies from Alamosa, Colorado, four hundred miles away. They have had a continuous struggle to obtain water for irrigation from the San Juan River, which is a most treacherous stream.

The climate of Bluff is most delight-



CLIFF DWELLERS.

all winter, worked the road inch by inch, as it were, over a dry, rocky, sandy route to the Colorado River, and from thence to the San Juan River; and on the 6th of April, 1880, located at what has since been called Bluff, situated on the north bank of the San Juan River, about eighty miles east of its junction with the Colorado River. I

ful, will compare favorably with Italy for sunny days; mild in winter, and not too hot in summer.

The present population is one hundred and eighty-five. On either side of the town precipitous cliffs rise from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, and are barren, except in small crevices, or where cool, refreshing

springs burst forth, beautiful flowers, mosses, and ferns are found. Along the walls of the cliffs may be seen small rock rooms, comparatively good masonry work, built near the top, where it seems almost impossible for one to make an ascent. They are supposed to be the treasure-houses of the aboriginal tribes. Deep canyons branch off from these cliffs, in which are found many beautiful caves.

The most prominent of these is about six miles east of Bluff, on the opposite side of the river. Its dimensions are as follows: Across its mouth, about three hundred feet; height, one hundred and fifty feet; from its mouth to back of cave, one hundred and fifty feet. The breastwork is built of rock, and in circular form, the wall averaging about eight feet high. It is divided into sixteen compartments. Many curiosities are found in this cave, such as hieroglyphics on the smooth rock; port holes are visible in the wall, all of which are evidence of it once being built as a defense against the enemy.

Another prominent cave is about five miles north of Bluff, up what is known as Spring Canyon. Towards the back of this cave seems to have been the cliff-dwellers' graveyard, so arranged that the bodies were free from moisture. There are no rooms in this cave, but it is evident that it was once inhabited.

From other caves in Allan Canyon, about forty miles north-east of Bluff, have been taken many curios, such as pottery of all kinds, cotton, beans, charred corn, hair, ropes, spindles for weaving sandals, baskets, and many crude farming and war implements, all of which are found occupying the same graves as the mummies. A collection of this kind was sent to the World's Fair for exhibition, and are now, as I under-

stand, on exhibition at the Deseret Museum, Salt Lake City.

Besides the cliff and cave dwellers, the remains of another class, distinguished as mound builders, are found.

Monticello, a village situated at the eastern base of the Blue Mountains, is an agricultural and mining district, about fifty miles north of Bluff, and is now the county seat. It has a population of about twenty-five families, the most prominent of whom were former residents of Bluff.

The "Gold Queen," one of the lead mines of the Blue Mountains, is now being worked for its gold, silver, and copper, and is in an advanced stage of development, as I understand. A stamp mill is to be put in this summer.

In addition to these mines, we have extensive "placer" mines, about eighty miles along the San Juan River. The most prominent of these is the "Gable" district. Some quite heavy machinery has been shipped in by a New York company.

Besides these, there are extensive fields of crude petroleum, large deposits of gypsum, and an undeveloped marble quarry. As to the oil fields, they are about to be bonded with the view to development.

Along the river bottoms are found considerable forestry, the most common tree being the cottonwood, of which there are two kinds, the long and round leaf cottonwood. These forests, together with the region of the Blue and Elk Mountains, are filled with a great variety of birds noted for song and plumage. The principal water birds found are the glossy ibis, phalarope, egret, grebe, coot, sand piper, killdeer, bittern, great heron, and a great variety of ducks. The landbirds are the wax-wing, gold finch, ptarmigan, thrush,

oriole, gross-beak, warblers, starling, chat, whip - poor - will, wood-pecker, meadow lark, goose, anders, aversset, snipe, jay, owl, robin, bobolink, sparrow, clappe rail, towke bunting, and a large variety of hawks. A specimen of all these birds may be found with our noted taxidermist, Father John Allan, who resides at Bluff.

San Juan County, according to area, has the least population of any county in the State of Utah.

THE DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night
From the realms of mist and dew;
One was a dream of the old, old days,
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane
That led to the pickerel pond
Where the willows and rushes bow themselves
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old-time dream,
Were pleasant and fair to see,
And the dreamer he walked with them again
As often of old walked he

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane
That tang'd his curly hair!
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought
From yonder midnight skies,
Or was it tears from the dear dead years,
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free,
As the moon benignly shed
Her golden grace on the smiling face
In the little trundle bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come,
Of the glorious noon of day,
Of the summer that follows the careless spring
When the child is done with play,

And 'twas a dream of the busy world
Where valorous deeds are done;
Of battles fought in the cause of right,
And of victories nobly won

It breathed no breath of the dear old home
And the quiet joys of youth;
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,
And fast and free it ran,
And it told to a little sleeping child
Of a boy become a man.

These were the dreams that came one night
To earth from yonder sky;
These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed,
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I
Were glad that it was so,
He loved to dream of days to come,
And I of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I
Unwillingly awoke.
But neither of his precious dream
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams,
Gave each his tender sigh;
For there was triumph in his eyes,
And there were tears in mine.

Eugene Field.

A HYMN.

O God, we meet this Sabbath day,
With contrite hearts to worship Thee;
Accept our thanks, we humbly pray,
For gospel light and liberty.

Impart Thy Spirit from above
To fill our souls with peace and joy;
May the sweet message of Thy love
Our highest, noblest thoughts employ.

Help us to praise Thee with one heart,
As children of the light should do,
And may we each, before we part,
Our pledges to Thy cause renew.

Lord, bless Thy servants here, we pray,
On whom the sacred task shall rest
To speak, that they may something say,
To suit our varied needs the best.

May we be worthy to partake
The emblems of Thy death and love
And each resolve to sin forsake,
And every evil thought remove.

Lord, when shall ever we repay
The debt of gratitude we owe
To Thee for making known the way
Of Life, to save a world from woe.

J. C.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SENSATIONAL STORIES.

IT IS a custom with many writers and speakers to be extreme and sensational upon subjects which their readers or audiences know least about. There is not so much danger of being challenged for proof of the assertions made; and if they can but succeed in the outset in arousing a hostile sympathy toward the people or country against which they declare, they can go on with safety in the most exaggerated style and mingle a great mass of misinformation with a very little truth. When the Latter-day Saints occupied an isolated home in these mountains, there was no story about them too strange, or absurd, or wicked, to find circulation by otherwise intelligent visitors and acceptance among seemingly intelligent people. After the days of their isolation were over, after the railroad and telegraph came, and after the easy opportunity was given the whole world to ascertain the truth about falsely-described conditions here, it was still hard to make outside readers and hearers believe that they had been grossly imposed upon by the tales that had been told them. People generally do not like to admit that much. For years it had not been so easy to get at the actual facts about the condition here, and to tell things as they were, as it was to manufacture fables and falsehoods. And those who could obtain truth either did not have the opportunity or did not have

the zeal and encouragement in narrating it that had been given for the circulation of falsehood. It had been popular to give the people of Utah a bad name; and of course under such circumstances it took far more argument and proof to remove the prejudice which had been accumulating during so many years. It is an old and reliable saying that a lie will travel many a league while truth is getting its boots on. As we have stated, the more remote the scene to be described, and the fewer readers who know anything about it, the greater the temptation to the narrator to draw upon his imagination for his facts. Our readers are accustomed to hear a great deal about the desperately hard condition of the Russian people --how they are tax-ridden, king-ridden and with scarcely the common rights of humanity, to say nothing of the rights of freemen. Now, there are no doubt many grievances and evils which the Russians have to suffer; but they are on the other hand far happier in many respects than most persons believe, and have escaped many troubles which even more highly civilized nations groan under. Every few days the newspapers are filled with stories of Turkish atrocities and Armenian horrors, just as a few months since they were gory with accounts of Japanese massacres of Chinese. One can hear all kinds of stories as to the barbarity with which the Spaniards or the insurgents in Cuba are respectively signaling the struggle on that island. We read every now and then of the frightful practices resorted to in the interior of Africa. Of another sort, but equally astounding to the reader of the newspapers, are the wonderful tales told of new animals or races of men found in hitherto unexplored regions, and of freaks of nature which sensational travelers describe as having come under their

observation. The world is far advanced in intelligence and enlightenment; but it has not by any means rid itself of its credulity. And as long as people can be found to pay for and read sensations regardless of their truth, so long will men be found to supply the taste.

Our object in writing the foregoing is to put readers of the INSTRUCTOR on their guard against accepting everything they hear or read. This caution has been uttered before, and it is deserving of remembrance. As in the terrible conditions reported from Russia, so also with the romances from Asia, Africa, the northern and southern polar regions, and other places and peoples of which the world at large knows but little. Only one side of the case is presented, and that is generally so greatly distorted and exaggerated as to be unworthy of belief. Our own experience ought to be a warning to us against giving credence to all that lecturers or newspaper or book writers may have to say. Remembering those experiences, and the outrageous falsehoods which our people have been so many years in living down, we ought to be charitable enough to withhold judgment until we can hear all sides of the matter, or at least until we can make independent study and examination sufficient to enable us to judge from personal knowledge.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most courteous and pliant in their behavior to their inferiors.

Be a philosopher; but, mid all your philosophy, be still a man.

There is not a man on earth who is free from envy. If there ever should be one, he ought to pray for immediate translation, before he gets the disease.

HONEST JIM THE NEWSBOY.

Two little boys were seen going down the street together; but one could see at a glance that though they were both the same size, there was a great difference between them. One boy was neatly dressed in a navy blue suit, a nice white waist, a nobby little cap, and a pair of high buttoned shoes. His face looked young and happy, but the features of the other boy told that he was older than he appeared. He wore a dirty pair of knee pants, a shirt that was large enough for two boys his size, shoes, but no stockings, and an old plush cap. One looked the picture of care and good training, the other of abuse and neglect.

As they walked down the street, they met two little girls on their way to Sunday School, and they looked at the poor neglected boy more than at the one who looked so well bred.

"Oh, Lucy, ain't you sorry for that poor little Jimmie Sutton? Ain't it too bad?"

"Well, if I was Roy St. Claire," said the other, "I wouldn't walk down the street with the nasty, dirty thing."

"Oh, Lucy!" said Edna Barratt, "you know our teacher told us only last Sunday that nice clothes did not always make nice children at heart, and though children looked much better nice and clean, we must not hurt a poor child's feelings because it was in rags, for it is not always his fault."

Roy and Jimmie often met, for something seemed to attract them toward each other, and Roy would often leave his other well-dressed playmates to wander off with Jimmie. He liked to hear him tell of his adventures and queer way of living. This morning Roy was going to the post office for his papa, when he met his shabbily-dressed friend on the road, and urged him to go with him, and

as Jimmie would always leave everything to go with Roy, they walked to the office together. Jimmie commenced telling Roy about what a hard time he had the night before.

His father was a drunkard, and his mother went out washing every day to buy them food and pay the rent of a poor, mean, two-roomed house. His mother had been delayed very late last night, and so Jimmie began to worry about her return. He sat there by the fire wondering what had happened, when he heard footsteps, and thinking it was his mother, ran and opened the door as a welcome; but he was disappointed; it was his father, and he could see he had been drinking.

He asked for his supper, and when Jimmie told him that his mother had not yet come home and brought anything for supper, he swore at him, and told him to go and get her at once or he would kill him with his cane.

"Just you go along now, you hear? I'm hungry, and when I'm hungry I'm mad. I want my supper, and you get your mother here with the victuals pretty quick, or I'll skin you alive. Go along."

Jimmie rushed out, frightened to death, for he did not know where his mother was working, and he dare not go home without her, or something to eat, and he had no money to buy anything; so, for fear of being beaten, he went in a barn close by and slept all night, hungry and cold. He was afraid to go home now, he said.

When he had finished, Roy said:

"Oh, Jimmie, when I go home I'll ask papa if you can't live with us, and then won't we have fun?"

"Oh, Roy, I would not leave my mother for anyone; she is always good to me, and needs me often to help her."

When they reached the gate Roy asked Jimmie to wait outside, while he took the mail in.

After Jimmie had given Roy up, for fear that his parents would not let him play with him, the door opened, and out came Roy, saying, "Come here, Jimmie; I have told papa all about you, and he wants to see you."

He hung his head and walked into the handsome library of Mr. St. Claire, the lawyer.

"Say, little chap, I am going to help you for my little Roy's sake," said Mr. St. Claire; "but, first, I want you to go out in the kitchen and eat that food that is waiting for you."

"Come this way," said Roy, and Jimmie felt like he was in another world as he walked through the beautiful home.

When he was seated at the kitchen table he looked at his dirty hands, as he touched the clean, white table-cover, and he almost wished he was out in the back yard where he could wash his hands by the hydrant, and eat this treat on the ground.

He got through with his meal and felt much better, and then stood again tremblingly by Mr. St. Claire.

"Now, look here, boy, I want you to do something for a living. Your parents can't keep you; so if you want to get on some decent clothes, and go and sell papers, I'll give you the clothes and one dollar to start up in business."

Now Mr. St. Claire would have given him more, but he feared if he went home with the money his father would take it all and spend it in drink. In order to try and make Jimmie work and be industrious, he told him he would give him the clothes; "But I'll only lend you the money. You must pay that back in one year." "I'll try and do my best,"

said Jimmie, "and I'll pay you back the money."

Mrs. St. Claire handed him the clothes, and he rushed out of the house too happy to tell Roy good-by or notice anyone. When he had reached home he told his parents all about this streak of good luck.

"Well," said his father, "that's good; but if you get work you must pay me for living here, and you can give me fifty cents now for this week," and he at once took one of the bright half-dollars out of Jimmie's hand.

His mother pleaded with him not to take it, as he would need a good leather bag to carry the papers in, so they would keep dry when it was storming, and it would take all of the dollar to get the other things Jimmie needed so much.

Before she had finished speaking, he was out of the door, and in a few minutes was trying to buy some whisky, even if it was Sunday.

But Jimmie had a brave heart, and told his mother to never mind, he would do his best with what was left. He was so anxious that night for morning to come he could scarcely sleep, but when it did come it found a new boy in the Sutton house, and the beginning of a very good life. Jimmie went with his mother, and they soon got all that was needed, for Mr. St. Claire said he wanted him to start out in good shape, and then he could sell more papers.

He waited on the street corner for a few minutes, and he saw two men coming. He went up timidly and said, "Papers, mister?" but they were busy talking and did not notice him. He felt bad. "Oh, I wonder if every one will shun me because I am poor."

Soon there came a lady carrying a small satchel and going toward the depot. Now, thought Jimmie, I'll sell her one

to read on the train. Happy thought! Yes, she bought one, and there was the nickle, oh, how happy he felt!

Well, he worked hard all day, and when night came he had thirty cents, and that was pretty good he thought for a starter. The many days that passed always found Jimmie at his post, and he began to make life easier for his mother by his help. But often his cruel father would beat him until he gave up his earnings, and then it was hard for Jimmie to keep up.

One morning he was going to the public square, to see what the crowd had gathered there for, also thinking it would be a good chance to sell some papers, when he saw Roy for the first time for nearly two months. He was always working on the street now, and Roy was never allowed there, only when sent on an errand. Just as he was going to meet him the fire engine came along at full speed, and Roy was so interested in noticing it, that he did not see a team coming at the back of him. Jimmie saw the danger, and ran to push Roy out of the way; but before he could do so one of the horse's feet had caught his leg and tripped him down. Jimmie reached for the harness and tried to hold them, while Roy jumped up and ran; but being hurt, he could not hurry, and in another instant the excited animals had jumped over Jimmie and he fell under their feet. When the crowd found them, Roy's leg was badly hurt and bleeding; but poor Jimmie lay unconscious and thought him dead.

Mr. St. Claire had been attracted to the crowd by the fire, which had started in a large building on the square, and as he was well known, the news soon reached him that his boy was hurt. He rushed to the spot and took Roy in his arms, then ordered a hack. Just as he did so

he caught sight of the senseless form of the poor newsboy.

"Say," said a man, "he did that to save your boy. He's a brave lad."

"He did?" inquired Mr. St. Claire. "Well, we must do something quick. Here, put him in the hack and we will take him to the hospital."

They carried him to the carriage, and after they had taken Roy home, they drove to the hospital to get help for poor Jimmie.

The doctor came and dressed the wounds and washed the dirt from him. In a few moments he showed signs of life.

"Oh, Jimmie, do you know me? I am Mr. St. Claire, and you have saved my boy. God bless you! God bless you!"

"Yes, I know you. Is Roy alive?"

"Yes, and only slightly hurt. Come, boy, you must get well soon, and then I'll see what I can do for you for this brave and manly act."

"It's no use, sir, I'm going ter die; it's getting dark already. Say, mister, I've only forty cents left to pay you back. You said you would give me a year to pay it in, and the time ain't up yet, so I've been giving it most all to mother."

"Oh, don't talk of that," said Mr. St. Claire, "you have saved my boy's life, and he is everything to me."

"Well, mister, if you think it is worth the dollar you lent me, I can go to heaven happy, for then I'll be square with everybody. Give this old purse to mother, and tell her I've paid my debt, and I am going to heaven square with everybody; then she can have the money what's left."

Jimmie smiled, and then his soul passed up to God.

The tears rolled down the man's cheeks, and an old minister who had followed the boy came and knelt down and thanked God for the lesson this little boy had

taught him of true honesty and goodness.

Mr. St. Clair had him buried in his own lot in the cemetery, and did all he could to console his poor mother. He gave his father employment—for after Jimmie's death he became a good man and made a good living for his wife. It is many years since this sad story happened, but the people of that city today will tell you of "Honest Jim, the newsboy."

I trust all my little readers will remember that it is always best to treat everyone with kindness, whether they are dressed in nice clothes or in rags. The heart is under the clothes, and many a fine man grows up out of a shabby pair of pants.

Annie Jones Atkin.

MARGOT.

CHAPTER I.

Certainly Margot's life did not seem much like a fairy-tale. No, it was much more like a travesty or a satire and, although Margot was very devout and was, moreover, of a believing turn of mind, prone to accept everything that she saw in print, when she read that sentence of Hans Christian Andersen's which says, "Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers," she smiled over it, thinking that the Almighty had a very strange notion of fairy-tales, if He had written her life for one.

For Margot Blair was the youngest child of a widow and had three sisters older than herself. These three sisters were all fair and accounted beautiful; taking after their mother, who was fat, fair and forty (and a little more besides). Margot, on the contrary, had followed her father in looks and was tall and upright as a willow wand—"gawky," her sisters called her—slight to an extreme

which was most unbecoming, dark and sallow almost to swarthiness. with masses of almost black hair. which had a trick of slipping from its decorous confines and tumbling down her back, as her sisters said, like the snake-locks of Medusa. Margot's features were certainly not bad; she was called very plain, but she had not the green eyes of the nineteenth century heroine, nor the very wide mouth, nor the pert little pug-nose, which are indispensable to success in the marriage market of fiction. No, she possessed none of these advantages, but she was lean and lanky and gawky and awkward, and she was very young.

"Dear me, child," Mrs. Blair said, in fretful tones to her one day, "you grow more preposterously like your father every day. Will you never stop growing? What a lamp-post you are."

It was on the tip of Margot's tongue to ask whether it was a crime that she should be like her dead father. but although she was young, painfully young, she had long ago learned the wisdom of only giving utterance to about half the thoughts that came into her mind.

"Was my father so very tall, mother?" she said.

"Yes, very tall, terribly tall," Mrs. Blair replied. "Of course, it does not matter for a man, but it is a great affliction to have a daughter as tall as you are."

"Don't you think it is a greater affliction for me than for you, mother?" Margot asked rather wistfully.

"No, certainly not," responded the mother sharply. "I have to pay for your dresses. haven't I?"

Margot opened her mouth as if to speak, but succeeded once more in holding her peace. A bitter thought flitted across her mind that her mother did not often pay for anything for her, excepting

for boots and gloves; and they were always a very sore point, as she had had the audacity to grow both hands and feet two sizes larger than any of her sisters, who, like many other little plump girls, had hands and feet remarkable for their extreme smallness.

Poor Margot; everything she was, everything she did, everything she had, looked, said, and even what she seemed to think, was wrong in the eyes of her own people. It is so in some families, it was so in the household at Blankampton which called Mrs. Blair mistress, and which Margot called home. To Ethelwyn, Gwen, and Maudie, fell all the pleasures of their somewhat limited life; to Margot were allotted, by common consent, all the small disagreeable duties, of which there are always more than enough in establishments wherein every sixpence is expected to do the work of a shilling. It was Margot who was expected to count over the clothes for the wash every Monday morning, in company with the house parlormaid; it was Margot who must go round to the butcher's each morning to choose the daily meat, for, as her mother always told her, it was good for her to learn as many useful things as she could, because it was not likely that she would ever have a large house of her own; it was Margot who, when she had a presentable frock—which was not by any means a matter of course—was looked on as the goddess of the tea-table on the festive occasions when Mrs. Blair was at home of an afternoon to her friends, and it had been known for people to say that it was odd such a very smart little woman as Mrs. Blair should allow her parlor maid to appear behind the tea-table without a cap. And to all intents and purposes, Margot might, on these occasions, just as well have been a parlor-maid, for any

pleasure she derived out of the shows. For there she stood at the back of the long table, attending to a stream of wants of this order:—"Ah,—two cups of tea, one with sugar and one without." "One cup of tea, sugar and milk, and a cup of coffee with milk and no sugar." And never so much as a thank you from one end of the afternoon to the other.

On one afternoon, indeed, a young man who had been particularly imperative in his manner while asking for innumerable cups of tea and coffee, was so taken back by the information that the tall, silent girl who was serving the tea, was one of the daughters of the house, and he got himself introduced to her and attempted a sort of apology. "By Jove, you know, Miss Blair," he began, in a weak and fatuous voice, "I had no idea who you were, that you were a daughter of the house in fact, 'pon my soul, no, by Jove. I shouldn't have come up to the table and demanded tea in quite such cool fashion, I assure you."

Margot looked down at him from the vantage of her superior height with a glance of undisguised and unmitigated contempt.

"No," she said, speaking very distinctly, "if you had known, I have no doubt you would have found a spare thank you or two to bestow on me."

"Eh?" he stammered, while several audible giggles rose from the delighted by-standers. "I—I don't quite understand you." "No?" said Margot, still regarding him with infinite scorn. "Still, it is very easy to understand. Newly acquired thank yous are very precious and must not be given to persons of no account, as you took me to be."

As she moved away to the other end of the table, the smothered giggles gave place to undisguised laughter, and the young man, with a blank look, appealed

to those who had heard. "What does she mean?" he asked.

"My dear fellow," said a man, who could scarcely speak for laughter, "go home and think till you do understand; and when you have grasped the young lady's meaning, bear in mind that you richly deserved the merciless snub you got."

So Margot had the triumph of a moment; but the incident soon got round to her sisters' ears and was repeated, with all the additions which it had acquired on the way, to their mother.

"What is this I hear you said to Mr. Brown, Margot?" Mrs. Blair asked as soon as the last guest had gone.

"Mr. Brown," said Margot, "I don't know which was Mr. Brown."

"Yet I am told that you took him to task for his manners, a simply unpardonable thing in a girl of your age."

Margot looked up. "Oh, you mean that little shrimp who speaks as if he had a spot on his tongue and twists his moustache all the time he is talking," she said.

"We shall not have a man friend left if Margot is allowed to go on this way," cried Ethelwyn, in a tragic tone.

Margot turned and looked at her. "Well, if anything I can say or do will relieve you of the society of such a pestilential little toad as that," she said deliberately, "you should consider that you owe me a debt of gratitude, which it will take years to repay."

"The house will be shunned as if it had the plague," cried Gwen, lifting eyes and hands to heaven, as represented by the ceiling.

"Don't be so silly, Gwen," exclaimed Maudie, who prided herself on being better endowed with common sense than any other member of her family. "It is no great thing if Margot did offend little

Brown, and from what I heard about it, he thoroughly deserved the snub she gave him. What did happen, Margot?"

"Nothing really happened, in the ordinary sense of the word," said Margot, promptly. "It was like this—he had been many times to the table, ordering everything as if he were an emperor, and as if I, whom it seems he took for a maid-servant, were dirt. And when he found out that I was the little Cinderella of the house, he got his nasty little self introduced to me, and with much punishment of the little moustache and many By Joves and such like, he conveyed to me that if he had known I was a lady, he would have been more careful of his manners."

"Yes, and then?" cried Maudie eagerly, and feeling more sympathy with her young sister than she had ever felt before, for she had detested the young man, Brown.

"Oh, well—perhaps I was hard on him," Margot admitted.

"Yes, but how? Tell us every word," Maudie cried.

"Well, I only told him that newly-acquired thank yous are very precious and must not be wasted on persons of no account, as he took me to be."

"Margot, you never did!" Maudie exclaimed.

"Margot!" said Mrs. Blair in an awful voice, while Ethelwyn and Gwen groaned in concert, "We shall not have a single man friend left."

"Well, look here, mother," Margot burst out, feeling that she was in for all round censure, "you all seem to think a great deal of this little wretch, but do you really like young men who come to your house and order your servants about as if they were not even flesh and blood? What does little Brown do for you in return for your hospitality? Nothing,

except to shed the lustre of his insignificant presence on you. Surely the very least return he can make is to treat every one he meets under your roof with ordinary civility and courtesy, whether they be your daughter, your friends, or only your servants."

"You unfortunate child!" was Mrs. Blair's comment.

"But why?" Margot cried. "Why?"

"Margot is perfectly right," put in Maudie in an undertone.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Blair, in a tone which she tried to make a forbearing one, "you are very young yet; when you are older you will learn that, although you may be right, in a certain sense, in all that you say, yet it does not do—to use a man's term, it does not pay—for young girls to be going round the world as social paladins, running a tilt against every little insignificant slip of etiquette that any man may happen to make."

However, in due time the effects of Margot's first and only attempt at originality faded away and ceased to be a matter for discussion in the family circle. She felt herself that her wholly spontaneous outburst had been an utter failure, and that both her mother and her two elder sisters would much rather that she had meekly swallowed young Brown's rudeness and also his make-matters-worse apology in silence. "They all think me of far less account than that wretchedly vulgar little snob," she said to herself bitterly. "What is the good of trying to keep any respect for one's self, when one is tied down to such a life as this?"

She went to the window and looked out; it was a good height from the ground, for Margot occupied an attic-bedroom of small dimensions. "What is the good of trying?" she said again, resting her arms on the window-ledge

and staring blankly into space. "They don't care. I am superfluous, not wanted, in the way, a nuisance to them. What a life it is," and then she fell into a reverie about life and the strangeness of it all, and somehow found herself thinking of the sentence which had impressed her so strongly a few months before.

"Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers." Yes, that was what the great Danish philosopher had thought and written! A fairy-tale. Was her life a fairy-tale? Oh, no, no, a thousand times, no. A tragedy, a suffering, a mental void, a want, a blank—but a fairy-tale—never!

CHAPTER II.

In this world nothing happens without causing an effect, and Margot's little passage of arms, or at least of words, with young Brown, although it seemed at the time only to have done her harm, proved to be the pivot upon which her whole life turned. To her mother she had now come to be viewed in the light of a person who must be carefully looked after. To Ethelwyn and Gwen she was simply a prig in petticoats, and the very sight of her or the mere sound of her name was enough to bore them to extinction. But, to Maudie, Margot appeared now in a totally new guise.

For instance, Maudie, all at once, became quite friendly with her young sister, and that being so, she promptly set about altering and improving her general position, if not of mind or body, at least of estate.

"Mother," she remarked abruptly one morning, when Margot had gone off to do the shopping as usual. "You are having your at home as usual next week?"

"Certainly," was Mrs. Blair's reply.

"Then Margot ought to have a new dress for it," said Maudie.

"Margot!" cried the two older girls, in tones of the utmost astonishment.

"Yes, Margot," returned Maudie, stoutly. "Why shouldn't Margot have a new frock sometimes like other girls?"

"But Margot is not out," cried Ethelwyn.

"Margot is nearly eighteen," Maudie said, which they all knew already.

"I really don't see," Mrs. Blair began.

"Look here, mother," said Maudie, "it isn't right that one of your daughters should be dressed so that she is mistaken for a servant, it is not right. If you cannot give her the same dress allowance as we three have, we ought each to give up a little, so that she is made our equal." "Preposterous," cried Gwen.

"Margot is your equal!" Maudie said, looking her sister full in the face. "And Margot will be a much handsomer woman some day than you will ever be, so there."

"Margot!" said Gwen, with a sneer.

"Anyway, it is not a question for you to settle," Maudie went on valiantly. "And even if mother likes you better than her other children, it is a shame to make the favoritism so plain that it's a matter of open comment among our friends."

"What are you saying, Maudie?" Mrs. Blair cried, in a shocked tone. "The truth, I'm afraid," answered Maudie, without hesitation. "If Margot really wants a new frock, which seems most absurd," said Ethelwyn, after looking at Gwen for a moment, "Gwen and I will give her our pale blue dresses; they will make her a beauty."

"How very generous of you" laughed Maudie. "You have both taken more than the bloom off them. What a Yorkshire gift! Ethelwyn's has mud-marks all round the bottom of the skirt, and if

I mistake not, Gwen tore hers badly at tennis the other day."

"I don't want to hear the subject discussed any further," put in the mother, at this point. "I am afraid, Maudie, that I have considered you older girls a little too much. That I can care less for Margot than for any of you is manifestly absurd, and the mere suggestion of such a thing has hurt me very much. In future, Margot shall have the same dress allowance and privileges as the rest of you, and when once she is out, remember you must take everything strictly in turn." "How detestable!" said Ethelwyn crossly.

"Simply disgusting," returned Gwen.

"Mother, you are a dear!" Maudie cried, and danced out of the room, full of glee at the unlooked for success of her scheme.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

THE SCHOOL BOY'S FRIGHT.

JOHNNY GREEN promised his classmates during the day, that he would accompany them in the evening, over to neighbor Brown's orchard to steal apples.

Afterwards as he thought over the matter his conscience told him it was wrong; and something whispered to him the words, "Thou shalt not steal."

It had such an effect on him that he changed his mind, and when he met his friends in the evening, he refused to go with them.

"Oh, you're a coward," cried several of the boys.

"No I'm not," replied Johnny.

"Why won't you go then?" asked Jim.

"Because it's wrong," said he; "before I made this agreement I was under

the obligation to God and man not to steal. I had no right to promise to do wrong. My first duty was to obey God, and while it was wrong to make the promise it would be a greater wrong to keep it. Therefore I shall not." Thus the lad reasoned.

"Well, you'll be sorry when we tell you the fun we've had," and away they sped down the road.

Little Willie overheard the agreement the boys had made, and when school was out he ran home and told his papa.

When Mr. Brown heard the story of their plot, he prepared to have some fun also. So just about dark he put two charges of powder into the old gun. Then hiding himself among the bushes not far from where the best apples were, he was prepared to meet them.

Presently the boys came up the street, stopping just in front of the orchard. There they stood devising their plan. Soon it was settled and all ceased talking. Then into the orchard they crept, to the very place where Farmer Brown had supposed they would come.

Just as they began to enjoy it, bang! bang! went the old musket with the sound of a cannon. For a moment they were paralyzed. But as the proprietor came towards them, they ran as fast as their legs could go and never stopped till home was reached.

They decided on keeping it a secret, saying that Mr. Brown would soon forget the affair and nobody would know anything about it.

The next day, however, when they were all together on the school-ground, the story leaked out somehow and what a laugh they had. The boys felt much ashamed, and were always careful ever afterward about visiting people's orchards.

Thomas Jones, Jr.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

Hunting In The Winter.

How did it happen? Listen and I will tell you. Myself and companion were hunting chickens on the prairie when he told me. Yes, it was Homer. He said a wild beast of gigantic size had been seen in Lake Canyon.

"Come," he said, "let us quit the chickens, and go kill the beast."

We shouldered our shot-guns, and started on foot for the hills. Hardly had we entered the canyon, when tracks made by the object of our search were seen leading towards a large rock on the hillside. Steadily we crept towards the place, hardly daring to breathe, for we expected every moment to see it.

On we crept, nearer and nearer, till finally we reached the spot, and found it had made a hole down through the snow to get under the rock.

"Ah! he is down in there asleep," whispered Homer, after he had poked his head down to see if he could hear a growl.

"Yes," I answered, "and we must be very careful, or we shall rouse him before we get away."

"Now is our chance," said Homer. "If you will stand over the hole with your gun, I will go down and dig through the snow."

Oh! the very thought of such a thing made my hair stand on end. But, after studying for a moment, I decided to take him at his word, for I thought that I could stand there with my gun, if he were brave enough to dig through to the mountain king's bed.

"Very well, go ahead," I said, as I raised both hammers of my gun and pointed the muzzle towards the place from which I thought he would come.

Homer got on his knees and began to

scratch with his hands. He reminded me of a dog that is after a little mouse, which scratches with all its might, then stops at intervals to sniff.

The snow got very hard, so he took his pocket knife, and after cutting out a few pieces, a small entrance was made, sufficiently large enough to look through; but all he could see was two spots like balls of fire. Then, shoving his gun through, he took aim and fired. For a time nothing could be seen for smoke, but the growl of that monster made our blood run cold.

Not until we saw it was a huge, grizzly bear, which we had taken so many chances with, did we realize the danger of doing as we had done.

Henry Baird.

Lazy People.

You may find them in all communities. From the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and upon those who live by it, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those prejudices which have arisen from considering everything degraded that is peculiar to the multitude. But I have visited places where it seemed as though the multitude were looking down upon the few—in this case the few who labored.

Some people refuse to work because they look upon labor as a disgrace, while others do not work on account of their laziness. The latter may generally be seen standing on street corners smoking cigarettes, or in saloons lounging away their time. They are the people that need the watch-care of the police. Such idlers have to live, and if they do not work for a living they must steal.

In railroad camps they are the men that, when time is called in the morning,

have to fix a harness, or hunt up a single-tree, or something else pertaining to their outfit, and so get on the dump fifteen or twenty minutes late. At evenings they will watch with a heavy heart for time to be called. Should it be their ill-fate to be caught with their scrapers loaded, they will drop the load wherever it happens to be, and next morning their companions will have to move it before they can proceed with the work. After getting into camp, they will say to their tired teams, "You pick up what you can while I go to supper, and then when I get time I will feed you."

Did you ever make observations in visiting neighbors who might be placed among this class? If so, what was the general appearance of their homes? Did you find a certain place for a certain thing? or were tools scattered around the yard, where they had last been used? Such men can never find a hammer, saw, or ax, because they cannot remember where they used it last, and this is where it is sure to be.

I have seen students come home after getting a year's schooling who are ashamed to let people see them work. They will expect parents to wait on them, while they strut around in their cut-aways, as if they were destined to make a fortune with their brains. Such an education is detrimental, and it reminds me of the words, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake; but not that his labor was cursed. He told him that by the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground. A wise man once said, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

What was it that felled ancient forests and drained vast marshes for the habitation of man? What makes green fields

smile in the sun? What raised first the hut, next the cottage, and then the palace? What power, taking a hint from the split walnut shell, which some boy floated on the brook, set on the flood first the boat, then the ship? What has made our nation the marvelous country it is today, with its canals, railroads, and beautiful cities?

Some may say it is intellect, but with what has intellect accomplished all this?

What but the hand of labor?

A. D. Miller.

The Moon's Tea Party.

Have you ever heard of the two children who took tea with the moon?

"No."

Then I will tell you all about them.

It was a fine evening in June that they went up, and——

"How did they get up there?"

Why they climbed a moonbeam, of course. Haven't you ever seen anybody climb a moonbeam?

Well, when they got to the top they were met by the first star-in-waiting, who smiled and twinkled at them very pleasantly.

"Is the moon at home?" they asked.

"Yes," replied the star, "and tea is all ready; come in. Her majesty is in the dressing-cloud, but will be down very soon."

She took the children into the dining-room, where the table was spread, and then she rang a bell, and sang a song, calling the moon to supper.

The words were not understood by the children, but just then a cloud opened and out came the moon.

She was a fat, handsome lady, with a crown of stars; and she shone so brightly that the children's eyes were dazzled.

"How are you?" she said, sweetly.

Venus brought on the cheese, and they all sat down and ate it. This was the supper, except some melons, of which the moon ate great quantities.

"I eat these to make my light mellow," she explained. The word 'melon' is a contraction of 'mellow one,' 'you know.'

"Is it?" asked the children in surprise.

"Yes it is," cried the moon in rage.

"Don't express your doubt, for that upsets my nerves and might give me an eclipse."

"I thought the earth did that?" said they.

"Anything disagreeable does it," replied the moon, hastily. "The earth is disagreeable, so she does it. Hateful creatures, how dare you mention her!" and off she went into her cloud, in a huff.

"You should not speak of such things to her majesty," said Venus.

"Indeed!" cried the children. "We did not mean to vex her."

"Well, you had better go now," said the star. "You may come some time and see us again. There's your moonbeam."

And off she went, twinkling and singing merrily. When the children reached their own cozy little berdoom the shock of alighting suddenly awakened them, and each said to the other, "What did you dream?"

Lois V. Lyman.

Winter Scenes in Star Valley.

IN this beautiful little valley, situated in the south-western part of Wyoming, snow falls very deep in winter. Because of this it is impossible for the few settlers to keep the roads broken during the cold season, but with all their disadvantages, the people are always happy, and remember their Creator.

There is but one way of getting from

one farm to another, or even to church, and other public places.

The father gives the word that it is time to go, then all members of the family who are large enough, get on their snow-shoes, and make ready to start. Smaller children are wrapped in quilts and placed in sledges made of elk skins, which are drawn by the father or eldest son. The party glide over the smooth snow for a distance of six miles to the meeting house. Here the vehicles are stood on end in the snow, making the place, to a distant observer, look like a forest of dry trees.

Instead of the lover seating his lady comfortably in a sleigh when going to a party or other place, he sees that her snow-shoes are rightly buckled. Then away they go, happy and frolicsome. Often, when they are going but a short distance, both would ride the same pair of shoes.

By the men, much time is spent in hunting. They will sometimes go in a body, traveling for many hours in the mountains. Then, after finding a herd of elk or deer, some of the hunters take positions where they can see all movements of the animals, and ready at every moment to head them should they run in the wrong direction. The remainder of the company will surround the herd and start them in the direction of home.

After a few hours of skillful work they succeed in reaching the village with their prize. Here the best and fattest of the herd are killed, and the others allowed to move away at their leisure.

The flesh of these animals is dried, and the long winter evenings are spent eating this meat and telling stories.

W. P. Henderson.

Fortune does not change manners, it uncovers them.

Our Little Folks.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220)

IT WAS not long before Robbie's strange theories about the unknown were shattered.

He was told that the sun was a great world itself, many hundred times larger than the earth, and that the stars, instead of being bright-headed tacks, were also worlds, some larger and some smaller than the earth.

This new philosophy was at first hard for him to understand. He knew it was impossible for all these worlds larger than our own to be inside our earth; so he had to ask a great many questions about the matter before he could understand it aright. Yet by asking these questions he learned many things about the earth which were of deep interest to him. And when he was told he could learn more about such things in books he became very desirous of reading, and early in life formed the habit of reading good books.

Stories he did not care for very much unless they were true. He loved to read of things that he could think about with pleasure, knowing they were true and were worth thinking about and remembering.

Like most children his imagination was active, and often when he had nothing else to employ his mind he would think of all kinds of fanciful experiences that were as foolish and unreal as many of his dreams were. When he would awaken from these spells of day dreaming he would feel ashamed of himself for wasting his time thinking of such foolish and childish things. Later in life when he came across such imagi-

nary stories as "Gullivers' Travels" he was filled with contempt and disgust to learn that men were so foolish as to waste their time writing such absurd thoughts in books, when he, but a child, felt to condemn himself for only thinking of similar fancies. Men, he concluded, were not so much wiser than children as he thought they ought to be, at least some of them were not.

But when he read about such men as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and about the prophet Joseph Smith he got the idea that such men were so great that they did not even look like other people, and wondered what kind of beings they were.

When he was about ten years old, Robbie for the first time attended a day school. He had been attending Sunday school for two or three years before this, and was much interested in it. The day school was held in a dwelling house, and was taught by an elderly lady who was trying to earn a living in this way. She was not an experienced teacher, but knowing how to read, write and cipher, thought perhaps it was an easy matter to teach these branches.

The boy did not learn as much in the school as his mother expected he would, although bright and quick to learn. True he advanced as rapidly as any other member of the school, but that was no great achievement. The fault with the school, was the teacher had no control of the pupils, and the older ones ruled the teacher and the school just about as they pleased. Frequently the older girls (the boys were all small, as big boys would not submit to being taught by a woman) would begin a conversation with the teacher just after the school was called, and it would often continue for half an hour or more before the teacher would realize that she had a school. All of a

sudden she would get up and exclaim, "My goodness! I must begin to hear the classes recite!"

During the time the older pupils were gossiping with the teacher the younger boys and girls were playing about the room with the utmost freedom.

Robbie did not remain long at this school. The progress he was making did not satisfy his mother. He had learned some little about arithmetic from his mother before going to school, but so little attention was paid to its study by his new teacher that he forgot nearly all he had learned at home.

He next entered a school taught by a man, intending to continue there the remainder of the winter. This teacher was entirely different to the one he had before. Instead of the mild and easy way of conducting the school adopted by the lady teacher, this man was very strict and even brutal at times.

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

The Buckskin Mountains.

WHILE on Buckskin Mountains last summer, I went with my brothers and sister to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. The distance was only about six miles, so we went on horse-back. After crossing deep canyons and passing through thick groves of pine, fir and quaking asp, we found ourselves looking down into a deep canyon which joined the Colorado River Canyon. Its sides were lined with cliffs, extending perpendicularly for many feet into the air. A small creek flowed through the bottom. Its banks were covered with soft, green grass, and tall, graceful willows, gently swaying in the cool, refreshing breeze. Here and there along the

canyon sides we could see the water from some small spring trickling down over the cliffs with a gentle song.

To get a more extended view of the country we followed around the side of the canyon till we came out on a narrow point at its mouth. From there we could see what looked like a gigantic chasm in the earth, but it was really the canyon, through which the river flowed. When the wind blew from the south we could hear a faint roar of the river, but it was so far down in the dark canyon that we could not see it.

Just opposite us to the left was a very deep canyon which is called the Bright Angel Canyon, and at its mouth is a very high point, which, from the green grass which grows there in summer, is called Greenland Point. At its base are a number of clear, crystal springs, the water of which is always ice-cold, even during the hottest days of summer.

The scenery as far as the eye could reach was grand. There were deep chasms, narrow canyons, gulches, ravines and high cliffs, some of many colors. In fact, the earth was cut up in a most curious manner, and presented a grand and beautiful view.

The sun was sinking in the west and some of the clouds which crowned the highest points were already tinted with the crimson beauties of a summer sunset. As night was approaching, we took a farewell look at the vast expanse of scenery now spread before our eyes and started for the camp. After going about two miles we found we were not on the right track and were lost; but after searching around among the timber for a short time we found a small trail which led us down into the Thompson Canyon, about two miles below the camp, where we arrived just as the sun sank behind the western hill.

As we came across the Buckskin Mountains next day on our homeward journey I was filled with wonder at the many curious sink holes which occur everywhere on the mountains, but are most numerous in the big park. Many of them contain large lakes of stagnant water. There is one called Devil's Lake, so named by the Piute Indians. They claim an Indian was once bathing in it when he suddenly sank and never came up. They consider it an ill omen to ever camp by it, and always avoid it as much as possible. The outer edge of this lake is overgrown with weeds, while in the center is a large hole, the bottom of which has never been reached. Its water is of a dark, muddy color, and is destitute of any living thing except a few bugs, worms, and a very curious little animal called ohaluta. This animal is found in almost all the lakes, and is a species of the lizard, with a head like a snake. It is of a greenish-brown color, and is very ugly. It will come quite a distance from the lakes to campfires and has even been found in the beds of campers. It never bites, and seems perfectly harmless.

Just before we commence to ascend the mountain on the north side is a large, dry sinkhole. It is partly in solid rock and can only be entered on one side, and that is by going down a steep bank. In summer its bottom is covered with tall bunch grass and beautiful flowers. In the rainy season large streams of water run into it, but the water sinks as fast as it runs in.

There are many other curiosities to be seen on the Buckskin Mountains, and I think one visiting them in the summer will be well pleased with the sights they see.

Alfa Johnson.

KANAB, UTAH.

The San Luis Valley.

THE San Luis Valley is in the south-central part of Colorado, and borders on New Mexico. It was first settled by the Mexicans in the year 1844. The first white people came here in the year 1870. There was a Mormon colony sent here from Utah to settle the country in the year 1878.

The altitude is 7,500 feet above sea level.

The soil is very fertile. We raise hay, grains and potatoes, and some small fruits. The climate is warm in summer, but in winter it is quite cold. The valley is entirely surrounded by mountains. Mt. Blanca is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, which is in plain view of us; it is 14,363 feet above sea level. Snow and ice are on its crest nearly all the year round. There are two mountain passes, one on the east, called Veta Pass, another on the north called Poncha Pass, where railroads enter the valley. A number of rivers are in the valley; the Rio Grande is the largest.

It rises in the mountains north-west of the San Luis Valley and flows down and separates Texas from Old Mexico, and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Conejos, La Jara, Alamosa, and Los-pienos are branches of the Rio Grande. The leading occupations are farming and stock-raising.

The San Luis Valley covers an area of nine thousand four hundred square miles; embraces four counties, namely, Saguache, Rio Grande, Costella, and Conejos. There are several Mormon towns in Conejos County, with four wards, namely, Manassa, Sanford, Richfield, and East Dale. The Mormon population now numbers about two thousand five hundred.

Irene Whitney. Age 12 years.

SANFORD, CONEJOS CO., COLO.

PEICE FOR RECITATION.

It Is True?

Said the child of the bright yellow hair
 To the child of the coal black curls:
 "I do not think it is fair
 For we little Christian girls
 To play with the girls like you;
 For our Sunday school teacher—See?
 Says your father is only a Jew;
 An' the Jews nailed Christ on the
 tree."

The great black eyes filled with tears
 As the child with the dark, dark hair
 Said: "But that was hundreds of years
 Ago; an' I don't think it is fair

To blame us girls with the pain
 That was given to Jesus by men
 That we didn't know. And it's vain—
 So my mama says, to preten'
 That any one church is the best.
 We're as nicely behaved as you,
 And our dollies as prettily dressed;
 An' my mamma always says true."

So they quarreled and parted with eyes
 Flashing anger and tears. In the
 heart
 Of the yellow-haired child would rise
 Unbidden—a pain like a dart.

That night she knelt by her bed—
 As she did every night—to pray.
 She threw back her wee bright head
 And her eyes looked up and away—
 Oh far, far away at the sky
 Through the unshaded window glass;
 And she said: "Dear Lord, if I die
 In my sleep may my spirit pass
 To you like an angel; and wear
 A little gold crown of my own;
 And—my dear doll—I want her there,
 Cause I hate to be there all alone."

Then she paused a little and said:

"Lord, if Elsie was only like me,
 A Christian, too, when she's dead

I think I would like to see
 Her also; but she cannot go

'Cause her forefathers—teacher said—
 Were nothing but Jews, and so

That settles it." Then on the bed
 The bright little one sank to sleep,

But a wee small voice in her breast
 Seemed ever to rouse her and keep
 Her feverish pulses from rest.

She dreamed that out on the skies

A great, white cross rose to view;
 And Jesus looked at her with eyes

Like Elsie's, and said: "I'm a Jew."

M. H. Garrison.

OLD JIM—A HERO.

THE Mount Morris correspondent of Thursday's *Post Express*, says: "Old Jim" is the hero of the hour on the George Wampole place. He is a big bay horse, homely, but intelligent. Last night he slipped his halter and presented himself at his master's bedroom window about 2 o'clock, where he rubbed his nose against the sash—Mr. Wampole sleeps on the first floor—and whinnied until he aroused the folks. Mr. Wampole was angry. He had been up until midnight with a sick child and he wanted to sleep, but he got up and led the troublesome animal back to the stable, returned to bed, and was on the borderland between consciousness and dreamland, when crash went the window. This time "old Jim" had poked his nose through a pane and the cold night air blew in. Mr. Wampole got up, put Jim in the stable and used some bad words. Upon his return to bed he told his wife there would be peace the rest

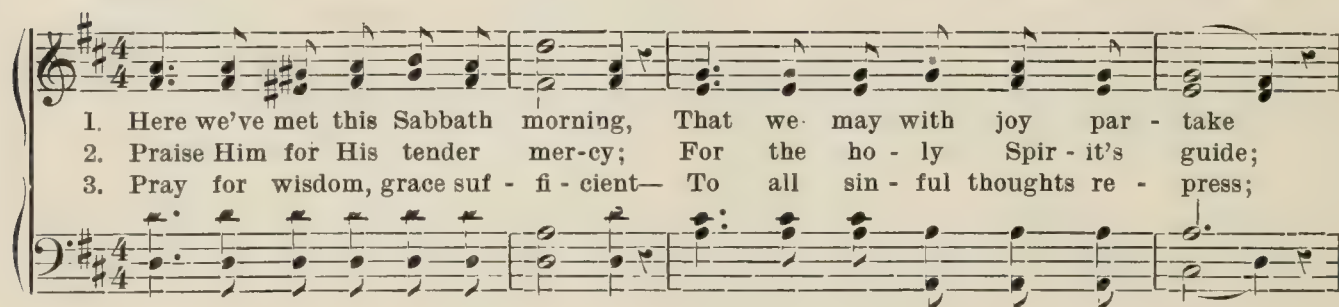
of the night. But it was not to be. For the third time Jim returned to the window, this time bringing part of the halter. Upon investigation, Mr. Wampole found in a back stable behind the one in which Old Jim is kept, one of his horses--the mate to Jim--cast and helpless. It was a narrow stall and he might have died before morning. By

dint of hard work Mr. Wampole pulled him around and got him on his feet. Then he went back to Old Jim's stall and stood looking at him. "Well," said he, "that beats all!" And he took the rest of Jim's halter off and threw it behind the feed box. "Old Jim," he says, "shall never wear a halter again—he knows as much as a man."

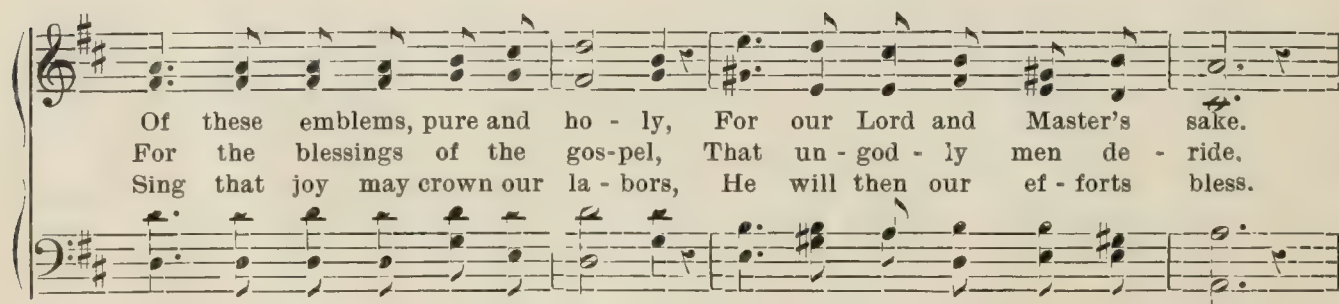
A SABBATH HYMN.

WORDS BY H. M. WARNER.

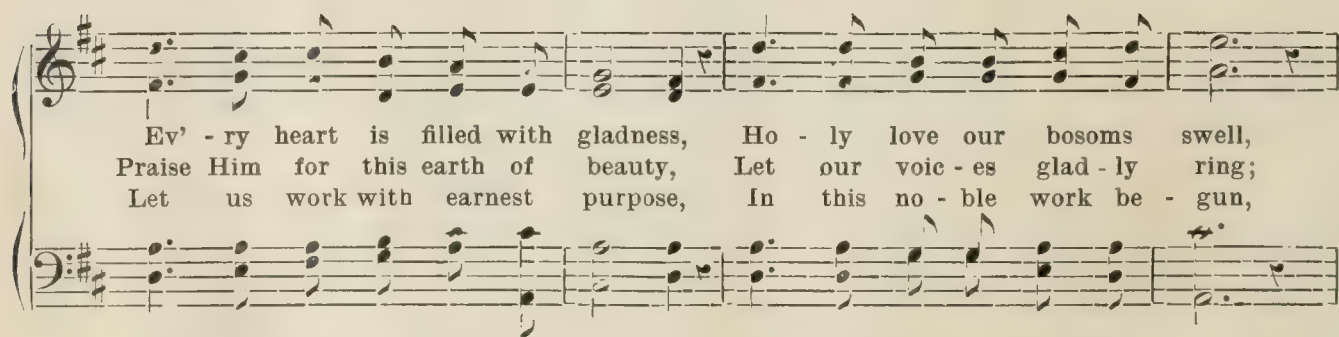
MUSIC BY J. H. HOOD.



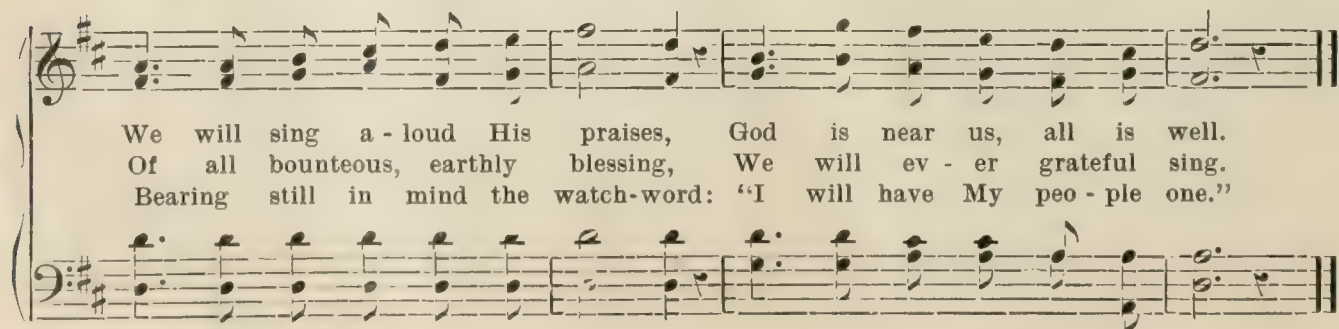
1. Here we've met this Sabbath morning, That we may with joy par - take
2. Praise Him for His tender mer-cy; For the ho - ly Spir - it's guide;
3. Pray for wisdom, grace suf - fi - cient— To all sin - ful thoughts re - press;



Of these emblems, pure and ho - ly, For our Lord and Master's sake.
For the blessings of the gos-pel, That un - god - ly men de - ride.
Sing that joy may crown our la - bors, He will then our ef - forts bless.



Ev' - ry heart is filled with gladness, Ho - ly love our bosoms swell,
Praise Him for this earth of beauty, Let our voic - es glad - ly ring;
Let us work with earnest purpose, In this no - ble work be - gun,



We will sing a - loud His praises, God is near us, all is well.
Of all bounteous, earthly blessing, We will ev - er grateful sing.
Bearing still in mind the watch-word: "I will have My peo - ple one."

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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CRETE, OR CANDIA.

Long before the birth of Christianity through the life, labors and death of the world's Redeemer, the most advanced nations of the earth worshiped a mul-

though not a very profitable study—what is acknowledged to be a myth, and from its own nature is seen to be absurdly untrue, cannot be deemed a desirable matter of study with those who have no



FAIR HAVENS, CRETE.

tiplicity of gods, having, if not a new one for each month, at least a distinct deity for almost every incident and avocation of life. The attributes, the worship and the so-called history of these various deities make an interesting

time to waste. We shall only say further, therefore, with reference to this matter, that Zeus, the greatest of all the gods in the Grecian mythology, was reputed to have not only been born but also to have died and been buried on one of the

mountain tops of the island on part of the coast of which the artist has shown in the accompanying picture.

Crete, or Candia, is the island of which we speak. It is about 160 miles long, with a greatest width of 35 miles, which is frequently narrowed down to 10 or 12. It has some surprisingly high peaks, considering its size, and is generally mountainous in character. As every school-boy knows, it is the most southerly portion of Europe, and one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean Sea. Its position is one of peculiar geographical importance; for if you will turn to a map or atlas you will observe that it forms the natural limit between the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, as well as a chief line of natural connection between the southern shores of Europe and Asia. The ancient Cretans were a sea-faring race, as island inhabitants are generally apt to be; and they were also distinguished in the beginning of authentic history by their admirable government and system of laws. Though they maintained their independence during many hundred years of Persian and Macedonian conquest of neighboring states, the Cretans cut no great figure in the Greek history of the period. At length, about seventy years before the birth of Christ, a Roman general conquered and annexed the island; afterwards it passed to the control of the eastern or Byzantine empire, whose headquarters were at Constantinople. Then for a time the Saracens possessed it, but it was recovered, and when a later division of spoils was made among the princes of the Crusaders, this island fell to one of them, who sold it to the Venetians. From the latter people the Turks won it after a prolonged struggle, the siege of the city of Candia being the longest in history—twenty years.

The islands which are found around the coasts of Crete are mostly mere rocks, such as are shown in the picture. There is one, however, Gavdo, or Claudia as it was anciently known, which is about five miles by three in size, and was the see of a bishop in the Middle Ages. This island is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, which may account for the sanctity which later attached to it. The mountainous character of the island of Crete renders its coast broken and varied. There are many rugged and lofty promontories, and projecting capes and headlands making numerous bays and harbors. The southern coast has fewer of these than the other coasts, for it has but one well-sheltered though small bay, still called Kaloi Limenes, or The Fair Havens, under which name it is mentioned in the voyage of St. Paul. This is the scene presented in our illustration.

Fruits grow luxuriantly on the island, both those of the temperate and the semi-tropical zones. Excellent woods also form an important element of commerce; but the fame of the Cretan wine has departed, along with many other evidences of former progress and energy. The island is singularly free from serpents of all kinds, a privilege popularly ascribed to Titus, the companion of Paul, who, according to tradition, was the first bishop of the country. J. C.

THE man who does no good with his money helps the devil every time he puts a dollar in his pocket.

THE polite man does a larger and safer business on a smaller capital than any one else.

A WISE man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

O'SLUTHERAM'S PIG.

On the 1st day of May, 1866, in the old Catholic cemetery in B——, County Donegal, Ireland, was quietly laid to rest all that was mortal of poor Jerry O'Slutheram. Donegal could boast of weathier men than he, but of few more honest and conscientious.

Jerry's life, from the cradle, had been one of direst poverty. He knew the meaning of the term "adversity" better than any other word in the dictionary. I don't believe the poor man had ever eaten a dozen square meals in his life; and the pale, pinched faces and half-clad bodies of his wife and children were illustrations in a tale of misery which very few would care to read.

Ten acres of miserable, rocky land, a half-starved cow, a horse, a pig, and a dozen chickens comprised Jerry O'Slutheram's farm and live stock. I often advised him to sell out; but he would never agree with my suggestions. The place had descended to him from his great-great-grandfather, and on this account Jerry refused to move.

A few years before Jerry's death a most devastating blight swept over the country, in consequence of which the potato crop—the chief article of diet of the Irish peasantry—was entirely destroyed.

Jerry O'Slutheram had but little to blight; but what little he had went the way of all the rest.

The following winter his cow died, and it was only through the generosity of neighbors that the poor horse was saved from starvation.

What made matters worse, Jerry had fallen behind in his rent, and eviction now began to stare him in the face. Having completed my day's labors, I strolled into Jerry's cabin one evening to have a chat with him. He was sitting in

the corner supping a bowl of dry, oat-meal porridge, while half-a-dozen children were gathered around a large pot, in the center of the floor, fighting for the last spoonful of the stirabout.

We had been talking about half an hour when the landlord's agent came in.

"Well, Jerry," he commenced abruptly, "what about the rent?"

Jerry looked up at him appealingly.

"Oim sorry, agent, to hev put ye to the throuble av comin, an' thin to hev nothin fur ye. I s'pose yer toired listenin' to that ould story; but, agent, it's not in me power to pay me rint this year."

"You have got nothing for me, you say. Well, I have received instructions from Lord C—— to serve you with a notice to quit. It's not a pleasant duty to me, O'Slutheram; but if I didn't do it, there are plenty of men ready to take my place. I'll stay proceedings, however, for a week, and if you can raise half of the rent by that time, I'll try and persuade the master to forgive you the balance, for I know this has been a hard year on the farmers."

'There is but wan way, agent, in which it wud be possible fur me to raise a little money, an' that is to sell me pig. She shud bring me about four pounds—one-fourth av the rint—an' oim willin', agent, to part wid her in ordher to pay me honest debt."

"Better to part with the pig, Jerry," replied the agent, "than to part with the roof that covers you."

"Well," said Jerry, "there will be a fair held in the town nixt Widinsday, an' oi'll sell the pig an' turn what money she brings over to ye the followin' mornin'."

"Very well, Jerry," said the agent, "I can depend upon seeing you at the office next Thursday".

"Ye ken, agent. Good evenin'."

The morning of the fair came, and about nine o'clock Jerry started off with the pig. In any other country but Ireland the spectacle would have created some amusement; but such scenes occur so often in that country, that the people paid but little attention to Jerry and his three hundred weight of live pork. Jerry held in his left hand a straw rope, which he had fastened round one of the hind legs of the pig, while in his right a long whip served to keep his spirited beast under control.

Jerry had been in the fair about an hour, when there arose a cry, "Look out! Look out!" An infuriated bull had broken away from its owner, and was coming tearing down the street at a maddened pace. The people ran hither and thither, but before poor Jerry could get out of its way, the bull had lifted him upon its horns and made him turn a double somersault in the air.

Lucky for him, Jerry came down in a large mud heap, which the scavengers had swept up early in the morning, and was not much hurt. But the pig! Where was she?

Mistress Pork, finding no "strings" upon her, scampered around in search of something to eat. Coming across some green cabbage leaves, she hastily devoured them, when she was caught and restored to her owner.

Evening came and found the pig unsold, and with a heavy heart poor Jerry turned his face homeward.

About midnight I was awakened by a loud rapping at our front door, and upon inquiring who was there, I received the following answer:

"Fur the love av hivins, Michael, git up. The pig is sufferin' terribly, an' it appears to me as she'll niver see the loight av another day."

I dressed partly and hurried out. Up-

on a straw bed near the fireplace lay the pig, apparently in great agony. I was looked upon by the people of B—as being somewhat of a veterinary surgeon; but I'll be blessed if I could make out the nature of that pig's ailment. I administered some medicine, but I might as well have poured water over a duck's back.

The pig grew worse every minute, and finally I suggested to Jerry that, in order to "cure" her he would have to kill her.

Jerry hated to do this; but seeing there was no other remedy, he and his eldest boy held the pig's legs while I drew a razor across her throat. I stayed and helped Jerry dress her, and just as we were cutting her open what should roll out upon the floor but a green silk purse—which the pig must have picked up among the green cabbage leaves she had found the morning before in the market-place. The cause of the animal's sickness was then revealed.

Mrs. O'Slutheram picked up the purse and opened it, and beheld to her great delight nine bright sovereigns.

"You're a rich man, Jerry," I said. "Nine sovereigns, and the pig besides."

"Oim not rich," said Jerry; "oim poorer than ivir. I hev lost me pig."

"Yes, but you have found nine guineas."

"The money does not belong to me," he replied, solemnly. "I hev found it, 'tis thrue; but me duty now is to foind the owner an' restore it to him."

"You're a fool, O'Slutheram, I replied, a little angry. You deserve to be poor. Providence put that money in your way. The man who lost it perhaps will never miss the loss. I would keep it if I were you."

"No," he answered, manfully, "oi'll not kape it. Providence may hev put that money in me way; but Providence

never intendid me to be dishonest. Oi'll advartise for the owner."

And sure enough he did advertise. The owner was found. He was O'Slutheram's landlord, who, when he beheld Jerry's honesty, would not take a penny of the money, and forgave him the rent besides.

This is my moral, and with it I close:
Hope on, though fortune against you goes;
If you want money, don't sigh or cry for it;
It will come in good time, though the pig were to die for it."

Wm. A. Morton.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

Bee's Mirror.

"Run up to your room, Beatrice, and see what a beautiful present your papa has brought you."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Bee, running breathlessly up stairs. Bee had just come home from school and did not know that a surprise was in store for her. When she reached her cozy, well-furnished room, she raised her hands and opened her eyes wide with mingled surprise and delight. "Well, if it isn't a dresser!" she exclaimed with glee. "How handsome it is! Walnut finish, too! and such beautiful carvings! What a large mirror. She stood before the glass and looked at her image. As she did so, her bright smile was suddenly changed to a frown of displeasure. When she went down into the sitting-room where her aunt was sewing, there was a hot flush on her face.

"Why, what is the matter, Bee?" asked her aunt, with the same anxiety. "Aren't you pleased with your gift?"

"It's all very nice except the mirror," said Bee, her face growing redder.

"Isn't the mirror true? It seemed al-

most a perfect reflection when I looked into it."

"It isn't though," declared Bee. "It makes me look a real fright. It shows freckles on my face and draws my mouth as large as an ogre's." Bee was angry, and so she exaggerated. "It makes my ears look as long as a— a rabbit's. Ugh, it makes me look horrid."

"Well, I am surprised. I must go up and examine the glass."

They went up to Bee's room together, and standing before the mirror looked at their images reflected from its clear, smooth surface, making them appear almost as natural as life.

"Why, my dear, it is a perfect reflection. Nothing could be more life-like," said Mrs. Ericksen, looking down at her niece in surprise. "What fault have you to find with it?"

"Do you call that a likeness of me?" asked Bee, scornfully. "Why yes, my dear, it is."

"But see those freckles."

"The glass is so true that it shows them more plainly: but that is not the fault of the mirror."

"Our old glass never made them show like that," pouted Bee.

"No, I suppose not; but then, our old glass never was a very good one."

"I hate such a mirror," declared Bee, turning away pettishly.

"Why, child, you do not want a mirror to represent you different from what you are, do you? You are not a homely girl, and need not be ashamed of your face; but it would be vain to want a glass that would reflect more beauty than you possess.

"You want a mirror that speaks the truth."

Bee looked down at the carpet, in deep thought for a young girl, and presently looked up with a changed countenance.

"You are right, aunty. I would rather have a mirror that reflects the truth."
"I am glad to hear you say so. Never form an opinion of yourself that is not based on real facts."

Bee said no more; but mentally resolved to profit by the lesson she had learned. It is not always easy to apply general principles to every experience in life. It is the small things that make the trouble, and so Bee found it a day or two later when reading her Bible. Suddenly she closed it, and threw it on the table, with such an impatient gesture that it drew her aunty's attention.

"You look as if your reading hadn't pleased you," Mrs. Erickson remarked, after looking at Bee's somber face.

"The Bible doesn't always suit me," Bee faltered. "In fact, it seems quite disagreeable sometimes."

"I am pained to hear you say so; but, of course, I would rather have you speak frankly of such things than to brood over them secretly. Will you tell me why you feel so bad about the Bible?"

"Because it makes me feel that I am so bad, so wicked."

"Perhaps that is not the fault of the Bible."

"Why not?" Bee's eyes almost flashed.

"Do you remember our conversation about the new mirror the other day?"

The girl was silent for a moment, not knowing whether to be angry or not. Presently her face brightened.

"Oh, you mean, aunty, that the Bible is a looking-glass, in which we see ourselves as we really are?" she half-asserted and half-inquired.

"Yes, that is my meaning; and the Bible never flatters us any more than an excellent, truth-telling mirror does. It reflects our hearts faithfully. So we ought not to find fault with the Bible, but mend our ways."

I see," returned Bee,, thoughtfully, and she never forgot her aunty's little "mirror sermon," as she called it.

Ellie Morrison.

The Dog Thor.

Many years ago there lived in a little cottage near the sea shore a widow and her son. The boy's name was Daniel. He was a very obedient child, and their home seemed almost a perfect little heaven.

Daniel had for a long time wished for a dog; but his mother was poor and unable to buy anything for the amusement of her child, much to her sorrow.

One stormy evening, as the boy and his mother were sitting by the fireplace, they heard a scratching noise at the door. The widow went to see what was there, thinking some weary traveler had lost his way and wanted shelter. But when she opened the door what do you think she saw?

It was a weary traveler, to be sure, but not such as she expected, for in came a young, black dog. It was so pleased to find shelter that it jumped around wagging its tail, and throwing mud all over the room.

Daniel's mother always kept her home neat and tidy, and to have a dog come in and throw mud all over the carpet raised her housekeeping ire. She at once took the broom to drive out the intruder; but the pup had evidently seen the like before, for he seemed well acquainted with what the broomstick meant. He crawled into every nook in the room, all to no avail; so he had to seek refuge at last in the furthest corner under the bed.

Daniel pleaded to let the dog remain

It was too stormy, he said, to drive it out tonight. His mother consented; but it must come out and have the mud re

moved from it. Daniel accordingly gave the little tramp a warm bath, after which it lay before the fire drying its glossy black coat.

Next day the dog was advertised, but no one ever claimed it. Daniel named it Thor, and the two became very much attached to each other. The widow felt quite safe when Thor was with Daniel.

Years passed by. Daniel had grown into his teens, and Thor had grown to be a large Newfoundland, the pride of the village. The dog was known for miles along the coast, for he had saved a number of lives. Daniel and his mother had come to the belief that they could not do without Thor.

When Daniel was fourteen years old he left his fishing boats, and took service as sailor on his Uncle Jacob's ship; for he had now become large enough to trust himself farther out on the mighty ocean. The day that he was to set sail had arrived, and he bade his mother and Thor farewell with tears. His mother stood on the shore watching until the last vestige of the ship was out of sight. She then returned to her home, feeling very sad, but consoled herself by thinking she would at least have Thor for companionship and protection.

But that afternoon Thor was missing and was nowhere to be found. Where could he be? The widow was all alone now, and a mile away from her nearest neighbor; but she put her trust in God, and at nights would sit gazing into the fire and thinking of Daniel and Thor. If only the dog had been with her darling boy!

Weeks passed and nothing was heard of Thor. A letter was received from Daniel. His first chance to mail one was from Holland. He stated that Thor was with him; for when they had sailed several leagues from land a large dog

was seen coming toward the ship. Daniel saw it was Thor, and got the captain to take him, as he was already the favorite of all on board.

Months passed before she heard again from Daniel; but one day a letter came stating that he would be home to spend Christmas and New Year with her.

The day the ship was to arrive was stormy, which made it impossible for them to come to shore. The night lowered dark and tempestuous. Would the vessel weather that rolling sea? All depended upon keeping her in deep water.

The next morning the ship was seen to be sinking. All day it lay there getting lower and lower, yet none dare venture to the rescue. There were only three forms to be seen on board. The crew had evidently taken to the boats and been drowned, for several bodies were washed ashore. Who could the survivors be? It was Daniel, Jacob, and Thor. Daniel was tied to a piece of mast and Thor was laying close at his feet. Jacob was wondering how to get the boy safely home again, a task which seemed utterly impossible now. He was his mother's only child, her only comfort, and ere morning dawned again he must drown with the rest and be swallowed up in the mighty deep. O what could be done, the ship was sinking fast!

Just then an inspiration came to Jacob. Thor had swum farther out than this to catch them. Could he not bring his master safely to land? To stay on board was certain death, which mattered little to the old man, but to the boy, just beginning life—he would risk it!

Jacob loosed Daniel from the mast, and lashing him and the dog together, let them down into the mighty waters. Both struggled bravely to keep their heads above water, but the mighty waves

broke over them. Daniel at length became helpless, but Thor's true heart did not give up until they reached the shore. Amid tears of joy, both the dog and his master were carried to the widow's home, by the strong arms of fishermen. It was feared that Daniel was drowned, but he was at length restored to life. And no eyes looked more anxiously and lovingly into his as he lay on the sofa next morning, than did those of faithful Thor.

Nothing more was ever heard of Uncle Jacob and the ship.

Kate Snydergaard.

HAMBURG'S CHERRY FEAST.

There are perhaps comparatively few readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR who have ever seen, or whose parents have ever seen, the city of Hamburg. But many of them know of it, for it is Germany's greatest seaport, one of the most important in Europe and of the whole world. Well, many years ago, the great city of Hamburg was surrounded by a hostile host, whose leader had made many savage threats as to what he would do with any of the inhabitants who might happen to fall into his hands. They had resisted with the stubbornness of despair, merchants and all others having taken their turn in the trenches. Their food was all gone, indeed for many days the people had been living upon the merest morsels, barely enough to hold body and soul together. Early one morning one of the leading merchants was returning wearily to his home after a night spent upon the fortifications. He realized that the end of the struggle was near, for the townspeople were starving, and although the enemy had declared that the obstinate city need expect no mercy, still it was believed that at least the women and children would be spared, while the

men, though surrendering as prisoners, would hardly all be killed; and this prospect was more inviting than to die like rats in a cage. Passing through his pretty garden, this merchant noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, and he bethought him of the pleasure the eating of those cherries would afford the thirsty besiegers; the idea suddenly occurred to him that by means of his fruit he might save his city. To think, in those exciting moments, was to act. He assembled three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with boughs bearing luscious cherries. The city's gates were opened to permit the departure of the strange procession. As they approached the camp of the enemy, the latter suspected some trick and prepared to put the advancing innocents to death in fulfillment of his cruel vow. But when the little ones drew near, and he saw their pale, thin faces, white as their own white robes, he thought of his own children at home, and tears filled his eyes. His soldiers saw his hesitation, and their parched throats were soon being moistened and cooled by the peace-offering which the children brought. Then a mighty shout went up throughout all the camp; and it was known that what the valor of the Hamburgers had failed to accomplish had been done by their kindness and pity. The enemy was conquered; and as an escort to the little victors on their return went wagon loads of provisions for the starving people and an offer of a peace treaty which next day was solemnly signed. During many years afterward the "Feast of the Cherries" was observed by the people of Hamburg on the anniversary of the signing of the treaty. Children dressed in white marched through the streets bearing fruit-laden boughs; but instead of being borne

down with sorrow, and giving their cherries to rough, foreign soldiers, as on the original occasion, they were filled with gladness and joy, and had the pleasure of eating the cherries themselves.

C.

MARGOT.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 245.)

So Margot Blair found her school-girl days at an end and herself accorded all the privileges of a come-out young lady. When the at home day came round again she and Maudie agreed to share the responsibilities between them, and then Margot found that she had no more "young Browns" to put up with, and really enjoyed herself immensely.

And about a week after this, something very unlooked for happened, for Mrs. Blair received a letter. Now, I do not mean to imply that Mrs. Blair was not in the habit of receiving letters, but this was an out-of-the-common letter, and served to set the entire family completely by the ears. For it was from a very old friend of Mrs. Blair's, who wrote, after a silence of many years, as follows:

"My dear Mary: It is many years since I last had the pleasure of hearing from you, and as I chanced to hear of your address a few days ago from a friend, I thought I would write to you and see if you had forgotten me.

"I am, as you perceive, still alive, but in the enjoyment of very indifferent health. I suffer a good deal from rheumatic gout, which is a very wearing and painful complaint, and which I sincerely trust you will never have. I have left my own house and come to live here—("She dates from Ramsgate," Mrs. Blair interpolated)—where I have a nice house and see such people as find me out—chiefly, I fancy, with a view to my last will and testament."

"Horrid old thing," said Gwen, with a sniff.

Mrs. Blair went on reading. "One of my reasons for writing to you is to remind you that I have a sort of an idea that one of your children is my god-child. If she is a nice girl, and not gushing and giddy, I would like her to come to me for a short visit, say from Monday to Saturday. If I like her I can keep her longer, but I am too delicate now to put up with people, particularly young people, who do not adapt themselves to my ways and peculiarities.

"I should like to have your answer by return of post, if you are at home, and do pray let the young lady come on Monday next without fail; don't on any account let her get anything extra for the occasion, and if my god-child is not the most sensible of your girls, send me the one that is.

"Your old friend, Margaret Crofton-Chubb."

"Well, I do call that a most impertinent epistle," exclaimed Ethelwyn, in disgusted accents.

"Mrs. Crofton-Chubb was always very eccentric," her mother returned. "A most eccentric woman. I have not heard anything of her for years and quite thought that she had forgotten all about us. She was really more your father's friend than mine. She used," she added reflectively, "to be a very rich woman."

"And which of us is her god-child?" Maudie enquired.

"Margot. That was why she was called Margot. Mrs. Crofton-Chubb thought it such a pretty form of the name, 'Margaret.'"

"Then will Margot have to go?" Gwen asked.

"I really think it would be as well," the mother answered. "It might mean a nice little legacy. And I daresay, the

poor old lady is dull and lonely, though it is true she has many relations of sorts."

"Then, do you want me to go mother?" Margot asked.

"I wish you to do just as you please about it," Mrs. Blair replied. "I think it would be very kind if you were to go."

"Oh, of course you must go, Margot," put in Gwen imperiously. Gwen was anxious on the subject, for during the following week they were invited to a ball, and it was, in the natural course of events, her turn to stay at home.

"Yes, I'll go," said Margot; "I dare say I shall get on very well with her."

"And you'll remember, Margot, that Mrs. Crofton-Chubb is an old lady and has old fashioned ideas about most things."

"Yes, don't be too clever, Margot," laughed Gwen, "she might think the Brown episode most unmaidenly and even immodest."

CHAPTER III.

So Margot Blair, on the Monday following the receipt of the invitation, left her mother's house to pay her visit to a total stranger.

Mrs. Blair and Maudie went to the station and saw her off. "You will be sure to get something to eat in London," Mrs. Blair said anxiously just before the train started.

"Oh, yes, mother," Margot replied.

"And remember that you must on no account speak to any one; you cannot be too careful," Mrs. Blair continued, still anxious.

"Oh, yes; but don't worry about me. Think of little Brown whenever you feel inclined to fidget."

"And you'll send us a wire?"

"Yes, yes," laughing outright at the look in her mother's face.

It occurred to Mrs. Blair for the very

first time in her life as the train began to move out of the station, that Margot was growing handsome—yes, positively handsome. She gave or half gave expression to her thoughts. "How well she looks today," she remarked to Maudie.

"Margot will be a very handsome woman. I always said so," returned Maudie without hesitation.

And in due course they received a wire to say that the child had arrived safely at her destination. This was followed by a letter which told them that Mrs. Crofton-Chubb had received her very kindly, and that she was sure she should get on very well with her.

And before the end of the week, there came a highly characteristic epistle from the old lady herself.

"With your permission," it said, "I will keep Margot on a longer visit. She suits me. She stands fair and square on her own feet, and that, after the disgusting sycophancy which I have had to endure for years past, is a new and delightful experience, and one of which I do not think I shall tire for a long time. As you have so many girls, you will be able to spare one of them to me, and from what Margot tells me, I feel sure you will be very well able to get on without her for some little time. Therefore, I don't apologize for not letting her come back as soon as we first intended."

"She is cool," was Ethelwyn's comment.

"Rich people often are," her mother replied.

But cool or not, with her eccentric god-mother did Margot remain until her mother and sisters began to think that she never meant to come home again.

Several times when writing to her, Mrs. Blair hinted that she was afraid she might be out-staying her welcome, and every time that she did so, so surely

did Mrs. Crofton Chubb write and protest that she could not spare her god-child yet awhile, and she would therefore be infinitely obliged by her mother's allowing her to remain a little longer. From Ramsgate they moved to London, and Margot was badly needed to see after getting the new flat into order. So it was not till nearly a year had gone by, that Mrs. Blair one fine morning in June received a telegram to say that Margot would be home at seven o'clock.

They, that is Mrs. Blair and Maudie, went to the station to meet her, when surprise number one awaited them. Margot was traveling first-class. "Very nice of her god-mother to take her ticket," was the mother's first thought.

Then came surprise number two. Margot was traveling with a maid. "How foolish to go to the expense of providing her with an escort," was Mrs. Blair's second thought.

Surprise number three, however, Margot kept until they got home.

"How do you think I look, mother?" she asked, when she had taken off her hat.

"My dear child," Mrs. Blair returned, "I never saw anyone so altered or so improved in all my life. You have grown so handsome."

"My god-mother thought I had better come home," said Margot, apparently not noticing her mother's remark.

"Well, you have made a regular visitation," the mother answered.

"Oh, but not for that reason. The fact is, mother, with your consent, I am going to be married next month."

"To be married?" Mrs. Blair cried.

"You, Margot!" cried the three girls together.

"Yes, I—see," taking a large photograph from her traveling bag, "this is—the man. What do you think of him?"

"Why, he is glorious!" exclaimed Maudie excitedly.

"And his name?" her mother asked, feeling in an unaccountable way that she was now quite outside her daughter's life.

"Is Viscount Hedenham," said Margot softly.

One piece of jewelry Lady Hedenham always wears—it is a band of gold round her left wrist which has her husband's Christian name set in diamonds around it. And within is engraved as a text these words:

"Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers."

J. S. Winter.

A BLIND MAN RECEIVES HIS SIGHT.

In the town of New Pitsligo a branch in the Scottish Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints lived, in the year 1893, William Gerrie. He has resided there for fifty six years, and had been for several months confined to his bed with a severe sickness which was making him very weak in body. The doctor of the town called on him daily, but at last this doctor gave him up, saying he could do nothing for him, and said one day that the patient would not live more than an hour. This remark caused much excitement in the household, and it was rumored throughout the town that the man was dead.

Brother Birnie and I went down to see the sufferer. We found him alive, but he was very low. Still he knew us both, and asked us to pray for him, as he thought he was dying. We knelt down and prayed that, if it was the Lord's will He would restore him to health. As we prayed we felt the power of God with us, and were impressed by His Spirit to

tell this man that he would get better again, and that he would be restored to his usual health and strength, living to see the day when he would have the privilege of being baptized for the remission of his sins by the authority of God, and become a member in His kingdom.

From that time he grew better and stronger every day. We explained the principles of the Gospel to him, in as plain a way as we could, and he became very much interested in the doctrine which we as Latter-day Saints believe. He said he believed in baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and desired when he got a little stronger to have this ordinance administered to him. This man had been blind for thirty years, and was unable to do any work. He was in danger of his life as he walked along the streets. We promised him when he entered the waters of baptism that the Lord would restore his sight to him, and that this would be a great testimony to him of the divinity of this work.

In the month of August, 1893, he grew so much better and stronger that he applied for baptism. Two Elders from Salt Lake City were laboring as missionaries in New Pitsligo at this time. They led this man to the river two miles from town and baptized him for the remission of sins. He acknowledged to me, when he came up out of the water that his eyes were opened, and he saw the Elders and Brother Birnie stand on the banks of the river, and that he could see to walk home as the others did.

This man is alive today. He has read the Book of Mormon through and also the Bible, and has written several letters to the Saints in Zion. He is a very true and faithful Latter-day Saint, and can bear a faithful testimony to the divinity of the Gospel and to the power of

God through obedience to the principles of the same.

My brethren and sisters, it does me good to relate this remarkable case of healing. It is one among many evidences to me that this is the work of God, and that His power today is manifested to his servants and children here on earth.

John Murray.

THE PAYMASTER'S TRAIN.

Creak! clank! grind! The wheels labored, the engine puffed desperately under the great pressure of steam playing upon its valves and pistons, the brakes swung around loosely, and the train pulled forward. There was a sharp, swishing sound in front as the snow-plow cut the drifts and sent them flying in great swathes on both sides of the track, masses of it shooting high into the air and falling in a thick hail of white clods to the ground.

For a few rods the train dragged painfully on; then with a mighty jerk it came to a standstill.

"It's no use," said the engineer. "We might as well try to bunt through a mountain as that wall of snow. It's packed hard as iron."

He reversed the lever and the train tried to respond to the guiding motor with great jerks and convulsive breaths of steam that woke living echoes in the desolate, snow-covered wilds for miles around.

"By George, I believe we're stuck," said the engineer. The plow had cut the snow from the path, piling it high on either side; but the jar of the backing train had dislodged the loose snow, shattering the drifts underneath, and both had caved in under the wheels and on to the track at the rear, shutting the train in between banks of packed snow.

"You mean that we can't get out?" asked the paymaster.

"That's about the English of it," said the engineer. "She's under every inch of steam she can carry and ain't making an astonishing sight of headway either."

"What's to be done?"

"No way of helping matters except to send back for another engine."

"But how?"

"Telegraph from the station back here, if the wires ain't down; if they are, send a couple of men on snow shoes. They could make it by tomorrow and have the engine back here by next day this time."

The paymaster looked aghast. "I can't take either the time or risk," he said impatiently. "I've promised the men their pay before Christmas, and besides——"

The engineer made no reply, but shrugged his shoulders expressively. The paymaster understood. He thought seriously a moment, his face darkened by an anxious frown.

"If there's no help for it, the best thing is to act at once," he said finally to himself. He stepped into the baggage-car where the detective stood on guard before the company's safe, beckoning at the same time to the conductor on the platform. The three held a serious consultation. When it was ended the conductor came out and spoke to two of the trainmen, who hurriedly equipped themselves and started back along the track.

"Don't drop a word about the money at the station," said the conductor in final caution. "There are too many rough fellows hanging about the place, and we don't want any more risk than we're shouldering now. If the tele-

graph lines are down, go right on. We'll have to stand the risk of waiting here till you get us another engine. It won't do to let the station people know what we have on board, so we can't ask for assistance from them."

The two, with promises of caution, proceeded on their way, and the rest prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible in the limits of the close blockade, hoping that the friendly telegraph might bring quick relief to them in their desert and snow-bound prison. The situation was indeed a trying one. It was at the time of the building a branch of the Great Northwestern Railway, and though the track had been laid for a large part of the way across the region which it traverses, still a great stretch of trackless waste spread out before the line of rail ending in the present terminus, and now that the snow had come another summer would be needed for its completion.

It had been customary during the period in which the work was going on to pay the hands regularly at the middle of each month. But at the end of six months the actual money subscribed at first for the enterprise had dwindled to a few hundred dollars, and though great figures stood opposite the names of the shareholders in representation of the amount of stock possessed by each, it had been a difficult task to procure the actual funds as rapidly as the expensive enterprise made call for money, and for the past two months the company had been remiss with the salaries of the workmen, the most of whom found themselves at the little town of M——, which made the present terminus, in a very forlorn condition. Recently there had been made a great effort, and at length the amount, which came to something like thirty to forty thousand dol-

lars, had been raised to relieve their need.

The train that bore the money had come through so far in one of the heaviest snowfalls of the season, and in that region, noted for heavy storms, this meant something indeed exceptional. Nearly a hundred miles this side of their journey's end they had been "caught in the blockade," and as the little station five miles back was the only point of civilization between this spot and the nearest depot, there was nothing now but to content themselves in their present circumstances. Equipped with a sleeping and dining car, a good cook and plentiful provisions, this seemed to promise no very serious task; but there were considerations of responsibility that would make one or two of those on the train, at least, draw easier breath when the dreary "wait" should be at an end.

"What can I do for you? Candy? Going to fill the youngsters' stockings?"

Ben Holden woke up with a start. It was his brother-in-law's voice, and Ben recognized it with something of a shudder. He had sent Ben out of doors a few hours before, telling him to keep out of sight and sound for the night on pain of a "fine thrashing," and now Ben was here, caught like a mouse in a trap. It would have been all right if he had not fallen asleep, for he might have watched for Rock's footstep and slunk out in time, but the place was so warm and cosy there under the counter, and the sense of security under his sister's watchfulness so secure, that he had dropped into a doze and then into deep slumber without knowing it. Rock had gone out some two hours before, telling his wife to mind the little shop which he kept for the railway company, till he came back, and she had told Ben to stay

there with her for company. It was a trying ordeal for Judith to have her brother so treated, but it was not the first humiliation she had suffered at the hands of the man she had married, and she had learned by painful experiences in the past to submit as patiently as she might to his will. It had been a long and agonizing trial during the two years of her married life, to see her husband's character unfold its baseness in successive acts that had left her hardly a remnant of esteem or respect for him. This cruelty had been capped by bringing her to the lonely station in the far north-west, away from civilization and friends, where she had only the comfort that was afforded her by the companionship of her brother, her husband's society making small solace for the greater trials occasioned by his cruelty. Ben's presence was the one comfort in her loneliness, and even this was made a half trial to her by Rock's brutality to the orphaned boy.

Sensing her feeling, it had become a favorite pastime of her husband to pick flaws in Ben's conduct and punish him continually, the slightest occasion serving as a pretext. Today he had been unusually severe, and Ben had been glad to keep out of the way while he was in sight. Just at dusk an errand had taken him away from the house—something unusual and important seemingly—as it was Christmas eve, and the custom brisker than ever in the shop.

He must have entered noiselessly by the back way upon returning, Ben thought, or Judith would surely have given him warning. He had probably sent her upstairs at once, and she had not dared to speak to wake him for fear of the punishment Rock had promised in case of seeing Ben around before another daylight.

Ben's legs were cramped as he lay tucked under the counter, with Judith's shawl for a head rest; but he dared not risk a motion, with the man he dreaded standing almost within arm-reach of where he lay. For an hour almost he lay in a torture of fear, listening to the talk of customers as they came and went, and wondering how long it would be before the last one were gone and the shop closed—the only chance that offered itself for an escape from his present position. Then presently something occurred to completely chain his attention, and he forgot his own plight in the interest of the talk which he was overhearing. It was late, and gradually the customers had thinned out, only one being at the counter at present, and a moment after the door had closed upon a departing one, Ben heard someone say in a whisper:

"Is that little party going to come off tonight up at the train or——?"

"Shh!" Rock said fiercely. "Not if you play the idiot and tell the town about it beforehand."

"There's no one around to hear," said the other, speaking, however, in a lower tone. "What's the program you've decided on anyway? Anything new from Smith?"

"Yes. I met him and the train cook an hour ago, and he says everything is all right for our plans."

"How did they manage to slip away?"

"They told the others they were going to come back here for something to make a Christmas on the train tomorrow, and got permission on condition they'd be back by midnight."

"Do you s'pose we can manage 'em all?"

"Easy enough. There's only four now, with Sam and the cook out of the way. Then, besides, it's Christmas

eve," he said significantly, "and I guess none of them will refuse a little of the good cheer I've had sent today to the train, and they won't need more than one glass of it to make them sleep fast till tomorrow. By the time they wake up we'll be through with our work, and none of them the wiser."

"If our plan should fail and they should resist?"

"Well, there's five of us to four of them, and the advantage of a surprise on our part as well. But even if we should fail, there's no harm done. We will all be masked, and suspicion would naturally fall on the rough element that's here rather than the company's employees. If we succeed all we've got to do is to hide the money safely according to our plans, lie low for a while till the affair's blown over, and then get away to some other country and enjoy our spoils."

"What time have you planned to be at the train?"

"About one o'clock. That gives me time to close up here and the place to get quieted down before it's time to start."

"Perhaps Joe and I had better meet you some ways down the track?"

"Yes; be at the switch at half-past twelve, and I'll join you there."

Ben heard Rock accompanying the man to the door, still talking to him in a low tone.

The door leading into the back part of the house was open, and it was only an instant's work for Ben to crawl from under the counter and into the next room. Once there, he slipped noiselessly up the narrow staircase to his sister's room. Judith was awake, listening anxiously in fear lest he might have been discovered and subjected to the ill-treatment of the brute whom they

both feared. She listened to Ben's recital of the talk downstairs with grief and indignation.

"I knew he was bad, Ben; but I hoped I'd never live to see him a criminal. Oh, Ben, to think it should have been my lot to marry a thief! I'd rather have died than live for this. He's treated me terribly, but I've stayed with him thinking all the time it would change and he would do better; but it only grows worse, and I feel I'm sacrificing all the dignity and good of my nature in submitting to his treatment."

"Oh, Judy," said Ben, clasping his arms tightly about his sister's neck in a vain attempt to comfort her, "if you and I could only go away."

"I've thought of it thousands of times, Ben; but I can't do it. I've no money to go with, and nothing to take care of us both with either. Besides, if I did try to run away, Ben, he would follow me and find me out if only for revenge. I know his nature well enough for that. I've thought it all out dozens of times, Ben, and it won't do."

"But, Judy, he said tonight he was going away, and perhaps if he does he'll leave us behind."

A thrill of hope came into the girl's voice. "Oh, Ben, if it could only happen! I'm afraid, though, that he will make me go where he does. He hasn't told me of this, but when the time comes he will drag me with him, if only because he knows that I would be glad to be free. But, Ben, I believe before I would stay with him after this I would——"

She did not finish, for Ben had put his hand across her lips.

"What would I do, Judy," he asked, "if anything happened to you?"

Judith kissed him lovingly. "There, Ben, I'm only talking. I'll never do

anything of my own free will to make you unhappy."

"Judy," said Ben, suddenly, "couldn't someone put a stop to what he's planning? That would settle the whole affair. Maybe if we told somebody——"

"There's no one we could tell, dear, unless it's those people on the train. I wouldn't dare trust any of the men here with the secret; if they knew there was money there I'm afraid they wouldn't hesitate to join with Rock and the others to try and get it. I've been trying to think of a way to warn them out there; but there's no one but myself to do it, and if Rock should happen to come up here and find me gone, you know what it would mean for both of us."

"Why couldn't I go? He'd never know I was out of the house."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE carrier-pigeon, when traveling, never feeds. If the distance be long, it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted, and almost dying. If corn be presented to it, it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged, the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

THERE is a great difference between military engagements and love engagements. In one there is a great deal of falling-in, and in the other there is a good deal of falling-out.

THE great duty of life is not to give pain.

THE

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

GROWTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE growth of the Catholic Church in the United States is a subject of much gratulation for the members of that church. In Europe the success which that body has had in the propagation of its religion in the United States is held up to the admiration of the people. Free laws and the doctrine of religious liberty are credited with the remarkable progress which has been made.

The writer remembers hearing the Prophet Joseph speak upon the subject of religious liberty. He did not agree with the view which some entertain, that the Church of Christ would thrive best in the midst of persecution. His view, as he expressed it, was that if the Church could be favored with full religious liberty, and have a fair field for the spread of its principles, it would grow much faster than it would where severe measures were used against it and mobocracy waged war against it.

The Prophet's views find illustration in the reports concerning the progress of Catholicism. There was a time when penal laws were on the statute books against Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland. These have been greatly modified, and there is very little of this to contend against. Still the Catholics do not have the same opportunities in the monarchy of Great Britain as they enjoy in our favored land. The influx

of Catholics from Europe, their unity, and the possession of the ballot, have made them a power in the land, so much so that an organization has arisen of late years, known as the American Protective Association, the object of which is to use influence against the spread of the doctrines of the Catholic Church and to check the power of its members. Yet notwithstanding this opposition, the Catholic church still increases.

It is claimed that there are nearly ten millions of people, governed by fourteen Archbishops and seventy-one Bishops, served by more than ten thousand priests, in fourteen thousand places of worship, and having about a million of children and students under instruction in five thousand schools and colleges in these United States.

There is no doubt that the religious liberty which the Catholics enjoy in this land has much to do with the spread of that religion. Its priests and nuns devote their entire lives to the service of their religion. Everything else is subordinate to it. For a Catholic priest to leave the service of his ministry and engage in any other pursuit is something rarely, if ever, seen. When a man accepts the office of a priest, it becomes a life service with him, and he is subject to the control of his associates and superiors in the priesthood to an extent that would astonish Latter-day Saints if the same control were enforced in our Church. Remarks have been made by some parties in relation to the doctrine of our Church concerning the authority of the Priesthood. Some persons seem to think that we are too strict. But when the practice of our Church is compared with that of some of the other churches, the requirements of our Church are very mild in comparison.

If the Catholic Church has had such

success in spreading its principles and obtaining converts to its doctrines because of the freedom it has enjoyed and the favorable character of the laws of this country, we can imagine what the progress of the Gospel of the Son of God, preached by authority from Him, would be, if prejudice and opposition ceased to be exhibited against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

PURE AIR AND HEALTH.

OUR climate has obtained great credit as possessing great virtue in curing people inclined to be consumptive. When the Latter-day Saints first came to these mountains it was an almost constant practice, when traveling, for people to make their beds on the ground and sleep in the open air, and enjoy their sleep without the slightest bad consequence; in fact, those who indulged in this practice enjoyed excellent health, and there were many cases of persons with weak lungs and a tendency to consumption who were cured by sleeping in the open air.

But changes have occurred in the feelings of many of the people. People who have come from other lands and where they have been brought up with the idea that night air is hurtful, sleep in close, badly ventilated rooms and breathe impure air, and the results in many families are very injurious. Children are more liable to disease, and grown people are not as healthy as they should be. There are many people who seem to be afraid of pure air. They appear to entertain the idea that it will hurt them. They cannot bear a window opened in their bedroom at night, because they are afraid of taking cold.

Now, experience has proved that such ideas are all wrong. It is not proper that people should sit or sleep in a

draft; but one cannot have too much of pure air, and every bedroom should be ventilated and the occupant should have a bountiful supply of pure air. There are now six sanitariums in Germany, so we are told, at which consumptives are treated by constant exposure to air at a low temperature; currents of cold air are allowed to pass through the bedroom at night, and during the day as much time is spent in the open air as possible. The pure, cold air quiets cough, lessens temperature, arrests night sweats, improves the appetite, and modifies or arrests the course of the disease. This is said to be the experience of the patients at these places which are devoted to the cure of this disease.

Those of our people who crossed the plains with wagons will remember how healthy they were when they thus traveled, what good appetites they had, and how free they were from coughs and colds. Many sickly people who traveled in this manner had their health completely restored and became rugged and strong, because they lived so much in the open air; and in this mountain country our air is so pure that it is most refreshing to breathe it in abundance.

It is a great pity that by neglecting such plain rules of health as the breathing of pure air there should be sickness and feebleness among a people who ought to be as intelligent as our people.

You don't have to be disagreeable to be good.

The best kind of glory is that which is reflected from honesty.

It is better to work today than worry about tomorrow.

The man who can set himself to work has one of the best trades there is.

THE SEGO LILY.

Strange how impulses that have slumbered for a score of years start suddenly into consciousness at the touch of one of nature's million of fairy wands. What for instance aroused in me today the desire to go off on the hills and dig segoes? Perhaps the bright April sunshine, perhaps the sight of slowly thawing snow-banks at the foot of the mountains, perhaps the joyous clamor of a group of lads not yet in their teens. Something seen or unseen brought the longing into my mind; and true to its old-time habit, my mouth began to water.

But I did not go. It was Sunday; and then, you must know, I have reached an age when one is supposed to have a certain dignity that would forbid clawing the earth, like a rabbit, no matter how delicious the little bulb-like root that might reward such pains. Instead, therefore, of going to the hills in *propria persona*, I set memory free; and was soon in the regions of childhood, which, viewed from the altitude of care and anxiety where I am today, seem like one long sun-shiny day.

Among a thousand scenes that crowd upon me from that happy land, I pick out one. It represents a barefooted, sun-browned boy following a herd of cows to the "Sand hills." As he emerges from the dust, I observe a dinner-bucket in one hand, and a "digger" in the other. He is urging those sleepy-eyed animals forward at a rate not to be accounted for by any such notion as that they are hungry. It is rather he that is hungry—with a hunger peculiar to this season of the year.

Half an hour later he is to be seen kneeling on the shady side of a tall sage brush, where experience has taught him the largest segoes grow. Placing the

pointed end of his stick near the leaves of the plant, he bears his whole weight on the other end, and thus sinks his digger into the soft ground six inches at one impulse. Then with a sudden twist he brings up a heap of soil, in the middle of which is the coveted bulb. He can hardly wait to clean it, which, however, he hastily does by tearing off its outer coat. Then—well, the flavor of the sego—a rich, cream-like flavor—lingers in his memory after twenty years, and, as I observed above, makes one's mouth water.

During certain tedious stretches in the sermon today, my mind wandered again and again to the sego lily. How appropriate, thought I, that this little gem should be chosen the emblematic "flower of Deseret." But what has been done since by way of celebrating this choice? Nothing that I am aware of. The small boy of the country still carries his digger to the hills, and when he returns with pockets laden, his gray-haired grand sire smiles as he takes the proffered handful from the lad, and tells how during pioneer days the little root saved many a family from starvation. But outside these two, who are keeping the sego lily in mind? What are our poets and painters and story-writers doing, that amid all the jubilation about statehood not one word is heard concerning the state flower?

After meeting I could not resist the temptation to take a stroll far out from the city to the habitat of this little posy. There it was, natural as when I was a boy. Its home is among the sage brush. No sooner has the snow melted in the spring than the sego sends forth a slender, grass-like leaf, which in time grows to be six to eight inches long, and about one-eighth of an inch wide. It is presently joined by another, more

narrow and not so long. By the middle of May a stock arises between the leaves on which blooms a fragile flower, with five white, wax-like petals about one inch long, and so closely interlocked as to seem like a fairy bell. Occasionally two or more flowers occur on the same stem but this is not usual.

As I stood musing on its life-history, the thought occurred to me that the sego lily fitly symbolizes many beautiful traits of human character. I will name a few of them:

1. *Modesty*.—It grows alone. Just where you would least expect to find beauty, there it chooses to bloom. It loves to hide in the shadow of the sage brush, and apparently ceases to thrive where man has set his foot. What was said by Burns of the daisy is equally true of the sego-lily, save that the latter adorns the desert instead of the "histie stibble field."

"The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa'smaun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field
Unseen, alane."

2. *Usefulness*.—While in point of beauty and symmetry it is unsurpassed by other flowers, it is also valuable to man in a material sense, which very often they are not. As indicated above, its use for food during the grasshopper war and other periods of famine incident to pioneer days, should alone entitle it to the love of our people. Nor is this all that may be said under the head of its usefulness. May it not some day be cultivated as a food plant? Who can predict the outcome of careful experiments in its domestication? The potato was just such a wild plant two hundred and fifty years ago.

3. *Spiritual beauty*.—There is something so pure, delicate, and refined about the flower that one is immediately reminded of those esthetic types of human nature, in which all that is coarse and carnal has, as it were, been bleached away. The sunflower and the Indian paint brush, which in the vote were its close rivals, flaunt their colors and advertise their beauty afar off. These would fitly have typified exactly what the sego lily condemns, viz: sensuous beauty, beauty skin-deep—beauty which appeals to passion rather than to intellect. Surely in this utilitarian age, we have need of a flower that shall plead for spiritual beauty—the beauty appreciated only by the cultured mind and the chastened heart.

4. *Gentleness and tenderness*.—The sego lily is fragile as a soap bubble and evanescent as the whispers of a dream. When rough hands are laid upon it, it wilts and dies. It will therefore be a constant pleader for gentleness and deftness in action, and for tenderness in emotion. Will it not be a good thing for us as a people to modify that brusqueness of manner, and ungentleness, not to say callousness, of feeling, which some of us now mistake as essentials of strength of character? At any rate our state flower will be a constant reminder to us of the need of gentleness and tenderness.

These sentiments I have tried to embody in the following verses:

THE SEGO LILY.

When the snow has melted
On hillside and in dale,
Peeps from earth in modest birth,
The lily of the vale;
Like a gentle spirit
Opening mortal eyes,
Sent below to realms of woe;
From mansions in the skies

CHORUS.

Modest Sego Lily,
Flower of Deseret,
Delicate and graceful
As mortal ever met;
Beautiful, yet fragile
And tender thou dost seem,
As a sainted mother's kiss
In her darling's dream.

Sweetest little floweret
Growing all alone;
Tell me, truly tell me
Why hast thou come?
Dost thou teach the lesson
Our spirits to refine—
To count as dross, whate'er is gross
That mind and heart may shine?

I love thee, little posy;
As bread thou didst relieve,
In time of need the hungry feed
Nor for thy life did grieve.
A famine for the beautiful
Is on the land e'en now;
Again be true, thy mission through,
A voice of God art thou.

The reader will kindly bear in mind that I do not set up for poet. I know too well the limitations of my pen. Of course I should feel gratified if the people of Utah would love my little song well enough to wed it to their favorite flower. But I am not selfish enough to hope for this till we have heard from our many really talented writers of verse, on this theme. I am sure the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will not hesitate to give space for such poems. Then let the people choose which song shall permanently celebrate the "Flower of Deseret."

Whether my song be chosen or not I have this offer to make: the libretto is free to all composers who desire to try their hand in setting it to music; provided only, that the music shall also be made free. What I mean is, the song and music shall be sold without royalty to author or composer.

I hope the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the Utah Fair Association, or some other

such organization that can afford to do so, will offer an adequate prize for the best song and music celebrating the sego lily. It is high time that sentiment were being aroused on the subject.

What more graceful and appropriate subject than this could engage the artistic talent of our people?

If I may venture one suggestion respecting the music, let me urge that it be a simple melody which even a child may trill. The sego lily song must be the song of the cottage, not of the concert hall. The music must be one with the sentiment, and both must approach the simplicity of the flower in its own unadorned home.

For those who in the meanwhile would wish to voice the little poem here given, I may add that it was written to the air of "Tell me with your eyes."

N. L. N.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CHARACTER OF THE SAINTS.

The consequences which arise from a want of confidence are frequently very extraordinary and greatly to be deplored. Where confidence is absent, suspicion is easily aroused, and many people of active imaginations indulge in all sorts of apprehensions and misconceptions concerning the conduct of others.

This has been very clearly illustrated during the past week or two by the hubbub that has arisen through a statement being made that there had been an attempt on the part of certain persons to promote, retard, or in some manner interfere with the legislation proposed to the two houses of the State Legislature. I do not recall any instance that better illustrates the evil effects of suspicions

which have their origin in a want of confidence.

There are men in our community who are very jealous of the Mormon people, and especially of the authorities of the Church. They seem to entertain the idea that these leaders are constantly plotting to take advantage of their fellow-citizens or of the world at large. Having these ideas, they endeavor to divine in every step that is taken some unworthy motive or some improper end to be achieved. They keep themselves in a constant state of uneasiness, and by their words and acts create that feeling in others with whom they come in contact and who are open to their influence.

The greater part of the troubles that have afflicted this community and caused the divisions and bitterness of the past are due to these causes.

Experience ought to have taught these agitators that yielding to such a spirit and entertaining such feelings is the greatest folly. There is not the least need for the existence of jealousies and fears of this character in this community. Let the conduct of the Latter-day Saints be examined in the light of reason and of truth, and it will bear the closest and strictest scrutiny. The more it is examined, especially in the light of experience, the better it will appear; and such examination cannot fail to prove the senseless character of the opposition which from time to time has been evoked, and which has made so much ill-feeling and angry ebullitions in the past.

People should give their neighbors some credit for honesty and fair dealing. The Latter-day Saints have now been in these mountains nearly forty-nine years. During that time they have had an opportunity to display their charac-

teristics. There have been attacks made upon them from time to time concerning the policy they were pursuing. Innumerable efforts have been made to show the world, by citing illustrations of the way they managed affairs, that they were prompted by bad motives, and should not be trusted. A false character has been given to the people; and this has been done so industriously that many visitors are surprised when they become acquainted with the Latter-day Saints to find them so different to what they supposed them to be from having heard these reports. Many actions that were formerly denounced and held up to the public gaze as evidence of wrongdoing on the part of the Latter-day Saints are now praised, the wisdom which prompted these measures having been fully vindicated in the light of the results which have attended them.

Prejudice blinds those who possess it to the virtues of those against whom they entertain it. When prejudice is removed, everything appears in a different light. We are having some experience in this of late; for until within a recent period there was, for a number of years, the most blind, unreasoning and vindictive prejudice entertained against the Mormon people. That feeling has, to a great extent, passed away, and it is surprising now to see the contrast. The Latter-day Saints have not changed; but their virtues are now viewed in something like their right light; and even those characteristics that were considered great faults are now, in many instances, esteemed as virtues.

Referring again to the excitement that has been stirred up lately, it is stated by one writer that the masses of the Mormon people are good, well-meaning and well-disposed people; but the intimation is given that the leading men

are very different. At the same time the idea is plainly conveyed that the authorities have great influence with the people. Such reasoning is entirely illogical. An honest, well-ordered, upright community would not tolerate leaders who were dishonest, tricky or immoral. If the leaders had the influence attributed to them, the people would exhibit the same qualities as the leaders. It is unreasonable to suppose that an honest, straight forward, conscientious community would have men of a direct opposite character to occupy places of trust and responsibility among them. It is also quite as unreasonable to suppose that leading men of bad character would stand at the head of a community and not influence public sentiment and conduct sufficiently to have the community exhibit in their conduct the defects and evils which they possessed.

It is time that at least men who reside in the settlements in which the Latter-day Saints preponderate should dismiss from their minds such fears and apprehensions as I have alluded to, and believe the people and their leaders to be honest, upright and truthful. These are the characteristics that have been exhibited from the beginning. Taking the Latter-day Saints as a whole, where can there be found a community whose word can be more depended upon than theirs? Where can a community be found more honest and upright in all their dealings? Speaking generally, they do not break their contracts, they are not litigious, they are not immoral, their habits are good, they are industrious and frugal. Where is there a better community in these respects? And cavilers may be safely challenged to select a body of religious teachers, or a single religious teacher, in the United States, whose discourses and addresses

to their congregations convey with greater plainness the truths of the Gospel taught by our Lord and Savior than do the ministers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There are no ministers who dare talk to their congregations with the plainness and sometimes with the severity that the ministers of our Church do to the congregations whom they address. Every pains is taken to denounce sin in every form, and to hold up and extol virtue, honesty, truthfulness, regard for each other's rights and fair dealing. Duplicity is constantly spoken against. Trickery in every form is held up to condemnation. The people are impressed to deal fairly with their fellow-men, to be upright in all their transactions, as much so with those not of their faith as with the members of their own Church. These lessons are constantly inculcated, and with such results as every person who will observe the conduct of the people without prejudice must admit. The effect of these teachings is to be seen in the lives of the people—not in Salt Lake City alone, but in every settlement where the Latter-day Saints dwell.

Ought not these evidences that the people are instructed aright and that the men who instruct them are honest and truthful to have some weight in repelling the base insinuations and slanders which there is such a disposition here to indulge in? If instead of trying to slander and abuse and find fault with the Latter-day Saints, men would look at the beam in their own eyes, and have some charity for others, and believe that other people as well as themselves can be honest, it would save an immense amount of ill-feeling and bitterness, which must have some effect in poisoning the lives of those who indulge in this spirit.

The Editor.

A CASE OF HEALING.

One of the stormiest nights I ever experienced was that of June 26th, 1880, while laboring in Auckland, New Zealand, as a missionary. The weather there at that time of the year corresponds to our December season; but at this particular time it seemed as though all the forces under heaven were turned loose to make a day and night of unexampled fury.

It was during this terrible night that I was asked by a doting father to visit and administer to his daughter who was to all human appearance in the arms of death. Indeed some of the neighbors who had seen her said they could detect putrefaction by the odor which emanated from her body. The doctor had lost all hope for the little one.

The mother of the child was an unbeliever and railed bitterly against us. So boisterous was she that we had to request her to withdraw while we administered to the afflicted one.

We anointed and administered to the girl and promised her recovery. The Lord fulfilled the blessing, and the child now a young lady, is living to testify to the power of God as it is manifested in His Church here upon the earth.

John P. Sorenson.

SPRING.

HAIL, laughing, merry spring,
Waking up everything
From its chill slumber, so lonesome and drear.
Welcome, ye buds and flowers,
South winds and gentle showers,
Tokens, unerring, that summer is near.

Fresh from their wild retreat,
Hear how the warblers sweet
Vie with each other to welcome the day;
Frisking from bough to bough,
Bluebird and robin now
Tell us that winter has vanished away.

Hear what a noise they make,
Down in the willow brake,
Blackbirds and sparrows, as pris'ners let free;
Hear how the welkin rings,
As the blithe linnet sings—
No fear of trouble or sorrow has he.

Season of song and flower,
O, with what vivid power
Thou dost remind us of joys that are past:
Scenes of our early youth,
Hallowed with love and truth,
Innocent pleasures too precious to last.

Soon in our better home,
Waiting beyond the tomb,
Pleasures unceasing our lives shall employ;
There birds in verdant bowers,
There sweet and fragrant flowers
Through one long summer shall yield us sweet joy.
J. C.

CARDINAL MANNING ON CHILDREN.

"I have sometimes thought, when looking on a church full of children, there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden of roses, lilies and lovely flowers is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroys the roses and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes into wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden, and when they see this, everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, not even the garden of Eden with all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruits, is so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells."

HIS LAST TRIP.

Away down in Sanpete somewhere, in a small settlement, is the home of Bert Brinton, or was, for he is dead now. But the old house, and the nice, white-painted picket fence is there still, and beyond it the wheat field where Brother Brinton toiled so many years from early dawn till late at night, trying to make a living for himself and family, and perhaps lay a little by for the education of his children. Brother Brinton had five of them; but the four of them died one after the other till he had but the youngest left. And on him, then, he centered all his affections. John was quite a worthy subject, too, as good a boy as could be found for miles around.

Brother Brinton had come to Utah with the early settlers, and what little he had when John grew up he had made by hard "licks," as he would often say himself. And John had helped him to be sure. But when he was fifteen years old he told his father that he would like to be something different to what he had been. He had a desire to rise in the world; in fact, he wanted an education, he said, and the sooner he got it the better it would suit him. Brother Brinton stroked his grey beard and looked proudly at John.

"To be sure, boy, I want you to have an education. I don't want you to be like your father—poor old fool. He never knew any better than to work, and work hard at that. But I did it for the children, John, you and the others. The Lord took them. Now you can have it all; there ain't so much, maybe as you think there is, and I guess it'll take pretty plenty to get what learnin' you want; so you'll have to be savin'. Your mother and me have worked for it together like, and we want you to make the best use of it. And remember, boy,

if it should make you too big feeling for your old parents and your religion, we'd rather see you laid alongside of the others."

But John took his father's hand and promised, with tears in his eyes, that he never would or could grow too big for that. And as John sat that same night astride the fence and looked out over the wheat field waving in the evening breeze like a beautiful golden sea, it seemed to him that the world had suddenly been laid at his feet, and that he had but to stoop and pick out its choicest gifts. But his warm young heart swelled as he thought of the hard-working, generous old father, who had promised to help him to this wonderful learning, which, like a magic key, would open all doors to him, and never, never would he forget him.

John was first sent two years to Provo, to the Brigham Young Academy. Then he taught school one year, and afterwards went to the University in Salt Lake City three years. His mother had meanwhile died, and his father had laid by a good bit more of his savings, and John went back East to some institution of learning and spent it all. But then he came back a year later with "any amount of education," and was ready to take up life for himself. He had made law his study of late, had been admitted to the bar in Salt Lake City, and had little by little acquired quite a practice.

Brother Brinton still lived on the old farm and worked; but he had grown quite stoop-shouldered and his hair and beard were almost white, and he was no longer able to lay anything by. Times had changed somewhat; his wheat did not bring as good a price as formerly; he was not able to work as much himself as he used to, consequently had to hire it done. "But then," he would say

to his neighbors, "I ain't got no fear of the future; I have worked for John; what I have is his, and I guess he'll take care of his old father. He kin do it all right. He's more than able. Oh, yes, John's on top now. I'd like to see the man with a better edycation than he. Yes, John's all right, there's no mistake about that."

One fine spring morning Brother Brinton stood leaning on his barn gate and looked reflectively over his wheat field. It was coming up beautifully, and if the Lord would only see to it that there would be a better market for his grain, he could do excellently. He could manage as it was, providing nothing should turn up to ruin the prospects.

"I think I can do it," he said with decision. It was not, however, in answer to the question of a livelihood. Brother Brinton had a plan. He had been laying this plan a good many years, and now he was going to execute it, the Lord being willing, for Brother Brinton never did anything without consulting Him. He had not been to Conference the last ten years. It had taken so much to keep John, and the last few years he had not been able to spare the money, he thought. But he would go now, and then he could see John and his wife—for John had lately married—at the same time.

• Brother Brinton's old heart beat faster now that he had made up his mind. What a glorious out he would have; how he would drink in all the inspired words and the fine singing that John had mentioned so often. "And I shouldn't wonder a bit if John invited me to come and live with him for good," he concluded, as he fastened the gate behind him and hastened up to tell his sister, who kept house for him, about his intention.

On the third of April, in the afternoon, Brother Brinton stood on the platform

in front of the men's waiting-room in Salt Lake City, looking somewhat nervously about him. He had not written John of his coming, as he meant to surprise the boy entirely, and now he was not without vague misgivings that it might not be so easy to find John. He dared not venture across the platform for fear of falling into the clutches of the terrible cabmen, who stood there clamoring for the possession of his person, each one extolling the merits of his respective hotel in a most bewildering way.

At last one, bolder than the rest, seized him by the coat sleeve and dragged him out on the street.

"Cab, sir? This way! Just waiting for one more passenger. Be off in two seconds. Where do you want to go to, the Knutsford?" with a significant glance at the other passengers and the old man's decided countrified appearance.

"I want to go to my son, John. He's a lawyer, and lives at——"

"Yes, yes. I'll take you there in two minutes," and he gave Brother Brinton a vigorous push which landed him and his belongings almost in the lap of a young, very dressy lady.

Brother Brinton apologized and sat looking round in a dismayed fashion.

After having driven around with all the other passengers, the driver at last put him down on Second South Street, No.—, where his son had his office; but on entering he found that Mr. Brinton was not there, nor would he be there that day.

Brother Brinton did not know the address of his son's home, and the man in the office did not either, but he thought it was up in the Twentieth Ward, somewhere on First Street. The old man did not know where the Twentieth Ward was, but he could take the car the man told him. So he sauntered off, with his

big, old handbag, in the direction of Main Street. And he stood on the sidewalk nearly an hour waiting for the Twentieth Ward car to come up; but he failed to catch it, and at last asked someone to direct him to First Street, and at last, after tramping around considerably, and inquiring all along First Street, someone who knew his son told him where the house was, and the old man, footsore and weary, finally arrived at the place. He stood on the opposite side viewing the neat little cottage with a heart full of joy. Here was his beloved John's place at last. How cosy it looked, and how comfortable John must be. He stood still awhile and rested against a big, old tree, from where he could see the silk-curtained windows, the handsome front door, with the portico and the iron fence round the place. Outside stood a double-seated carriage and two splendid bays, impatiently stamping the ground. John must have company. Maybe it was as well to wait till they should have gone. He was very tired, and sat down on the sprouting, green grass by the ditch, awaiting proceedings, and for the hundredth time he wondered what John would say and what John's wife would be like. He took out his railroad ticket to see how long it was good for. It would be good till the twelfth.

"Well, it's just possible that John might want me to stay longer. Of course that would entail extra expense. But then, o' course John's pretty comfortable; he could do it all right enough. Wonder what Sister Martha would say if the old man didn't appear when the time was up. Reckon they'd all make some funny faces." And Brother Brinton chuckled inwardly.

"But if them people don't come out pretty soon I guess I'll have to go and

surprise the lot of em. Oh, here they come," as the door opened and three young men with as many young ladies appeared on the scene. They were laughing and talking, and were evidently bent on some pleasure trip. Brother Brinton strained his dim eyes to see if his John might be among them. Yes, there—oh, joy!—he came out last. That was his very own John. But my, he puts on lots of style. And that young lady at his side must be his wife. But were they all going out? Well, he wouldn't spoil their pleasure now. Now that he knew where they lived he could wait till they returned. Seeing that someone closed the door after them, they must keep a hired girl. "My stars, but they put on lots of style," and Brother Brinton looked down at his new jean suit with the suspicion of a doubt about its beauty.

Some one of the merry party across the road was saying something funny, judging from the laughter. Now one of the young men was saying, "That would almost be as bad as Miss Brown's old hayseed she has just been telling about." There was another peal of laughter.

"Oh, but he did look too ludicrous for anything. You should have seen——"

The young lady stopped short, turned, and almost exploded with subdued laughter.

"There, that's him, that's him, right across the road, hand-bag and all. Do look!" she shouted in a whisper, almost wild with amusement, and Brother Brinton heard every word.

He sat staring confusedly at the company, shame and anger rising within him. He saw John look his way, start visibly, color, and turn nervously away.

Oh, heaven! was that John, his own John?

The company drove off in great glee,

all except one, perhaps. But that one never once turned in the direction of his old father.

The old man still sat by the ditch as if turned to stone. At length he arose and tried to collect himself. There lay his shattered hopes. All that he had looked forward to so long. A great tearless sob rose and shook him. He felt chilly, too, sitting on the damp ground. It was growing late, and he was very hungry. How should he get down town again to-night? But he must. He started off, leaning heavily on his cotton umbrella. If he could only have lain down somewhere and sobbed out his sorrow; but he walked on and on, trying hard to keep the tears back.

It was quite dark when he reached the Eagle Gate, where he stopped, worn out with fatigue and grief, and looked dazedly up and down. People hurried busily forth and back, and wondered at the trembling old man who stood there so forlorn, not venturing to speak to anyone for fear of breaking down entirely. How could they know that it was a poor, broken-hearted father? After wandering aimlessly about for some time, he came upon a place where a sign told him that he could get lodgings. When he sought his bed that night how different it looked from what it had done in the morning.

"So John is ashamed of his old father. And all that he is I have made him, till I'm bent and ready for the grave." But yet a fervent prayer went up that God would forgive John and bless him. He had done all he could for him.

Three days later when the train rolled southward Brother Brinton stood on the rear platform and looked mournfully toward the city.

"Good-by, John," he whispered. "When we meet again you will be wiser, for it won't be in this world."

Nor did they, for though John wrote and confessed, and begged his father's forgiveness and told how he had hunted the city high and low during conference days, and how near despair he had felt at his non-success, and begged his father to come once more and see what they would do for him, Brother Brinton refused, and before another spring he had passed away.

His son came down to his funeral, of course. He had meant to come sooner, but had not expected his father to die so soon. But the old man had let go all hold on this world after that last trip. He never spoke of his John after that, and his neighbors wondered much.

How often John Brinton stands leaning over his fine iron gate and stares at the gnarled tree where his old father sat alone and forlorn that April day, and something wrings and tears at his heart always at sight of it.

S. Valentine.

SPRING TIME.

Tripping, blithesome, merry spring-time,
Thou art with us once again,
Bringing flowers and cooling showers
To meadow, hillside, field and lane:

Zephyrs softly sigh, and robins
Gaily in the tree-tops sing.
And from pleasant woodland bowers
Peals the merry march of Spring,

Fringing all the dusty roadside
With one mass of green and gold,
Bright'ning all the winding pathway,
Lovely spring-time gay and bold.

Happy songs and pleasant hours
To the lonely heart you bring,
Chasing shadows, bringing sunshine,
Tripping, blithesome, merry spring.

Lula Cooper.

THE way to do a great deal of work is to be continually doing a little.

Our Little Folks.

ALFRED'S CONSCIENCE AND THE TEMPTER.

A LITTLE boy was playing in the front flower garden, trying to pass away a very lonely afternoon. Everything seemed unusually quiet, and Alfred seemed unusually lonely.

The flowers did not seem so pretty to-day, the grass did not seem as green. What was the matter with Alfred, I wonder, this lonely afternoon?

Could my little readers have been present a few hours before this, they could easily have understood.

Alfred's mother was very, very busy that day, and, needing some one to go on an errand for something wanted in the house, went out in search of Alfred, to ask him to do the errand. She went to the back of the garden, calling, "Alfred, Alfred." No answer came, but Alfred had heard the call, and something said to him: "Don't disturb yourself, let her call; if she wants you, let her find you;" and then another little voice seemed to say: "Run quick; that is your mamma's voice. She needs the little boy that she has toiled for, watched over, cooked for, and continually cared for since he was a wee, tiny boy. Why you can never repay her; so just run as fast as you can, and say, 'Mamma, dear, here I am; what can I do for you?'"

Then the other voice said: "Pshaw, what a lingo! Don't you listen to it. Just stretch yourself down on the nice lawn; lay low, and then she will think you have been asleep."

When the good voice was speaking, Alfred felt good and willing, and the flowers seemed bright, and all the world looked beautiful; but when the other

voice spoke, everything looked black and ugly.

What do you think, little readers? Alfred did not go; but did he enjoy the sunshine and the flowers? No, and even more, he felt hungry, but he could not eat; sleepy, but he could not sleep; thirsty, but he could not drink. The tempter had caused him all these bad feelings.

Now, had he been running along the street on the errand for his mamma, his heart would have felt light and happy, and not a care or trouble near him.

It was six o'clock now, and papa was just coming in the gate. Dinner was all ready. "Well, my little man," said his papa, "been taking a nap?"

No answer.

"Why, what is the matter, little chap? you look poorly," so papa took him in, and told his mamma to bring the medicine bottle, as Alfred did not seem well.

Now the thoughts of drinking that nasty medicine, which grandma had fixed when she was there visiting, seemed awful; but he felt so guilty and bad he could not talk, so he had to take it without a murmur. He could not eat his dinner, so they thought he was very sick, indeed, and had better go to bed, and yet the sun was shining brightly, and the best part of the day was at hand, to play football and roll the hoop.

Now don't you think Alfred was punished enough? I know you do, and as he lay in his little bed he thought, "I'll be a little man after this. I won't let the tempter be any stronger than I am, and I will do all I can to help my parents in every way."

When morning came, Alfred dressed quickly, and was down by the kitchen stove ready to get a pan of chips, carry in some coal, or eager to help in any way he could. And oh, did not the

breakfast taste good! The oatmeal, the toast, the fried potatoes, all seemed to taste better than ever before; and it was just because he was a good boy, ready to work, ready to answer his mamma's call, and willing to always be of any assistance to any one who needed his help.

Alfred will grow up and make a fine man, if he always remembers the lesson of the tempter and his conscience.

Annie Jones Atkin.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 253.)

THE first day Robbie went to this new school the teacher jerked him out of his seat behind an old, rickety desk and dragged him to the front of the school and told him to stand there the rest of the day facing the scholars. This was one of the teacher's methods of punishment. Why it was inflicted upon him he never learned, unless it was because he turned his eyes from his book once when the teacher threw a piece of firewood at one of the larger boys. Robbie was glad when that day of school was ended. He told his mother how he had been treated, and declared he would not go again. His mother did not think it was any use to urge him to continue at the school if it was true that the teacher was such as he described him to be. She inquired of other children who attended the school and found that Robbie had not exaggerated or overstated the facts.

The next day Robbie learned from some of the neighbor's boys that the evening before some of the big boys of the school had "licked" the teacher, and told him if he came near the school house the next morning they would "lick him again." The teacher did not dare

to come near the next day, so the school was discontinued until a new teacher could be found.

The boy learned further that this was not the first teacher who had been whipped by the larger pupils of the school. It was their usual method of getting rid of teachers who did not give satisfaction. The trustees of the district were helpless in changing matters, for if they interfered they too would have been in danger of getting a "licking," as the parents of the pupils seemed to be in sympathy with their children.

For the remainder of the winter Robbie stayed at home. Shortly after leaving the school he was taken down with a fever that kept him in bed for several weeks. When he was able to get up he was so weak that he could hardly walk. Being unable to get out of doors he spent much of his time in studying, having his mother for a teacher. In this way he made more progress than he would likely have made if he attended such schools as were held in the neighborhood.

The following summer the grasshoppers were very troublesome to the people in Salt Lake Valley. Nearly every family in Salt Lake City at that time cultivated vegetable gardens upon which they depended to a great extent for their livelihood. Mrs. Richards had a little garden which she with the help of her boy managed to take care of. This summer Robbie had plenty to do trying to keep the grasshoppers from it. To perform this task he had a gunny sack with a hoop around its mouth and a handle attached which served as a net. With this he would go about the garden scooping in the little pests that were devouring the vegetation. In this way he would catch about a bushel of the grasshoppers each day.

But it was more troublesome to destroy them than to catch them. If they were buried in the ground they would make their way out again; and if put in the water they could not be drowned except by keeping them under for a long time. The most effective way to kill them was by burning them, but the difficulty in this was to keep them in the fire.

The grasshopper war was the most important event of that summer. All the talk was about how to kill grasshoppers. At the Sabbath meetings the preachers took the subject for their text; and announcements were made each Sunday of raids to be made upon the enemy during the coming week.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

Jack Hearly's Thanksgivings.

It was Thanksgiving Day. The wind was keen and piercing. The streets of the city were thronged with people. Among the throng was a little ragged boy, whose slight form shrank from each returning blast. As he walked along, gazing into the shop windows at the many delicious things he saw there, he longed for the privilege of tasting some of them.

"I wish I had a kind father and mother to prepare a nice Thanksgiving dinner for me," he said to himself. "But I have not, and Aunt Jane never has anything nice when I am around."

Aunt Jane was the name of the woman with whom Jack lived. But she was so cross that he would go near her no oftener than was necessary, and this day in particular she had told him she did not wish to be bothered with him, so he went away shivering with the cold. Then he noticed a lady and little child on the

opposite side of the street. "What a beautiful lady!" he said to himself. "She looks so pleasant and good-natured. I wish Aunt Jane was like her; and that little girl, it would be so nice to have a little sister like her."

He gazed around him for a few moments, and was about to walk on when he heard a cry. He looked around. There was a runaway team dashing along the street, and the little child which we have just mentioned started to cross the street, and seeing the team so close upon her, had hastened to reach the other side before the team should reach her, and in her haste had fallen down.

Jack rushed forward, caught the little one in his arms, and barely escaped being trodden down under the feet of the frightened team. The child's mother had turned aside into a shop and had not noticed that her pet was not with her, while the little girl had been attracted by something on the opposite side of the street and had attempted to go where she might better see it. As soon as the mother had noticed that the child was not with her, she hastened out, and was just in time to see Jack raise her child from the street.

"Oh, how can I ever repay you for saving her," said the grateful mother, as she clasped her darling in her arms. "I must take you home to dinner with us. I have a little boy there almost your size; I am sure he will be glad to see you, for he is very fond of company. Jack was, of course, delighted at the thought of going home to dinner with this lady. He drew his tattered coat closer around him, and followed the lady down the street. They soon found themselves in front of a beautiful house. The lady entered and told Jack to follow. As he did so, he was delighted at the beautiful pictures and hangings of

the elegantly furnished house. The lady led him to a room in which a little boy was at play.

"Harry," said the lady, "I have brought some one to see you."

"Who is it mother?" asked Harry.

"A boy who saved our little Alice from being trodden to death under the feet of a runaway team. You must be very kind to him, Harry."

"Of course I will, mother, I will show him my new rocking-horse that Uncle Hyrum sent me."

"You may," said his mother; "but wait until after dinner. It is now almost ready. You may let him put some of your warm clothes on; I am sure he is very cold," said the kind-hearted lady. "I will bring them to him, and when he gets them on you must both come in to dinner."

So when Jack had changed his own thin suit for one of Harry's new, warm ones, the two boys went into the dining-room, where the table was spread with all the dainties one might wish for. In the center of the table was a large turkey. It was surrounded by puddings, tarts, cakes, and pies and many more dainties, more than Jack had ever dreamed of; and how his eyes danced with delight as he sat down to the table! He thought it was truly a thanksgiving dinner.

The two happy boys chattered away in delight, and Mrs. Davis—for that was the lady's name—and little Alice joined in their innocent prattle.

After dinner, Harry took Jack into the play-room, where he showed him his rocking horse, balls, tops, kites, and many more delightful toys, which were all new to Jack. The boys amused themselves in innocent play until they became tired. Then they sat down and indulged in a friendly, boyish talk.

"What is your name?" asked Harry.

"Jack Hearly," said his friend.

"Mine is Harry Davis. But where do you live, Jack?"

"I live with Aunt Jane."

"Who is that?"

"I don't know, only everybody calls her Aunt Jane."

"Haven't you got any father and mother?" asked Harry.

"No," said Jack, "they are both dead."

"My father is, too," said Harry."

After the two boys became acquainted with the circumstances of each other's lives, they went back to play. Presently Mrs. Davis entered the room.

"Well, how are you getting along?" she asked.

"Splendidly, mother," said Harry. "Jack and I have had the best time. Say, mother, can't Jack live with us?" pleaded Harry. "He says he has no kind father and mother of his own."

"If he desires to stay I will be more than pleased to have him do so. Whatever he may ask of me, I will willingly grant, if it is in my power to do so, for I feel that I can never sufficiently reward him for the heroic action he has this day performed in saving our little Alice."

"Oh, Jack, you will not leave us, will you?" asked Harry.

"No, no!" cried Jack.

"We are brothers, then," said Harry, taking Jack's hand. "I already love you as a brother, and I am sure our love for each other will grow as we get better acquainted."

And so it did, and many were the happy hours the three children spent together. It was ever the delight of the two boys to do something to amuse and please their little pet, Alice.

Rhoda G. Horner. Age 13 years.
OAKLEY, CASSIA CO., IDAHO.

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TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

How dear is the tie of true friendship,
The sweet bond that links heart to heart
And bids us come, trustingly ever
Our joys and our sorrows impart.
When life is all saddened and blighted,
And hopes once so bright fade away,
How soothing the sweet balm of friendship,
Bright'ning the dreariest day.

How sweet 'tis to know in life's trials
That one heart will ever prove true,
Will counsel and offer assistance
In every act we may do.
The kind cheering word that is spoken
Like sunlight steals into the heart,
Chasing away all the shadows,
And healing the wound of a dart

What word that is dearer or sweeter?
What tie that more comfort will lend?
When we say in the midst of life's troubles
"I'll go and confide to my friend,
The friend that I know understands me
Good counsel will give and advice."
O! beautiful, beautiful friendship,
Thou art surely a "pearl of great price."

Lula Cooper.

SPRING.

As slowly sets yon setting sun
O'er misty mountain tops of grey,
His long day's journey being done
He hies him to his rest away.

'Tis spring and 'mid the glowing hills
No more is seen the winter's snow
Ah! how my soul with rapture fills,
No more I hear the bleak wind blow.

Then o'er the hills the morning breaks,
And pearly dew bedecks each flower.
From her long slumber nature wakes,
And birds sing on each leafy bower.

Then all the world with rapture fills,
In golden glow of early dawn,
Blending with music from the rills,
The bleat of lamb and sporting fawn.

Thus varied scenes doth ever come
And life's made sweet by harmony,
With children's voices blend the thrum
Of nature's muse in symphony.

O let me hear the sweet birds sing
Of fair dame nature's jubilee!
For then I know the joyous spring
Abounds in sweet felicity.

Annie G. Lauritzen.

CHANCE AND FATE.

TELL me not that chance or fate
Shapes the course that we must go;
All such words are idle prate,
Reason's gaze can overthrow.

Good and evil, side by side,
Sit together and are free
To be chosen or denied,
As it suits our agency.

Destiny hath no restraint
From predestination's ban;
Each may be a knave or Saint:
Freedom is the right of man.

If the heart with God is right
And with man it is the same,
We shall rise from error's might,
Honors added to our name.

Dismal dogmas have been taught
Ages long to give unrest,
But with knowledge truth hath brought,
Hope hath healed the troubled breast.

Seek by help of grace divine,
Duty's paths to clearly see;
Then if strength of will be thine,
What are chance or fate to thee?

J. C.

TEMPLE OF GWALIOR, INDIA.

One of the most interesting native states of the wonderful land of India is Gwalior, a district larger than Scotland and Wales united, though not nearly as large as Utah, since it represents in fact an area only about equal to a section, one hundred and eighty miles square. A peculiarity of the state of Gwalior is that its surface, while broken by no such lofty mountains as readers of the INSTRUCTOR are accustomed to see, is dotted with numerous small hills which start up suddenly out of the level plain. On one of these the noted fortress of Gwalior is built, a splendid specimen of military structure, claimed to have been begun as far back as the year 773. It stands upon what may be called a massive low rock, generally about three hundred feet high, the sides of which are so steep that they may only be scaled where roads and steps have been artificially made; and in all the rock itself is about 2,500 yards in length, by 300 in width at the widest part. It and the plain around its base have been the scenes of many a bloody contest, not only between natives themselves, but also between them and their present conquerors, the British, whose rule, however, has brought peace and prosperity instead of the revolutions and massacres which used to be so common.

But our picture is not about the fortress of Gwalior at all. It represents the magnificent ruins of a great temple that still adorn the capital city of the state. In fact the city of Gwalior is famous for three things: (1) the rock fortress, to which we have made allusion; (2) several remarkable Hindoo temples, the most stupendous of which is presented in the accompanying illustration; and (3) the most interesting specimen of early Hindoo palace-

building that is to be found in all India.

You will observe that the temple here depicted is built upon an elevation (as may be seen from the retaining walls in the foreground), and that it is constructed of stone. The whole formation of the country invites the use of this latter material, for the hills (bluffs, or buttes, we would call them), are of a fine-grained sandstone which answers excellently for building purposes. It is easily cut or carved, and in the picturesque specimen before us there are many evidences of the skill of the ancient stone-cutter. It is altogether massive, solemn, and (if we consider the semi-barbarism of its builders) splendid; for it was finished more than 800 years ago and dedicated to the worship of the Buddhist divinities.

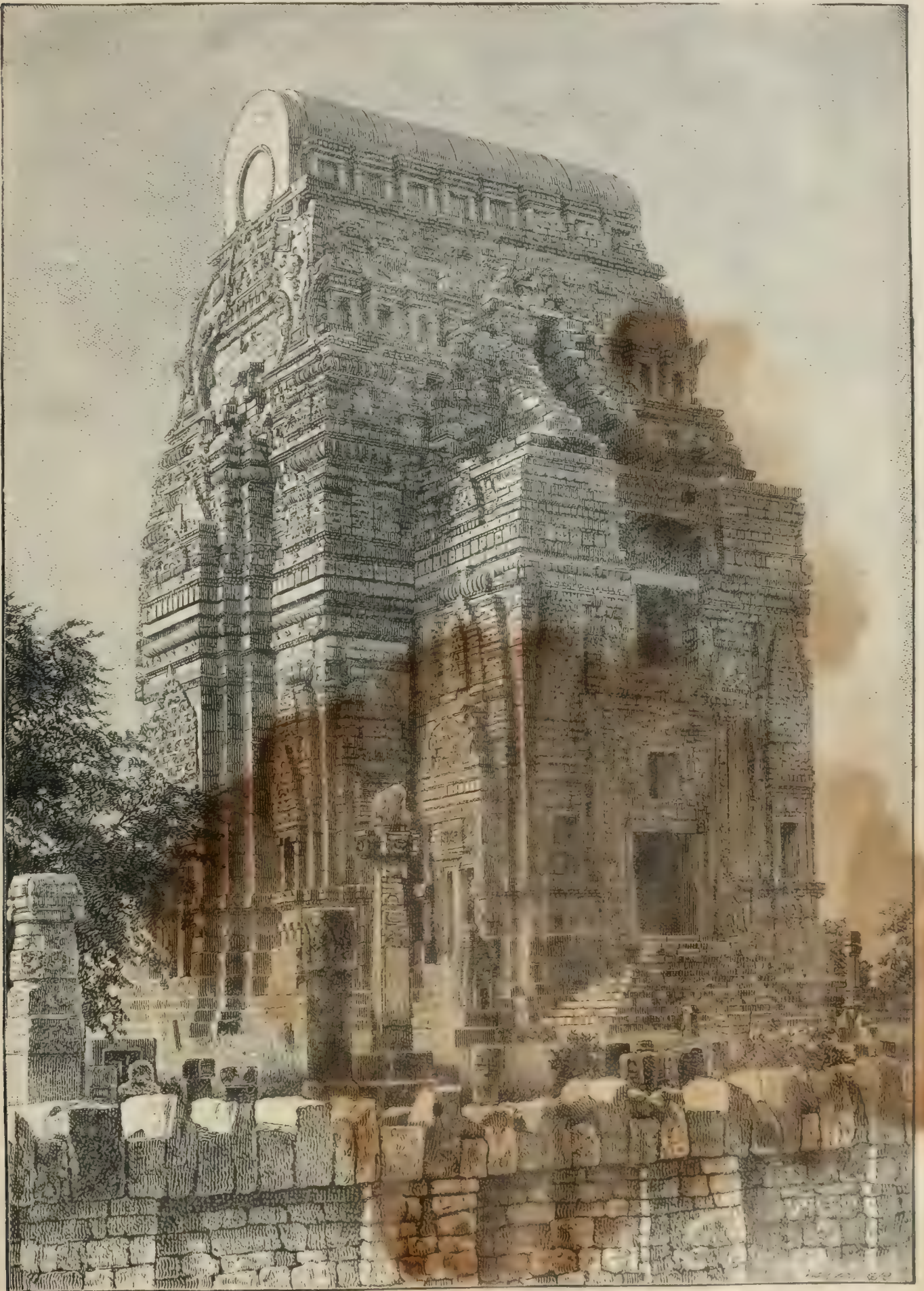
Of this form of worship we need say nothing in this article, our interest being directed to the structure itself, its solidity, majesty, architectural novelty and wonderful endurance against the assaults of weather and time. X.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.**Idle Willie.**

Willie Ray was a bright little boy, but he disliked school. He would rather spend the day in the woods, searching for birds' nests than in the schoolhouse. His parents endeavored to show him the folly of such a course, but in vain.

Sometimes he would take his books and start for school, but on his way he would think of a squirrel's nest that he had lately discovered, and would wander along the path which led into the forest.

One day, in the early springtime,



TEMPLE AT GWALIOR, INDIA. (See Page 290.)

Willie spent the forenoon in climbing trees, chasing butterflies, etc. Worn out with his sport, he threw himself down in the shade of a beautiful maple tree, "to take it easy," as he expressed it.

Suddenly from out a lovely white flower which grew near a tiny creature appeared. She grew larger and larger, and Willie thought she was the most beautiful lady he had ever seen.

She gazed sadly at Willie for a few moments, then said in such a sweet voice, "Oh, foolish boy, why do you thus idle away your time? Up, child and come with me?"

Willie did not think of disobeying, but immediately arose and took her proffered hand, and they started out together.

They went through verdant meadows, over hilltops, and across sparkling streams of water.

Suddenly they came to a lovely castle. Everything showed signs of taste and wealth. A handsome, intelligent-looking man was out on the well-kept lawn. Willie's companion said:

"My child, this beautiful home belongs to that man. When a boy he was always found in the school-room, at the head of his class. I need not say any more; that tells the whole story."

Then they went a few miles farther. Willie was getting rather tired, when they came to a little, old, tumbled-down log house. Indications of misery and poverty were everywhere to be seen. The child involuntarily shuddered. The kind lady said:

"My little man, the one who owns this home, if home it can be called, is a drunkard. When a child he was sent to school, but he would always run away and did not care to get his lessons. As he grew larger, he spent most of his

time on the street corners. Soon his friends (?) persuaded him to join them in the bar-room. The rest of my story is easily told. He went from bad to worse, until he fell as low as a man can fall. My child, he is a hated outcast, a drunkard."

"Dear lady," exclaimed Willie, "I know now why you brought me here. I will go back to school, and I will work. Yes, I will stand at the head of my class before I am satisfied." He raised his hand toward heaven, when he awoke with a start. He looked for the house, it had vanished. The fairy, too, had gone.

"It was all a dream," cried Willie, as he rubbed his eyes. Then he leaned his curly head upon his chubby fists and reflected a moment. At length he said, "I'll go to school; I'll be like that good man if I can, and I can." I need only say that he kept his resolve, and he stands today at the head of one of our institutions of learning.

Nelly Taylor.

A Story of Adventure.

In crossing what is known as the Wasatch Mountains, between Sanpete and Castle Valley, the traveler is able to view some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in Southern Utah. Vast stretches of timberland, as far as the eye can see, and here and there rugged brown peaks projecting above the surrounding green.

The wagon road is used considerably in summer, but is impassable in winter on account of the heavy fall of snow, which is not melted enough to make the road passable until the late spring.

For years stockmen have been so anxious to reach the feed that grows between the principal range of moun-

tains and what is known as East Mountains, or Bad Lands, that they have trailed their cattle and sheep across on the snow, which is sufficiently crusted to bear the weight of the herds, and even of pack horses—the latter being used to carry provisions for camp use.

It was my lot one spring to be one of a company who were thus engaged in trailing sheep across to the green pasture lands surrounded by mountains of snow. The monotony of such a trip is terrible, and anything of a diverting or exciting nature is hailed with delight by the weary travelers. Accordingly when, after we were encamped for the night in one of the little sheltered nooks on top of the mountains, and one of the party related his pleasurable experience in sliding down on the snow, three of us resolved to try it.

The next morning bright and early, we were again on the trail, and after traveling about half a mile, we came to a steep decline, which was covered with snow and stretched away for nearly a mile. Now was our chance for a snow ride. We soon procured an old horse blanket, and spreading it out on the edge of the decline, sat down on it, and began to wriggle ourselves along. Soon, however, wriggling became unnecessary, and we found ourselves gliding smoothly down the mountains at a good rate.

Our speed, however, kept increasing, and before we had gone far we all decided that it was a little faster than we cared to ride. We gazed at one another, and each could discern fear gradually creeping into the other's face.

Finally the thought struck me that I could lessen the speed by digging my heels into the hard snow. No sooner said than done, and no sooner done than into the air I shot as though fired

from a gun. I returned to mother earth just in time to see my two companions dash at a terrific speed over a precipice which we had counted on missing in our descent. I scrambled to my feet and hurried to the bottom of the cliff to see if any assistance could be rendered to my mangled companions. I arrived in time to help dig them out of the snow. They were unhurt, owing to the softness of the snow, but were badly frightened.

We hailed the approaching camp outfit with delight, and were soon comfortably ensconced in dry clothes, none the worse for our ride, but much wiser than before we took it.

L. E. Jordan.

A Visit to Cloudland.

Daisy sat before the window in a large arm-chair. She was watching the storm, and wondering from where the hail and snow came.

Suddenly a little man, with long, white hair and flowing robes stood before her. There was a look so cold and white about him that Daisy was reminded of the snow.

Seeing the frightened look on the child's face, the little man said, "Do not be afraid, for I will not hurt you. Come with me and I will show you the Kingdom of Cloudland over which I am ruler.

Daisy had overcome her fear and was willing to follow him. "But," said the king, "you cannot enter Cloudland as you are. I have something which will make you so you can go with me."

"Will it hurt me?" asked Daisy?

"No," said the king. After Daisy drank a liquid, she was changed to a tiny person. Her white and glistening garments were as the snow.

Taking her hand, the king said, "Follow me, and they were drawn towards the clouds. "This, explained her guide as they passed through dense vapor, "is the veil which hides Cloudland from the Earth. We pass through that gate yonder, and then we shall have reached my kingdom."

As they passed through the gate Daisy was so dazzled she could distinguish nothing. But soon her eyes became accustomed to the brightness and she saw glistening castles and trees. Millions of little people, dressed as she herself was, greeted their king with songs and laughter.

Daisy was taken all around the kingdom. Under her feet was soft, fleecy snow. Everything was white and glistening. After feasting, the king took Daisy to see the merry game of ball. The little people made hard balls from the snow, and threw them in a downward direction.

"What becomes of the balls?" asked Daisy.

"The earth on which you live draws them toward it," said the king. "When they fall the inhabitants say it is hailing. Now, my subjects," said the snow king, "make your balls softer so that it will snow on earth." Then turning to Daisy, he said, "On their way to earth, the soft balls encounter forces which break them, and they fall in flakes. My subjects are a happy band, and do not cause the rain. This is caused by a very unhappy kingdom, which passes from place to place. The rain kingdom is as dark and black as mine is white and glistening. The tears of the weeping, unhappy people fall to earth and cause what is called rain.

"Rainland will be here in ten days, then we will seek more pleasant surroundings, as we cannot be happy with

the people of Rainland." Daisy thanked her guide, and said, "My mother will want me, so I must return to earth." The king took her to the veil between heaven and earth. He gave her a dark liquid and she became her former self again.

"Come, Daisy, it is past bedtime, and you have fallen sleep in your chair." When Daisy opened her eyes and saw mamma standing near, she knew that the visit to Cloudland was but a dream.

Clara Holbrook.

Rounding a Curve.

One morning a Mr. Brown, of Sacramento, California, boarded a train going to Mexico. He took a seat behind an elderly gentleman dressed in a gray suit of clothes. The train, which had hitherto sped along through pleasant valleys, was now nearing a range of low, winding hills.

At the first decided curve in the road the man in the gray suit was seen to jump up and firmly grasp the back of his chair, nervously looking out of the window.

Mr. Brown was quite startled, but soon assured himself that nothing was the matter. After that every time the train would round a curve the stranger would jump and clutch the back of his chair, with a frightened look upon his face. Mr. Brown thought the man must be insane.

At length the nervous gentleman turned round and addressed Mr. Brown: "I guess you think I act very strange, but I once had an adventure in rounding a curve." He thus began his story:

"A good many years ago I was in India, working as an engineer. One day I thought I would not go with the

train, so hired another engineer to go in my place. I slept most of that day, but towards evening one of the section hands came and wanted me to go out on a branch line to inspect the road. I started, and my mode of traveling was a small, flat car, pushed by three negroes.

"The road ran through a jungle, and was very lonely on account of so many trees and so much thick brush growing on each side of the track.

"The grade was level; the negroes were working the handles with all their strength, and the car fairly flew along. All at once we came to a sharp turn, when my negroes gave a loud yell and started back on the track, running at full speed.

"I looked ahead to see the cause of their fright, and there stretched across the track lay an old tiger and her little ones. Her mate was standing near, and at the scream of the men both animals raised up and stood there side by side, a magnificent pair, watching me with wild and dancing eyes.

"The car was going at full speed, and could not be stopped, and the tigers were only a few feet away, preparing to spring. What was I to do?

"No one can ever imagine my thoughts, as I expected every moment to be pounced upon and devoured by this hungry-looking family.

"There were no weapons on the car; there was nothing except a pick, a shovel, and a blanket. And why I chose the latter to defend myself with I cannot tell; but I quickly wrapped myself up in it and lay still to await my fate."

At this point of the story, the train was rounding another curve, and the stranger, as before, jumped up and frantically grasped the back of his chair.

A terrible shock followed, and in another moment Mr. Brown found himself rolling down a steep embankment. He jumped up as quickly as possible and went to see what had caused the disaster. A large rock had rolled down a side hill and lodged on the track.

He now turned his attention to the shattered cars and the wounded people. There was only one person killed, and that was the nervous passenger in the light suit of clothes.

Mr. Brown never heard how the unfortunate stranger got away from the tigers, but he will always remember his own adventure in rounding a curve.

Della Jonee.

INFIDELITY.

There seems to be growing among a certain class of our young people a desire to be infidelic in their beliefs, or at least in their expressions, and perhaps some have come to this conclusion after a certain course of reasoning through which they have, to their own satisfaction, proven all manifestations of a spiritual nature to be impossible. Because our conceptions are limited to our own weak powers of comprehension, is it proof that there are no higher phenomena of which our minds, if capable of conceiving them, would be cognizant?

No one will deny that there are various degrees of intellectuality even among human beings. Indeed, there are different degrees of intellectual power in the succeeding stages of a single life. A child's power of comprehension is limited to the simplest phenomena, and it would be a mental impossibility for him to conceive of greater things. To him the sky is a canopy of solid substance. We might

seek to disabuse his mind of this idea with every argument within our power. It would be in vain. We are in error, and he understands.

We, as "children grown tall," have often grown to believe that which we once disbelieved, because we did not comprehend. Is it not possible that there are yet things beyond our power of comprehension?"

The deepest thinking, most intellectual minds are least positive, and most often admit that there are things they do not understand and upon which they cannot express an opinion, while shallow minds generally come to a quick decision in regard to questions upon which the greatest human intellect might ponder and ponder and still not decide.

The early discoverers and explorers of our country were to the untaught savage, beings from another world, and their deeds were miracles. When the art of writing was first displayed before a savage, he was struck with awe and could not comprehend it. He rushed through the streets holding aloft a shingle on which one man had written a sentence, and from which another, although absent when the characters were made, had read the written words, and shouted as he ran, "O the wisdom of these Englishmen! They make chips talk."

His was not the power to comprehend that simple art which to us is one of the common things of life. His mind was in its infancy.

May ours not be but infant minds compared to that great, all-powerful Intelligence whose products are to us as a wonder?

How dare we, with our limited power of conception, say that there is no God, and that He has not revealed Himself to

man? If we have not sought to know the truth and gained a knowledge of God for ourselves from the only source of wisdom, let us admit our own weakness and say, not, "There is no God," but rather, "I have not yet the power to comprehend."

Alice Hayes.

THE PAYMASTER'S TRAIN.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 272.)

"Why, Ben, it's five miles to where the train is, and the snow four feet deep."

"But there are my snow-shoes, Judy. I can manage them almost as well as Rock. I was out on the snow with Phil Brintly this morning, and he said I could manage them as well as he could."

"But in the dark, Ben."

"I'm not afraid. If you say I can go, I'll do it easily."

Judith thought seriously for a few moments. It was a risk to both of them to have him go, for should her husband learn of the effort none could foretell what might come of it. They had only to keep silent in regard to the affair, to be safe and at least as well off as they had been before. But on the other hand was this great wrong that was planned—the train robbed, and perhaps lives sacrificed even—which an effort on their part might prevent. Judith presently put her arms about Ben's neck and kissed him.

"Go, dear," she whispered. "It will be in a right cause, and Providence will aid and protect you. If you can reach the place don't try to come back; some of the people there will see that you are taken care of."

Ben slipped into the loft where his bed was, to get his cap and comforter, and then down the back stairs into the

kitchen. The snow-shoes hung against the wall, and Ben held his breath for fear that the sound of getting them down and both himself and them well out of the house might reach Rock's ears. Fortunately for him, however, there happened to be customers in the shop at the moment, and their talk drowned what noise he made. Once outside the house, it did not take him an instant to adjust the shoes, and in a moment more he was speeding towards the train.

Miles of white prairie stretching on every hand, speckless and unbroken, save in one spot where lights gleamed from the few houses in the small town that had sprung up about the station; overhead a dark, purple dome, pierced with millions of stars, whose sharp sparkle seemed a part of the keen crispness of the night, and a horizon of dim purplish banks of cloud-like darkness—this was the picture engraven on Ben's strained sight as he sped over the crusted snow.

He kept his way close along the railroad track, fearing to lose his way should he venture aside. The anxiety and strain of the long trip was very tiring, and it seemed almost hours before the sight of an opaque object rising ahead told him that he was nearing the train. Not a light shone from any of the windows, and Ben's heart began to thump violently as he thought what might happen if they had indeed all been drugged, as Rock's words implied, and he should not be able to rouse them.

There were two cars—a passenger and an express—the latter between the sleeper and the engine, and as this was where the money would probably be, Ben determined to direct here his efforts for rousing the party. From the snow

Ben could almost reach the top of the car, so deep the track lay between the piled-up drifts. It did not take him an instant to lay aside his shoes and drop on to the platform of the baggage car.

Taking one of the shoes, he beat stoutly on the door with all his strength. It seemed a long time to him before a sound within rewarded his effort; but presently low tones were heard inside, and a voice called out to him:

"What is wanted outside there? Is it you, Sam?"

"No. It's Ben Holden," replied the boy, "and I want to speak to the conductor or somebody. I've come to tell you that this train is going to be robbed tonight."

There was the sound of a hurried consultation inside; then the door was opened cautiously and some one drew Ben inside the car.

It did not take him five minutes to tell his story, and both the paymaster and his aid, the detective, applauded the boy warmly for his brave effort in their behalf.

"We will be ready for them now when they come. If they had taken us by surprise, no one can tell what might have happened before we were roused. The first thing to do is to wake Jim and Hanly, and have all our force together. Lucky for us there is time, or they would have overpowered the others without an effort, and left two of us to fight against five."

The conductor, who with the engineer was in the sleeping car, was already awake and dressed, having heard Ben's clamor. But they had difficult work to arouse the engineer. He was the only one of them who had consented to partake of the liquor which had been sent through the treacherous Smith for their undoing, and it was only after

vigorous efforts that they succeeded in thoroughly rousing him. When he finally sensed what had happened, his shame and self-reproach knew no bounds.

"I've had a lesson," he said, "and deserved a worse one. I've always prided myself on never taking liquor except when I was off duty; but we never know what emergency may find us unprepared, and I don't think I'll ever put it into Satan's power to put me in such a place again. Why, if you'd all been as big fools as I've been, the boy might have tried all night and never waked us. It's like putting one's self in chains to indulge such a habit any time, and I shan't let myself be caught again."

An hour had passed, and they were all together in the express car, the doors barred and locked, and each man armed and ready for the threatened attack. As the engineer stopped speaking, the detective suddenly whispered:

"Hush!"

And no sooner had the word been uttered than there came a sound as of a file or instrument of some kind scraping at the lock of the door.

"We may as well let them know we are ready for them," said the conductor.

The others agreed, and the detective raised his voice and asked:

"Who is it outside there?"

There was a sound of low voices outside for a moment; then a voice called out:

"You can take your choice, you fellows inside there: Open and save yourselves, or wait till we come in and fill you with bullets."

No reply was made to this, and presently there came a heavy crash outside, as if heavy axes were being

struck on the door, a crash, too, which sounded dangerously effective.

"It's time to act," said the detective, "if we don't want to die like rats in a trap."

There was a sharp click as the four men cocked their rifles. Ben, crouching in the further end of the car behind the safe, held his breath as he heard a low, quick word of command from the detective. The next moment the car was filled with the din of their successive shots.

The worst details of the affair Ben never knew. All that was clear to him on that terrible night after all was over, was that not a man inside the car had been harmed, while the sudden cessation of the attack outside indicated that some among them had been seriously enough hurt to necessitate their withdrawal from the place without accomplishing their object.

It was daybreak before the men who were with him considered it safe to venture forth, and when they did so, not a sign was seen of those who had made the attack. Some significant traces they found, however, of their presence, which they were careful to conceal from Ben's eyes. Though the boy was eager to return to Judith, knowing her anxiety concerning himself, the others would not allow him to do so, fearing the result should his brother-in-law lay hands upon him before they were ready to place him in restraint. Only when the sound of a familiar whistle sounded an hour after, telling them that the relief train for which they had sent was close at hand, did they deem it safe to leave the car which contained the money. Those on the new train it was who brought the news that had been told

them back at the station—that Rock Deyton had been found at his own door, fatally injured from a shot which he would not account for, and at dawn had breathed his last.

Though the event left a sorrowful impression upon the minds of the brother and sister, it was no lasting grief that they had to suffer, for both had borne too much at the hands of the man who had tortured them to experience deep sorrow at the release which his death brought to both, though they sincerely mourned that he should have so sinned to deserve such an unhappy fate. When they were with warm-hearted friends, far away from the scene of their worst trials, it was not hard to forget their sorrowful past.

Judith keeps house with Ben now in a cosy little home bought with their own money; for on the day after that eventful night, the superintendent of the railway, who had come out with the engine sent to the relief of the blockaded train, handed to Ben a check for fifteen hundred dollars, the reward for his brave deed in saving the property of the company, and undoubtedly the lives of those to whose care it had been entrusted.

Josephine Spencer.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.

THE man who cannot enjoy his natural gifts in silence, and find his reward in the exercise of them, but must wait and hope for their recognition by others, must expect to reap only disappointment and vexation.

TIO JUAN.

Tio Juan (uncle John) was our cook and general roustabout: and we—Wilson and I—were a couple of prospectors, wasting our time, strength and substance in a vain search for a "pay streak" among the limestone ribs of the Gila mountains.

I don't think any other "outfit" was ever blessed with such a *chef* as Tio Juan. I do not mean that his culinary skill was unapproachable, though he could boil *frijoles* to perfection, his *chili con carne* was something to be held in grateful remembrance, and his *pan de mice* (corn bread), despite its being baked in a skillet, was so good that no scrap of it ever fell to the lot of a wandering coyote.

It is very probable that Tio Juan would not have been tolerated in the kitchen of the White House, and I am certain that his ragged overalls and generally unkempt state would have got him into limbo had he ventured to introduce himself to the sleek *chef* of an Astor or a Vanderbilt.

Yet he suited us well enough, and as long as he managed to "dish up" enough "grub" to fill our very hungry mouths, we did not trouble ourselves to criticise him because he sometimes forgot to wash his hands before stirring the dough with them; nor did we pause to consider such trivial incidents as occasional rocks in the beans, small flotillas of dead herbage and pine needles swimming in the coffee, etc. No, we were not critical; and I firmly believe old Tio understood and appreciated our delicacy in that respect, and, in truth, did his level best for us.

We first foregathered with Tio Juan in the old border town of Nogales, where we had stopped to recuperate

after a year of fruitless lode hunting in the neighboring state of Sonora.

One day while walking down the foul-smelling, narrow main street of the little 'dobe town, Wilson drew my attention to a figure squatting against the wall of a *pulqueria* (Mexican saloon), a mess of rags, and tatters, and filth, that resembled a scare-crow rather than anything human.

"Would you think that thing had ever been a man?" queried my friend, with a sonorous snort of disgust.

My interest somewhat aroused, I looked more closely, and saw that the heap of foul-smelling rags was crowned by a head—a head that, save for the filth, and squalor, and drunken degradation in which its wretched owner cowered, might have been termed venerable. A mass of matted gray locks fell about a wrinkled and time-seamed face, out of which a pair of black eyes, still sharp and piercing despite their owner's evident age, flashed a look at us as we passed by.

A few steps further, and a slight touch on my shoulder from behind caused me to wheel quickly. The scare-crow confronted me with shaking, outstretched hand.

"*Que quieres* (what do you want)?" I asked sharply in Spanish.

The scare-crow wilted for a moment; then bringing his face so close to mine that his *mescal*-laden breath almost nauseated me, while his wrinkled visage contorted itself into a smile half-wheedling, half-confident, he begged for alms.

For a moment unutterable disgust deprived me of the power to reply. Then, to my utter surprise, Wilson answered for me in a strain such as I had never dreamed him capable of.

"Tio," he said kindly, laying his hand on the old Mexican's shoulder,

"why do you make a pig of yourself drinking *mescal*. You are very old; and what is a vice in a young man becomes a crime in one of your years."

The scare-crow's withered features softened as though by magic, a couple of attenuated tears welled from his eyes and trickled down his cheeks, and he slowly withdrew his outstretched hand. Then he drew himself up like a soldier about to salute, a faint gleam of something very much like pride crept into his eyes, and I began to think that, after all, the scare-crow might still possess some remnant of manhood.

"Senor," he replied, in perfect Spanish, "you do not understand. You are young; you have friends; you have hope. And I—I am very old, and I have nothing left to me, senor, nothing but *mescal*. That at least warms the heart, and makes me feel young again for a little while."

There was a pathos in his tones, and a refinement in his diction so utterly at variance with his general appearance, that I was strangely moved and I immediately ceased to regard him as a human scare-crow. Instead, I beheld in him that saddest of all sad things—a one-time gentleman degraded by drink to a level lower than that of the beasts.

Then, moved by a sudden impulse, I did something of which I should not before have thought myself capable; though I believe I should feel a more worthy man today were a round score of such actions placed to my credit. Perhaps Wilson's attitude was contagious. I invited the aged inebriate to accompany us to our rooms.

I am sure I did not have any definite object in inviting the pleasure of Tio's company to our quarters, yet when we arrived there, Wilson and I both seemed to be actuated by the same spirit.

While I purloined our good landlady's wash tub, a bar of soap and a towel, my philanthropic partner dived into his only "grip" and selected from his scanty wardrobe a clean shirt, overalls, and a coat still fit for service. Then we retired, leaving Tio to his ablutions and a complete change of raiment. When we returned an hour later, the soap had vanished, and with it had departed a large measure of Tio's squalid appearance. Then we heard his tale,—the old, old story of the millions who have attempted to drown sorrow, loneliness and despair in the wine-cup. In his youth he had been an officer in the Mexican army. He had fought against us at Palo Alto and Chapultepec; and had been dispelled from his regiment in disgrace some years later. For what cause we did not ask him, neither did we care. He was old, even as we might expect to be some day, yet more friendless than ever I should care to find myself when the gray shadows of the Beyond draw near.

And that is how Tio Juan came to be our cook, while we prospected for the "root of all evil" in the Gila mountains.

The 10th of August found us working like beavers under the broiling southern sun.

The day before, while aimlessly washing a few panfuls of gravel on a river bar—I say aimlessly because we had not the slightest expectation of finding anything—Wilson peered into the bottom of the pan, and then gave a shout that brought me to his side in a hurry. He had found two small nuggets—not of any great value, certainly, for the largest was slightly smaller than a good-sized bean. But there must be more where these came from, and we went to work in earnest. Before sunset

we were some hundreds of dollars richer and our hopes for the morrow were proportionately high. We had stumbled upon a pocket of the precious yellow stuff, probably deposited there by an eddy during high water and we began to feel as though our fortunes were already made.

But our visions of sudden wealth were rudely dispelled next day, when Tio, who had been engaged in sorting some beans on the bank above us, came to the brink with wild alarm stamped all over his wrinkled face. He spoke but two words—"Los Apaches!"—yet those were amply sufficient to make us drop shovel and pan and rush to his side.

Yes, there they were—ten—twelve—fifteen of them, and surely Apaches.

There was no mistaking them for Navajos, for it was over twenty years since a Navajo had ridden in that guise, painted and plumed for bloodshed and outrage. They were not more than half a mile away, and my heart sank within me as they swept up the valley in all the wild panoply of savage warfare. What chance had we three, I asked myself, against yonder aggregation of subtle deviltry.

I turned to look at Wilson, and saw that his face was dark with despair.

"Frank," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder with an affectionate touch, "I am afraid we shall not live to turn in our nuggets at the mint. But we will make a fight for it anyway. Let us take our guns and seek a refuge among the boulders yonder, at the base of the cliff. It is the only place where we can hope to stand them off."

Our camp was in a narrow part of the valley, where the hills came down to within a hundred yards of the water on either side. On the right bank, directly

opposite us, stood a high granite cliff, somewhat overhanging at the top, while the ground at its base was dotted with boulders, some of which must have weighed several tons.

There was no time to lose in gaining our refuge. Each man grabbed whatever he could most conveniently carry, and we started on a run across the narrow valley. Our appearance was the signal for a volley of wild yells, and a mad whipping and spurring on the part of our enemies, as they endeavored to cut us off. A few bullets whistled harmlessly about us, but we ran our best and gained the rock in safety.

Then we began to study the situation, and the more we viewed it, the more our chances seemed to diminish. It is true our position was almost impregnable, and the Apache seldom ventures to carry a well-defended point with a rush: yet four or five days would be amply sufficient to starve us out of it.

"You brought the water-keg as I told you, Tio?" I enquired nervously.

"*Pobrecito mio*, senor, in my fright I forgot it," the old man returned, hanging his head dejectedly.

A wave of anger surged up within me, and I was about to censure him soundly, when a look from Wilson checked me.

"No matter," he said quietly, "it will only bring things to an issue a few hours sooner. Besides, one of us two should have brought the keg. It would have been too heavy for Tio, anyway." My reply was drowned in a scattering volley that spent itself harmlessly on our granite bulwarks. The attack had commenced, and we were besieged in earnest.

I will not attempt to describe how that day passed with us, except to say

that the reflection of the sun's rays from the hot rock at our backs filled us with a torturing thirst, from which we could hope for no relief.

About four o'clock our first catastrophe occurred. Wilson stealthily poked his head from behind his shelter, a dozen shots greeted the act, and one of them, more badly aimed than the rest, glanced from an adjacent boulder and ploughed into his hip.

He bore his suffering manfully until the pain and added thirst made him delirious, and then his constant refrain was water! *water!* WATER!

At nightfall, his agony was so intense that I determined to risk a trip to the river. Water he must have, or die; and an hour after dark, I made my preparations and looked around for the keg. It was gone, and old Tio with it! Then I laid down beside my wounded friend, and peered anxiously out into the darkness. All was quiet for some time—perhaps an hour—so still, and calm, and peaceful, that it was hard to believe a dozen lurking assassins crouched in the shadows below us.

Suddenly a zig-zag line of dazzling flame ran along the bush on the river bank, followed by a few scattering flashes like the irregular flitting of fire-flies through the gloom. Ere the awakened echoes had died away, I heard a deep groan and the fall of some heavy object a few yards in front of our position. Creeping stealthily out, I came upon Tio, lying in a heap on the ground, with one arm tightly clasped about the keg of water, while with the forefinger of the other hand he endeavored to stop up a bullet hole, through which the precious fluid slowly leaked.

I would have carried him into the shelter, but he bade me in a cautious

whisper to take the keg, and he would follow.

After ministering to my partner's thirst, I struck a light and examined Tio's wounds, despite his protestations. Poor old Tio! the mortal tenement was shattered beyond repair. Yet as I sat and held his nerveless hand in the darkness, it was somehow borne in upon me that his noble self-sacrifice would presently reap a rich reward—that in his effort to procure a few drops wherewith to moisten the parched tongue of the man who had shown him some small kindness, his own spirit had been regenerated and fitted to drink of the waters of Eternal Life.

He died in the gray dawn; and when, some hours later, a troop of cavalry, in hot pursuit of the marauders, swept up to our rescue, we buried him where he lay, feeling that his sublime self-negation had made that spot the most sacred and fitting place of sepulture within our reach.

Alan Clifford.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SALT LAKE VALLEY.

When one's thoughts are concentrated in silent contemplation upon the early historical events connected with this valley and its pioneers, does it not fill his heart and soul with emotion, with lamentation, and with admiration?

And does it not arouse him to his sense of duty, and make him exclaim and feel that surely God's blessings are now being poured upon us in number and in a manner that we hardly deserve?

Students of the present and all future time will see the unique, the marvelous, the pathetic and the heroic, all as elements entering largely into the history of Salt Lake City and valley.

The reason for this, for the manner in which this valley and this state were settled, is due to peculiar circumstances, to that oft repeated saying, "Religious freedom." What a world of meaning those two words possess! What an ocean of tears and sufferings they have caused!

The early settlers of this valley, before they came here, believed certain principles to be facts, revealed to them by the Creator of all. For this they were mobbed and plundered, hunted and driven by bloodthirsty men from one state to another, having to leave behind them their homes, their possessions, their public buildings and temples, even in some cases their sick and their dying. Tongue cannot utter nor can words convey thoughts that would give one the least conception of how they were compelled to suffer.

But they honestly believed that

When Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares or sharp affliction sends,
We must conclude it best, it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.

Therefore, they submitted with humble hearts till 'twas time to commence that almost endless, trackless journey, which led unto peace and happiness. At last persecution became so grievous and insufferable that they were forced to leave in the depth of winter and wander in the western wilderness, attempting to make that journey over those immense prairies, those barren sage plains, those sterile lands and Rocky Mountains, that they might gather into that valley which is hidden up in the bosom of the mountains "on the tops of the everlasting hills," and rear a temple to the Lord God of Israel, where they might hear the word of Him, and know His will concerning them, still believing and asking

But mercies in disguise? the alternate cup,
 Medical though bitter, is prepared
 By love's own hand for salutary ends.

Again language fails in the attempt to convey to one a knowledge of the hardships and privations that accompanied those heart-stricken people on their journey to this valley.

Hardly had they commenced their journey when the United States government asked for five hundred volunteers from their midst to enlist for one year in the army to fight Mexican forces. Is it not surprising, and does it not reveal the patriotism that was born in them, when you are told that they went?

To fight for that same government
 From which as fugitives they went.

What were their families to do—
 Their children, wives, and mothers, too,
 When fathers, husbands, sons were gone?
 Mothers drove teams, and camps moved on.

But let us leave these scenes and awe inspiring incidents of travel, imagining that which would have to occur in crossing rivers and mountains, woods and valleys, for a distance of fourteen hundred miles of wild, trackless country, where the tread of the wild beast and the war-whoop of the Indian greeted them on every hand, by giving the thoughts of the Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCullough:

"One can hardly repress a feeling of admiration for their courage, patience and power of endurance, which they displayed in their march, the most wonderful of which there is a record, from Missouri over the trackless desert, with their wives and little ones, the aged, the sick and the infirm, in search of a home where they could enjoy, without molestation, the faith they had embraced."

On the morning of July 24th. 1847, nature sees the little band of one hun-

dred and forty-three exiled pilgrims near the mouth of Emigration Canyon, on an elevated spot, from which they could see the valley below them, or, in fact, the desert.

"This," said Brigham Young, "is the appointed place for us to build a city and erect a temple; it is the place I saw in my vision," or words to that effect. Some, weary and heart-sick by their journey, were far from being satisfied with the barren desert. The words of Sister Harriet Young express the thoughts of many: "Weak and weary as I am, I would rather go a thousand miles farther than remain in such a forsaken place as this." Surely it must have appeared forsaken when, as they scanned the distant valley, not a tree of any kind could be seen, nothing but dreary wastes of alkaline plains. The few trappers they met laughed at the idea of a colony subsisting in such a region. The well-known mountaineer, James Bridger, was so sanguine the task was an impossible one, that he offered to give one thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised in the valley. But, nevertheless, it was a comfort to them to think that they were at least away from the mobocrats of their former homes.

As soon as they arrived, the place was consecrated and dedicated to the Lord. As soon as this ceremony was ended and they had returned thanks vocally to God in heaven, plows were at once tearing up the ground and seeds were placed in mother earth for reproduction. One-half hour after their arrival President Woodruff was hard at work cultivating the soil, thus revealing at once his character.

That evening the then tilled grounds were given a good soaking by turning the water upon them. This was the

birth of that successful and most important means of watering the crops planted by man, without which a large majority of the people west of the Mississippi River would realize a famine almost as often as they live during the months of December and January. It was the birth of the most successful means of irrigation, which has caused thousands of men to congregate together and endeavor to establish it in their own states or vicinities.

It was the birth of a system which has made Utah and her people renowned throughout this western half of the civilized world.

Sunday was a day of rest, a day of rejoicing before the Lord; His Spirit was abundantly poured out upon them and peace, happiness and rejoicings and bright dreams of the future dwelt in the "valley of the mountains."

On the morning of the 27th Brigham Young and several others went on a short exploring tour. They traveled to the Lake. Here they walked out on Black Rock, now an island, without entering the water; thus we see that the waters of the Lake have risen since then.

The first white babe that was born in Utah opened its eyes on Monday, August 9, 1847, just two weeks and two days after the arrival of the pioneers. It was a girl, the daughter of John and Catherine Campbell Steele, who were living in a tent on the Temple Block. She was named Young Elizabeth Steele, after President Young and Queen Elizabeth.

As early as October, 1847, only three months after their arrival, a school was taught in the "Old Fort," by Miss Mary Dilworth, age sixteen years. She opened her school, having pieces of logs for seats and an old pioneer table for a

desk. Other schools were soon organized. The first Sabbath School was opened in the Fourteenth Ward of Salt Lake City, in December, 1849. These were the educational beginnings of Utah.

During the winter of 1847-8 the Saints suffered considerable with cold. It was not an uncommon thing for a woman to stand by the fire with an umbrella in her hand to prevent the rain from dripping upon her. But at last the spring of 1848 came, with a fair promise of excellent crops. Over five thousand acres of land were under cultivation, nine hundred of which had been sown with winter wheat, which had just sprouted above the ground.

At this time Parley P. Pratt made this remark: "Here life is as sweet as the holidays, as merry as in the Christian palaces and mansions of those who drove us to the mountains." While things seemed so bright and encouraging, there suddenly came from the mountains myriads of crickets. It was a terrible surprise, as it was unexpected. The crops were threatened with utter destruction, and a famine with all its terrors was about to come upon them. The crickets now swarmed in among the green wheat. As these black pests ate their way across the fields they left nothing behind them. Every effort was made to drive them away, but to no purpose.

Just at this critical time, when destruction seemed so nigh, flocks of gulls came from the Lake and lit on the fields. Came they to devour what remained untouched? No, but to prevent total destruction. They declared war upon the pests. All day long they ate and gorged, and when full would disgorge and feast again. They did this until they had ridded the pioneers

of their enemies. Was not this a manifestation of special care?

During the months of the scarcity of food, the settlers had to be fed on rations. They were forced to dig sego and thistle roots to sustain life. Various kinds of wild vegetation were used for "greens." The settlers boiled their raw hides, from which a soup was made. This was drunk with great relish. Many tasted not the "staff of life" for many weeks.

Shortly after the harvesting time in 1848, Brother Thomas Bullock, Clerk of the Camp of Israel, said: "We can raise more and better wheat to the acre in this valley than in any place any of us ever saw; and the same with all other grains, vegetables, etc., that we have tried."

"One thing wonderful for all you Englishmen to know," said a pioneer in a letter to a friend in England, "is, we have no land to buy nor sell; no lawyers wanting to make out titles, conveyances, stamps, or parchment. We have found a place where the land is acknowledged to belong unto the Lord, and the Saints, being His people, are entitled to as much as they can plant, take care of, and will sustain their families with food." On January 1, 1849, the first one dollar bill of Utah currency was signed by Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Thomas Bullock; and on the 22nd inst. the first typesetting in the west was done by President Brigham Young and Thomas Bullock, when setting it to print the fifty cent bills of Utah paper money.

During the year 1849, hundreds of people passed through this valley en route for the western El Dorado. In so doing the prophecy of Heber C. Kimball was fulfilled, for he said, more than a year before, in the presence of a large

congregation of the Saints, that before three years should elapse, "States goods" would be sold cheaper in Salt Lake City than in the Eastern States. The gold-seekers, having heard that other people had set out for California by sea and had reached there before them, sold their goods and provisions for a trifle in order to lighten their loads. They were known to give three heavy wagons and a pair of oxen for a lighter wagon.

A slight earthquake shock was felt in Salt Lake City on February 22, 1850. An important local event, in the summer of 1850, was the first issue of the *Deseret Evening News*—then a small, weekly paper—was issued on the 15th of June, with Willard Richards as its editor. The press with which it was printed was a small, wrought iron Ramage hand-press.

On the twenty-third anniversary of the Church, April 6, 1853, amid shouts of joy, sermons, and songs of praise, the four corner-stones of our magnificent Temple at Salt Lake City were laid. The poverty of the people, and the difficulty of obtaining building material, most of the granite from which it is constructed having to be hauled by ox teams a distance of twenty miles, are the reasons given for the long time it has taken to build it.

A "Spanish wall" was built around the city in the year 1853. It was twelve feet high, six feet wide at the base, tapering to two feet six inches. It was nine miles in length, and it was built to protect the settlers from the Indians.

During the early years of the settlement there was a depression in business every winter. It required so long a time to bring the goods here from the East that the greater portion of the

goods were all sold by Christmas, and the market was consequently bare of them until spring time, when a further supply could be made, while the prices of the imported articles were so great that to us they seem fabulous. Wheat was as high as five and six dollars a bushel, and flour commanded prices ranging from twelve to twenty-five dollars per one hundred pounds. The prices of other things were proportionately large. For three months the *Deseret Evening News* was not published, because they had no paper here.

Since then there have been but few things of great interest connected with this valley as a valley, except that it has grown in population, wealth and talent to a wonderful extent.

The portion of Salt Lake Valley lying within the boundaries of Salt Lake County is beautifully situated in the "bosom of the mountains," surrounded by the "everlasting hills," with the mighty Rockies filled with hidden treasures, lying on the east, with the winding Jordan silently running through its center, as the Jordan in the Holy Land; and the Oquirrh mountains on the west, with part of the Great Salt Lake forming part of its boundary, like unto the Dead Sea of Palestine. It is filled with peace and happiness, dotted with little homes and farm houses, and cultivated from the length and breadth of its borders.

The mountains and hills surrounding it are filled with the natural curiosities of geology, containing a very large variety of fossiliferous remains, with a portion of rock (granite) having been made in the oldest or archæa era of creation.

All the minerals that have contributed to the wealth of other communities, excepting perhaps coal, are found

in Salt Lake Valley, in great abundance, and are unusually easy of excess. It is the richest county in Utah.

Of the variety of springs in Utah, the most noted and best known are those (warm and hot, so called) in this valley. The waters are limpid, and smell strongly of sulphureted hydrogen. They have a temperature of from ninety-five to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The waters will cure many diseases, notably paralytic, rheumatic and scrofulous.

None but those who have lived here in this valley can realize what a healthful, enjoyable climate we have here. The mean summer temperature is about 74 deg.; but on account of the dry and rare atmosphere it is not more oppressive than at the sea level when the thermometer indicates five degrees lower. Although the mercury often reads ninety deg. in July and August, sunstroke is almost unknown. The mean temperature in winter is 32 deg. F., and the Salt Laker is generally enjoying himself while the Eastern railroads are all blockaded up by snow, and the mercury at the chief centers of population day after day reads from fifteen to thirty degrees below zero. A residence here is worth the while, solely for the agreeableness of the climate.

The natural tendency of wealth has been and is to concentrate here, where the capital of the territory is, and trade has come with it hand in hand.

It has many industries, the most important of which are the soap factories, the woolen mills, hat factories, shoe factories, carriage shops, harness shops, cracker factories, box factories, broom factories, mattress factories, tailoring business, grocery business, printing, and book-binding, lithographing, lumber

business, glass factory, meat business, flour mills, mining and farming industries, stock and fruit industries, etc.

George S. Gibbs.

THE STORY OF THREE TUNNELS.

My brain was on fire. I felt choking as I walked away from the office. Dismissed as a thief! I, the son of a man whose very name was still held sacred for his honor and integrity; oh, it was too much.

For three years I had been in an office in Edinburgh, and prided myself I was getting on fairly well. I did my work honestly and faithfully, and all seemed going smoothly when Mr. Heron, my employer, took a strange and unaccountable dislike to me. I tried to persuade myself I was mistaken, but the pleasanter I tried to be the more distant he became.

Things went on like this for about three months, till one day I was called into my principal's sanctum and dismissed. Of course, I demanded an immediate explanation. Mr. Heron sneered, and my blood began to boil. I felt as if I could have killed him as he said:

"No heroics, if you please, Blair, but thank your stars I am not to prosecute; for your widowed mother's sake I refrain, but not another day do you stay here."

"Mr. Heron," I began, as calmly as my indignation would permit me, "I demand to know what you dismiss me for?"

"For theft," he answered curtly. "For months it has been going on. Everything pointed to you as the culprit, but I was loth to believe that the son of William Blair could have fallen so low, but this day has proved it."

"In what way?" I enquired, sarcastically.

Mr. Heron's face flushed angrily—more at my tone than my words, I think.

"You have overreached yourself this time," he said. "The check you so cleverly forged my name to was suspected. As a rule one uses his checks straightforward, and it would have answered your purpose better had you not clumsily supposed it would avert suspicion, and used the last in the book."

In vain I protested—threatened—demanded a clear explanation. Mr. Heron simply ignored my request, and sternly pointed to the door.

"Go," he said, "and never darken my door again. Once your father befriended me, and for the memory of that I let you go free."

Mr. Heron's stern face is the last thing I distinctly remember. I have a hazy recollection of putting on my coat and hat, walking through the outer office amongst the clerks, who eyed me curiously, and of walking the whole length of Princes Street. I could not realize what had happened; it came upon me with such a shock that I felt dazed and stupid.

Suddenly I thought of Murdoch. Murdoch was a lawyer in Glasgow. We had been fast friends since the day we both entered the same office—raw, country lads we were, too. From the very first we drew together. We shared the same rooms for three years, then Murdoch left for Glasgow, and I remained with Mr. Heron. I resolved at once to go to Murdoch, tell him the whole story, and get his advice.

I could not go home; my mother would have broken her heart to know her only son was suspected of being a

thief. I turned my steps to the Waverley Station and took train for Glasgow, via Polmont. By this time my head was aching, and I was thankful to lean back on the cushions and shut my eyes. My fellow-passengers were an old lady, with a curious black bonnet—something like the ones worn by the Sisters of Mercy; an old, foreign-looking gentleman; a young mother with two little children; and a plain-looking, quietly-dressed girl, who was seated in the corner opposite me. My head was throbbing frightfully, and I lay back intending to sleep if possible.

But just as we emerged from the first tunnel I was roused from my lethargy by a curious change that had taken place. I could have sworn that when I entered the train at Edinburgh the carriage contained but two children—now there were three. I puzzled over the third child till my brain ached. I rubbed my eyes, shut them, looked again, but no, there sat the third child grinning at me in an idiotic fashion.

Suddenly the old lady with the black hood dived underneath her cloak and stealthily produced a long dagger. I started violently, and was about to say something, when, to my horror, we entered the second tunnel. I heard a muffled groan, then a dull thud, and when once more we emerged into daylight the old gentleman was gone.

The old fiend in the black hood looked at me sardonically and smiled. An icy finger seemed laid on my heart—I could not speak—I could not move. I looked wildly at the other passengers, and they seemed paralyzed with horror.

At the next station the young mother and her children hurried out; but the young girl opposite me seemed glued to her seat, and gazed at me with terror in her face. I was about to open the door

and go into another compartment when the train moved off, and we were alone once more with the maniac.

We were fast approaching the last tunnel, when the old woman looked furtively at me, pointed to her dagger, then to the defenceless girl in the corner. But I could not see her butchered in that cold-blooded way, and I stood up to wrest the dagger from the mad woman. But just as I got to my feet we entered the third tunnel. I rushed to the window to feel for the cord to alarm the conductor; but I was dragged back and thrown violently to the floor, and I remembered no more.

* * * * *

When I regained consciousness I was in a strange room. It was dusk, and everything had a dim-like look, but gradually my eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I saw a girl seated in an arm-chair, gazing into the fire. I had seen her before, but where I could not remember.

"Where am I?" I asked her, as she glanced across to the bed. As I spoke she started violently, and came across to the bedside.

"You are with friends," she said, "but you must not speak, you will know all about it when you are a little better."

"Have I been ill?" I enquired.

"Yes," she replied; "very ill, but you are now out of danger." Just then the door opened, and the doctor entered.

"Well, young man," he said, grimly, "so we are to pull you through after all."

"Doctor," I began eagerly, "tell me how all this happened. Where am I? Who brought me here?"

"Just you let all these questions rest for the present," replied the doctor. "Try and sleep, and rest with the assur-

ance that all is well—tomorrow, if you are strong enough, you shall be enlightened.

I was too weak to protest. A feeling of rest and peace gradually stole over me, and I fell asleep.

Next morning I felt very much stronger, and gradually memory returned. I remembered perfectly my cruel dismissal, my leaving for Glasgow, the blood-curdling episodes of the journey, then a blank till my awakening in my present position—what was in between was a mystery to me, and by the time the doctor arrived I was in a perfect fever of impatience. At last he entered the room, and I began at once. "Doctor," I said, "now you must tell me what has happened. I shall never get well till I know the meaning of this."

For answer the doctor seated himself by the bedside and took my hand.

"Young man," he began, "didn't I tell you not to trouble yourself about anything?"

"Yes, doctor," I answered, "but I can't help troubling myself. If you only knew——"

"I know all about it," interrupted he, "and you just lie quiet till I tell you. You left Mr. Heron's office on the 21st of June, exactly seven weeks ago."

"Seven weeks!" I shouted, incredulously, sitting up in sheer amazement.

"Lie down at once," said the doctor, sharply, "or you'll hear no more. You left the office, as I said, seven weeks ago, took train for Glasgow, fainted in the carriage, and here you are."

"And what about the old man who was murdered?" I enquired. The doctor stared.

"What old man?" he asked, in surprise.

Then I related the experiences of that awful journey to him. The doctor list-

ened patiently till I had finished, then said:

"My dear fellow, you have had a very severe attack of brain fever—it must have been begun even then. There was certainly no murder. Miss Arneston was traveling from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and in the last tunnel you brushed past her, intending, she thought, to throw yourself from the window. By a superhuman effort she pulled you back, and on arriving at Buchanan Street, you being in a dead faint, she called a cab, and, like a sensible girl, brought you direct to her mother's house.

"They knew nothing about you for over a week, then I noticed a paragraph in the papers about the mysterious disappearance of a young man. As the description given answered exactly to you, I communicated with a Mr. Heron, who was advertising in all the papers for you, and also with a Mr. Murdoch, who has been here every day. Now, Mr. Heron can explain the rest himself."

"Mr. Heron," I repeated, in amazement, as the doctor rose.

"I promised to telegraph whenever you were well enough to see him. I did so this morning, and he arrived an hour ago, accompanied by your mother, who has also been ill."

The doctor left the room, and in a few minutes returned with Mr. Heron and my mother.

Mother burst into tears, and Mr. Heron seemed deeply moved.

"John Blair," he said, huskily, "I have come to beg your forgiveness. I shall explain shortly how it all happened, meantime it is enough to know that all is cleared up, and I shall strive to atone to you for what you have suffered."

I was about to speak, when the doctor

coolly ordered me to hold my tongue and try and go to sleep.

I mended rapidly after this. Mother and Miss Arneston nursed me, and in another week I was sitting at the fireside.

One afternoon Mr. Heron appeared. Mother rose and left the room—evidently knowing he had come to talk.

Mr. Heron had a painful story to tell me. For a long time his only son had been living a very fast life. Again and again Mr. Heron paid his debts, but at length he refused him everything save his allowance, which was a handsome one. By dint of careful planning, John Heron had got access to his father's room, and by means of a false key had opened his desk, and, of course, in a very short time everything was in confusion. But his last act was the most atrocious. Not only had he forged his father's name, but by cleverly laid plans he fixed the blame on me. By means of leaving scraps of paper purposely torn up in my room, a blotting-pad with his father's name many times there, and many other trivial ways, suspicion could hardly fail to rest on me.

But John Heron's reckless life had had a sad ending. Only the day after my dismissal he had been out driving with a party of young fellows as wild and reckless as himself. The horse bolted—one young man was killed on the spot.

John lived long enough to tell his father of his cowardly crime, and obtain his forgiveness.

Mr. Heron finished his tale with bowed head and husky voice, and my heart ached for the old man in his trouble.

Nothing more was said, and in a few weeks I was back in the office. But somehow business seemed to take me

pretty often to Glasgow. Murdoch gave me many a sly hit; he had guessed my secret at once, for Margaret Arneston's plain face was the one face in the world to me.

By and by Mr. Heron saw how matters stood, and soon I had a snug little home to offer Margaret. The subject of the check was never again mentioned between us, but I was repaid over and over again for the agony I had endured in the three tunnels.

C. S.

ANIMALS USED IN MEDICINE.

It is an interesting fact, which, perhaps, but few stop to consider when about to swallow a doctor's prescription, that the animal kingdom affords many most useful and powerful remedies in the treatment of disease.

From the horns and bones of various animals may be procured, by distillation, muriate of ammonia, commonly used in medicines for both internal and external use; from burnt bones comes phosphate of soda, so valuable in physic; and prussic acid, used medicinally as one of the most powerful narcotic substances, may be obtained from animal matter in a state of decomposition.

The number of animal oils and fats used in medicine are extremely numerous. Large quantities of oil are obtained in Tasmania from the mutton-bird, and used as a liniment, for rheumatism; while the fat of the frigate-bird is said to be an excellent specific for sciatica. Cod-liver oil is too well known to bear more than mention; and the oil got from the dugong, an aquatic monster related to the whale tribe, has a high reputation as a substitute for that obtained from the smaller fry of the cod. From six to fourteen gallons of

this medicinal oil can be taken out of a single animal.

Spermaceti, which is often used internally in catarrh and other affections, as well as in the form of ointments for wounds and excoriations of the skin, is obtained from the head of another monster of the whale kind, which abounds in the South Seas; while the highly esteemed ambergris is only a condition of disease in the same animal.

The beaver yields a secretion known as castor or castoreum, a powerful antispasmodic medicine commonly used in cases of hysteria; and the well-known aromatic substance, musk—which, besides being used for toilet purposes, is, in combination with other drugs, also frequently used as a remedy in hysteria and epilepsy—is the secretion of a small kind of goat found in the mountainous parts of Asia.

The substance known as pepsine, now most extensively prescribed as a remedy in all forms of dyspepsia, is nothing more than the gastric juice of the pig, and prepared, according to the directions of the Pharmacopœia, by scraping it from the stomach of the newly killed hog with a blunt knife.

Many valuable medicinal properties were formerly attributed to those substances known as bezoar stones, morbid concretions found in the stomach of certain animals, particularly the camel. They consist chiefly of lithofellic acid, and are still used in medicine by Hindu doctors.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the *materia medica* of greater value, or more extensively beneficial, than certain species of insects.

Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical purposes than those beautiful, shining, green-colored insects known as blistering beetles or

cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends. They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine. Tons of these insects are yearly imported, principally from Southern Europe.

The cochineal insect is in some cases also recognized as a medicine, and at one time had a reputation for wonderful virtues. Honey and wax, often used in pharmacy, are insect products; while galls, used in medicine for their astringent properties, and the gallic and tannic acid they furnish, are also the work of insects.

Carbonate and phosphate of lime prepared from crab shells, and various other calcareous substances derived from the animal kingdom, such as burnt egg-shells and oyster-shells, were long employed in medicine to remove acidity of the digestive organs.

The presence of that valuable substance, iodine, in various zoophytes caused them to be employed in medicine with great success in the removal of tumors; and formerly burnt sponge, also containing iodine, was much used in prescriptions.

From the safety of their operation in blood letting, the leech has been used for more than two thousand years; and in many cases doctors could hardly dispense with their use.

The application of animals and animal substances to the cure of disease has prevailed from the earliest times, though the greater part of such remedies, until recent times, have been founded on either fantastic or superstitious notions.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH.

It is true of individuals as of nations, that the hunger and thirst and struggle for mere wealth contributes in no degree to greatness and never yet brought power, even though the coveted riches may have been secured. Of course wealth in itself is a means of power—money is a useful servant; properly obtained and properly used it may be made the instrument by which great good can be accomplished. But it is a bad master; it makes its slaves grasping, mean and unhappy; even where their tastes are affluent and their disposition generous, the love of money is still, as was truly said anciently, the root of all evil. To be "as rich as Croesus" is of itself no honor or worthy distinction, especially if the other attributes are like those of Croesus. It ought to be more desirable to be as wise as Solomon, as just as Aristides, as patriotic as Washington.

Reflections on this subject may well be stimulated by a glance at the present condition of Spain, due largely if not solely to the love of gold which entered the heart of her cavaliers at the time of her greatness, and has cankered the whole body politic ever since. At the time of the discovery of America, and subsequent to that important event, Spain was probably the foremost power of the world. The Spanish peninsula itself possesses resources enough to

make any enterprising and industrious people powerful and wealthy. But these magnificent resources were but small when compared with those of the Spanish empire—the various colonies and dependencies, were mines of untold wealth. Not only the Mediterranean isles, which graced the Spanish crown in its brightest days, but also the thrifty Netherlands, with their busy, saving, prosperous inhabitants, contributed vast sums to Spanish love of wealth and luxury. But either or all of these could not be compared in the production of wealth with the almost limitless possessions in America. Mexico and Peru, besides the Central American country, yielded up uncounted treasures at the demand of military adventurers. At the rude demand of these rough men of war and plunder, native kings turned out thousands and millions of dollars of gold and silver which slaves had torn out of the mountain sides. Every vessel carried loads of the precious metals to the mother country; it is even estimated that during the first century after the discovery of America that Spain received from the New World more than two thousand tons of gold and about three times that quantity of silver. Penniless knights became millionaires after a short career of conquest or rather plunder in America; and into the coffers of the Spanish rulers poured such a stream of gold that they scarcely knew how to distribute, much less to utilize it.

Of course extravagance and shiftlessness followed in the train. Work became unpalatable and undignified—the same amount of effort that would produce a living in the fertile plains of Spain would produce a fortune among the savages of America. The arts of peace lost their charm, and rapine came to be regarded as a legitimate and profit

able means of livelihood. The noblest of mortal sentiments, patriotism, the love and defense of one's home and country, dwindled suddenly, and intrigue, bribery, diplomacy and the hire of mercenary soldiers took its place. Of few statesmen of the time could it be said that they had not been tempted by, if they had not accepted, Spanish gold.

Money will do many things, but it will not do everything. The example we have taken, the Spanish empire of the sixteenth century, is a striking instance in proof. Where the English, the French, the Dutch planted colonists and established a permanent commerce, the Spaniards had marauders and gold-getters. In later years the Germans have entered the more honorable class, while not all those mentioned above have earned the right to remain in that category. But our remarks are directed more particularly against Spain, and the same condition will apply to every nation that pursues the same policy. Instead of being strengthened and supported by her colonies, she will be drained and tormented by them if her previous policy has been to subjugate and impoverish them. Florida, Mexico, Peru, Brazil—almost everything on the mainland of the American hemisphere has wrested itself from the grasp of Spanish avarice, and Cuba today—the gem of the Antilles—is engaged in a life and death struggle for independence, with good prospects of success. Do our readers wonder why Spain gets so little sympathy in her reverses during this latest war? In view of the foregoing facts can they wonder that reverses multiply upon her, and that having made gold her ambition and staff, she should be compelled to see it melt away and leave her helpless and friendless at last?

UTAH'S INAUGURATION.

Hail welcome day! Blest be thy dawn
Hail! all hail! the auspicious morn.
Let shouts, and songs of gladdening cheer
Re-echo long, and loud, and clear.
Today we join with heart and hand
The patriotic statehood band,
Today we stand as freemen bold
Fair Utah's beauties to unfold.

She long has been a minor child
While grace and beauty on her smiled
With naught her loveliness to mar
She enters now a brilliant star.
Her queenly head she'll proudly raise
While sister states shall on her gaze;
Their eyes ope'd wide with wondering awe,
Her power is great, divine her law.

Grand education is her theme,
Its ruling forces reign supreme,
Refinement, peace and industry,
Compassion for humanity,
True love for country, God and right,
Heroic soldiers in the fight,
All this fair Utah gives, and more
Than could be here recounted o'er.

Unfurl our country's banner now,
Let each in grateful homage bow
While gladness reigns both near and far
Adorn it with another star;
A star that by its brilliant light,
By scintillations clear and bright
Shall draw and keep the good and great
Within our own most beauteous State.

Ah! Utah dear, we hail the day
When thou with grand majestic sway
The queen of states shall rule and reign
And of the west the pride remain.
God grant that we may worthy be
Of this great boon of liberty;
And may we ever bless the date
When Utah fair became a state.

Lula Cooper.

It is hard for anybody else to please the man who is pleased with himself.

Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own behind our back.

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

Our Little Folks.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

A Dialogue.

Characters: HARRY, SAM, DAVE, AUSTIN.

(Harry and Sam enter from left, slouchy and dirty.)

HARRY: I don't know what's the matter with Dave and Austin; they never want to have any fun.

SAM: Oh, I know! They are too stuck up.

HARRY: Yes, and religious. We are just as good as them any day.

SAM: You bet we are. See what a good time we had by staying away from Sunday School this morning.

HARRY: Oh, Sam, I wonder if the old lady Miller saw us steal the apples off that tree.

SAM: Of course not. How could she see us, when you were up among those thick branches, while I hid in that old barrel?

HARRY: And she is so short-sighted, anyhow. But I say, Sam, it's too bad to steal from an old lady like her. That was the only apple tree she had. We ought to have robbed somebody who had plenty of apples.

SAM: Never mind, we had the fun anyhow.

(Harry looks off right and sees Dave and Austin coming from school.)

HARRY: Hello! Sunday School's out. Here come the smarts, Dave and Austin; let them speak first, just because they wouldn't join us in our sport.

SAM: That's a go, then.

(Dave and Austin enter from right, clean and with the appearance of good boys.)

DAVE and AUSTIN (together kindly): Hello, boys!

HARRY and SAM (harshly): Hello!

AUSTIN: Say, boys, why were you not at Sunday School this morning?

SAM: Kats with Sunday School; what do we want to go there for?

DAVE: To learn something, of course.

HARRY: We have better fun outside.

AUSTIN: Why, do you go after fun on Sundays?

HARRY: You bet we do; we had a jolly time today.

DAVE: What doing?

SAM: Stealing apples from old Mrs. Miller. You two lost all the fun (scornfully); but of course you are so religious.

HARRY: And we are going down to the river this afternoon to swim and fish.

AUSTIN: Well, boys, I am surprised at your conduct; I never thought you so mean. Stealing from an old lady, you may say taking the bread from her mouth. Now, boys, place your mothers in the same condition as she is, and how would you like to see boys come and steal their apples? I know I wouldn't like it.

DAVE: Yes, if you go down to the river and get drowned what a serious matter it will be. Don't you remember the ten commandments you learned about six months go? You have broken two of them today. First, you have been stealing; second, breaking the Sabbath. Now, you missed a good Sunday School this morning, and we had some lovely cards for our good attendance. See here.

(Shows picture card with verse on the bottom, which he reads.)

"Thou shalt not steal." Austin, show your card and read your verse.

(Austin shows his card and reads.)

AUSTIN (reads): "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

SAM (as if feeling sorrowful): "Oh, I

wish I had gone to Sunday School. How wicked I have been!

HARRY (as if feeling bad): And me, too. Oh, how can we be forgiven for what we have done?

AUSTIN: I will tell you. Take back to the old lady more apples than you stole, tell her what you have done, ask her to forgive you, and never do such wickedness again. Bend your knees before the Lord and ask Him to forgive you and you will be forgiven. Come with us to Sunday School, and be good boys.

DAVE: That's just the way to be forgiven and right the wrong.

HARRY: Oh, dear playmates, thank you for your good advice, and I will never do such wicked things again, will you, Sam?

SAM: No, never. Oh, I feel so sorry. May God forgive us, and may we never do such wickedness again.

HARRY: Sam, let's make it all right with Austin and Dave, and shake our hands in friendship, and promise never to think them too smart again, for they have showed us how superior they are to us.

(They all shake hands. Harry and Sam take hold of each other's hands and repeat in concert, standing between Dave and Austin.)

HARRY and SAM:

"O, may we never forget
The lessons learned today,
That we must never steal,
Nor break the Sabbath day."

(They all join hands and repeat the following):

"And now in friendship we depart;
Oh, may it never cease;
And let us try to reach the mark
Where all is love and peace."

Hector Evans.

SCOFIELD, UTAH.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 287.)

One day, during the fall of the year young Robbie was passing by a house not far from his home, and a woman who happened to be outside near the gate eyed him very closely as he went by. After he had gone a few steps past the gate the lady called to him and accused him of stealing turnips out of her garden, and threatened to punish him or tell his mother about it.

Robbie was innocent of the charge, so he did not mind her threat of reporting him to his mother. He went home and told her himself of what the lady accused him. His mother questioned him closely to find out if he was really telling the truth. Although he told a straight story she was not entirely satisfied to drop the matter there. This was not because she could not trust her boy; but fearing that he might possibly have been led to hide some of the facts, she resolved to make further inquiry. She was very particular in looking after her boy and did not want him to fall into evil ways if she could help it. So she put on her bonnet and asked Robbie to go with her to see the lady that accused him of stealing and find out what evidence she had that he was guilty.

When Mrs. Richards asked the lady if her son had been stealing from her garden she hesitated and then replied she thought he was the boy that did it. When asked when it happened, she said it was just the night before, between nine and ten o'clock. The mother was now fully convinced that the woman was mistaken, as she knew Robbie was at home and in bed before that time of night.

She made it a regular practice to have her son in at night, and trained him in the habit of going to bed early. The

boy often thought it was a punishment to be kept in at night, when he could hear the other boys in the street shouting and laughing in their play. But when he grew older he felt thankful to his mother for taking such care over him.

Robbie wondered why his mother did not accept his word without further inquiry when he told her he did not steal the turnips. He had always been taught to tell the truth, and believed his mother trusted his word.

He soon learned, however, that his mother was wiser than he was. The evil result of a mother placing too much confidence in her child was illustrated before him not long after this little incident happened.

A boy who lived in the neighborhood was accused by a young man of taking a hatchet from his dooryard. The boy was taken to his mother and she was informed of his conduct. The mother, instead of inquiring of her boy if he stole the hatchet, declared most positively that she knew her son would not do such a thing, as he had always been told not to steal. She felt very indignant at him being charged with doing such a deed.

The young man who lost the hatchet was not satisfied with the course taken by the boy's mother, so he next went to the boy's father and told him about it. The father accompanied the young man to the house and asked the boy in the presence of his mother if he took the man's hatchet. Before the boy had a chance to give an answer the mother replied that she knew he did not do it.

"But let the boy speak for himself," insisted the father.

"Did you take the man's hatchet, my boy?" he asked in a kindly tone.

"Yes," replied the boy.

The mother felt ashamed and surprised and turned to go away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

Snake River.

Snake River rises in Wyoming, in the Wind River Mountains, and it forces its way down through the mountains, first in a south-westerly course, then in a westerly, then north as far as Lewiston, then again to a westerly direction till it empties into the Columbia River, which forms part of the boundary between Oregon and Washington. The Snake River has two forks or branches—the North and South Fork—for about the distance of one hundred miles. They flow together and form the Snake River.

The stream is so called on account of its being formed like a crawling snake. The river is very clear, and flows with great rapidity, taking at times large rocks and trees with it.

Gold has been washed down this stream in past years, and there are extensive placer mines near the junction of the two branches.

The main value of this river is for irrigation purposes. Extensive canals are taken out to water the vast country called the Upper Snake River Valley. In some places machinery is run by this river.

There are some large bridges built over this river and its branches. Snake River is navigable as far as the Shoshone Falls, and it affords very picturesque scenery. Some very pretty forests are on its banks. American Falls on this stream are noted for their beauty.

Joseph T. Young. Age 15.

REXBURG, IDAHO.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Ark of God Returned to the Israelites.

The Philistines made a new cart, or flat wagon, and put the ark on it, and also some golden mice, and jewels of gold for an offering.

Then they hooked up to the cart two cows that had never had yokes on before, and shut their little calves up at home.

They said if the cows went to the camp of the Israelites with the ark they would know that their sickness had been sent upon them by the Lord because they had taken the ark away from His people; but if the cows should stay at home, as it was natural they should do, they would think their sickness had only happened, and that the Lord had nothing to do with it. You know what a fuss the old cow makes if we shut up her little calf and then try to take her away from it.

Well, when those cows were hooked up they paid no attention to their little calves that were shut up, but they both started right off toward the camp of the Israelites, lowing as they went, and without looking around them on either side, and they finally went into a field where a good many Israelites were at work, and then stopped by the side of a large rock.

Of course the Israelites were all glad when they saw the ark coming back, and they broke up the cart or wagon and used it for wood, piling it upon the big rock, which they used for an altar; then they killed the cows and put them on top of the wood, and offered them for a burnt offering to the Lord.

Five of the great men of the Philistines had followed along to see where the cows went, and what would happen,

so when they saw the Israelites offering the sacrifice they went back home.

The Israelites sent the ark to one of their cities to be taken care of, and some of the people tried to serve the Lord; but many of them continued to worship idols, and they finally told Samuel that they wanted a king.

They did not want to be governed by the Lord's prophets any more, but wanted a king to rule over them, so that they might be like the other nations around them.

Samuel felt quite badly about it, knowing that the Lord's people should be governed by prophets whom the Lord would appoint; so he told the Lord all about the dissatisfaction of the people, and asked what he should do.

The Lord told Samuel to tell the people once more that they ought to serve God and Him only, and to tell them how much greater would be their bondage if they were to have a king; but they still insisted that they must have a king so as to be like the other nations, and the Lord told him to let them have one.

Celia A. Smith.

A NEW STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was a compassionate man. Governor Rice and Senator Wilson entered one morning the President's private office. With them slipped in a lad who had been waiting days for admission. The President briefly saluted the two men, and turning to the lad, said kindly, "And who is this little boy?" The child told him that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House. Lincoln replied that application must be made to the doorkeeper of the House at the Capitol. "But, sir," said the

lad, "I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother and from the Supervisor and from my Sunday School teacher." The President took the lad's papers, ran his eye over them, then wrote upon the back of one of them, "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified. A. Lincoln." The war was at its fiercest. The great man was worn with anxiety and labor, tormented by the complaints of the envious, crowded with numerous cares incident to his position,

pressed constantly to decisions of grave moment in public policy, but he forgot them all to listen to the troubled tale of a little boy. It reminds us of Him who bore a heavier burden than any nation's chief, yet was always compassionate and self-forgotten.

Lazy men are like ants—always hunting for a job.

A lie feels easy only when it forgets that it has a truth on its track.

BLESSED SABBATH DAY.

Sunday School Anthem.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Marcia.

All that love the Sab - bath, And the gold - en rule, Praise the Great Cre -

TENOR.
All that love the Sab - bath, And the gold - en rule, Praise the Great Cre -

BASS.
a - tor, In the Sunday school; Blessed is the gos - pel,

a - tor, In the Sunday school; Blessed is the gos - pel,

Glorious to pro - claim, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise God's ho - ly

Glorious to pro - claim, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise God's ho - ly

name, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise His ho - ly

CODA. 1ST TIME.

name. A - men. name; Oh, come, oh, come, with praise

1ST TIME.

we'll sing, Raise high our voice to Christ, our King, to sing, and praise high our voice - es to Je - sus our King,

D. C.

our King. Thee, oh, Lord, our voice - es raise, With King. our voice-es high we raise, our voices high we raise,

D. S. to F

pray'r - ful hearts we love to sing Thy praise. With pray'r-ful hearts, oh, Lord, we love to sing Thy Praise. Oh,

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



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No. 11.

OUR WORDS.

I was sitting, sitting silently and wondering what to write,
While before me on the table lay the paper pure and white;
I didn't care to soil it with one naughty, useless word,
When the echo of the muse's voice within I faintly heard,
Saying, "Write, write, write I pray thee, of the words that do abound
Profusely as the autumn leaves that scatter o'er the ground!
Each harsh word is as a stone cast in the deep, blue sea,
Causing the waves to ripple on the ocean broad and free;
And the farther from the place it sinks the larger grow the waves,
Till you hear it echo back from long unknown and hidden caves;
Thus words unkind once spoken, cast upon life's troubled sea,
Will be as dismal sounds of sorrow coming back to thee,
To howl into thine ears their fell distraction's biting blasts,
Their gloom and sorrow on thy life's declining years to cast;
Kind words are as the bread of life upon the waters thrown,
And surely 'twill return to thee before thy life has flown,
As sounds of angels' voices singing unto thee their praise,
Filling thy soul with melody in life's declining days;
Then cast thy bread of kindness on the waters while you may,
For surely 'twill return to thee thy kindness to repay;
Nor cast the stones of slander on the waters to return
In ceaseless waves of torture that will cause thy soul to mourn."

Annie G. Lauritzen.

TEMPERANCE.

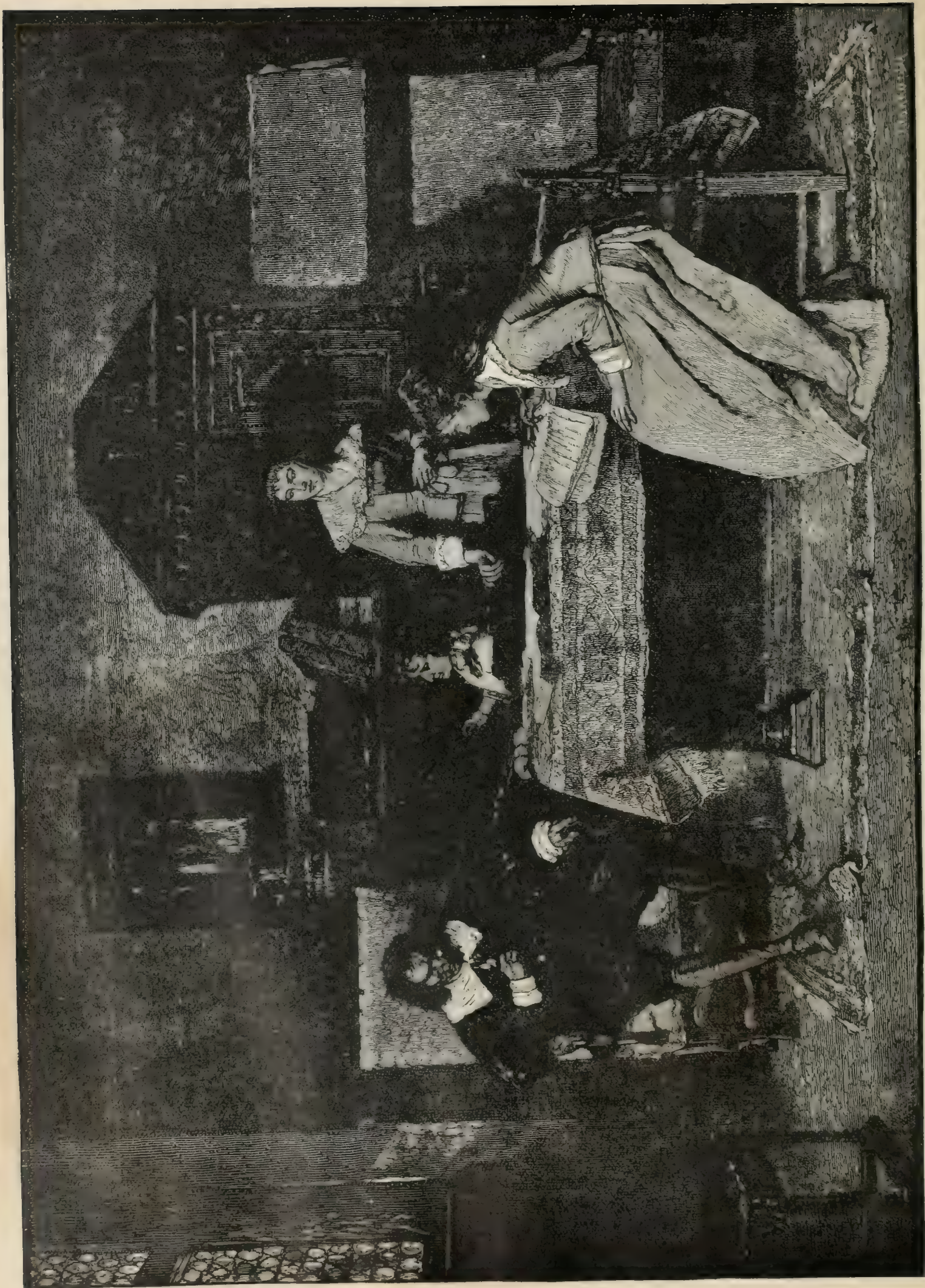
It was not in the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the ruby wine cup,
That the reason and senses drown:
He drank the alluring poison,
And then my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope that might have been,
For the brand of a beast besotted,
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure,
My poor weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story,
That mothers so often tell,
In tones of infinite sadness
Like the tones of a funeral bell,
But I never thought once when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother;
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion;
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe from danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy the great evil?
No bar in their pathway be thrown.
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down!

HAPPINESS consists in activity; it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

THE AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST."

A few weeks ago this paper contained a picture and a brief sketch of a noted historical writer, Prescott, who during several years of preparation for one of his greatest histories was deprived of his eyesight. He was forced to depend upon others for that which he would have gladly and more capably done for himself in the preparatory research incident to accurate historical work; but Providence having willed it otherwise, he bravely accepted the situation and suffered his great misfortune without in the least manifesting any disposition to abandon or postpone the work on which he had set his heart.

It is now our privilege to invite the reader's attention to another great light of literature, who also employed the English tongue, and who also suffered from blindness during a portion of his life. Of him Dr. Johnson wrote that though he had faults of diction, he did not lack in variety and copiousness; "he was master of his language in its full extent; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence that from his book alone the art of English poetry might be learned." We refer to John Milton, the cotemporary of the iron Cromwell, and the author of the immortal poem, "Paradise Lost." He was born in 1608, and was afforded the best opportunities of education that money could give, both in schools and in travel. In middle life he returned from a long absence from England, and went to teaching school, during this period writing many treatises and pamphlets, which show his adoption of the Puritan severity of manner and savageness of thought. One of his works of this period was an argument justifying the beheading of King Charles

I., written, he claims, "to compose the minds of the people." Soon afterwards his eyesight began to fail, and it was not long until he was totally blind. His ambition had been to become the author of three great works—an epic poem, the history of his country, and a Latin dictionary. The two latter projects, though in a measure carried through, made for their author no fame. The poem he began, and although interrupted for a time by the restoration of Charles II. and various fears as to what course the latter would pursue as to those who had been his royal father's enemies, Milton was at length emboldened to go on and finish it, his great masterpiece. Of course he was compelled to use the pen of others; and in the manuscript of the great poem there are many different handwritings. Our picture represents one of his daughters acting in the capacity of scribe; and his own offspring no doubt helped him more than anyone else—he having been married three times and twice left a widower with children—his third wife survived him. He died at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in London.

C.

"FLAXY."

It was the boast of the Horseshoe-Bar outfit that no coward had ever drawn wages riding for the brand since its range had been in New Mexico. The company had driven in its herd from the Indian Territory about five years previous to the time of which I write, and turned the cattle loose on the Mimbres.

The cowmen of that section asserted that the Horseshoe-Bar "punchers" were, collectively and individually, the "toughest" lot of men that ever roped a maverick or "burned" a brand.

Everybody in Los Pinos, the nearest town to the ranch, knew when the bi-monthly checks came to pay off the Horseshoe-Bars. A wild carousal in the two or three squalid "hells" of the town, sometimes varied by an enlivening exchange of shots with the marshal or a deputy sheriff, was the inevitable sequel to a pay-day at the ranch.

The sight of two or three Horseshoe-Bar horses hitched in front of a saloon, was a sufficient intimation to the more peaceably inclined citizens to keep within the quiet precincts of their homes, and sedulously to exclude any ray of lamp or candle from escaping through the windows after dark.

But these wild riders did not always have things exactly as they wished,—that is, their own way. Occasionally, after one of their visits to town, it became necessary to impanel a coroner's jury and the foreman of the outfit was compelled to hire a new hand.

Such was the case in the summer of 188—. "Black Sam," the "horse rustler," had fallen before a well-directed bullet from the marshal's Winchester, living just long enough after the crack of the gun to bequeath his saddle, bridle and spurs in payment of a gambling debt, and to beg his more fortunate comrades to "get squar" with the minion of the law for his death.

The "round-up" was in progress, and another "horse rustler" was indispensable; but unemployed cowboys were very scarce in that vicinity at that season, and several days passed in a fruitless search for a hand.

"I'll take anythin' es can sit straddle of a horse," Ben, the foreman, finally declared. "I don't believe I'd balk at a Chinaman, if one was to offer hisself."

His trouble was at last ended by the entrance into camp one evening of a

lank angular, tow-headed young fellow, whose beardless face proclaimed him scarcely yet a man.

"I heard this yer outfit wanted a hoss rustler, an' I come to get the job," he announced, in a melodious southern drawl.

"Can you ride a 'brank'?" queried Ben, running his eyes over the ungainly figure before him.

"I've rid some, but I dunno es I'm any bronco 'buster.'"

"Got a saddle?" was the foreman's next question.

"My hoss an' saddle's over at Los Pinos."

"All right. Go an' get your horse, an' come up to camp. You can go to work in the morning."

"D'you suppose the flaxy-headed cuss is any 'count?" Ben asked the boys, when the new acquisition had departed.

"Get him to crawl ol' Ute in the mornin', an' you'll find out quick enough," suggested "Bronco" Dick, who prided himself on being able to ride "any hoss as ever growed ha'r," as he expressed it.

The hint was taken. Next morning, when "Flaxy," as he was already dubbed, received his mount, Ute, the most vicious "bucker" in the outfit, headed the list.

"Think you can 'stick' a mean horse?" queried Ben, with a dubious glance at the ungainly proportions of his new *vaquero*.

"I mout ride in a lumber wagon without fallin' out, if the end-gate was in," Flaxy replied.

"Throw your saddle onto that bald-faced sorr'l, an' let's see some o' your circus-ridin'!" retorted Ben, nettled by the explosion of laughter at his expense which Flaxy's sally had created.

Nothing daunted by the admonitory

snorts and lunges of Ute, Flaxy adjusted his saddle and tightened the cinches.

"Better put a 'blind' on him afore you crawl him," cautioned "Bronco" Dick.

His advice was unheeded. Flaxy's bony left hand grasped the check piece of the heavy bridle, pulling Ute's head down on his left shoulder; his right seized the horn of the saddle in a firm grip; his ungainly left foot slipped deftly into the stirrup; the spur on his right heel flashed through the air, and he landed in the saddle as easily and gracefully as a bird alights on a mountain cedar.

As Bronco Dick afterwards expressed it, "he stayed with ol' Ute like he'd growed thar. Ol' Ute, he 'sun-fished,' 'swapped ends in the air,' fell back twict, an' tore up ten squar' acres o' groun'; but the boy rid him to a finish."

Two months went by and the checks came once more. The killing of "Black Sam" by the marshal was far from being a dead issue, and it was decided to go into town and "shcote it up a lot."

When the horses were saddled, and the would-be raiders were ready to start, Flaxy sat quietly on the edge of his rough bunk, plaiting a rawhide quirt, at which work he was something of an adept.

"Got your hoss saddled?" queried "Monte" Charley, eyeing him and his occupation with a glance that denoted inward dissatisfaction.

"I'm not goin' to town," replied Flaxy simply, and without looking up from his work.

"You ain't, eh? What you goin' to do with yer check?"

"Salt it down," Flaxy replied good-humoredly.

"'Pears to me, you don't belong in

this outfit, nohow," snorted Charley, as he strode out of the room.

After an absence of three or four days, the men returned,—all save "Bronco" Dick, who, with a bullet hole in his thigh, languished in the enforced seclusion of the county jail.

Flaxy's life was full of unpleasantness after their return. To them he was a cowardly traitor, who had refused to espouse their quarrel or to take part in their carousal, and they were determined to make him feel the full weight of their insolent contempt.

Opprobrious epithets met him at every turn, his supposed cowardice was freely discussed in his presence, and life became as miserable for him as it lay in their power to make it.

More than once, when some epithet of an unusually insulting character was hurled at him, his hand involuntarily stole toward the pistol he wore at his side; but some secret thought,—some motive known only to himself, forbade him to draw it.

During the month of October, a "beef gather" of Horseshoe-Bar steers was in progress, and the "chuck" wagon became the temporary home of the outfit. They had worked down the Mimbres for several days, and were within a few miles of the ranch, the road to which lay through a rocky canyon, or pass, which pierced a low range of hills just ahead.

During the past two years, several raiding parties of Apaches had attacked the ranches on the Mimbres, and rumors of Geronimo's band having lately been seen in the vicinity were current.

It was a very hot day, even for New Mexico, and the tired and footsore cattle trudged wearily along over the dusty, sun baked plain. Continual spells of guard duty had made serious

inroads on the nightly rest of the men during the "gather," and many of them nodded and swayed heavily in their saddles as they rode along in the rear of the herd. •

Flaxy, riding in the rear of his special charge, the "remoda," or horse herd, thought it was the hottest day he had ever known, and he cast covetous glances at the cool shades of the green cottonwoods on the river bank, a mile or so to the left.

There was one spot in particular, where the trees grew in a thick clump, that looked specially inviting, and it made him feel cooler just to look at it.

"Hello!" he suddenly muttered. "I didn't know any other outfit was working the Mimbres."

A straggling line of horsemen rode quietly out of the clump which had attracted so much of his attention, and headed for the herd.

A second glance, and a warning shout pealed from Flaxy's throat that effectually aroused his somnolent comrades in front. Turning in their saddles, they beheld that which momentarily chilled the blood of the most daring.

Riding swiftly toward them came a score of painted warriors, their wiry ponies bounding over the scorched plain like wolves on the trail of a deer.

Unhampered with the cattle, there was scarcely a man in the outfit who would not have welcomed a brush with the savage raiders. But the property of their employers was at stake, and lax as were their morals on other lines, they were loyal to the interests of the men at whose table they broke bread.

"Stampede the herd, boys, an' keep 'em headed for the gap!" yelled the foreman, after a brief glance at the pursuers.

To accomplish this object, pistols were fired rapidly, the ends of lariats descended in hissing cuts on the backs of the "drags," and with loud yells and sulphurous imprecations, the unweildy mass of cattle was urged into a run.

A moment later the horse herd came thundering by, effectually completing the stampede, and the wild race for the pass, still three long miles away, was begun.

Flaxy was not with his equine cohort. He had stampeded them with a couple of shots from his Winchester, but his own pace was only sufficiently accelerated to keep him well in the rear of the swiftly-moving steer herd.

When the last steers entered the mouth of the pass, the Apaches were about four hundred yards behind. They knew that the speed of the herd must necessarily slacken in the narrow, rock-strewn canyon, and visions of a dozen scalps in different shades, and booty of various descriptions, were probably uppermost in their minds as they urged their fleet ponies to increased speed.

But they were destined to meet an unhealthy disappointment, in the guise of a cowardly boy, who neither drank whisky, nor gambled, nor believed in personal altercations with officers of the law.

When the leading warriors arrived within one hundred yards of the canyon's mouth, they saw an angular figure on a raw-boned, bald-faced, sorrel horse, blocking the passage.

As they reined in their ponies to consider this unwelcome impediment, the dark tube in his hands rose swiftly to a level with his right eye, and suddenly spat out a breath of fire, and smoke, and inhospitable lead, that tumbled over one of the most valiant braves of the great Apache nation.

Yelling with fury, they spurred their nimble ponies up the slope, sending a whirlwind of bullets ahead of them. But before half the distance was passed, the two foremost warriors swayed and lurched in their sheepskin saddles, and then tumbled ignominiously to the ground. The others wheeled round in full career, and beat a hasty retreat.

Ute was a mean horse to ride, but he did not seem to have much fear of leaden pellets. He faced the storm like a hero, till a bullet entered his brain, and he dropped under his rider with a sigh that sounded almost like contentment.

The "boys," far down the pass, heard the fusilade, stopped, counted noses, and missed Flaxy.

Suddenly "Monte" Charley turned his horse on the back trail.

"Boys, Flaxy's behind at the gap, standin' off the 'Paches, an' I'm goin' back to him."

A wave of chivalry swept over them as he spoke, and they saw things as they really were. Suddenly it dawned on them that the life of the boy battling so bravely at the mouth of the pass, was worth more to them than all the cattle in New Mexico.

The next moment they were racing their panting horses up the pass, nor did they draw rein until they came in sight of a sorrel horse lying in a heap on the ground, and an angular, tow-headed figure stretched out beside him, and weakly endeavoring to steady the barrel of a carbine on the horse's rounded flank.

The rough hands that raised him and bore him to the shadow of a convenient rock were instinct with the tenderness of woman's sympathetic pity. Shame and regret clouded every face, and tears

of tardy contrition or unavailing sorrow stole down many a bronzed cheek.

A rapidly receding cloud of dust out on the plain indicated the retreat of the Apaches, and all were at liberty to minister to the comfort of the sufferer.

"What made you stay behind?" asked Ben, as he held one of the boy's nerveless hands in both his own.

"I wanted to give you fellows a show to get through the pass," he gasped, a triumphant smile illuminating his face. I knew if the 'Paches caught us in this narrow place, all bunched up with the cattle, they'd ride over the top of us, an' I thought I'd stay back an' stan' 'em off till you boys got through."

He died while the sun was still high in the heavens, but not before he had whispered his story into ears grown eager to listen.

A little sister, a hopeless cripple, dwelt on the banks of the far-away Brazos. Father and mother were both dead; and an aunt, who was very poor, had given her the shelter of a home.

"Liney's the purtiest singer in Texas, an' she plays the fiddle better'n anybody," he whispered. "I was savin' up to send her to school. I was workin' for Liney,—an' you hurt me awful when you called me a coward, boys!"

There was not a dry eye in the party when his noble soul commenced its heavenward journey, and "Monte" Charley voiced the sentiments of all when he said:

"Fellers, there's the remnants of a boy that we couldn't hold a candle to. He were the kind fer us to stay with, an' build to, an' help all we could; an consarn our mangy pelts, if we didn't insult him every turn in the road! An' think o' the little crooked-backed sister he wus agoin to eddicate!"

Flaxy had requested that his scanty belongings might be sold, and the proceeds sent to Liney, which accounted for the unusual spectacle of an auction at the Horseshoe-Bar ranch the next time the checks came.

The articles put up seemed to be greatly in demand. One hundred dollars was bid for a pair of half-worn spurs, and the same amount for a pair of saddle-blankets.

When the sale closed, the financial aspect of Liney's education was an established fact.

Alan Clifford.

THE MUSIC HE LIKED.

"I always thought I was fond of music," said Farmer Greene, "but since I visited Matilda in Boston I've had my doubts about it. I hadn't been there a day before Matilda she says to me, 'Now, father, we're going to have a musical, and I do hope you'll enjoy it!'"

"Of course I shall, says I. 'You know how fond I am of them famous old Scotch songs you used to sing, and how I'm always ready to jine in when anybody strikes up 'Coronation.'"

"Well, this will be the best music you ever listened to,' says Matilda, and my mouth watered to hear it.

"The night of the concert you ought to ha' seen the folks pour in, in all silks and satins and flowers. Matilda wore, well, I don't rightly know what, but I think 'twas silk and lace. Pretty soon we all got quieted down, and then a German, with long hair and a great bushy beard, sat down to the piano and began to play. My, how he did bang them keys! There was thunder down in the bass, and tinklin' cymbals up in the treble.

"The lady that sat side of me whisp-

ered when there was a minute's stop, 'Do you distinguish the different motives?'"

"My, no!' says I. 'I don't see what anybody's motive could be for workin' so hard to make a noise.'

"Then she smiled behind her fan, but I don't know what at, whether 'twas the music or me.

"When the piece stopped everybody hummed and whispered to each other how lovely 'twas, and a good many told the German how much obliged they were. I didn't say a word.

"Then a tall woman, all fixed up with silks and furbelows, sang a piece that almost made my hair stand on end, it went so high, and had so many ups and downs in it. She was master smart; anybody could see that, but somehow I didn't fancy that kind of singin'. It made me uneasy. When she was climbin' up to her high notes, I wondered if she'd ever get there; and when she dropped down again, I wanted to say, 'Now you've got through it safe once, don't try it again!'"

"Well, pretty soon Matilda came round to me and whispered, 'Father, how d' you like it?'"

"I don't care much for it,' says I. 'It's a little too much like frosted cake when you want plain bread.'

"She laughed, and in a minute I heard her sayin' to one of the performers, 'My father's a little old-fashioned, you see, and would you mind?'"

"What do you suppose happened then? Why, that woman that sung the trills and warbles stood up, and, without any piano playin' at all, sung 'Ye Banks and Braes,' and 'John Anderson.' How she knew what I liked I never could tell, but she sang the songs I've loved since I was a boy, and when she

got through the tears were streamin' down my cheeks.

"'Bless you, my dear!' says I, and I went up to her and shook both her hands. And it seemed to me she liked the songs herself, for when she looked at me her eyes were wet, too.

"I had a beautiful time, but I suppose it's no use thinkin' I appreciate real music."

ZAMBESIA.

That was a bright moment in the life of the noble Livingstone when first of any European he looked upon the mighty waterfalls of the African Zambesi. He had heard of them at the court of the Makolo chief Sepeletu—the natives talked with awe of "Mosi-oa-tunya" (smoke sounds there); and Livingstone describes how, while approaching the river, he heard miles off the thunder of the waters, and saw the five great columns of snowy vapor rising some hundreds of feet into the sky, then condensing into dark rain clouds and falling back in constant showers. He says, "Creeping to the verge with awe, I peered down into a large fissure of rock where the river, a mile in width, leapt into a chasm three hundred feet deep." The walls of this gigantic cleft are perpendicular, and wind on for thirty or forty miles. At the bottom the vast white torrent boils along its basalt bed. Bright rainbows gleam amongst the diamond spray. Livingstone named them the Victoria Falls. We give a view of the falls and also of the rapids below them in our illustration.

The Zambesi crosses Africa for about one thousand miles in the shape of the letter S. It drains a country of more than half a million square miles. The lands on its banks are fertile beyond

description. Park-like rather than forest, with splendid timber, they are rich in flowering shrubs, yielding dyes, drugs, oilseeds, and wild sugar-cane. There is the roabab tree, with a trunk sixty-five feet around, bearing fruit like a coconut. Inside the nut is found a dry, white powder, which makes an excellent cooling drink for fevers. There are also wild plums, wild grapes, and wild oranges.

The river's banks are thronged with game—zebras, antelopes, elephants, buffaloes; and in the desert plains, gnu, eland, and deer of all kinds, with gut-teral names ending in "bok." Besides there are lions, wolves, leopards and wild boars; and in the marshes and river basins herds of unwieldy hippotami bask and play. What a paradise for a naturalist!

In the tangled reeds and giant sedges, vast flocks of waterfowl, pelicans, and flamingoes wander or fly. Further afield pheasants and partridges, and in the veldt the ostrich and secretary bird abound. "So plentiful was the game," says Livingstone, "that our party had frequently to shout to the elephants and buffaloes which blocked our way." One cannot tell half the wonders that are to be read of in the two books of the heroic Livingstone. All young people love them. Surely a nobler, purer explorer never lived—not a spot rests on his beloved name. And like him was his memorable father-in-law, Moffat—true Christian gentlemen and devoted missionaries.

The center of Africa is a great table-land five to six thousand feet above the sea, high enough to keep the atmosphere cool and fever-free. There are two ways into Zambesia. You may land on the low, swampy, fever-haunted east coast, and proceed up one of the shal-



low branches of the Zambesi. The dense, deadly tropical jungle must be quickly passed; no white man can stay there and live. Only two of these mouths of the Zambesi can be ascended by steamers, and the Portuguese claim both of these. But lately England has demanded that the Zambesi, like the Congo, shall be open to the commerce of the world; and it seems to be likely so settled after all. The rapids on the upper Zambesi are a more serious matter. In the far future locks may be dug, or light railways laid past the falls; but at present there is nothing to be done but to land and load a mule or donkey train. But on land the mysterious tsetse fly hinders travel. It is a common-looking insect, not unlike a large house-fly (see illustration), perfectly harmless to men, goats or donkeys, but to oxen or horses its bite means death. The only plan is to avoid the tsetse districts altogether. But the road most followed is that through Bechuanaland. The emigrant lands at the Cape of Good Hope, and starts northward by the railway through the winding valleys of Hottentot land, past wonderful vineyards, through the rooste Karoo. North again past Kimberley, and the dusty diamond country to Vryburg, where the iron horse stops. Here he changes into a strong, dusty coach, drawn by eight sinewy mules, and is jolted, shaken, and hurried on through Bechuanaland, some five hundred miles. Then he mounts a large, roomy laage—wagon, yoked with numerous oxen. The driver carries a mighty whip, with a lash forty feet long, which he cracks like a gun. Roads there are none. Great boulders strew the way. Sometimes the wagon sinks up to the axles in a muddy pit or torrent. At night the drivers form laager; that is, make a circle or camp of the

drays and allow the oxen to graze. This takes time, but Mr. Rhodes is pushing on his railway, and soon Fort Salisbury will be its terminus the capital of Zambesia.

The soil varies greatly. Here it is a deep loam, which one day will bear mighty harvests. There is a stony, barren veldt, with frequent "Kopjies," or granite domes (see illustration). In other places it is lifeless, desert. What draws white men there? What do they all seek? One word tells the secret—"gold." The rocks glitter with gold; each hillside, the bed of every stream reveal it.

And now comes the strangest part of our story. In ancient times, so long ago that dates are wanting, a foreign race held the country. They built great round towers of granite, and long, circular walls and forts of fantastic, zig-zag masonry. They also came for gold, and have left furnaces, clay crucibles and smelting works scattered over acres of the rough hillside. It is in vain to ask who were these people; no inscriptions remain to tell us. Idols, carvings, pottery remain, but no records. Some people think Mashona is the land of Ophir, of which we read in I. Kings ix: 28.

Turning again to our picture, notice a portrait of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, late premier of Cape Colony. Lobengula was, until recently, the warlike chief of the Matabele. He is shown administering justice at his kraal at Bamangwato. He is ten years younger than Lobengula, and has a noble character. He is said to be the best example in Africa of what a black ruler of good instincts, early trained in Christianity, may become. He was trained by Moffat. He is a total abstainer, and will allow no strong drink to be sold or stored in his coun-

try. We show also some very characteristic heads of native men and women. There is a steamer on Lake Tanganyika; an ox team crossing a river; musical instruments; and Bechuana weapons.

THE LORD'S HELP.

It is often remarkable how the Lord opens up a way for His faithful Saints to gather to Zion when they accept the Gospel in distant lands.

Some years ago two young men embraced the Gospel in a foreign country, and naturally desired to gather with the Saints at an early date, but were without means to do so. They conversed with each other about the matter upon several occasions, and at last concluded it would be a good idea to start out with what little means they could get and try to pay their way by stopping and working at different places as they might chance to get something to do. They presented their plan to the Elder who had charge of the conference in which they resided, and asked his advice in the matter.

The Elder did not approve of their scheme, and gave as a reason for his disapproval the opinion that men so young in the faith would be liable to fall by the wayside and lose their love for the Gospel if they attempted to travel in the way proposed, and would in all probability never reach Utah. After expressing his sentiments on this point, he looked down towards the ground for a few moments, as though engaged in deep thought. Then raising his head and facing the two young converts, he said: "Brethren, if you are faithful, the way for you will be opened up so that both of you can go to Zion very soon."

At that time there were no visible

prospects for the prediction to be fulfilled.

One of these young men, John —, had a friend to whom he had explained the principles of the Gospel, and who had believed his word and accepted the truth. Not long after the promise was made about the first-mentioned two going to Zion, this young convert came to Brother John — and said: "John, I am very much indebted to you for bringing the Gospel to me. I never can repay you fully for your kindness, but I expect soon to have some money which is due me. It will be more than enough to pay my passage and yours to Utah. If you will accept of it I shall be pleased to let you have the use of enough money to pay your way as well as that of Miss — (naming a young lady with whom John was keeping company); and when you go to Utah marry her, for she is a good woman and will make you a good wife. If you never become able to return the means it will be all right, I shall not require it of you."

The young man accepted of this generous offer, and in less than a year from the time the promise was made to him that he should soon go to Zion, he and the young lady mentioned were in Utah.

The other young man was not prepared to go at the same time, but came a few months later. Thus the prediction made to these two young men was fulfilled, and their faith in the promise made by the inspired servant of God was strengthened.

Some time after arriving in Zion, John — had the satisfaction of returning assistance to the brother who had paid his emigration, and that, too, at a time when the latter was very much in need of financial aid. *E. F. P.*

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE CRIME OF SUICIDE.

WE HAVE had occasion before this to dwell upon the dreadful sin, which is becoming very common, of men and women taking their own lives. We think it proper today to say something more upon this subject.

In recent dispatches which have come from the west we see it stated that a young man, twenty-five years of age, told the occupants of the house where he lived that he belonged to a suicide club and would kill himself when the proper time came. Those to whom he made these remarks treated the matter as a joke; for he was a quiet, good-natured young man, who seemed to be thoroughly sound in his mind, was not destitute of means, and belonged to a family that was in very good circumstances. His declaration to the effect that when his time came he would die like a man, and that it was not far off, failed to impress anybody with the seriousness of the threat. But he fulfilled his words; he took a dose of strychnine, and in that manner terminated his existence.

Whether his statement to the effect that he belonged to a suicide club is true or not, does not appear. There is nothing, however, improbable about that, because there have been well-known instances of men associating themselves together who entertained the

view that it was quite justifiable for men to take their own lives under certain circumstances. During a recent visit east we were brought in contact with a young medical student who informed us that a prominent professor in the college where he was a student advocated suicide as quite justifiable under certain circumstances and defended the practice before his class. Of course, where a man of standing like a professor in a college ought to be gives utterance to such sentiments, and advocates the propriety of self-murder, it is not strange that many people look upon it as the thing to do if misfortune, or serious trouble, or sickness comes upon them.

It is frightful to think of the condition of men and women who entertain and advocate such sentiments. Instead of viewing life as a state of probation, where trials and difficulties have to be met, contended with and overcome, in order to gain that experience which our Father deems indispensable for His children, people who entertain such ideas as here referred to, make no effort to exert fortitude in enduring the ills of life, but cowardly shun them by self-murder. Satan rejoices over such people, and takes delight in prompting them to these terrible acts. He, himself, has no tabernacle, and he would destroy, if he could, the tabernacle of every child of God. When men and women become possessed of devils this disposition is exhibited. Under their influence the tabernacles of the children of men are destroyed. When the Savior cast out devils on one occasion, they begged permission to go into swine, and, possessed of them, the swine ran down a steep place into the sea and were drowned.

The spirit which prompts men to destroy their own bodies is from the devil.

Latter-day Saints should teach their children in the most impressive manner the great value which they should attach to the privilege they have of possessing tabernacles and enjoying a probation on the earth. They should be taught also to take exceeding care of their bodies, that they may be preserved. At the same time, they should be taught not to fear death, but to be ready, if necessity requires, to lay down their lives for the truth, and not shrink from the ordeal.

The spirit to commit suicide is spreading on every hand. No wonder that it is so, if prominent and influential men defend it and assert that, under certain circumstances, it is justifiable. In doing so they show their gross ignorance of the purpose of God, and, however learned they may be in other directions, they are most foolish in this direction. It is the duty of the Latter-day Saints to oppose the spread of such devilish ideas. Among the many reforms that it is our mission as children of God to accomplish, this is one; and we should do all in our power to check this evil, both by example and precept.

The California poet, Joaquin Miller, recently delivered a lecture upon "Prohibition" before a convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at Pacific Grove, California. Among other topics, he alluded to the crime of suicide, and said:

"Now, shall I tell you the cause of increasing intemperance among our rich and poor people in America? Bluntly, our poor and rich people have caught a fatal disease from the gay and luxurious French of Paris—a disease that makes them desperate—a disease that drives them to drunkenness, death—often death by their own hands, for ours is the land of suicides.

"And what is the fatal French disease

that is driving us to drunkenness—death by our own hands?

"High up on the portal walls of Paris and over their temple doors the French once emblazoned this mad lie: 'There is no God! Death is an eternal sleep.' And although this has been obliterated from the walls and temple doors, it still festers in the heart of every gay Parisian. He cries out in the night: 'There is no God! Death is an eternal sleep; and since death ends all, I will eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die.'

"This is the fatal disease the poor, rich people of America have caught from the gay French of foolish Paris. Our rich and traveled people will not be outdone by Parisians, even in atheism. They, too, cry out: 'There is no God! Death is an eternal sleep; therefore I, too, will eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die.' But can any law, prohibition or otherwise, reach the poor rich in America? 'More than 10,000 suicides and homicides last year,' said the superintendent of schools for California last month at Los Angeles. And did you ever hear of a suicide who was a Christian? Did you ever hear of a suicide who was a true Mussulman? Did you ever hear of a suicide who was a true Indian? I never knew or heard of a Mussulman who committed suicide. I never knew or heard of one who was not certain of another and better world. I never knew of an Indian in all my intercourse with them who committed suicide, and I never knew one who was not certain of immortality. He read it in the resurrection of the little seeds that fell from the trees into the hollow of God's hand. He read it in the resurrection of the great, dead, yellow year that had laid down in its shroud of snow, awaiting the roaring month of March to trumpet through the pines and

waken it again and garment it and garland it in foliage and in flames. And he never knew one doubt till the white man came to put aside his book of nature and try to teach him from another book."

FILIAL AFFECTION REWARDED.

A Story of Decoration Day.

It was the last Thursday in the beautiful month of May. All day crowds of people were thronging the streets and pressing forward towards the silent city where lay the precious forms of their beloved dead, resting in quiet, dreamless sleep.

Very early in the morning, long before the household were astir, Essie Blain had arisen and crept noiselessly down the stairs and out of the house. Some children had told her a day or two before that away on the hills there were lots of lovely wild flowers that any one might gather, and not have to pay anything for.

Almost a stranger in the city, and being naturally timid, poor little thirteen year old Essie shrank from contact with anyone she might be likely to meet, and felt glad that it was too early for many people to be moving about.

She walked briskly, and was soon on the brow of the hill above the city. The children had told her right. The ground whereon she stood was covered thickly with pure white sego blossoms, and there were also other flowers, the names of which she did not know.

It required but a few moments for her to gather as large a bouquet as she could conveniently carry; then she stood up and looked about her. Oh! how wonderful the scenery appeared to

her. Away to the west she could see, for the first time, the blue waters of the Great Salt Lake. And there, below her, lay the "City of the Saints," her mother's birthplace! The place, too, where less than a month ago her mother had died. And these flowers which she had so hastily gathered, were to decorate that mother's newly-made grave.

She turned her face quickly toward the cemetery. Would she have time now to search out that hallowed spot, her mother's sacred resting place? No, she dared not wait. Mrs. Goff would be wanting her help now, and would be very angry with her because of her absence. She had been away longer than she intended. The sun was now tinging with gold and amber, some small, fleecy white clouds which seemed to be caressing the rugged peaks of the eastern mountain; birds were waking up the world with their own wild songs, either of joy or sorrow, apparently mourning with those who were called to mourn, and rejoicing with those who might rejoice.

But Essie could not stay now to drink another draught of the sweet spirit of inspiration which was poured forth so abundantly from Nature's bounteous spring. She rushed down the hill, through the streets, and into the house just as Mrs. Goff was finishing an elaborate description of the "good-for-nothingness of that girl."

Essie was out of breath with the haste she had made; and it was well for her that Mrs. Goff was out of breath, too, with the exertions she had made in trying to do justice to the case by scolding.

While Mrs. Goff was taking breath, and getting ready for what she considered an appropriate sally upon the child, the latter timidly ventured to say

to her, "I've got these flowers to put on mother's grave."

"Mother's grave!" sneered Mrs. Goff. "Talk about decorating the grave of a person that was of no more consequence in the world than your mother was! We are going to the cemetery to decorate the graves of the brave, heroic soldiers of our country. You put those flowers in that bowl of water there, and get yourself ready for work, you good-for-nothing."

Essie silently obeyed, and Mrs. Goff hurried about, making preparations for the business of the day, and did not take time for further complaints or criticisms just then.

Presently a neighbor lady burst in, all excitement, to ask something about the time of starting, and which car they were to take.

"Oh, what a lot of beautiful sego lilies, and how delightfully fresh they are! What are they for, and where did you get them?" the neighbor exclaimed, upon noticing Essie's morning trophies.

"They are to mix with my scarlet carnations and purple pansies," replied Mrs. Goff. "You know the man had disposed of so many white flowers he could not furnish me any; but I think these will answer admirably; I rather like the blending of wild, native beauty with the more refined and delicate objects which are the results of cultured taste."

"Oh, that is perfectly elegant, Mrs. Goff!" cried her enthusiastic friend. "You do have the most charming ways of working everything up to perfection. I wish I had such tact as you possess. Let's see, you are to furnish two bouquets and three garlands, I believe."

"That is my understanding; I shall be all ready at half-past eight," replied

Mrs. Goff. "The major cannot go so early, but will join us later in the day."

"Dear, how sad! My husband will feel lost; I am so sorry!" wailed the neighbor as she departed, as unceremoniously as she came.

"Essie, when the morning work is done, you can busy yourself with ripping up that green mantle of mine; I am going to have it dyed; mind you, don't cut the stuff," Mrs. Goff said in an imperative tone, as soon as the visitor had left. "And don't you leave the house while I am gone. I'll settle with you about your stealing off as you did this morning, when I have more time."

"If there's no great hurry about the matter, I should like to go for a little while today," said Essie, very faintly.

"There is great hurry, and you've had your 'go,' without leave, too; and don't you think of leaving this house again to-day," and Mrs. Goff hurried into her dressing-room to finish her toilet.

"I must go and visit mother's grave to-day, I cannot stay home," Essie said to herself weeping bitterly over her work as soon as she was alone.

"I can get more of the sego blossoms; they won't be so fresh and sweet after the sun has shone on them for hours; but mother will know——"

And then the poor child cried so hard that she could not talk to herself any more.

Later in the day, however, as she sat ripping up the heavy green mantle which she knew could not be wanted for use until winter should come again, a strange courage seemed to come to her. It lifted her to her feet, and made her drop the scissors on the floor, the sound of which startled her in spite of the new, fearless spirit which was prompting her to courageous action. She was

not dependent upon crabbed, cruel Mrs. Goff for her living. Why should she remain there like a bound slave, and never be allowed time, even to visit her mother's grave? Surely there were some kind-hearted people in the world? "And mother will help me find them, if I go to her grave, and thus show that I still love her memory," were the words with which she finished up this soliloquy.

She hastily put away the work left for her to keep busy at during the day, and after making herself ready, locked up the house, placing the key in its accustomed hiding-place. Her grief that day had made her almost helpless with heartache and faintness; but now as she stepped forth into the fresh air of the approaching evening, the new sense of freedom which had come to her, seemed lifting her above all feelings of pain, or even weariness. She did not steal along like a coward now, as she had done in the early morning; but walked bravely forward, not fearing to face any living soul whom she might meet; no, not even Mrs. Goff herself, if she did call her husband "The Major."

Still, she did feel rather comforted as she reached the hill where she had gathered flowers in the morning, that in all the throngs of people she had passed, her tyrant mistress had not appeared.

The flowers did not appear so plentiful nor so fine as they had done in the morning; doubtless many like herself, having nothing to buy with, had been there during the day for floral decorations. There were still an abundance, however, and it did not take long for Essie to gather what she considered a sufficient number for her floral tribute to place on her sainted mother's grave.

Then she stood erect again, as she had done in the morning, and looked

over the landscape away as far as her vision could extend.

"Oh, how beautiful?!" she exclaimed.

The evening sun was now just settling his beams in a belt of gold that lay along the western horizon, and all heaven above seemed smiling down with starry eyes upon the world, and saying, "Peace be with you."

Essie felt, though she did not then know how to express it, even to herself, "How much there is here that is grand and lovely to feast the natural eye and the eye of the mind upon! Shall I ever know why my brave, good and gifted mother left her home in the beautiful valley of the Great Salt Lake, and became a wanderer upon the earth? Oh, how glad I am that she came back here to die, that her grave is here, that I am here? She told me God was good; and He is good, and I am going to learn more about Him."

Then Essie entered the cemetery, and after some searching found the grave of her mother. When her eyes first caught sight of the dear name upon the plain deal at the head of the grave, a moan escaped her lips, which attracted the attention of two ladies who stood but a few steps from her.

She did not notice that she was observed, but wept quietly over her flowers as she arranged them simply but tastefully upon the grave.

"How young she looks, poor child, and all alone at this late hour!" whispered one of the ladies to the other.

"It seems to me as though I ought to know her, if I could only think who she is," said the other.

"Let's speak to her anyhow: she may be in great trouble."

"Wait a moment, Esther. Isn't she ever so much like your Tillie? Now

you notice when she lifts her head again."

"Come on let's speak to her."

"This seems to be a new grave, young lady; is it a relative of yours?" asked one of the ladies, in a very sympathetic voice.

"It's my mother," sobbed Essie. "She died only three weeks ago."

"Dear child, how sad for you!" said one of the ladies, slipping her arm around Essie and drawing her close to her side.

"But you know, don't you, that your mother still loves you?" she continued; "and can care for and comfort you?"

An ejaculation from the other lady now attracted attention, and prevented Essie's answering. She had stooped down and in the gathering twilight read the name upon the deal, "Matilda Madison Blain," and the date and place of birth and death.

"Esther! Esther!" she exclaimed, "this is the grave of our sister Mattie; and this is her child!" and she caught the little stranger in her arms and hugged and kissed and cried over her frantically.

Explanations on both sides were hurriedly made then, and more fully and calmly afterwards.

Essie found not only good homes but loving hearts with her aunts and cousins. In time she learned what her mother had never told her—that the reason of her wandering off from her home was a bitter disappointment in a youthful love affair, caused through a misunderstanding, which both parties were too proud and too sensitive to ferret out and explain. She married hastily, and her fidelity to her husband caused her to follow whither he led, out into the world, away from her early home and friends.

And Essie, in turn, told of her father's death, and how her mother returned to Utah only in time to die, and be buried by strangers, not having found her relatives.

Mrs. Goff was visited by Essie's aunts and afterwards Essie was taught to pity rather than to despise that hard-hearted woman, who had selfishly offered her a home at the time of her mother's death.

"For," said Aunt Emily, "although very well learned, after the wisdom of men, and worldly wise to an unusual extent, her heart is uneducated; and concerning the weightier matters, the things of God and His kingdom, poor woman, she is grossly ignorant."

Essie also had to learn that the spiritual strength which sometimes came to her, and gave her courage and power to rise above and defeat contending obstacles, would have to be carefully guarded and made to move only in the right direction; or it might carry her into trouble, as it once did her best beloved mother.

Mary Grace.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON III.—FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST is the Son of God. His mother's name was Mary. She was a most beautiful virgin, a descendant of King David, and lived in the city of Nazareth. One day an angel came to Mary and told her that she had found great favor in the sight of the Lord, inasmuch that she had been chosen to be the mother of Jesus, the Savior of the world.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, a small town about four miles south of Jerusalem. There is a difference of opinion among learned men as to the year of Messiah's birth; but, according to the best authorities, we believe it was in the

year of Rome 753, at a period of the year corresponding to our month of April.

Long before the birth of Christ the prophets prophesied concerning Him—concerning His lowly birth, His humble parentage, and even foretold the names by which He would be known among men. Not only that; but they also told with equal clearness of His noble life-work, of His cruel death upon the cross, and His resurrection from the grave.

In Isaiah vii: 14, we read: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." (The interpretation of the word Immanuel is, God with us.)

The birthplace of Messiah was foretold by Micah, the prophet, more than seven hundred years before the event, in the following prophecy: "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah (Ef-ra-tah), though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be a Ruler in Israel." (*Micah v: 2.*)

Nephi, while dwelling in the wilderness with his parents, had a most glorious vision given unto him. He records it thus:

"And it came to pass that I looked and beheld the great city of Jerusalem, and also other cities. And I beheld the city of Nazareth; and in the city of Nazareth I beheld a virgin, and she was exceedingly fair and white. And it came to pass that I saw the heavens open; and an angel came down and stood before me; and he said unto me, Nephi, what beholdest thou? And I said unto him, a virgin, most beautiful and fair above all other virgins. * * * And he said unto me, Behold the virgin whom thou seest, is the mother of the Son of God, after the manner of the flesh. And it came to pass that I be-

held that she was carried away in the Spirit; and after she had been carried away in the Spirit for the space of a time, the angel spake unto me saying, Look! And I looked and beheld the virgin again, bearing a child in her arms. And the angel said unto me, Behold the Lamb of God, even the Son of the Eternal Father." (*1. Nephi xi: 13-15, 18-21.*)

There are some people, professing to be Christians, who do not believe in the divinity of the Savior: they believe that He was a great and good man, a mighty prophet; but they do not acknowledge Him as the Son of God. We do not see how anyone can believe Jesus to be a prophet, and at the same time deny that He is what He professed to be—the Son of the very Eternal Father.

There is much evidence to prove that Jesus Christ is of a truth the Only Begotten Son of God. In these brief articles, however, we are unable to tell the one hundredth part of what might be said in favor of the divinity of the Savior. A few references must suffice.

THE TESTIMONY OF JOHN.—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (*John i: 1, 14.*)

"And John bore record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him. And I knew Him not: but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bear record that this is the Son of God." (*John i: 32-34.*)

THE TESTIMONY OF MATTHEW.—“Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. * * * And Jesus when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him: And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” (*Matthew iii: 13, 16-17.*)

REVELATION GIVEN TO PETER.—On one occasion Jesus asked His disciples, saying, “Whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.” (*Matthew xvi: 15-17.*)

Jesus, probably, had reference to the day when he took with Him Peter, and James, and John, and led them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: “And He was transfigured before them. * * * And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus. * * * And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear Him.” (*Mark ix: 2, 4, 7.*)

Peter makes mention of that memorable occasion, in his second epistle, and says: “For He (Jesus) received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount.” (*II. Peter i: 17, 18.*)

But the Latter-day Saints have still

stronger evidence to prove that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. We have the testimony of men, who in our own day and generation have seen God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ face to face, and have heard the voice of God declare that Jesus is His Only Begotten Son. We refer to the Prophet Joseph Smith. On a bright morning in the spring of 1820 Joseph Smith retired to the woods near his father's house, for the purpose of pouring out his soul to God in prayer. While he was thus engaged, a bright light descended from heaven and fell upon him, in which he says: “I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name and said (pointing to the other) This is my beloved Son, hear Him.” (*Pearl of Great Price, page 59.*)

When we remember that this testimony cost the Prophet Joseph Smith his life, our faith in his words should be greatly strengthened.

THE WRITER'S TESTIMONY.—And now, in closing this subject, the writer desires to leave on record his humble testimony: Some years ago I first heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached by the Elders of the Church. Their testimonies made a great impression upon my mind. I was anxious to know if what they said was true. Finally I decided to pray to God; and believing with all my heart that He would hear and answer my prayer, I retired one night in the month of April, 1888, to a secret place, a short distance from my home. I knelt in prayer, and asked the Lord to reveal to me if Joseph Smith was a true Prophet and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints His Church.

No sooner had I finished praying, than I heard a voice from heaven, which

said unto me, "You did not pray in the name of Jesus Christ; but if you will pray in the name of Jesus, your request shall be granted."

Again I prayed, this time in the name of Messiah, and then the Lord revealed to me that Joseph Smith was indeed His Prophet. He told me the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true Church upon the earth, and said if I desired salvation in the kingdom of God, I would have to obey the Gospel and become a member of the Church.

Wm. A. Morton

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

In visiting the large cities of the East, one is deeply impressed with the evident struggle for life which is going on in every direction. The absence of true brotherhood is very apparent; society is divided into classes, and the members of each class, however much they may sympathize with each other have but little time or opportunity to devote to helping one another.

In fact, selfishness seems to be the predominant feeling. It is, in too many instances, every man for himself, and the disposition to extend help and to put into operation the principles which the Savior taught with such force and emphasis, when He was among men, is not often seen.

Of course this condition of things has existed for long centuries, but it does not seem possible that it can continue forever. Intelligence is increasing among the masses; they have opportunities for obtaining knowledge such as have never existed in past times. With knowledge comes a yearning for a better, a higher and a truer life. Knowledge breeds

dissatisfaction in many instances with existing conditions. The wrongs that exist, the oppressions which are practiced, are felt to be almost unbearable, because, as information spreads and thought is developed, men and women believe the evils which abound are neither necessary nor beyond remedy. In the hope to improve their condition they cast about for remedies and are ready to enter into almost any combination that will give promise of better things and result in a better arrangement of society. It is for this reason, doubtless, that so many organizations of different kinds have been formed of late years.

The evils that afflict society at the present time are perceived also by men and women who do not belong to what may be termed the laboring classes. Advanced thinkers and writers and lecturers indulge in theories for the bettering of the condition of the people. Some of these are impracticable, others contain many suggestions which, if they were carried out, would lead to excellent results. There is a crying need for some practical system that will furnish relief to the people. It cannot be found in atheism, in socialism, in communism, nor in anarchism. These have been tried so repeatedly and with such signal failures, that they furnish no hope for permanent relief and deliverance. Apart from religion no schemes or plans for the amelioration of the condition of mankind can hope to be successful; relief can only be found in the teachings of the Son of God. Men must learn to carry into practical effect His precepts, they must learn to love their neighbor as they do themselves. If ever the time shall come, such as has been described by prophets and apostles—that millennium era to which the

righteous of all ages have looked forward—it will only be brought about by the practical adoption and application in every day life of those principles that the Savior inculcated, and which He commanded His followers to observe and practice. This cannot be done without His aid; there must be divine power brought into operation and made to bear upon mankind. Man of himself is incapable of effecting the needed reforms; he must have God's help. The Spirit of God is promised to those who obey the commandments of God, and under its influence and by its power, man becomes a new creature; he is literally born again. By this agency and this agency alone, can the promises made through the prophets be fulfilled.

IMPROVEMENTS SUGGESTED.

It is interesting, however, to see the efforts which are being made in different directions and by different persons, to suggest improvements in existing conditions. I have been greatly interested in reading an article by a very prominent writer, W. D. Howells, on the brotherhood of men. His article is entitled, "Who are our Brethren?" He urges the view that men are under as great obligations to one another where no blood kinship exists, as where there is kinship, and he pleads for the cultivation of this brotherly feeling, and is strongly opposed to that feeling and sentiment which found its expression originally in the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It appears to him that too much of this exists in modern society. He thinks the millennium will be brought about by the application of very simple rules of life. The members of a family live for one another; there is no effort, no friction in

their perpetual surrender of their several interests to the common good. He thinks that there need really be none in the State, if once the means of livelihood were assured to each citizen. Unconsciously, probably, to himself, he touches the vital point which we always have in view, and which we hope will sooner or later be brought about, at least among ourselves, by obeying the revelations which the Lord has given to us.

PROFIT SHARING.

Another magazine contains a very interesting account of the gradual growth of industrial partnership. A certain gas company found itself hampered by the aggressive action of a gas workers' union. This union became so strong and self-assertive as to almost practically take control of the work. There were non-union men, however, in the employ of the company, and to counteract the influence of the union, the hours of the non-unionists were shortened and their pay increased. This, however, did not solve the difficulty. The union grew more pressing, until it was found that the non-unionists would be forced into the union, and thus it would become the absolute master, unless something more was done to attach the non-unionists into the company. The superintendent, seeing the danger the company was in, proposed a scheme of profit sharing, to unionists and non-unionists alike, of course with the view that the union men would separate themselves from the union. They, however, rejected the proposition, but the non-unionists welcomed it, and signed an agreement accepting the scheme and promising not to strike.

The agreement was that provided the

gas sold for a certain amount, a bonus on the wages of workmen and the salaries of officers should be paid annually. This bonus could either be drawn in cash, or left in the company's hands to accumulate at 4 per cent. interest. The result was most gratifying: a large amount of the annual bonus was left in the company's hands, besides large deposits in the shape of savings, a considerable amount also was invested by the workmen in the company's ordinary stock. A struggle followed and the union was broken, but the relations of the company with their workmen have been most satisfactory ever since.

In a very few years, by the operation of this new system, every man in the company's employ will become a shareholder in his own right, and will, without doubt, have a voice in the management of the company. This movement will mark a new departure in the relation of capital and labor, and will make the workmen contented, so that labor agitators and socialists will not find much comfort in trying to bring about conflicts between capital and labor in that institution.

How beneficial such a system would be if generally introduced and adopted! It is a plan that might, we think, be tried with excellent results in every department of human industry where labor and capital are used, and would furnish a common ground upon which they could stand.

In view of the distress that exists in many communities, and which our community has to some extent suffered from, it is interesting to read the results which have attended the effort of Mayor Pingree of Detroit to help the poor. He tried a potato patch experiment, of which probably many of our readers have read. His plan

was to bring into use a portion of the six thousand acres of idle land within the limits of Detroit, and have this cultivated by poor families. In 1894, \$3,600 was raised by private subscription, to carry out this plan. Nearly one thousand families were aided in that year, and crops to the value of \$12,000 to \$14,000 were harvested. In 1895, the City Council appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose, and the crop harvested amounted to about \$30,000 in cash value.

This is a most excellent plan, and might be very profitably adopted by us. There is much vacant land which could be obtained for a purpose of this kind, and instead of men standing around in idleness and waiting for employment, they might put themselves to work, and raise, at least, their own potatoes and other vegetables. Men who are not accustomed to the cultivation of the soil, would find many Bishops and kind and helpful neighbors who would take pains to teach them the best methods of planting and raising vegetables and grains; and in this way, while their labor might not be as remunerative as they would like, they would be gaining experience, putting their time to good use, and furnishing themselves with the necessities of life, and thus avoid the humiliation of being dependent upon the charity of others. This is a plan that is worthy of being tried, and we are in the best position of any community on the continent to make such a plan a practical success.

The Editor.

WE must not take the faults of our youth with us into our old age, for old age brings with it its own defects.

WE must strive to make of humanity one single family.

A DEED OF KINDNESS.

The hill was alive with merry boys and girls on a bright Saturday afternoon in winter. What fun it was indeed to coast swiftly down the icy slope, and what shouts of ringing laughter as the sleds flew down the hill.

Young and old seemed to be having the gayest time possible. Big boys on double-runners, with crowds of little tots at their backs, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, turned the sharp corner at the end of the hill, to shortly help drag the heavy carry-all up to the top again.

The sun had almost set, and the rosy light filled the street, but before any had started to go home a man driving a large load of wood began to ascend the icy path. The sleds steered out of the way as the poor horse tried almost in vain to go on.

Suddenly he stopped, for he could go on no further. The road was so slippery that in trying to walk his hind legs slipped from beneath him. The man seemed enraged, and began whipping the poor creature. As the horse could not go on, the man struck harder. Then a little girl, Amy by name, got off her sled, and stepping up to the man said politely, "Couldn't I help you with your horse, sir? The load of wood seems very heavy for him." The man looked very much surprised, but stopped immediately. Amy went up to the horse, patted his nose gently, and whispered kindly in his ear. A number of boys were taking a few of the logs off the cart, and transferring them to their sleds to drag up the hill.

Amy then led the horse along, for she was very gentle, and the noble creature was perfectly willing to obey her. The man walked along and really felt much ashamed, as he ought. At last they

reached the top, and the boys put back the wood as the load was not too heavy for a level. As the children all bade each other good-night to go home, the man turned around, saying, "Many thanks to ye, my lads, and to the little missy," which showed how he felt.

GOD'S FARM.

As a rainbow above life's evening,
As a poem that sootheth care,
Like apples of gold in pictures of light,
The silver of here and there—
A vision, the rarest and dearest,
Spreads o'er me its redolent charm,
The scent of the orchard and meadow,
The glamor and glow of the farm.

I remember the home on the hillside,
House, garden, old well and the lane?
The wide-spreading fields of the upland,
And the lowland with billows of grain.
Again, the fair redbreasts are mating,
And building soft nests 'mid the trees;
Of cherries, blood red, I am dreaming,
As I sleep 'mid the hum of the bees.

The path to the woodland familiar,
Close bordered with clover and thyme,
I am treading again 'mid the daisies
Green aisle of the dear olden time.
The sunbeams were brighter and sweeter
The cool springing fountain, of nook,
I drank, and I splashed, and I laughed,
To behold that urchin's queer look.

'Twas me, and 'tis I, am advising,
(I, the sage of the years, growing gray,)
The youth the dreamers to linger,
With the flowers and the fountain to stay;
Stay close to the heart of the homestead,
Where the rainbow of hope goes not down,
Expand thy young life in the sunshine:—
God's farm! who would change for man's town?

WE ought not to isolate ourselves, for we cannot remain in a state of isolation. Social intercourse makes us the more able to bear with ourselves and with others.

WE reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKERS.

A Dialogue.

Scene: A playground near a country school-house. Five girls standing near an old bench.

Characters: AMY BROWN, MATTIE WIL-
LIS, KATY PACK, PHEBE WOLF, JULIA
BECK, ROSA WHITE, LILY TAYLOR, (CON-
SCIENCE) a very little girl, and five other
very small girls, the six dressed in
white.

(ROSE WHITE enters, walks sulkily
across the stage, sitting down on a log
some distance from the other girls.)

MATTIE: Well, girls, I guess we won't
be bothered with Rose White for a
while; I'm glad she is out of this game.
(Taking up a rope and starting a game
of "Jump the rope.")

JULIA: "She would like to be here;
see how she watches us. Did you hear
what she said about us to Phebe Wolf
this morning?"

AMY: Yes; Phebe told us at recess.

JULIA: She says we are like "Old
Parker's" dog—always barking, but we
can't bite.

PHEBE: I would just like to show her
how hard a Wolf can bite when it gets
mad.

MATTIE: She says teacher doesn't like
her, and that no one does.

KATY: She is so cross and mean, and
she always wants her own way when we
play.

AMY: She is angry because I got the
first prize in Sunday school. Rosa
worked hard for it, and so did I. She
might have had it; but she don't need
to be jealous, and I don't like her a bit.

JULIA: She is the very worst girl I
ever saw.

KATY: Yes, she is; but say, girls, we
can have such fun with her.

ALL: How! how!

KATY: I'll tell you if you will agree
to do it.

GIRLS: We will, if we can.

MATTIE: Anything for some fun; but
mamma told me not to play with Rosa,
and I shan't.

AMY: What is it, Katy?

KATY: One of us go and make up
with Rosa; get her to talk about the
rest, and when she has talked herself
out come and tell us what she says.

AMY: But that will not be right.

KATY: She has talked mean enough
about us, and I think we ought to get
it back on her, don't you, girls?

JULIA: Yes, I do. Maybe it will
teach her a lesson.

PHEBE: Who will go?

MATTIE: Amy is the best one to talk.

JULIA: Yes, Amy, you can do it best.

KATY: Come, Amy, say yes, and go;
we will wait here till you come back.

PHEBE: Go on, Amy; you know Rosa
would always listen to you before she
would to either of us.

(Mattie and Katy take hold of Amy
and push her gaily toward Rosa.)

AMY: I'll go to please you, but I
don't want to. You stay here.

JULIA: We will do that. (They sit
down on the bench.)

(Amy goes slowly toward Rosa.
When about half-way across the stage,
Lily Taylor, dressed in white, with a
badge bearing the name Conscience,
enters close to Amy.)

CONSCIENCE: A traitor! a traitor! The
Lamb of God was betrayed to death by
a traitor.

(Amy stops with clasped hands and
downcast eyes.)

AMY: A traitor! Yes, teacher told us
only last Sunday that Judas Iscariot was
a traitor, for he betrayed our Savior,
Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God. Am I
like Judas? O, Heavenly Father, please

forgive and help me act a better part! (Amy stands in an attitude of supplication.)

CONSCIENCE: A peace-maker! a peace-maker.

AMY: With Thy help, O my Savior, I will be a peace-maker. (Amy goes to Rosa. Conscience goes out.)

ROSA: What are you here for?

AMY: To ask you to cheer up and join us in our play.

ROSA: You don't want me there. The girls are all mad at me, and I won't go where I'm not wanted, only to be made fun of again. You go back. I don't want to play anyway.

AMY: Don't feel bad any longer, Rosa. I know we have been unkind to you, but if you will come with me now it will be made right. Come on. Let us be better and help the others to be better, then the Lord will love us all.

ROSA: You wouldn't play with the girls if they hated you?

AMY: We don't hate you, Rosa. I love you, and want you to please forgive me for being unkind to you.

ROSA: You have acted no worse than I have, and you always take my part when others tease me. I know I am cross and ugly sometimes; then is the time that I need kind words, and sympathy, and help; but, Amy, then is the time that I get the most cross words from all, at school and at home, too. I know I'm mean, but nobody loves me, and it's so hard to be good. If everybody loved me like they do you, but they don't.

AMY: Everybody loves me when I'm good, because I love everybody.

ROSA: Wish I could be good, and love everybody like you do.

AMY: Mamma says when others are impatient and cross I should be more pleasant and have kind words and smiles

for all. I have been trying it, and every day I meet someone who needs kind words, only sometimes I forget; but mamma says when we try all the time the angels are close by to help us.

ROSA: How do the angels help us?

AMY: They whisper to us when we are tempted to do wrong and tell us what is right.

ROSA: I thought that was our conscience.

AMY: We call it conscience; but isn't it our good angel, for it always tells us to do right so that our Heavenly Father can love us? He does love us, for He sends good angels to guard us.

ROSA: I'm going to try harder to be good.

AMY: So shall I, then we will always be happy. Come on, the girls are beckoning for me.

ROSA: I will tell them I'm sorry, and maybe they won't be angry any more.

AMY: I am sure they won't. (They join the other girls.)

JULIA: What has Amy been doing—they are both coming.

KATIE: Made up with her, and will want us to, but I won't.

AMY: Girls, we have come to "kiss and make up." Will you all forgive me for being unkind to Rosa, and for consenting to do what I started to do?

KATIE: I'm the one who needs forgiveness. I proposed it; will you please forgive me, girls?

MATTIE: And I, for I coaxed Amy.

PHEBE: So did I.

JULIA: We did the wrong, not Amy.

AMY: We have all done wrong, but it is all right now; so let us go and gather some flowers for poor, sick Bessie Brown, she is no better today.

KATIE: We will, but first tell us what makes you so happy.

AMY: I started to Rosa a (*hesitating*)

traitor; but I met my little peace-maker, who taught me a better way to be happy.

JULIA: Who is your little peace-maker?

AMY: Conscience.

PHEBE: Girls, we all have a little peace-maker like Amy's; let's try and keep it near us after this.

(Amy starts up a song, in which all join as they go arm in arm from the stage, followed by the six little girls in white, led by Conscience, Amy's little Peace-maker.

Song. Tune, "Little children love the Savior."

Jesus calls us little children,
Let us serve Him day by day,
Heeding still the voice of conscience,
Walking in the narrow way;
Let us now forgive each other,
Resting not in sin content,
All our faults should be forgiven,
And our lives in love be spent.

Yes, we will forgive each other,
Angry words no more be said,
We will heed the voice of conscience,
By her whispers we'll be led;
Serving still our blessed Savior,
Walking in the path He trod,
Speaking kind words to each other,
Holding fast the iron rod.

Hattie Young.

READY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY.

There are always opportunities enough in this world for those who are fitted to fill them and ready to work. But the boy who wants an easy place is likely not to get any, and the one who thinks he does not need any preparation for filling a useful position will probably never get far from the foot of the ladder. The president of one of our national banks tells this story:

A number of years ago a lad came in to the bank and said to me, "Do you want a boy?"

I said "What can you do?"

He said, "I will try and do whatever I am set to. I am just through school, and I want to earn my living."

I said, "Do you know shorthand?"

He replied, "No, sir."

I said, "I think it would be a good plan for you to learn it."

About a year afterward he came to me again and said:

"Do you remember advising me to learn shorthand? Well, I have learned it."

I said, "Sit down and take this pencil and paper."

I dictated to him and he read what he had taken down.

I said, "I think we can find a place for you."

A few months ago this young man was appointed cashier.

HOW WASTE IS SAVED.

How many of my little readers realize that a large percentage of the beautifully white sugar which they seem to have a special tooth for, and which they see their mothers use with such freedom in many of the operations of the kitchen, has actually passed through blood before it reaches the warehouse from which the grocery-man obtained it. Yet such is the fact. In the large slaughter-houses of the great cities, where profits are reckoned by cents upon the animal slaughtered, instead of by dollars, hardly a single part of the animal is permitted to go to waste. Even the blood, which the butcher lets out with a quick cut or thrust of his knife, is turned to useful purposes. You have perhaps heard that people afflicted with certain forms of disease—among others consumption, we believe—used to be, and may still be, advised to drink a

tumbler of hot blood fresh from the bullock's throat—and that some even here in Utah, where consumption is a comparatively rare disease, followed the advice. But other and more general uses for the red fluid have been found. Some portions are used for obtaining the sizing, or smoothness of surface, possessed by certain kinds of printing paper. Other portions—those from which the fluid has all been extracted, yield to the manufacture of solid articles, and look like hard rubber. But more important than either of these uses, is the employment given to the purest portions of the blood in refining sugar. The process is simple enough—the crude sugars are dissolved in water and mixed with the blood; then heat is applied, until a certain element of the blood, called albumen, rises like a scum, carrying with it all impurities in the syrup. That being removed, the refined product is whiter than ever, and no doubt sweeter.

But I have only spoken of one of the products which were formerly considered the waste of the slaughter houses. Of course the hides and tallow have always had a certain value among civilized people, and even many barbarians, for from the one came leather, and from the other came candles and many kinds of oils, as well as soap when other ingredients were mingled. The tallow today, however, forms a more important article of table use than most people know, for it yields the principal part of oleo-margarine, which in many places is largely taking the place of butter—sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of the consumer. But nowadays there is hardly a single part of the carcass that is not turned to a useful purpose. The bones are employed for the extraction of gelatine, for the pro-

duction of certain chemicals, and lastly are converted into animal charcoal. The intestines when prepared are used by druggists and certain manufacturers for making air-tight coverings for bottles and other receptacles, besides the important use as "gold-beater's skin," in the manufacture of gold leaf. "Camel's hair" brushes are made from the soft hair inside the ear of cattle, and of course you all know how good a brush for coarser purposes is made from the bristles that grow along a hog's neck and back. From the hoofs come gelatine and glue, which are also furnished by the bony inside part of the horns, scraps of the hide, the ears, feet, etc.; while the horn itself, when softened, colored, and polished, is made to take the place of fine tortoise shell, besides being converted to the more common uses of knife handles, buttons and combs.

I might go on and tell of a great many strange uses to which seemingly worthless materials are put, but these few notes upon the economy which prevails in utilizing slaughter house waste, called to mind by a recent magazine article, will no doubt give a hint to each thoughtful reader as to many other instances where a saving has been effected in recent years, or may be. The study of these things is commendable; for the same kind of a benefactor is he who renders useful something which would otherwise be wasted, as is he who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before.

J. C.

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Our Little Folks.

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 1, 1896.

My dear young brothers and sisters: Your little stories which are printed in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I read with much satisfaction. Nearly every one of them has made me feel well.

But one, I remember, made me feel bad; I will tell you why. It commenced with a note to the editor; then the story was written; and then the child's name and age were given, all as if it were entirely original; but it was not.

My own children noticed it first, and called my attention to the fact that the story was exactly the same as they had read in a book belonging to myself.

When I compared the two, I found that my children were right. Then I felt bad, because the child who had copied the story and sent it to the INSTRUCTOR had made such a mistake.

It is a very good thing for young writers to copy from the works of good authors; but this should be done for practice and improvement, and not to be passed off as their own productions; that is, as their own stories or letters. If some things they find in books seem to them so good that they would like to see them reprinted in our own INSTRUCTOR, it is all right for them to copy such things and send them to the editor; but in such a case, they should either name the author and give credit where it is due, or inclose in the proper quotation marks, to show that it is a quotation, thus:

"This, above all, to thine own self be true;
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The child who copied the story I have mentioned, did not think of being

dishonest in so doing, I believe. But parents and teachers, at least many of them, want their children to learn and to understand the difference between right and wrong in all things. It is with this feeling that I write now: to correct a mistake which our editor, doubtless, has not had brought to his notice.

And now I will try to explain this matter, so that all the children will understand what I mean, by making an illustration.

We will suppose that a neighbor of ours has a very beautiful flower-garden; that he has planted and raised the flowers himself, and they are a great credit to him. I buy a bouquet of him, or perhaps he gives me some of his flowers. Taking them to the editor, I lead him to believe that by my own cleverness and industry I have raised the flowers myself. The editor is pleased with the flowers, and puts a nice notice of my success in flower culture in his magazine. Would it be honest in me to allow such a thing to take place?

You can see, can you not? children, that in so doing, I should be seeking for honor and accepting praise which belonged to my neighbor. To be sure the flowers would be mine if I paid for them, or if they were given to me; but I could not claim the credit of having raised them and be truthful and honest.

Yet such a course would be quite as honest and honorable as to copy a story from a book written by Louisa May Alcott, or Fanny Fern, or any other author, and pass it off as my own thoughts, even though the book from which I copied might be my own, having been given me by a friend, or purchased with my own money.

Children, I love your letters and

stories, and hope you will all continue to write who have written, and that many more will write. And I hope, too, you will remember the lesson I have tried to make plain in this letter. For there is nothing you can learn that will be of more worth to you than a knowledge of how to be true and honest in all things. I am always your affectionate friend,

Lula.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 317.)

An occupation that Robbie engaged in during the autumn was that of gleaning. After the wheat was gathered at harvest time he would get permission from the owner of a field to go and gather what he could of the grain that was left scattered over the ground.

Each morning he took a sack and proceeded to the wheat field, carrying with him a few slices of bread and butter for his dinner. In the course of the day he would gather about a bushel of wheat heads. The stems he would break off as he proceeded with his work, to make his load that much lighter, as he often had a long distance to carry it.

By laboring in this way for two or three weeks, he would glean enough wheat to feed his mother's hens during the winter; and this was quite a help to her. The dozen or two hens and a cow which she kept were what she at one time mainly depended upon for support. Another task for the boy was that of driving the cow to the pasture. One day, while on his way to the pasture after the cow, Robbie came nearly losing his life by drowning.

He and four other boys went in swimming in a creek near where the cow was pastured. This stream had

numerous crooks and turns in it, and frequently there were deep holes at these turning places. Near these holes the boys were in the habit of bathing, as the water in other places was not deep enough to swim in. At this particular time, while in bathing, Robbie somehow got into deep water and was unable to get out. He managed to call for help, however, and then sank beneath the surface.

The other boys at once made an effort to rescue him. They first grasped each others hands tightly, and while one of them held to some willows on the bank of the creek, the boy farthest from him reached out with the hand that was free and grasped the drowning boy. Then the one near the bank pulled with all his might and brought the whole chain of boys out.

In after years Robbie has often thought the Lord takes special care of young children who have not had experience to make them wise, or else there would be more accidents than there are among them.

In his own case, while a small boy, he could count six times he came nearly being drowned; four times he barely escaped being shot with a gun; and three times he narrowly escaped being run over by a wagon, while several times he came very close to other dangers. Then he could not begin to tell the number of times he had gone all day with wet feet in midwinter, not knowing the danger it was to his health, and through thoughtlessness failed to tell his mother about his condition.

But he had always been taught to observe the Word of Wisdom, that is, not to smoke, nor drink tea, coffee, or strong liquors. His health was therefore good; his body was strong; and when he ignorantly broke some of the

other laws of health he was able to a great extent to resist or keep off the bad effects of breaking them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

A Dream.

About the latter part of February of this year I had the following dream: I found myself in the spirit world, and I saw a great multitude of people, in fact, millions upon millions of them. I thought I had come there to preach the gospel. There appeared to be several persons preaching the gospel, and hearing and seeing those persons thus engaged brought to my mind the object of my visit there.

I then started in to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ as it was given to me. I taught them that those present should believe in Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, who had been there and introduced Himself as the Son of God, and who had been slain in the flesh. I promised them that inasmuch as they would receive His doctrine, work should be done for them upon the earth in the temples of our God.

I awoke, and meditated for a time upon the dream, and then fell asleep again, when I had a continuation of the dream. I thought I saw persons being resurrected from the dead, which caused me to wonder. All at once through the Spirit, or some person, was shown to me the manner of the resurrection, and I thought I had the power given me to bring forth the dead. It was as simple in performance as baptism for the remission of sins. The dead were called forth in the name and by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and

I saw them come forth. Those that I saw arise were arrayed in white robes.

I now awoke, and cannot describe the joy and satisfaction that the Spirit gave me. I rejoiced before the Lord. I saw in my dream no other preachers than Latter-day Saint Elders.

Emelius Berg.

Grass Valley.

I have read in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR a piece from Grass Valley, in Washington County, so I thought I would write about our Grass Valley in Piute County. It is situated east of Sevier Valley and west of Rabbit Valley, with a range of mountains on both sides. The valley is between forty and fifty miles long, and from one-half to three miles wide, running a little from north-east to south-west. There are a number of canyons leading from the valley, with beautiful crystal streams flowing down some of them. The largest stream is headed in the upper or north end of the valley, and is found wending its way in a south-westerly direction until it reaches the Sevier River; in fact it is called the north fork of the Sevier River. In many places along the creek are beautiful meadows. The low hills on both sides furnish wood in abundance. The mountains are filled with saw timber and fencing.

The industries of this valley are stock-raising, dairying and farming. The canyons seem to have been made by an All-wise Creator for the special purpose of travel to and from the valley, as they required but very little work to make beautiful roads.

Prior to the 70's this valley was peopled by Indians only. How long they lived here we know not, nor could the oldest Indian in the tribe tell us.

But he has told my father that he had seen the time in this valley that they had to eat dirt to keep from starving. This Indian bore the name of Pauggy (this being the Indian name for fish). He had charge of Fish Lake and the fish which were in it, hence his name. He died about two years ago. He was blind, and his teeth were worn down level with his gums.

Fish Lake is situated in the tops of the mountains, a little north-east, and between four and five miles from Koosharem.

Tis valley contains six small settlements. The settlement where I live is about twelve miles from the head or north end of the valley. Its name—Koosharem—is the Indian name for the wild clover that grows here. We are about 7,000 feet above sea level.

In the summer of 1874 some families were called to come here and settle. Peter Rasmussen, Frands Peterson, and John Christenson came out and put up a log hut, built a corral and put up some hay. Peter Rasmusson brought his family in November. On the 3rd of January, 1875, Frands Peterson brought his family and John Christenson his widowed mother, who is known to us at present as Grandma Nielson.

Major C. P. Anderson and wife were living a few miles up the valley. One day while the folks from here was up there the ladies went upon a hill close to the road. A. K. Thurber, who had been appointed to look after the Indians in this valley, came along, and when he got even with the ladies he waved his hat and shouted, "Hurrah! four white women in Grass Valley!"

Other families soon came in. They worked in the United Order for two years, battling faithfully with the elements. In 1876, on the 10th of August,

their headed grain froze until it looked black. They fasted and prayed, and were rewarded in the fall with three hundred bushels. The wheat was shrunk, but still it made them bread. At one time while some of the brethren were out of the valley for supplies, those who remained were without bread for two days, except a little made from a pan of bran.

Now this settlement has a population of about sixty families.

Some years the frost injures our grain, but generally it is the best raised in Utah.

We still have some Indians living here, but not so many as when this valley was first settled, for there has been so many more deaths than births among them. We have seventeen Indians on our Sunday School roll. They are improving very fast, following after the whites, both in their homes and in their dress. In fact, we sometimes fancy their skins whiter than it used to be. They have been baptized, and some of them can read in two and three letters. My father, George A. Hatch, is their Sunday School teacher. Recently the chief asked father when Apostle Lyman was coming. He said, "You tell him tell Cannon send Ingen some pocket manomie (reading). Ingen heap likum read, likum picktuers."

Alice Arminie Hatch. Age 12 years.
KOOSHAREM, PIUTE CO.

CHILDREN generally hate to be idle; all the care is then that their busy humor should be constantly employed in something of use to them.

CHILDREN should laugh, but not mock; and when they laugh, it should not be at the weaknesses and the faults of others.

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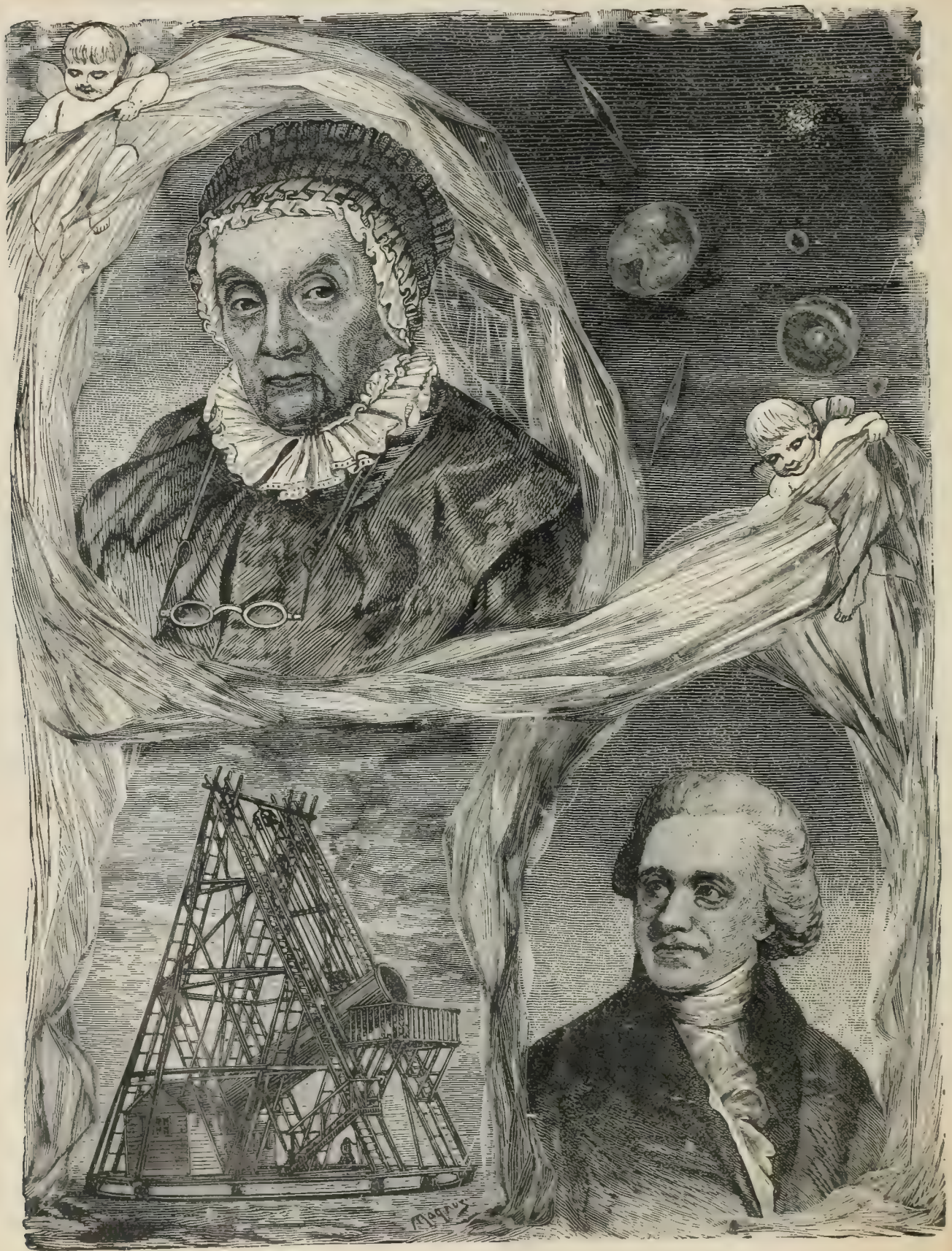
THE HERSCHELS, BROTHER AND SISTER.

VERY young readers will hardly know how to understand the meaning of a considerable part of the accompanying picture. For instance, unless they were told, they would hardly guess that the upper right hand quarter of the engraving was designed to represent planets or some other habitant of space; while the curious-looking structure in the lower left-hand corner resembles almost anything else as much as it does a telescope with which observers scan the heavens in watching the motions of the bright bodies which bespangle our sky. But when it is explained that the portraits presented are those of a brother and sister named Herschel, whose astronomical labors and achievements have recorded their names forever among the stars, the artist's purpose in the parts of the picture above referred to will be understood.

The Herschels were of Bohemian descent, but at the time of the birth of the brother and sister here presented, the parents lived in Hanover, Germany, where the father earned his living as a musician. Frederick William was born in 1738, and Caroline in 1750; the former lived to be 84 and the latter 98 years of age. Both were fond of and highly skilled in music, and both also were of a patient, plodding, studious

turn, which enabled them to pursue the mathematical science of astronomy with accuracy and devotion. In their adopted country of England they each won high honors, Caroline being elected honorary member of various societies to which women had previously been utter strangers, besides receiving various medals, pensions and other marks of distinction; while her brother was knighted, and has lived to history as Sir William Herschel, having made contributions to our sum of knowledge which during his lifetime and up to the present have never been surpassed in importance by those of any other observer.

As seems to be usual where the human mind puts forth its best endeavors, the Herschels were beset with many difficulties, and the sister writes almost pathetically of the devices resorted to by her persevering brother to enable him to prosecute his beloved studies. His home-made telescopes, for some of which he and his patient sister worked for years on the grinding of a single lens; his laborious calculations; his zeal for his work which almost prevented him from eating at all save as he was forced to receive into his mouth a morsel now and then from the hands of his sister—all this the histories tell of him in interesting detail. The writers also tell of his discoveries in the distant



CAROLINE AND SIR FREDRICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

portions of our solar system, and in the vast starry world; his deductions, which were so accurate as to have become astronomical laws; his monumental exam-

ple of what may be accomplished by courage, perseverance and continuous study.

Of all this we can of course make

only brief mention here, as well as of his famous telescope, which the artist has shown,—the largest and by far the best that had been constructed up to that time. As our readers grow older they will have opportunity of becoming better acquainted with his works, and we are sure the more they read of him and his gifted sister the more they will find in them to admire. *B.*

SOME MIRACLES.

WHILE traveling as a humble missionary, in company with Elder H——, of Cache County, in the Northern States, 1890, the following promises given to the apostles by the Savior were brought very forcibly to my mind: "And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe, in my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." (*Mark xvi: 15-18, 20.*)

On Monday, May 12, we left Brother Samuel Ashcroft's, where we had spent the night, to make a visit to Lawrence County, where we had previously held meetings, and where Elder H—— had been threatened with violence some time before. It was here that a mob had attempted to take him out, and one of our friends had received an ugly cut with a knife on the shoulder, which fortunately did no other damage than to cut the clothing to the skin.

During the interval of the mobbing and the visit of which I speak a great change had come over the people, and we had friends on every hand. There were but few homes in the neighborhood that would not bid us welcome.

We arrived in the afternoon, intending to stop the night with a Mr. Deckard; but his family was down with the measles, and we went about a mile further to Roy McFadder's. On entering this house, his wife seemed overjoyed to see us. She had a small baby which was covered with boils, many of which were nearly as large as half an egg. The little one had been in this condition for a number of days. Mrs. McFadder was not a member of the Church, but she told us she had been praying for the Lord to send the Mormon Elders for a week. She had told her neighbors she knew if those Mormon Elders would only step across her threshold her child would be healed. We stayed that night, left our blessing with them, and returned after two days to find the child playing in the yard, fully recovered, with scarcely a sign of its great affliction. We felt to say, "Thy faith has healed thy child."

During the two days we were absent, we stopped at Mr. Corder's four miles distant. Mr. Corder's daughter's infant was dangerously sick with a fever, and the father of the child was making preparations to go for the doctor. Seeing the condition of things, we thought it wisdom to go to a neighbor's to spend the night, and made mention of our feelings. The mother of the child would not hear of it, and pled with us not to leave her with the sick child. We retired to the woods and asked the Lord to restore the child to health, for we felt they were a family worthy of our blessing, as we had shared their hospitality many times. We returned

to the house and the mother exclaimed, "What have you done for my child?" She called our attention to the great change for the better. The father seeing the change, did not go for the doctor. The child had a peaceful night's rest and was fully recovered by morning.

These miraculous healings spread like wildfire, and the word went forth that the Mormons were healing the people everywhere. By request we called at John Smith's, the man at whose house Elder H——was staying when the mob attempted violence. His daughter, a young girl of about sixteen years, was sorely afflicted with an evil spirit, and had been in convulsions for a number of days. It required the strength of several men to keep her in bed. Mr. Smith asked if we could do anything for the girl. Elder H——asked me what I thought of it. I remarked that there was something that needed rebuking; this feeling seemed mutual between us. We placed our hands on her head and commanded the power which had possession of her in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. But it had no sooner left the girl than it seized hold of us, seeming to clutch us by the breast and throat. For a time it seemed that it would overcome us. We retired again to the woods, and there we labored with the fiend, and it was several hours before we were fully relieved of it.

The following day we were sent for by a gentleman who had been sick for some time with rheumatism. He desired us to administer to him. We asked if he had faith to be healed. He replied that he did not know whether he had or not.

I then asked him if he believed that if the same power and priesthood that were on the earth in the days of the Savior and His Apostles were restored

again, would the same blessings follow those who believed.

He replied he certainly did.

We told him that we held the same priesthood, and it had been conferred on us by those holding authority from God to administer in all the ordinances of the Gospel and if he desired we would administer to him.

After kneeling and praying in turn, we laid our hands on him and rebuked the disease in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The following day he was able to be out in the garden, and four weeks later I met him with his dinner bucket three miles from home, going to work, having regained his usual health.

All these miracles were performed among the people who believed the Gospel as preached by the Mormon Elders, yet not one, to my knowledge, has ever been baptized. But I feel that the testimony we bore them has sunk deep into the hearts of many, and it may be like bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days.

C. W. R.

READ not books alone, but men, and amongst them chiefly thyself; if thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend rather than the gloss of a sweet-lipped flatterer; there is more profit in a distasteful truth than deceitful sweetness.

THE best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others' that deserve it.

WIT and understanding are trifles without integrity.

THREE MINUTES TO TWELVE.

It was a cold night in December. I had visited an old friend, who lived about six miles from the city, in an Ober-Forestel; we had been sitting together until late in the warm, cosy room, over a glass of milk. Unfortunately one of the buggy horses of my friend had become lame a few days before, and as I had to transact important business in the city the next morning, I had no alternative but to walk home.

It was bitterly cold, and so dark that one could hardly see the hands before the eyes. A sharp east wind howled over the gloomy barren fields, and I was heartily glad when the yellow gaslights of the suburbs appeared. Under the first lamp post I stopped to look at my watch, which was a matter of some difficulty, as one of the panes of the lamp was broken, and the flame, blown by the wind to all directions, was liable to be extinguished any minute. At last I succeeded in recognizing the hand. It showed three minutes to twelve.

When I looked up again I involuntarily started. Close before me stood a man. I had not heard the least noise of steps; it was as if he had suddenly risen out of the ground. I looked for a moment silently into his face. But this moment was enough to press his countenance upon my memory. He was a tall, lank man, clad in a worn-out black coat, on which some of the seams were open. His face was exceedingly lean and pale, the eyes were deep in their cavities, and around the chin hung a gray, unkempt beard.

He lifted his shabby hat and said in a tone whose politeness astonished me: "May I ask you for the kindness, sir, to tell me how late it is?" I was naturally careful not to pull out my watch again.

"Three minutes before midnight," I replied. He thanked me with the same politeness with which he had formerly spoken, lifted his hat again, and disappeared in the darkness as noiselessly as he had come.

Half an hour later I smiled in my cosy bed-room about my causeless fear, and a week afterward I had forgotten the adventure. I was very busy about that time, and a large contract which I had to fill in the next few days for a firm in the neighboring city, occupied my whole attention. About two months had passed when I had, in the night, a very strange dream, after I had just returned from a business trip. I found myself on the summit of a steep precipice. Far away, on the horizon, I saw a tower looming up. Beside me stood a tall, black figure. Suddenly it stretched out its arms and pointed with a commanding motion to the far away city. The dream was simple, but it was so exceedingly vivid that I could not get rid of the thought of it the following day. "Will it come again?" I murmured, when I retired on the evening. And the dream came again, the same dream I had the night before. I again stood on the mount, and the mysterious figure again pointed at the city.

Next morning at the breakfast table I narrated this strange dream to my wife.

She was kind enough not to laugh at it, but gave me a very sensible explanation.

"That you dream," said she, "is very natural. You have just returned from a very important business transaction. And as far as concerns the black figure, well, of such ghosts one dreams often."

"But it is strange that I have had the same dream two nights in succession," I replied.

"Well, this is natural enough. You

just told me that you were thinking all day about your dream."

I drank a cup of coffee with a feeling of relief. The explanation of my wife was so sensible. It was a pity I could not prevent the dream from coming in the third night and more vivid than ever before. In the gesture of the black figure this time there was something threatening, terrible—I was bathed in cold perspiration when I started up from sleep with a cry of terror.

"You look like a corpse," exclaimed my wife when I entered the dining-room next morning. "Has anything happened to you?"

I tried to smile, but I fear I did not succeed well in the attempt. "Just think, I had the dream again last night," I said, slowly.

My wife looked at me, silently.

"Either I will become insane or—something terrible has happened."

"Oh, you superstitious—" she did not conclude the sentence. The maid entered the room with the mail. "Well, there it is."

"Very well, but what then? Open it." I opened the envelope with trembling fingers. I was sure that I must have received an unfortunate message.

"Well?"

"Oh, my business friend requests me to see him about a transaction."

My wife laughed outright. "And therefore the triple dream! Well, see that you get off. The train leaves in an hour. But I hope you will bring home another face."

I divided the coupe with three gentlemen, two elderly and a younger one, who had a lively conversation. I soon found out that they were lawyers. Their conversation was about a murder case which was to be tried at the District Court. One, a handsome gentleman

with a gray beard and gold spectacles, was thoroughly convinced of the guilt of the defendant. "The defense was altogether faulty from the start," he said.

The younger one—his sharply cut, intelligent profile seemed familiar to me—nodded. "The proof of alibi was ventured, indeed; but on the other side you must not forget that there was not one direct witness of the murder. And I must confess I am somewhat mistrustful of purely circumstantial evidence."

"But let me tell you, my dear Dr. Bergmann," said the stout one, "the case is as clear as the sun. And if a dozen witnesses had been there the fellow would not be more certainly convicted. No doubt he is the murderer."

I addressed my vis-a-vis: "I believe we have met before, doctor?" The young lawyer recognized me; we had had some business together some time before. I asked him for particulars: "What is the case about? I have not regularly read the papers recently."

"Oh, it is a very interesting case. A bookkeeper who has lost his position is indicted for the murder and robbery of the cashier of his former firm. A direct proof, it is said, cannot be given; the circumstantial evidence, however, is grave enough. The defense has tried to prove an alibi, but, unfortunately, there is a missing link, just the critical hour in which the deed was committed. Well, here we are already."

The train stopped, and we got off. "Will you accompany me to the courthouse, or must you attend to your business right away?" asked the lawyer. I stood undecided for a moment. It was just after nine o'clock—so early I would hardly find my business friend. "Very well, if I can get a seat."

"The court room will undoubtedly be very full, but I will do my best."

The court had not yet been opened. Loud confusion of noises filled the hall. Suddenly deep silence prevailed. I heard steps—the judges entered. The presiding judge opened the session. A few minutes the District Attorney took the floor. Although I could see nothing of the action, I could hear every word, and I followed the argument of the speaker in breathless suspense.

The attorney for the defendant also did his best. But in the proof of alibi, by which he tried to save his client, the most important link was missing. It was proved that the crime was committed about midnight. Several witnesses had unanimously stated that about that time cries for help were heard from the office in which the cashier had been working alone.

The defendant, during the whole transaction, had steadfastly maintained that he was not at all in the city at that time. But he could not prove it by a single witness. Under these conditions it was certain that the arguments of his attorney would have no force.

"Defendant, you have the last word. Have you anything else to say," asked the judge amid dead silence.

At that moment the gentleman in front of me moved a little to the side, and I could see the defendant, but not his face, for it was turned to the judge. "As true as there is a God I am innocent," said he, with a calm, deep voice, whose tone affected me strangely. He slowly turned and looked sorrowfully through the long lines of the audience.

"There is but one man in the world whose testimony can save me, and"—he suddenly stopped. "There is the man," he cried out and his outstretched hand pointed at me.

Like a stroke of lightning it flashed through my brain. I recognized the

man; he was the same that I had met on that December night, the night of the murder.

"He is innocent," I shouted.

My testimony brought the missing link in the chain for proof of not guilty.

The man at the time of the crime was fully three miles from the city.

And, strangely enough, the moment he recognized me the hands of the clock pointed to three minutes to twelve.

C. S.

FREE AGENCY, OR DISCIPLINE.

A Dialogue.

Curtain raises, disclosing three young school girls busily eating lunch and in earnest conversation.

BLANCHE: Now, Mildred, no long curtain lecture from you today, for what I have said before I now repeat: I shall marry the man I love in spite of anyone. So there now. That is if he will have me.

MILDRED: I suppose that means that you will marry this fellow called Harry Foot if your parents object or do not.

BLANCHE: Exactly.

MILDRED: Then I can only add that you will live to repent it. There is an old saying which I add, "As you make your bed so in it you must lie."

BLANCHE: Just so (*very indifferently*).

MILDRED: I am sorry for you, Blanche for I do not think you realize the great danger you stand in by fostering such ideas.

BLANCHE (*banteringly*): Indeed, Miss Prudence! I suppose you have gained your wonderful amount of knowledge through your many years of experience.

MILDRED: Why will you be so sarcastic, and ridicule so harshly, Blanche, when you know well enough that I mean

it for your good. How long do you intend carrying on these clandestine meetings? I am sometimes half-inclined to write to your parents and acquaint them of your rash behavior.

BLANCHE: Indeed you need not take the trouble, for I am fully able to attend to my own affairs. I suppose you will be making the principal, Madam Fountain, acquainted with my outrageous conduct yet? Ha! ha! I was quite amused the other night at the old cat. How cleverly she thought she was performing her duty, and how cleverly Harry acted his part. Why he was politeness itself to the old vixen. He praised her dancing, her manner and waited on her hand and foot, and finally asked her if I did not belong to her institution, as I imitated her fine manner so completely, only I was quite doudy-looking compared to her. Ha! ha! What do you think of that my modest Mildred? And then she condescended to introduce us, just as if we needed an introduction. But we had a fine time after that, if Harry did have to divide his attention between us.

MILDRED: Why, Blanche, I am shocked at such deception. I was grieved the other night that you would allow this Mr. Foot to pay you so much attention—a comparative stranger as far as you know anything of his past life. One would have thought that you were really engaged to this gentleman. And besides, Miss Fountain is not by any means old.

BLANCHE: Ah! Indeed I have not said we were not engaged yet; but how about Mr. Thornton? Did he make a proposal of marriage? He seemed very much smitten.

MILDRED: Mr. Thornton acted the gentleman, which I believed him to be. He asked if he could make an endeavor

to gain the consent of my parents to call and visit me, and I told him it would be in vain, as neither my parents or the principal of the school wished me to receive company while at school, and that I made it a rule of my life to obey them in all things, and—and—he——

BLANCHE: And what? I would like to hear the whole of this little by-play, as you are so shocked at my conduct.

MILDRED: Well, he asked me if he waited patiently until I had left school if he might try to win their consent then, and I told him that if my parents had no objection I—I had none. So there you have all, and I should not have related this to you only I had hopes you might profit by it.

BLANCHE: I thank you for your consideration; but supposing this gentleman succeeds in obtaining permission of calling at your father's house, finally makes a proposal of marriage, and you loved him and your parents object; what then?

MILDRED: In such a case I most certainly should abide by my parents' decision, and if he be as good and noble a man as he represented himself to be, he would in time overcome all obstacles and win their consent, for I shall never, no never, marry without that.

BLANCHE: Did you ever hear such stuff and nonsense! Such utter absurdity! Just fancy any young lady giving up the man she loved just to please papa and mamma! I hope you will not act so unwisely Miss Dora (*turning to Dora*); and by the way, what do you think of our little dispute? You have been a very attentive listener all through our conversation. You must have come to some conclusion.

DORA: Oh, you must remember that I am only sweet sixteen, therefore you cannot expect me to have formed many

ideas on the love question; but nevertheless I will give my opinion as best I can: In the first place, Blanche, I think you ought to be a little more discreet, as I have been informed by some of the young ladies belonging to this institution, and by those having brothers and are likely to know the real facts in the case, that this Mr. Foot does not bear a very creditable character. I have never met him, therefore I can only judge him from hearsay, and from the course he has taken with you I do think, Blanche, he might act a little more openly, a little more like a gentleman, and not so much like a miscreant or thief. He might at least have waited until you had left school and then gained the consent of your parents.

BLANCHE: Indeed! So you, my little friend, have imbibed a great many of these false notions, for false notions they are. Do you suppose for one moment that any sensible young lady would give up the man she truly loves, and believe all manner of false reports about him, just because one's papa and mamma and friends do not happen to fall down and worship? I for one will not. So there now (*with a tap of the foot on the floor*).

DORA: But supposing you should marry this man contrary to your parents' wishes, and he turns out a low fortune-hunter, what an unhappy life would then be yours!

BLANCHE: I would advise you to do away with these silly ideas, and learn to borrow trouble where there's need (*with a haughty bend of the head*).

DORA: Silly or not silly, I hope I shall be wise enough not to ruin my own life and make my kind, loving parents unhappy by throwing myself away on a low fortune-hunter.

MILDRED: That is right, Miss Dora;

keep those good principles by you, and you will surely get your reward. Many a young lady has been ruined in life by disobeying her parents. Let us see that we do not belong to that unhappy class.

BLANCHE: Pshaw! I do not intend to stay here and listen to any more pious talk today; but hark! There goes the first bell. Oh, those hateful old studies, how I dislike them. Six months more to ponder over and weary one's brain over German, French and Latin. I shall die. (*stamps her foot*.)

DORA: Just wait one moment, girls. In six months each of you leave school; is this not so? Now what I wish to say is this, I do not think it will be long after you leave before you both enter into married life. Now I would like to gain a promise from both of you that when you have been married some time, that you write and relate me your first experience of married life. Who knows but this might be the means of enabling me to decide my future course of life when the time comes for me to take the all-important step. Will you promise?

MILDRED: Most willingly, little Dora; that is, if your conjecture on my entering married life should prove more truth than poetry, I will gladly comply with your wishes. I only hope that I have a good record to give my little friend.

DORA: Oh, it is sure to be that, dearest Mildred. Will you promise, Blanche?

BLANCHE: I will promise, Miss Dora; but my record is sure to be a 'clear one, as I am not always borrowing trouble and anxiety.

DORA (*clapping her hands*): Oh there is the last bell; we will have to hasten (*going out followed by Mildred and Blanche, and looking back over her shoulder saying*) Remember your promise, girls. Exit. (*Curtain falls*.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ADVANTAGES OF OUR YOUTH.

IN listening to the exercises in our Sunday schools, one is greatly struck with the advantages which the pupils have over the generations that have preceded them in the Church. Our attention was called to this the other evening through being present at a ward meeting which was called to pay respect to a departing missionary.

When the editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR went on his first mission there had been no Sunday schools in the Church (or if there had been, they were very limited and confined to small circles) at which our young people could receive the instruction that is now so common throughout the length and breadth of these mountains. There were no theological classes; there were comparatively few books or pamphlets published with the exception of the Voice of Warning; there was scarcely a book or pamphlet in existence then that is now circulated so freely by the Elders wherever they go. There was no Compendium, no Ready References, no Catechism, no Answers to Questions. The best aid then obtainable was a little work published by Benjamin Winchester, which gave a synopsis of doctrines and scriptural references to sustain those doctrines. But the printing press has done a great work in the multiplication of books containing information concerning the Church, and numerous

works giving proofs and advancing arguments to sustain almost every principle of the Gospel as taught by the Church.

While the advantages which the Elders now have are not probably anything like as great as they will be in the coming years, yet they are almost immeasurably superior to those that the Elders had in former days. Young men now go out equipped as they could not go out in early days; and if they are not thoroughly informed concerning the principles of the Gospel and the scriptural proofs and other arguments to sustain and defend them, it is because they do not avail themselves of their opportunities.

Another great advantage which the young men of this day have over their predecessors is, education is more common. Boys and young men who were connected with the Church in the early days had few opportunities for education. The circumstances of the Church did not permit of their studying and attending school as they now can do. When the Saints came to these valleys everyone capable of work had to help in the different labors which pressed upon the people; books were very few and were not within reach. The people had been driven out, and they had no means of transporting books, even if they could have bought them. Many of the books they did have were left behind because every pound that could be carried had to be in food and the scant clothing that they possessed. Beyond the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Doctrine and Covenants and the hymn book, there were few books in the possession of any family during the first years of the settlement in Salt Lake Valley. The young men, therefore, who went out on missions in those days were

not furnished as those are who go now. Their education being limited, their books few, they were compelled to trust in the Lord and to exercise great faith, and make up in diligence and energy that which they lacked in other directions. That they were very successful has now become a matter of history.

Experience has proved that it is not education, it is not money, it is not other advantages of this character that cause those who possess them to be the most successful missionaries; it is faith, diligence, energy that have counted and that have crowned their possessors with success. Men who did not have money had to pray mightily to get what they needed. Men who were not qualified by education and by training as speakers, had to seek the Lord with great earnestness to overcome the defects which they had. And the work performed by the Elders, when viewed now in the light of the present, was marvelous. Those who went out then, if they obtained food and raiment, or anything else which they needed, had to depend upon the Lord to furnish it by softening the hearts of men and women towards them. They had no fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, or other friends at home to send them money, because the friends at home had none to send. They were too poor, money was too scarce in these valleys, for years, to permit of any being sent abroad to sustain the young men who had gone out to preach the Gospel. The question may very well arise in one's mind whether that kind of training was not better all around than the training which some are receiving at the present time. It may be that some failed in those days because they did not have faith enough to come up to the requirements; but those who did succeed certainly became a finer type and

had superior faith than they would have had, perhaps, had they been surrounded by more favorable circumstances.

It is unfortunate, we think, for our Elders to go out putting their trust in their education, in their training as speakers, in the possession of money, to aid them on their missions. Anything that contributes to weaken men's reliance upon God, and upon His willingness to supply their every necessity and to qualify them for their duties, is not an advantage.

We sincerely hope that all who are brought in contact with the young men who are now going out will impress upon them the importance of trusting in God. Education is an advantage; good training is an advantage; familiarity with elocution is an advantage; having money at home that can be used if necessary is an advantage. All these are advantages if they are used properly; and if men will not put their trust in them, but will rely upon God and seek with faith to do that which is assigned to them, constantly looking to Him for His Spirit to lead and guide them and for His power to support them, they will be very useful and become a great influence for good.

MANY people think of knowledge as of money. They would like knowledge, but cannot face the perseverance and self-denial that go to the acquisition of it.

GOOD actions give strength to ourselves and inspire good actions in others.

HARD work is still the road to prosperity, and there is no other.

THE basis of good manners is self-reliance.

A TRUE CONVERT.

LIVING at a time when the persecution of our people has almost entirely ceased and the bitter feeling of scorn and derision is rapidly giving place to one of toleration and even respect, it is very difficult for the children of the Latter-day Saints to realize how intensely many of our older brethren and sisters have suffered for the Gospel's sake. In the hope that some one at least may be stimulated to increased faithfulness and devotion to the truth the following is written:

In a little village in England lived a good man and woman whose names were John and Fanny Willis. They were in humble circumstances, but still were happy in some of the choicest blessings, chief among which was the birth of a baby girl which occurred on the 16th of January, 1826. There were other children given to the worthy couple, but this little daughter, whom they christened Jemima, was from the first such a womanly little mite that all the family soon came to look upon her as the main prop to the burden of household cares.

When only six years old, Jemima began making lace to sell, and for ten years worked almost unceasingly at this occupation. But though her tiny fingers never seemed to tire, she could earn only a trifle each day. All that she did earn, however, was freely given to aid the family. Mr. Willis died before Jemima reached her ninth year, and her mother, who was an invalid, was reduced to extreme poverty.

The family at the time were living in a parish. The people did not own the houses they lived in, as do the great majority of the Mormons, but every tenant rented his house of the owner, Sir George Robinson.

One of Jemima's little brothers offended Sir George in some way, and was forbidden to live in the parish. It grieved Mrs. Willis very much to have her son sent away, and oh, how her heart ached when in the night he would come to the door and beg to be let in. How every maternal instinct was outraged, when, weary with crying, the little fellow would fall asleep on the door step or find shelter in the barn. But she was compelled to smother her grief as best she might, for Sir George threatened to turn the whole family out of doors if any favors were shown the lad. Though an outcast, Charles was never forgotten by his faithful sister Jemima. Many a time she sought him in the parish and gave such good sisterly comfort and advice to the lonely wanderer that he felt he had a friend indeed. Nor was she unwilling to show her devotion to him in a more substantial way. With her utmost endeavors she could earn only six cents a day; this, with a trifling allowance from the parish, was spent for food; but it made scanty fare for her mother, herself and little brother William. Still, when she thought Charles could be found, she would put some water in the milk, cut the bread in thinner slices, and thus make a meal for three persons serve for four. Early in the morning she would steal quietly out in search of her brother, taking with her the milk and bread reserved for his breakfast. With pleasure she would watch the half-famished boy devour the food while her own hunger was but partially appeased.

Charles continued for a time to visit the parish, whenever he could do so without being seen by mischief-makers; but at last he suddenly disappeared, and after several years an indirect rumor

reached Mrs. Willis that he had enlisted in the army and gone to East India.

As William grew older he yearned for the companionship of his brother Charles, and thinking the only way to be with him was to also become a soldier, he joined a regiment that was about to leave for East India. He soon learned, however, that he could not get transferred to Charles' regiment without paying a certain sum of money. Not having the necessary amount, he wrote to Jemima, and asked if she could send him some. With the same self-sacrificing disposition as ever, she immediately sent him all she had, though it deprived her of many a comfort to do so.

The money received, William soon got his transfer to the desired regiment, but to his intense sorrow found that death had robbed him of his expected happiness in the society of his cherished brother. He had been killed in battle a few days before William reached the place where the regiment was stationed.

This sad news was the last that ever reached Jemima from her soldier brothers.

When Jemima was sixteen years of age she went out to service as nurse maid. The family for whom she served liked her so well that they kept her over three years, and then parted with her very reluctantly. But her mother had become such an invalid that Jemima felt it a duty to go home and nurse her, although it seemed quite a sacrifice to do so. Not that she failed to entertain the proper regard for her widowed mother, but going home meant going back to a bread and milk diet, arduous toil, with no recompense, and giving up the exquisite pleasure of sending home a few pence each week.

With the thanks and blessings of the

kind family, she left, and cheerfully took up her labor of love.

The days passed slowly along, and Mrs. Willis grew continually more feeble. She often said, "Jemima, I am starving to death by inches." To a loving daughter the remark was painful indeed, and the inability to procure proper and nourishing food for the sufferer caused the noble girl many a pang of keenest sorrow.

Her eldest brother, Samuel, was living near, but he had a family of his own and could aid them but little. The allowance from the parish was barely sufficient to "keep body and soul together," and Jemima's strength and ingenuity were taxed to the utmost in trying to make "ends meet."

But through all she never murmured or tried to shrink from the self-imposed task. Patiently she performed the daily labor; prayerfully she kept at night the lonely vigil, ever exhibiting a perfect example of filial devotion, ever thoughtful, considerate and kind.

Four weeks elapsed, and Mrs. Willis was laid quietly away in the parish churchyard. When the last sad rites were over, Jemima knelt above the humble grave a sad and lonely orphan. There was no friend to extend the hand of sympathy except her brother Samuel. To him she turned in her hour of sorrow and was given a home beneath his roof. In 1850 she accompanied him and his family to South Australia. They went with the anticipation of bettering their fortunes and making a new home. They sailed in the ship *Constance*, and were twenty weeks on the voyage. Arriving at Port Adelaide all safe and well, the next thing on the program was to select a location for their home. It was finally decided that Iron Marsh was the most suitable place.

Shortly after their arrival in Australia, Jemima was married to a young man named William Meadwell. She had become acquainted with him while on the sea, and ere they had landed had promised to be his wife. They lived together quite harmoniously until some time in October, 1853, when Jemima embraced the Gospel. This displeased both her husband and brother, and they tried in every way, but a kind one, to turn her from the truth. But she had received a testimony for herself and would not deny it whatever she had to suffer. One time they locked her up in a room for a week and gave her nothing to eat during the time except a four-pound loaf of bread; but were generous (?) enough to let her have all the water she could drink. Doubtless Mr. Meadwell thought he was punishing her very severely; but Jemima found her prison life quite comfortable nevertheless. The fiend (I think that name more appropriate than Wm. Meadwell) forgot to fasten the windows, and every day Jemima enjoyed a good visit and a substantial meal at the house of her friend, Sister Council. But if she had been unable to open the window, her imprisonment would have been more tolerable than the treatment she afterwards received. The fiend used to beat her unmercifully, and threaten to kill her if she had anything to do with the Mormons. One night he came home at twelve o'clock as drunk—well, as drunk as the fiend usually got. Jemima prepared his supper, but he refused to eat, saying some one in the house would be murdered that night and he was going to be hung for it. He also used very abusive language, not seeming to be in the least put back by the presence of their nearest neighbor, Mrs. Davis. This lady had been spending the evening at

the house, but when the fiend became so insolent, she bade them good night and went home. No sooner had she gone than, with a dreadful oath, he threw his teacup at Jemima's head, but it fell in pieces at her feet, whereupon he threw the saucer, using the same language as before, and again missing his aim. When Jemima urged him to go to bed, he refused, and persisted that some one was going to be killed, and that the grave was already dug at the foot of a tree near the house. At length, however, she succeeded in inducing him to go to bed while she laid down beside him with her clothes on. Fearing trouble, she left the candle burning, and was able to see distinctly every movement he made. As soon as the fiend thought she was asleep, he took her hands in his, and placing both knees on her chest began pressing with all his might, all the time grinning and making the most hideous faces. Concluding doubtless that he could find a more fiendish way to accomplish his purpose, he got up, locked the door and began searching for his razors. Failing to find them, he demanded an explanation, and learned that they had been placed in the care of Mrs. Davis. He then went out and locked the door on the outside, but returned presently and found Jemima kindling a fire. He told her to go to bed, and she said she would if he would go too. Accordingly both laid down, and Jemima soon pretended to be in a sound slumber. In a little while the fiend said, "Now she is asleep and I will do for her. I have six men to back me."

Entirely now at his mercy, she knew her time had come unless she could get help. But where was it to be obtained? No one could hear her cries—what, no one? Ah, yes, there was One who

heard. One who listened to the silent plea for help, the entreaty for longer time on earth to fill a mission of usefulness. Suddenly she felt an unnatural strength, and instantly raised up in bed, saying, "Lie still or I'll whip you." But he preferred to go on with his wicked plan, and she gave him such a sound thrashing that he was obliged to obey her command and remain as quiet as a lamb the remainder of the night.

Early in the morning he went off in town and did not return until afternoon. He was in a very bad humor, and as soon as he entered the house commenced using very insulting language, and finally struck Jemima a blow on the head and sent her reeling out of doors. She stood almost paralyzed for a few moments, but gradually a feeling of loneliness came over her and the desolate cry she had uttered when the first spadeful of earth fell heavily upon her mother's coffin again escaped her lips.

She could not, as then, go to her brother Samuel, for he was as angry as the fiend himself, and never missed an opportunity to aid in persecuting her.

Remembering, however, that she had a true friend in Mrs. Simons, she immediately turned her footsteps in the direction of her house. This good lady was a Catholic, but a friend to the Saints nevertheless, for she believed that within thirty years they would all join the Catholic Church. She generously provided Jemima with food and a good comfortable bed. Early the next morning Sister Council came in search of the suffering woman, having heard of the bad treatment she had received, and accompanied her to the police station, where they entered a complaint against the fiend. In due time the trial came

off, and the long-wished for divorce was granted.

Bitterly as she had been hated beneath her husband's roof, cruelly as she had been treated, she still had something to eat and wear, still had some kind of shelter. Now she stood alone—no home, no food, no clothing except what she had on. The fiend and Samuel promised to be good and kind if she would renounce her religion and come back; but she scorned to purchase a home at such a price.

Never had she doubted that her Heavenly Father would care for her. She trusted Him implicitly, and prayed earnestly for strength to labor that she might obtain food and clothing. Her petition was granted, and many Saints would gladly have given her shelter; but the watchful fiend was ever on the alert to find where she was staying and ready at any time to drive her away if possible. Her worst danger was at night, for she never knew on lying down that she would not be molested before morning, and as a precaution stayed only a few nights in the same place. She had no weapon except a pair of scissors, but these she determined to use in self-defense.

One night after she had retired (she was staying at the house of Brother Council) a mob gathered and began making hideous noises, such as beating tin pans, blowing horns, shooting fire-crackers and yelling. They asked if Mrs. Meadwell was there, and as Brother Council was too honest to tell a falsehood, he made no reply. Finding they could get no answer, they clamored loudly for her to be turned out so they could kill her. They tried to get in the house, but failed, and then began splitting open the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SABBATH REVERIE.

'Tis Sabbath eve, and far away; I know,
The brazen church-bells peal:
I hear not; but, as fades the sun's warm glow,
Old mem'ries o'er me steal.

Borne on the throbbing swell of their soft chimes,
I live my youth once more,
And walk with dear ones of those vanished times
On childhood's happy shore.

I clasp once more the loving mother-hand
That stay'd my tottering feet,
And led me to that magic border-land
Where youth and manhood meet.

Ah, loving hand! that knew but to caress,
I feel your touch tonight;
And all life's sorrow, care, and bitterness
Fade quickly out of sight.

Even from the grave her smiling face appears,
And conquers envious Time;
Not all the lapse of barren, vanished years
Can slay her love sublime.

Oft in the lonely watches of the night
I feel the silence thrill,
And, though unheard, nor there to mortal sight,
I know she's with me still.

And he who placed the gracious crown of wife
Upon her maiden brow,
And saw her perish in the spring of life,
Walks ever with her now.

Beyond the mystic borders of the dead
Their hands have clasped again;
While I, left desolate, alone must tread
The avenues of pain.

O loving guardians of my youthful days!
I feel you at my side;
And, though I long have walked forbidden ways,
Ye do not come to chide.

Yours the wide knowledge of the larger spheres,
Where death and evil cease;
Your silent presence calms my utmost fears,
And to my heart speaks peace.

You stretch your hands as though you would invite
Me to that happy bourne:
Not yet; not yet. Good-night, loved ones, good-night!
Some day 'twill be "Good-morn!"

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

WHAT THE SAINTS ARE DOING.

THERE is a class of people in this state who seem never to be so happy as when they are trying to abuse and find fault with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Apparently, the Church can scarcely do a thing to suit or please them. They are constantly finding fault with and attributing wrong motives and improper aims to the leading men of the Church, meddling continually in affairs that do not concern them, and affecting to see evil in the most simple, straightfoward and honest words and acts.

To those who are familiar with the entire situation of affairs in this state this conduct seems very contemptible. Some indulge in this through malice, others through ignorance. So far as politics are concerned, it can be easily proved that the Mormon people have acted more consistently with their professions and have clung closer to their party lines than their accusers. It has been a subject of frequent remark that the Mormon people have acted with a magnanimity and a liberality in all their political affairs that is simply surprising and is exceedingly creditable to them, speaking of them politically. It is only necessary to mention the names of men who have been elected to office by Mormon votes to substantiate this assertion. The Mormon people have accepted candidates for office on the supposition that it was the intention of all parties to cast aside old prejudices and feelings that interfere with the honest discharge of duty, and that the duties of offices would be executed fairly and justly. They have accepted men at the valuation which they have placed upon them-

selves, and have not questioned their sincerity or their honesty.

But how different has been the treatment which leading men of the dominant Church have received! They have been assailed as though they were untruthful, insincere, and so unreliable that they would be likely to take advantage in every direction. Those who make these accusations know full well that they are baseless; but it serves their purpose to make this agitation and to stir up the feeling that has prevailed of late in the state.

Under such conditions as exist here there can be no harmony where men of one side are continually assailing those of the other, and questioning their motives and attributing evil to them. For harmony to exist there must be some degree of confidence, there must be some respect. But neither confidence nor respect have a certain class in the community shown either to the leaders of the Mormon people or to the Mormon people generally. While the latter have, as I have said, shown magnanimity and a disposition to bury the past, they have, in many instances, by this class I refer to, been treated with distrust and an entire want of confidence. And there is good reason to believe that many of those who are the most disposed to attribute bad faith and trickery to the Mormons are men who have themselves acted deceitfully and have not sustained their party nominations.

So much for politics. Now let us look in other directions.

The intimation is conveyed in the accusations made against the Latter-day Saints that we are seeking to build up our Church and to strengthen its influence and power in the State, and that

we are not scrupulous as to the methods we use to accomplish this purpose.

This is untrue. Its frequent assertion does not make it true, though many may imagine by hearing it so often that there must be some truth in it. If these were the motives which actuated the leading men among the Latter-day Saints, their conduct should sustain the truth of the charges. Do their actions furnish proof of this? What is the truth in regard to it? Who today in this State are foremost in undertakings looking to the development of the State and of its resources? Nearly all the great enterprises which have in view the development of the resources of the country and the employment of labor are promoted and fostered and maintained by the Latter-day Saints, their influence and their capital.

It is true that capital has come from abroad in some few instances to promote irrigation schemes; but these are very few, and are prompted solely by the opportunity which presents itself of making money out of the patronage of the people of the State. It is true also that mines are being developed in some instances by outside capital. But the history of mining in the past in this country is not very creditable in some of its features to those who have engaged in it. The mine that has yielded the most wealth in Utah has not been beneficial to the Territory as it might have been had a different policy prevailed. The money which it has produced has been principally carried off and spent in other places. So it is with a number of other mining enterprises—in striking contrast in this respect with those who have had rich mines in Colorado. Denver is filled with magnificent buildings erected by money that has been made in the surrounding mines. These mine-owners

have evidently taken pride in spending their money in the state where their mines are located. So far, then, as mines are concerned, while they have been of benefit to the Territory and the State, the proceeds have not been invested, only to a very limited extent, in Utah itself; and I cannot recall now any great enterprise that has been established by money made in the mines of the State. The enterprises which have been established, and which exertions are now being made to still make successful, have been due principally to the active exertions of the leading Mormons.

In saying this, I do not mean to assume that all the credit is due to them; but I am speaking now in general terms.

Had the sole motive on the part of leading Mormons been to build up their Church to the exclusion of everything else, would they seek as they have done, and are still doing, to promote business that would bring those not of their faith to this State? Is it not plain to be seen that any such motive as this could not prevail with them, or they would not adopt the suicidal policy (from that point of view) of seeking to introduce capital and men of capital not of their faith? It is only necessary to mention that which is being done by the Mormon people in this direction to disprove the allegations which are made against them.

The fact is, a few restless, scheming, unprincipled persons are ready to take advantage in every form of everything that is said and done by the Mormons that can be misconstrued and made to put them in a false light before the world. This has been frequently done in the past, and the same class of persons are busy in the same direction now.

DISCIPLINE OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

Because the Latter-day Saints adopt a rule of discipline, or announce a rule that has been in vogue from the foundation of their Church until now, a great hubbub is raised, as though it was anybody's business but that of the members of the Church, so long as that discipline does not interfere with the rights of citizens. If members of the Church are not suited with the discipline of the Church, the door is as wide open for them to withdraw from the Church as it is for others to enter in. It is for the Church itself to prescribe its own rules of discipline and of fellowship. There is nothing compulsory, nothing arbitrary in this. What right has anyone to meddle with this or to quarrel with the Church or its officers or members on this account? The Church asks that its principal officers, whose duties are of a character necessary for the maintenance of the Church and its perfect organization, should devote themselves to the ministry that is assigned to them and which they accept in taking office. The Church asks that if at any time they are invited to assume other duties, the Church, through its authorities, shall be consulted as to the propriety of these officers accepting these or not. Is there anything improper in this? Is there any interference with the rights of free men? Not in the least. But the want of confidence, of which I have spoken, is exhibited in the allegation which is made that the Church, through its leading officers, would take some kind of advantage of this! If any officer should think that his rights are interfered with by this rule of discipline he is at perfect liberty to resign his ecclesiastical office. But I am prepared to say that no man of any party would be refused permission to accept office if it were at all

possible for him to hold it consistently with his ecclesiastial duties.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints does not consider that it is wrong for its officers to hold civil office. It is a different organization in many of its features from any other religious organization, and there is nothing inconsistent in its ecclesiastical officers performing their full duty as citizens in or out of civil office.

ONLY A DREAM.

You say 'tis a dream, a phantom unkind,
That only should trouble a simple mind,
But I tell you, friends, be it false or true,
I shall write my dream for the simple few,
Who may read and profit 'ere 'tis too late,
And they at the bar of justice wait.

I was one of the gay and giddy throng,
Who did little good and did little wrong;
Was witty and jolly and then, Ah! then
Was classed with the brilliant, the "upper ten,"
Who night after night were out very late
Merry-making. My kind mother would wait
For my coming, though I came not till morn,
Her pitiful tears I treated with scorn;

Why should she feel sad?—she ought to be proud
That her son was one of that elegant crowd.
Such was my reas'ning, why should they complain,
And on their calm brows be furrows of pain?
I'd play them a tune, I'd sing and I'd smile,
Thinking in that way their care to beguile.

My object, like others, you see by my rhyme,
Was only while young to have a good time;
When I grew old 'twould be soon enough,
To trouble my mind with religious stuff;
'Twere all very well and all very nice,
Were I old like my parents, to sacrifice.

So after this fashion ran my life's stream,
Till suddenly stopped by "only a dream."
I came late one night—out under the trees
My patient father I saw on his knees.
I entered the cottage. Think how I felt—
Still by her chair my dear mother knelt.

The scene touched my heart, though I did not weep;
I went to my bed, and soon fell asleep,
And dreamed I was off with my comrades again,
As tourist excursion by C. P. train
Like lightning we flew with terrible speed,
To signals of danger we paid no heed

At last came a crash and a fearful roar,
A deep cry of pain—I heard nothing more
Till dragged from the wreck, and a comrade said,
"Jimmy, our jolliest joker, is dead."

Then came an angel and bore me away
To a starry land more brilliant than day,
We entered a palace of grandeur so rare,
No splendor of earth with it could compare,
And soon passed into a beautiful hall,
And listened awhile to Justice Roll Call.

With book and scales sat the judge by a stand,
With justice and mercy on right and left hand.
My name I heard called, Oh! what could I do?
Little good had I done my whole life through,
Each word, thought and deed, I could plainly see,
For good or for ill had weight there for me.

Singly my deeds were placed on the scale,
Light speeches, bad thoughts, oh my, should I fail!
I sank on my knees and cried out with pain,
My guide raised me up and revived hope again,
For mercy bowed low on the scales let fall
A very small weight which out-balanced them all.

A cry of relief, my sorrow was o'er,
With the just I might dwell, on that beautiful shore.
The judge then said, "You may stay and be crowned,
If no more than these on the scales be found,"
A door on the right was then opened wide—
Oh, for a moment to glance just inside!

To share in the grandeur and join the throng,
Who chanted so sweetly their triumph song;
"This young man hath done no very great sin,
I see no cause why he should not pass in."
I started, but just as I reached the door,
"Halt!" cried the judge, "there is one thing more."

My father and mother came hand in hand,
So trembling and weak they scarcely could stand,
As they passed the scale a pearly white tear
Fell from the eyes of my mother so dear,
And one gray hair from my father's white head,
Fell on the scales like a great lump of lead.

Down came my bad deeds with terrible fall,
Up rose the good with mercy and all;
I glanced then at mercy who said, "You see,
Unkindness to parents hath no claim on me."
Imagine my anguish, my grief and woe,
When to the left I was destined to go.

Where all was darkness and wailing within,
Regret and unrest the wages of sin.
My lot cast with these! I woke, 'twas a dream.
In spite of all effort tears fell in a stream
I went to my parents and promised them there.
While God gave me breath, for them I would care.
I have kept my promise and kept it true,
But the greatest joy I ever knew
Was when my parents both kissed me trice,
And praised me for making my sacrifice.

R. E. M. *each.*

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL.

THE idea of connecting Jerusalem by rail with the Mediterranean Sea is not a new one. As far back as 1862 an engineer, Mr. Zimpel, German by birth, but American by naturalization, prepared plans for the construction of a harbor at Jaffa and for the laying down of a railway from that port to Jerusalem. His scheme, however, was ultimately abandoned, and later, the same fate befell a somewhat similar project emanating from a native gentleman in Egypt, named Lutfrey Bey. A Jewish gentleman resident in Jaffa, Mr. Navon by name, then took the matter up and proceeded to make arrangements for procuring a concession from the Turkish government for a line from Jaffa to Jerusalem, with a possible extension to Damascus and Aleppo. This concession was granted in 1888 by the Sublime Porte for a period of seventy-one years. Mr. Navon immediately offered to sell the concession to various firms in London and Paris, and it was ultimately purchased for one million francs by a company from Paris. This company entered into a contract with a French engineering firm for the construction of the works, which were then proceeded with vigorously, and although many doubts were entertained as to whether the line would be finished in the time agreed upon, on account of the obstacles to be encountered in the mountains, yet it was completed on September 26, 1892, when the inauguration took place with considerable ceremony. Three countries have contributed to the making of the railway—France supported the company who bought up the original concession, and also the engineering firm that constructed the works; Belgium supplied the rails, and the United States the

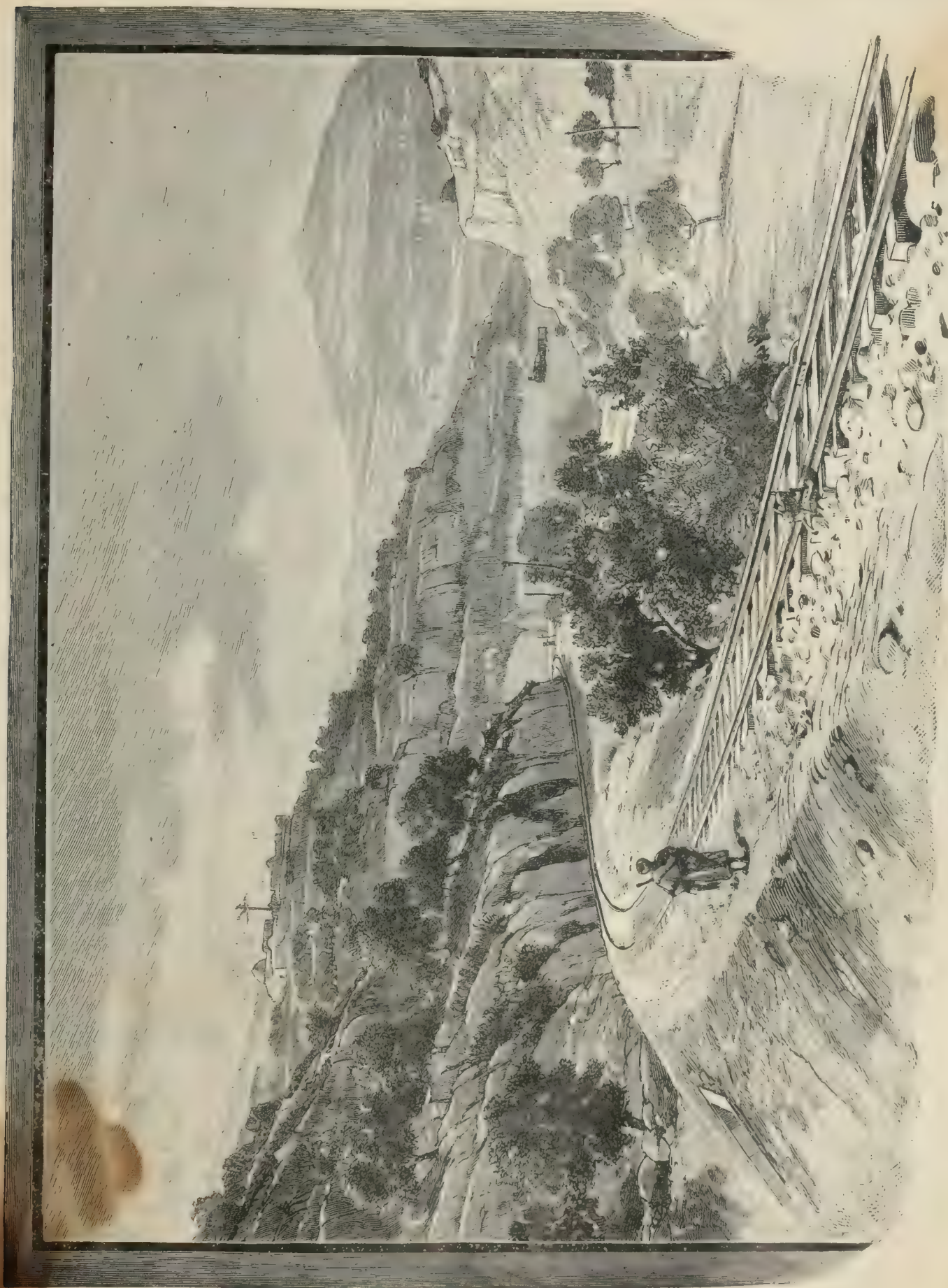
engines and carriages. The five locomotives in use were manufactured at the Baldwin Works, Philadelphia. The carriages are lightly built and suitable to warm climates.

The line, which is a single one, is fifty-four and a half miles long. It has a zig-zag up river valleys, and consequently it has the great number of one hundred and seventy-six bridges, seven of which are cast iron and the rest being of stone. The termini are at Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the different stations are well built and are provided with all the material necessary for these places, such as telegraph apparatus, tanks for water, etc.

Starting from a point near the sea to the mouth of Jaffa, the railway runs first to the south, to avoid injuring the orange groves of the district, and then south-eastward. Then crossing some water-courses—dry in summer—it enters the lovely verdure-clad plain of Sharon, dotted with daisies, scarlet anemones, and lilies.

The first station is at Lydia, nearly twelve miles from Jaffa. The place has an interest for Bible students from the fact that St. Peter worked a miracle there. The village is very picturesque, standing on an eminence surrounded by orange groves, while tall, graceful palms rise amidst the houses. The railway station is situated near the mosque and ancient church.

After leaving Lydia, the next station is reached at Ramlech. Like Lydia, this is a small town of some 6,000 or 7,000 inhabitants. Its buildings are said to be better, and its streets cleaner than the generality of streets and buildings in Eastern cities. The chief glory of Ramlech, however, is its White Tower which is of considerable height and can be seen everywhere on the Sharon



FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL.

plain. It stands about a quarter of a mile from the town on the west, surrounded by the ruins of a mosque but is itself isolated.

The next station is Ain Sejed, and was built because his majesty the Sultan has a farm close at hand. Many historic sites can be seen from this place—Geger, the Pass of Bethorow, and several others. The fourth station on the line is Deir Aban, and is intended for the convenience of the Latin Convent, situated on the hills a little to the south. At this point the ascent to Jerusalem begins, and the train runs through the great valley Sorek, the scene of Samson's irregular warfare against the Philistines. It was to burn the Philistines' great field of wheat in Sharon that he sent out three hundred foxes with torches tied to their tails. These animals are still abundant on the plain and in the valley of Sorek, which is broad and rich, and lies between limestone cliffs, from the crevices of which the mountain ash and juniper spring, with here and there a dwarf oak.

The next station is at Bittir, anciently known as Bether, the most prosperous mountain village on the line in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Here are great vegetable gardens, which supply Jerusalem, and from here are also carried large quantities of water to the city, where that element is scarce. Soon after leaving Bittir the line enters the Wady-el-Werd, or Valley of Roses, where acres of that lovely flower are cultivated, making the air heavy with their perfume. The next spot of interest is Rephaim, "the Valley of Giants," once occupied by the giant sons of Anak, and down which is the road to Bethlehem. Then Olivet comes in sight, and the Russian Church outside Jerusalem. Next we pass the

"Seven Ruins," and then at last enter Jerusalem station, which is situated a mile from the city. So our journey by train in the Holy Land comes to an end; and as we alight, though still feeling that the railway jars upon our sense of the fitness of things, we cannot help admiring the enterprise of its promoters.

P. E.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON IV.—THE POWER OF FAITH.

It is the delight of our Heavenly Father when He sees His children exercising faith in Him. Indeed, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." (*Hebrews xi: 6*).

Faith is the gift of God, and if we would obtain this most precious gift, we must be humble, and do the things which the Lord has commanded us.

Through the exercise of faith in God, men have been able to perform great and marvelous works. By faith Noah and his house were saved from destruction by a flood, while all the rest of the world were destroyed, because they did not believe in the words which the Lord had spoken. (See *Genesis 7th chap.*)

Take Abraham for example. He was a man full of faith and good works, and because of his faith the Lord loved Abraham. Abraham and his wife had grown quite old, and they had no children. One day the Lord appeared to Abraham and told him that his wife Sarah should bear him a son, and that He would make of Abraham a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth should be blessed in him.

When Sarah, who was inside the tent,

heard the Lord say that she should bear Abraham a son, she laughed, for she did not think it possible for her to bear a child in her old age. But the Lord rebuked her for laughing, and asked her if anything were too hard for Him.

But Abraham doubted not; he believed all that the Lord had said, and in due time Isaac was born, and the promise of the Lord was fulfilled.

Then the Lord, in order to show to the world the faith of his servant, commanded Abraham to take his only son Isaac and offer him up as a sacrifice. This was a great trial to Abraham, but he faltered not. He took Isaac to offer him as a sacrifice unto the Lord, believing, as he said, that God would either raise Isaac from the dead, or give him another child in his stead. But just as Abraham stretched forth his hand to slay the lad, the angel of the Lord called to him out of heaven, and said: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." (*Genesis xxii: 12.*)

By faith Moses stretched forth his hand over the Red Sea, and the waters divided, enabling the children of Israel to pass over on dry ground while Pharaoh and his army in attempting to follow the Israelites were drowned. (Read *Exodus 14th Chapter.*)

You have read of the faith of the little shepherd boy, David, who, putting his trust in God, went forth with a simple sling and five small pebbles, to meet the great and heavily-armored giant of the Philistines, Goliath, whom he slew with the first stone.

On another occasion, when David was tending his father's sheep, a lion and a bear made their appearance among the

flock. The lion seized and carried off a lamb; but, imploring the help of God, David pursued the beasts, and took the lamb out of the lion's mouth, and slew both the lion and the bear. (See *1. Samuel xvii.*)

Consider the faith of the young man Daniel, who, before he would bow down and worship idols, suffered himself to be cast into a den of lions. But the Lord remembered Daniel, because of his faith, and sent an angel to shut the mouths of the lions, so that they could not harm the prophet. (See *Daniel 6th chap.*)

The apostles of the Savior were men of great faith. We are told that the people had such faith in the Apostle Peter that they brought out their sick folk and placed them in the street, so that even the shadow of Peter as he passed by might heal them.

In the Acts of the Apostles we read that "As Peter passed throughout all quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydia. And there he found a certain man named Æneas, which had been kept in his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise and make thy bed. And he arose immediately." (*Acts ix: 32-34.*)

On another occasion, when Peter and John were going up to the temple to attend prayers, they saw at the gate a man who had been lame from his birth. Peter said unto him, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God." (*Acts iii: 6-8.*)

Consider the faith of the centurion in the days of Jesus. The centurion's servant was sick and ready to die, and when the centurion heard of Jesus he sent unto Him the elders of the Jews, beseeching Him that He would come and heal his servant. When Jesus was come near the house the centurion sent friends to him, saying unto him, "Lord, trouble not thyself: for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof: wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee; but say in a word and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard these things, he marvelled at him, and turned him about and said unto the people that followed him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick. (*Luke vii: 7-10.*)

And through the exercise of faith, men in our own day have accomplished great and mighty works. Through faith Joseph Smith saw and conversed with God and angels; through faith men have had the heavens opened unto them, and saw and heard things which cannot be written. Indeed, all the gifts and blessings which have ever been enjoyed by any people are enjoyed today by the Latter-day Saints, and this because of their faith: The sick are healed, the lame are made to walk, the blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, the dead are raised to life, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them. And so long as we continue faithful, so long will these gifts remain with us.

Wm. A. Morton.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Great Father, in the days of youth,
Ere yet we sense Thy solemn truth,
Or value aught o' heaven's truth,
Oorsells we tyne.
But I that frae a Father's care
Ha' wandered far an' suffered sair,
To Thee noo raise my humble prayer
For grace divine.

I hardly like to seek for breed,
Thou knowest mortal's daily need,
An' aye frae hunger's pangs we're freed,
Thanks to Thy care.
A shelter frae the' could an' storm
We've aye at nicht, an' ilka morn
We see Thy love oor lives adorn;
What need we mair?

The wife you've sealed sae near my heart
In shade or shine tak's aye my pairt.
O! may she never feel the smart
O' cauld neglect.
But shield her, Lord, frae a' life's woes,
An' tempter's wiles, the deadliest foes;
Until she sinks in sweet repose,
Wi' Thine elect.

God bless th' bairns, young an' bonnie,
An' a' my frien's, for I hae monnie;
Forgive my foes, gin I hae onnie,
We're a' Thine ain.
The puir an' needy gi'e Thy care;
God grant them strength their cross to bear,
Till at the last the croun they wear,
Withoot ae stain.

An' Lord, noo there's oor Prophet, dear,
He's labored hard, this monnie year.
O! bless, we pray, oor noble Seer,
Frae Heaven's store.
His counsel'rs lead in wisdom's ways;
An' lengthen oot, O Lord, their days.
For a' their licht, be Thine the praise,
For evermore.

O Lord, to whom, in mansions high,
The puir an' meek may a' draw nigh:
Noo hear us in oor humble cry,
For strength an' grace.
An' till the race o' life be run,
May we be true to wark begun,
Then through the merit o' Thy Son,
Behold Thy face.

Lewis Stewart.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

AMONG the first principles of the Gospel, the most interesting is, unquestionably, the resurrection of the dead, as without the hope of a glorious and eternal existence after death, with an immortal, perfect body for the spirit to inhabit, there would be no inducement for man in this life to exercise faith in God, and repentance, or to yield obedience to any of the laws and ordinances that he now submits to, for the sake of realizing a reunion of the spirit with the body, after having passed through the ordeal of death. As Paul says:

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." "What advantageth it me if the dead rise not?"

This is good logic; yet but few men, comparatively, have investigated the scriptures sufficiently to get light upon this all-important subject, and thereby to form some approximately clear conception of that most glorious principle upon which hinges all the hopes for which the saints of God lived and endured persecutions, even unto death, in all ages of the world, that they might secure to themselves a glorious resurrection from the grave. The great majority of people in all ages of the world have believed in the immortality of the soul, and that the body was not forever to remain separated from the spirit, but that a reunion or resurrection would take place at some time in the future, and thus the perfect man be restored to live forever. Many of the heathens in ancient times had such views, and therefore embalmed the corpses in the most perfect manner, so that they might be preserved until the time when the spirit would return and take possession of its former identical body. For this purpose, catacombs or subterranean cavi-

ties were prepared, and the embalmed corpses, in the shape of mummies, were deposited there in such vast numbers that even to this day the supply for scientific investigation and other purposes seems inexhaustible, although many thousands have been taken away and great numbers have been used for fuel on the locomotives of modern railways in Egypt.

The so-called gods and semi-gods of the ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as of several other highly civilized nations in olden times, were supposed to be immortalized men and women, and similar ideas were entertained by many people less advanced in art and science, of which there is ample proof left to this day in the ruins of their temples and other monuments of marvelous design and beauty, as well as durability. Belief in the immortality of the soul of man seems, therefore, to be natural or instinctive, but without a reliable source of information on this subject, the human mind has been led astray in various directions, and even the Christians, with their millions of Bibles, are no exception, as we will endeavor to show hereafter.

In our investigations of the principles connected with this subject, we intend to use the revealed word of God, as the most reliable foundation to build upon, and we will next seek to be guided by the same spirit by which His servants spoke and wrote for our guidance; "For prophecy came not in olden time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (*1. Peter i: 21.*) And "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." (*1. Cor, ii: 21.*) The Savior said, 'Seek and ye shall find,' and we have therefore sufficient encouragement to make an effort

to learn more of the glorious hope that inspired the saints of God in former days, and which we share with them in proportion as we understand it.

There has, perhaps, been less revealed to us about the resurrection of the dead than about other principles in which the Saints believe, or else a great deal that once was well understood by the saints has not been preserved in holy writ down to our time. But we may infer from what the Apostle Paul writes to the Hebrews that they must have been well informed about this particular doctrine of their faith, as he does not consider it worth the trouble to write any more about it, but proposes to "go on unto perfection," no doubt meaning more advanced principles of the doctrine of Christ. (*Heb. vi: 1-2.*) Some of the Hebrew saints had perhaps been personally acquainted with the Savior, and most all of them were acquainted with the apostles, who had received their instruction and education from this Divine Teacher; had witnessed His sinless life, and cruel death upon the cross near their own city, and had seen Him after His glorious resurrection; for we read that He, on one occasion, had revealed Himself "to more than five hundred brethren, of whom the greater part remain unto this present." (*I. Cor. xv: 6.*) The principle or doctrine of the resurrection was, therefore, well understood by those saints, and Paul did, therefore, pass it by as a well-learned lesson. But with Paul himself it was different in some respects. He was apparently very young at the time the Savior lived and labored in Jerusalem, and most likely went to school in his native city, Tarsus, in Syria, where only vague rumors of the important events in connection with the Savior's work would reach him; and when he

came to Jerusalem, to be educated under the tuition of the learned Gamaliel, he was then surrounded with every influence that could be brought to bear upon his mind against the doctrine of Christ, and became, therefore, the most bitter enemy and persecutor of the saints, and set out, empowered by the Jewish authorities to persecute and arrest the saints. He even went so far that he was a participant in the murder of Stephen. It was while he was engaged in this cruel persecution of the saints that he was first made aware of the true character of the Savior. The writer of the Acts relates the circumstances thus:

"And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem. And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined around about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." (*Acts ix: 1-6.*)

By this manifestation of power from on high, Paul was absolutely convinced that Jesus of Nazareth was alive, and in heaven, watching over the church and interfering in its behalf. It at once, and for the first time, flashed upon his mind that the crucified man Jesus was

indeed the Messiah, that the persecuted saints believed and proclaimed Him to be, but yet this did not give him much understanding about the principles of the Gospel or the nature of the existence of Jesus, whose voice he had heard, but whose person had not been revealed to him; nor did he learn whether Jesus existed merely as a spirit in heaven or was possessed of the body in which he suffered death upon the cross. All the information he obtained at that time was to guide him from his perilous path on to the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto eternal life, and show him that Jesus, whom he was then persecuting, was the Lord, and that he (Paul) should "arise and go into the city where it should be told him what he must do." The very first requirement made of him by the servant of God, Ananias, who was the person from whom he should learn what he must do, was to be baptized, after he had fasted and prayed unto the Lord for three days. (*Acts xxii: 16.*)

When he, therefore, preached and wrote about the resurrection, he must have received instructions upon this principle later, either from the apostles or by revelations from the Lord direct, and very likely from both of these sources, for he says that he knew a man—at that time—"above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth), how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which is not lawful for man to utter." (*2 Cor. 12. 2-4.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FORGIVENESS is better than revenge; for forgiveness is the sign of a gentle nature, but revenge the sign of a savage nature.

CASTLES ON THE SANDS.

BESIDE the sea one day I sat

Watching the guileless children play,
Their merry shouts and careless chat
Made me once more a child as they.

The tide was out, the air was warm,
The screeching gulls were wild with glee;
Craft in the distance lent their charm,
To crown the scene with ecstasy.

The sea was calm as infant child
That slumbers on its mother's breast,
The tiny waves with ripples mild,
The shining pebbles laved and kissed.

The children there, in happy bands
Had met, as was their wont to do,
To build wee castles on the sands,
With shells and rocks of varied hue.

And O what joy it seemed to give
Those artless youngsters, free from care,
One brief, glad hour of life to live
Midst scenes like those so sweet and fair.

Allured with joy, they little thought
The tide had turned and soon would flow
To bring their labors all to naught,
And lay their dreams of splendor low.

But so it was, the waves rolled in,
Their castles soon were scattered wide;
Naught marked the spot where they had been
But heavings of the silvery tide.

Their hopes were dimmed, their joy curtailed,
To see what cruel fate had done,
But old King Neptune had prevailed,
Who stops his steady course for none.

How fit a type, indeed, thought I,
Of life's mixed joys that come and go;
When least we think the spoiler nigh,
He comes to lay our projects low.

Both age and youth alike must bend
To circumstances mild or stern;
Through joy and suff'ring comprehend
The lessons meet that all should learn.

The things of mammon, day by day
We woo and nurse with fond desire,
Like toys with which the children play,
Swept by time's tide must soon expire.

Not so with those who trust in heaven,
They build a structure grand and sure,
Which, when all else is wrecked and riven,
Shall brave the worst, and stand secure.

J. C.

Our Little Folks.

THAT LIE.

FIRST somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside.
When the crowd came across it
They never once lost it;
So they tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide.

An appropriate verse for my story, thought I, and so I will begin. 'Twas just before the April conference, when the heroines (if you may term some of them) were in the greatest excitement. Examination time had arrived in the college at P—and any student who has a desire for learning realizes the feeling one has when the critical period arrives

Two promising students with whom I will deal mostly, were Emma Carl and Jessie Jean. Both were alike in some respects, but far different in others. Both were from the same town, were handsome, and good scholars; but when we speak of character they could be compared to the dark, surging Missouri and the clear, peaceful Mississippi. Both were desirous of obtaining an education, and had striven diligently in order to get to school that year. But as for Emma, she could not comprehend why it was that she, in order to recite as well as Jessie, must stay indoors so much. She could not be here and there to the various amusements as Jessie was, but still she did not recite any better than Jessie. To be sure, Jessie had eloquent language, and a voice suitable for such language. While Emma was more plain in her speech, and to recite as well as Jessie required a great deal of energy on her part. But she was not to be excelled. She studied hard,

and every night with bended knees would beseech her Maker to bless her in her studies, never forgetting to say, "May I not be led into temptation."

Jessie was not as dependent on her Maker as was Emma. "Oh, I'll get along all right, if I do spend some of my time in enjoyment. I'll get through and get good marks, if I don't get my ideas fair and square. I'm going to the party at Eagles' tonight. Mr. Flop will be there, and I'll have a fine time." So she said to Emma.

"Well, I'm not going, for Mr. Flop or anyone else. I'm going to rest tonight, so my mind will be rested for examination tomorrow. I always ask my Father for the Holy Ghost to bring to my remembrance things that I have learned, for without this habit they might not come as readily as if it were otherwise."

"Oh, fiddlesticks on asking such a thing. Come and go, and you'll get along all right," said Jessie. "I'll get away with Mr. Flop, if you don't come."

"Well, as for that, you can have him in welcome," said Emma. "I'm going home; good-by."

"Good-by," said Jessie; "but I wish you would come and go. Mr. Flop is coming up to the college tonight and I'm going with him."

"Good luck to you," said Emma.

'Twas just getting dusk when Emma left the college. The clouds had been hanging about for several days, and the water-dust in them became too heavy to be held any longer, so down it came. Emma had noticed the clouds that morning, and as a consequence had brought her gold-headed umbrella. Mr. Pod, the professor of the college, had also brought his. It was just like Emma's, so people thought. But he in his hasty conversation that morning had left his

standing by the door in one end of the long hall, and it was standing there now. Jessie picked up the *Pickwick Papers*, and thought she would read some before her escort arrived. She had just got interested when she heard footsteps and beheld the figure of Mr. Flop. She laid aside her book, and soon they were in a pleasant conversation.

"Well, Miss Jessie," said he, "it is time we were beginning our journey. But how can we manage it? I'm sure I'm a goose, to come off and forget my umbrella, and now it is raining dreadfully. But perhaps you have had your wits about you and have your's at hand, and two can walk under it as well as one, can't they?"

Jessie did not have hers, but after so much flattery did not like to say so. She thought of the professor's umbrella, and as quick as a flash said, "Yes, I left mine down there by the door; there it is."

"This is a beauty," said he, returning with it; "much prettier than mine. I'm glad I forgot mine, now we have this one. Come, let's be off, or we will be late."

They were soon on their way, busily chatting, when Mr. Flop, not noticing a branch of a tree that had been broken down, ran against it with the umbrella, and the collision, together with a gust of wind, sent it rolling down the street. He ran after it, but when he picked it up the golden head was missing. After a few moments' search he found it. "'Tis lucky I found this, Miss Jessie; 'twould have spoiled the looks of your umbrella."

"But can it ever be replaced?" anxiously inquired Jessie.

"Oh, certainly. We can take it to

Brown's when we get there, and he'll fix it in ten minutes."

When they arrived at the place mentioned they found Brown very busy. A man was there waiting for something.

"Can you take time to mend this umbrella?" asked Mr. Flop.

"No, I haven't time. These folks are waiting now. I'm going on the train in the morning, and won't get time to fix it now."

"But we will need it," said Jessie. "It won't take you long to mend it."

"Well, I'll mend it when I get this job done, that will be in about three hours. Who does it belong to?"

"It's mine," said Jessie.

"Well, I'll send it down by Phil in the morning."

"Please do," said Jessie. "It was a present from my dear aunt, and I dislike leaving it so long."

"That'll be all right, Jessie. Phil will bring it down tomorrow sure."

"Don't forget it then," said Jessie.

"I won't; I never forget," said Brown. But as is generally the case with people who have so much confidence in themselves, he did forget, and left that morning with the keys in his pocket and Jessie's umbrella in the shop.

"I hope he will not forget to send my umbrella down," said Jessie, as they were returning that night after an enjoyable time.

"Oh, he'll surely do that. He never forgets."

If Jessie had known what had happened, her enjoyment would not have been as great as it was that night. Jessie thought no more of the umbrella until the next morning. She hurriedly dressed and went downstairs, to ask her mother if anything had been left there.

"No, said her mother; "what were you expecting?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," she said. She then went outside to see if it were there. But no such luck awaited her. Well, she would see Phil and get it from him. She must hurry and get it in its place before school time. She soon found Phil, but to her sorrow found out Mr. Brown had gone away with the keys, and said nothing to Phil about it. What could she do? Oh, there is one way yet to get out of the difficulty, and that was to get Emma's and place it there, and the professor would not notice the difference until she should replace his own. Oh, the workings of the evil one! He can always suggest a crevice through which to creep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 343)

THE next school Robbie attended was more pretentious than either of the two he had entered before. Here he remained for a longer time than he did at the other schools.

The first day the school was opened for the season the time was mostly occupied in taking the names of the pupils and making necessary explanations and announcements. The plan of conducting the school was so different to that of the other schools that Robbie was a little confused at first.

One of the announcements made was that the list of studies and some other information would be found on the bulletin board in another room. Robbie did not know what a bulletin board was, and was too bashful to ask the meaning of it. So he went to the room he understood to be the one indicated by the principal, intending to find for himself

what this board with a strange name was.

By another misunderstanding on his part he got into the wrong room, and after a close search he concluded that there was no board there *with a bullet in it* that would give him the desired information. He thereupon returned and inquired of another pupil about the matter.

In this new school Robbie got along very well with his studies. He was pleased with his teachers, and made very satisfactory progress.

There were some unpleasant experiences he had to endure here. Some of the boys whose parents were better off than was his mother made fun of him on account of his poor clothing. It was sometimes hard to bear their taunts. But before many years passed our young hero was in a position to make the boys who taunted him feel ashamed of their conduct towards him.

After attending the school for two years he got a position where he had an opportunity to learn a trade. The wages he received during the first few years were very small, and again some of the boys ridiculed him for working for such little pay.

Some of them were getting a dollar or a dollar and a half a day, while Robbie only got about that amount in a week. But while he was learning a useful trade, the other boys were driving teams or working at other common labor.

In the course of a few years, Robbie learned his trade, and was paid from three to four dollars a day for his labor, while the boys who sneered at his low wages when an apprentice were still working for a dollar and a half a day. For the class of work they were doing, these common laborers had to wear dirty overalls and jumpers, while Robbie's

work allowed of his wearing fine clothing, and his wages were such that he could afford them.

Robbie was too much of a gentleman to retaliate by making remarks about these other boys' clothing; but whenever they saw him the recollection of how they used to laugh at him made them feel unhappy.

From the actions and the experience of these rude boys Robbie learned a very useful lesson. He could plainly see that it was a very unwise thing to make fun of others people's misfortunes; for the one who does so may some day meet with the same misfortunes himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

The First King of the Israelites.

THERE was a man among the Israelites named Saul, who was a great deal taller than any of the others, and the Lord told Samuel to anoint him to be the king. Samuel did so, and the Spirit of the Lord was with Saul to bless and help him if he would keep His commandments and serve Him.

A short time after that the Lord helped him to win a great battle with the Philistines, and then all the Israelites went to a place called Gilgal, where they had the final ceremonies of making Saul their king; and Samuel told the people once more that they had done wrong in asking for a king, for they ought to have no king but the Lord.

For a time Saul tried to serve the Lord and keep His commandments by doing what the prophet Samuel directed him; but after a while he began to be careless and neglectful of what the Lord's prophet directed him to do.

At one time great hosts of the Philis-

tines were gathering themselves together to fight against the Israelites, and Saul began to feel very anxious; and because Samuel did not come at the time he expected him he told the people to bring him an animal for a burnt offering and one for a peace offering, and he offered them himself.

As soon as he had finished the offering Samuel came, and he asked Saul why he had done it himself, when he had promised to be there, and he told Saul that because he had not kept the commandments of the Lord the kingdom should be taken from him.

At another time the Lord's prophet had told Saul to destroy the Amalekites and everything they had: cattle and all were to be destroyed completely; but Saul allowed the people to save the best of the animals, and when Samuel asked why he did it, he said they saved the best of the animals to offer as burnt offerings to the Lord; but Samuel told him that obedience was better than sacrifice—which means that the Lord would be better pleased to have them obey His commandments than to offer ever so many sacrifices.

Samuel told Saul that he had done very wrong, and that the Lord was much displeased with him, and after that Samuel never went to see Saul any more; but he mourned over Saul and was much grieved because he did not serve the Lord; but the Lord told him not to grieve any more and He would show him another one to anoint who should be king after Saul died.

The Lord sent Samuel to a man named Jesse, who had eight sons, and when he saw the oldest one he thought surely that must be the one who was to be their king; but the Lord said No, and told him that he must not judge him by his fine features or by his tall stature,

for God does not judge people as we do, but He knows their hearts, and judges them by that.

Saul had been chosen for the first king because he was very tall and well built, and he was a fine-looking man and one who would please the people on account of his appearance; but the Lord meant that the next king should be one who would serve Him and do His will, and as Jesse presented each of his sons in the order of his age the Lord told Samuel that was not the one.

When all who were present had been brought before the prophet, he asked Jesse if those were all the sons he had and Jesse said no, there was one more, the youngest, who was out in the field tending the sheep.

Samuel told them to send and get him, and when he came in the Lord told Samuel to rise and anoint him with oil, for he should be the king of Israel by and by.

This young man's name was David, and after he had been anointed and set apart he went back to watch the flocks; but the Spirit of the Lord was with him from that time on to help him learn to do right, that he might be a good king when the time should come.

Celia A. Smith.

USE thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Use it as the springtime which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

THE flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness.

FRETTING JENNIE.

LITTLE Jennie, fretful,
Sitting in a tree,
Worried at the buzzing
Of a humble bee.

She said she had a headache,
Wished it would be still;
Knew it buzzed on purpose
To defy her will.

Buzzing bee was happy,
Busy at its work,
Gathering stores of honey—
Never thought to shirk;

Never thought of Jennie,
Fretting in the tree,
It was such a happy,
Busy little bee.

Jennie grew more fretful
When it answered not;
Said 'twas really hateful—
That was what she thought.

Still the bee kept buzzing,
Glad its sphere to fill;
Discontented Jennie
May be fretting still.

Are there not some Jennies,
Boys and girls, you know,
Who to fret at others
Are not slack or slow?

Forth to duty, children!
Like the busy bee,
Minding not cross Jennie
On her fretting tree.

The School Journal.

THE great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature.

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A VISIT TO SIBERIA.

SIBERIA is no less than 4,142 miles from east to west, and at its widest 2,170 from north to south. Traveling in a country where all the great rivers flow north, where there are only a few miles of railways and no canals, is slow and difficult. In the summer you hire a tarantass (see our picture), a boat-like carriage drawn by three horses abreast. But traveling is easier in winter, when the snow has fallen and the intense cold, some forty degrees of frost, has made the surface like glass. When the traveler comes to the end of the railway at Tiumin, he buys a sledge with skates and outriggers. This he lines with furs, wraps himself up in a huge ball of clothes, lays in a store of food and small comforts, and travels day and night, getting what broken sleep he can in the swaying, leaping, crazy vehicle. His food is all frozen hard—soups, fish, and black bread. These he thaws when he reaches a post-house, where horses and driver are changed. Pursuits by packs of famished wolves, or attacks by robbers, who are often escaped convicts, are incidents of travel. The post-houses are fifteen to twenty miles apart, and are all under government control. The fresh air, the brilliant, blue sky and the healthy exercise make traveling not only endurable,

but delightful. At all times of the day and night, at the post station where horses are changed, the good wife brings the samovar for a cup or two of boiling tea.

"Little mother, your tea is good!"

"Heaven send you all the plums!" she replies.

The frost is terrible. Your ink freezes into a little black bullet as you write.

The driver has frequently to dismount to break away the icicles from the noses of the poor horses, who would else be stifled.

When you awake after a doze you often find your eyelids frozen together, or your cheeks and beard glued with ice to your shuba (great-coat) by your frozen breath. The Siberians are very hospitable. They give frequent feasts and parties. In the summer, midnight picnics are common, and in the winter dances and surprise parties. Every house has its icon, or holy picture (see our illustration). On entering, each visitor salutes it, before he wishes his host good day. He will then be offered either vodka or tea. Vodka is a fiery spirit, the curse of Russia. The samovar or tea-urn is always ready; the tea is brought from China on camel-back (see camel caravan in our picture), and is very good, but dear. The moojiks and the poor use brick tea, made in square



cakes as hard and dark as ebony. These bricks are first used as money, till they begin to crumble; they are then cut into chips and made into tea

broth. It is painful to hear that drink is their great failing. The religion of the country is Eastern, or Orthodox Church. The clergy are called popes, or papas.

The service is very musical, but very long, and the people stand through the whole of it. The Siberians sing, in a sweet but sad minor key, chants which seem to last for hours. The convicts sing in their chains; the post driver sings to his horses; the timber cutter sings at work in the forest.

The gold mines of the Lena are the wealthiest in the world (see our picture). Siberia is a land of gold; only the richest mines are as yet worked. The government buys all the gold and platinum that is found. Most of the trade of Siberia is in the hands of a few merchant princes, whose wealth is fabulous. The animal life of the country is very varied. In the north are reindeer, polar bears, and white foxes; in the central forests, packs of fierce wolves, brown bears, with elks and other deer. Of the furs, the silver or blue fox is the rarest; of these, all the best are reserved for the Czar. Sables, black and red; ermine, and lynx abound. Great flocks of geese and swans come south in winter, and in summer the steppes abound with game. The rivers are full of fish, and from the roe of the sturgeon the great national dainty of caviare is made. The cities are supplied by markets, and in winter fish and meat are frozen as hard as stones, while milk is a solid and has to be broken off with an ax.

At the top of our picture we give some striking pictures—a Siberian pope, an old wandering pilgrim, and a moojik's wife; while on the other side are Tartars of the steppes, and a group of Samoyedes from the arctic north. In the center is the great city of Krasnoiarsk, on the mighty river Yenesi, which is 2,500 miles long, and 60 miles wide at the mouth. Below this we show the breaking up of the ice on the Yenesi in the spring, when ships and embank-

ments are often crushed to splinters, and the noise of the grinding ice is alarming. We also give a sketch of a Siberian railway train, and a view of a merchant river steamer on the Yenesi. Notice next a picture of a mammoth. In ancient times these desolate northern wastes were inhabited by great hairy elephants of a different species from those living today in Africa and Asia. They existed in such numbers that mines of their ivory tusks are dug up, and this ivory brings a great price today in Europe.

We show below a Siberian baim, or nobleman. On the right is a governor's office, where all public business is done. The great frame on the table is the symbol of the Czar. When that is uncovered the emperor is supposed to be present, and all matters are transacted in his name.

All who visit Siberia agree that its peoples will one day be a very rich and great nation. If the Siberians have some grave defects, they also have noble virtues. There are companies of truly religious men, who refuse all strong drink and live pure and pious lives. These men and their families are the backbone of the empire. May they grow in numbers and influence! What a heaven on earth this world might be, and will be, when the love of righteousness has spread through all classes, and duty to everyone is the pole star of life.

P. E. C.

THAT learning which thou gettest by thy own observation and experience is far beyond that which thou gettest by precept; as the knowledge of a traveler exceeds that which is got by reading.

UNLESS a man works he cannot find out what he is able to do.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

BEWARE OF DECEPTION.

THE Latter-day Saints are required by the Lord to be very careful and watchful concerning the spirits that are abroad in the world, and which go forth to deceive the people. The Lord in one revelation says:

"Wherefore, beware lest ye are deceived; and that ye may not be deceived, seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given."

These gifts are various, and are specially adapted to benefit the people of God and to put them on their guard against evil influences and to give them strength to overcome.

Among other gifts, the discerning of spirits is given, by means of which men may know the influences that operate upon themselves or upon others, and be able to discern between good and bad influences or spirits.

Too much importance cannot be attached to this subject among the Latter-day Saints; for Satan has always done everything in his power to mislead the people of God, to deceive them, to induce them to listen to and be governed by his evil influences. These influences are invisible, and the more dangerous; because men frequently forget that it is necessary to be watchful and not allow them to enter into their hearts. They feel secure because they cannot see with their natural eyes those powers that are exerted by the adversary. The Saints are commanded to watch

and pray; they must watch lest they be caught unawares; they must pray that they may have strength to resist and overcome that which is not from God.

In these last days Satan is exceedingly active. No doubt, he possesses sufficient knowledge to understand that a crisis in his affairs is approaching. The jurisdiction and power which he has had in the earth are threatened. The Priesthood has been restored, and whenever the Priesthood is among men, Satan rages; for he knows that if that authority remains, his dominion is unsafe. It is for this reason that he has sought so diligently to destroy the men who bore the Priesthood. He has done this in every age. We who belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have felt and still feel the effects of this anger and hatred and murderous hostility that he bears to the Priesthood of the Son of God. He hesitates at nothing to accomplish his ends. He deceives, he tells falsehoods, he destroys life. No obstacle is allowed to stand in the way of his purposes. His weapons are the vilest and lowest and most wicked that can be conceived. He hopes by means of these unscrupulous methods to effect his end, which is the overthrow of truth and righteousness.

On the other hand all that the servants and people of God can do is to trust in the Lord and in His power and willingness to save. The only weapons they can use are truth, correct conduct and upright and honest lives.

They must practice everything that is virtuous and holy and that has a tendency to elevate mankind. If they would listen to Satan he would degrade them and drag them down to the level which he has reached.

At the present time Satan is still using the old methods. He depends for

success upon falsehood, and he and his agents are exceedingly diligent in the circulation of that which is untrue. Whenever he causes men to believe a lie, he thinks he has gained a point, especially if they are Latter-day Saints.

The Book of Mormon informs us how successful Satan was at different periods among the Nephites in making the people believe lies, and he, apparently, was more diligent in doing this at certain times than he was at others. For instance, before the birth of the Savior he filled the minds of the people of the whole land with his falsehoods. The same was the case before the crucifixion of the Redeemer. We may expect that he will use every means in his power to effect his ends in the same way in our day. In former years he filled the minds of people who formed mobs with the most murderous hate. He inspired them with tears concerning the Latter-day Saints, and made them think the most atrocious crimes justifiable in accomplishing what they hoped would be the destruction of the people. He could not prompt men to murder others, as prophets and apostles and righteous men have been murdered, unless in the first place he blackened their characters and made their murderers believe that it was a righteous thing to kill them; they were so dangerous, they were guilty of such wrongs and were such enemies to mankind that they should not be permitted to live. It was with this feeling that Saul, who afterwards became so valiant a servant of God, sought the destruction of the followers of Jesus and led him to consent to the death of Stephen. Thousands of well-meaning people at different times have been misled in the same manner; and in their ignorant zeal, being blinded by the spirit of Satan, have consented to deeds

which afterwards they have been sorry for. This is illustrated in our own history. The writer has heard many people who shared in the antipathy that prevailed against the Latter-day Saints when they resided in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, say that now they could see how they had misjudged the people and under that influence had done them wrong or consented to wrong being done to them. There are perhaps hundreds of persons, if not thousands, at the present time, who have approved of the harsh measures that were adopted against the Latter-day Saints who now, being under different influences and possessed of a different spirit, regret and condemn the action which they formerly approved of.

DO NOT BELIEVE LIES.

But for Latter-day Saints there is not the excuse to fall into the belief of falsehoods or into their circulation that others who are not of our faith may have; for the Lord has given the Latter-day Saints knowledge. He has warned them against these wicked influences. He has given them the means to obtain knowledge concerning different influences, and has given them tests by which they may discern the evil and reject it. However plausible lies may be made to appear, they are still lies, and they should not be entertained or harbored by Latter-day Saints. We should not be ready to believe that which we hear, especially if it be evil, concerning our brethren and sisters or the servants of God. As we have often had occasion to say, if Satan can undermine the faith of the Latter-day Saints in the Priesthood of the Son of God, he has accomplished his end. If he can make them believe that the men whom God has chosen and who bear the Priesthood are

wicked men and acting from impure and wrong motives, he obtains a power over those who receive these views which he will use, unless they repent, to their destruction.

We cannot impress with too great emphasis upon the minds of our readers the necessity for care upon this point. The rising generation should be taught with the utmost plainness the danger there is in receiving a wrong spirit. Darkness is sure to follow if adults or children yield to the spirit of Satan. And this is one sign by which the evil spirit may be detected—everything that is good cometh from the Lord; it produces light, peace, joy and contentment—in fact, pure happiness. That which cometh from Satan produces uneasiness, unpleasant feelings, darkness; it is not a peaceful influence. No one can believe a lie about the Lord, about His servants, or about the truth, without feeling uncomfortable and that the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and no influence that will produce that feeling should be entertained, but should be driven from the heart, and the heart closed against it.

WEAR your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchmen.

UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in the earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

MOST powerful is he who has himself in his power.

FREE AGENCY, OR DISCIPLINE.

A Dialogue.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 353.)

SCENE II.

Home of Blanche after marriage. Attic-room, no fire, poor light, and she is poorly clad. Clasp ing her hands and walking the floor.

BLANCHE: Oh! why was I born to suffer,
And to feel all the pangs of woe,
While others are blessed with sunshine,
And happiness ever know,

Oh! why was my sky o'erclouded,
Each hour so bitter with pain
No ray of sunshine to cheer me,
But ever the gloom and rain.

Why, why do I ask! Ah, I know but too well. I scorned the advice of friends and parents, and married the wretch I call husband in spite of all. How well I remember how I laughed and scoffed at those two sweet school girls, Mildred and Dora, about their pious talk. Ha! ha! Methinks I would have done better had I listened to a little more pious talk; not only listened, but took heed; but oh, what a wretched being I am! Oh, why am I permitted to live. A desolate home, not even the common necessities of life. But if only this were all: A shiftless husband, one that has never borne me any true love—only marrying me for what fortune he expected I would bring him through the marriage; and, oh! I did love him so! There he comes (*hands over heart*). Hush my beating heart. I do so hope he has not been gambling and drinking today, though I fear he has, but I must hasten to open the door.

(*Mr. Foot enters staggering.*)

MR. FOOT: Indeed, madam, things are getting to a pretty pass, that you can't meet a fellow at the door.

BLANCHE: I did hasten, but—

MR. FOOT: No more (*hic*) whining (*hic*) or I'll soon show (*hic*) you how to keep (*hic*) your mouth (*hic*) shut.

(*Mr. Foot tries to sit on a chair, but misses and falls to the floor. Blanche screams. After a great effort Mr. Foot gets up.*)

Come, come, none (*hic*) of your nonsense. Haint you (*hic*) got anything for (*hic*) a fellow to eat? I am half starved (*hic*). Come, hurry up, now.

BLANCHE: You know very well, Mr. Foot, that there is but a morsel of dry bread in the house, and if there were anything to prepare there is no fire and scarcely any light. Still you come home every night half drunk, after losing your money through gambling. Indeed, Mr. Foot I think it were high time this were ended.

MR. FOOT: Indeed, mad-(*hic*)-am, and what are you to (*hic*) do if it is not.

BLANCHE: I can go to work and earn an honest living either as companion or governess. Hard as they would be, either would be preferable to staying here with you.

MR. FOOT: Ah! Indeed I wish you success.

BLANCHE: Had I taken the advice of my dear, kind parents and friends, I would not have been as broken-hearted and degraded as I am tonight.

MR. FOOT (*opening the door*): Madam, as you are so independent, you had better go now.

BLANCHE (*Shivering and drawing her shawl closer around her*): Tonight, Mr. Foot? Consider it is a bitter cold night, and I have no place to go. I shall die—die.

MR. FOOT: Go, I say, go.

BLANCHE: I will, but before I go I will give you a few parting words that may not sound so pleasing to your ear; words that I hope will haunt you night

and day the remainder of your life. May the bitterest curse that can be invoked upon a human being hang over your head. May it blast whatever you undertake, that your luck may turn to naught. As you thus cast me out tonight, may you in turn be hooted at and spurned by the lowest wretch that treads the street. (*Exit Blanche.*)

MR. FOOT (*stands as if dumbfounded*): Quite a tragedy queen. Most took a fellow's breath. Glad it is all over with. Just what I have been waiting for. She was good enough, but what do I want of a woman with no money. The little fool might have known that my love was all pretense, if she hadn't been half-blind; but I shall try my luck over again. I shall make sure that the next one is a real heiress. Hello, half-past eleven o'clock. I will go to bed and dream over the heiress.

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE III.

(*Mildred's home. The manager makes us great a contrast between the two homes as possible.*)

It is about time that Henry came. Just six o'clock. Ah, here he comes. (*Enter Henry.*) You are late, and look tired tonight, Henry.

HENRY: Yes, dearest, business was brisk today, and after the establishment was closed, I looked over some accounts with Fulton, the book-keeper, who, I thought, looked tired and sick. By the way, Mildred, I wish you would call around on his family; I believe something is amiss with them. The poor fellow looked so harassed and worn, so much so that I think there must be something wrong. I took it upon myself to question some of the clerks; they knew nothing, unless it was that his wife is a sickly lady; if so, his expenses

must be heavier than he can stand. This matter must be looked up.

MILDRED: Indeed, Henry, I should have seen to this before. I am so sorry that I am so negligent of my fellow-beings.

HENRY: No reproaches cast upon yourself, dearest, for you have always been ready to lend a helping hand to all in need as far as lay in your power.

MILDRED: Oh, love is blind, they say, so you are very excusable for your flattery. But how shall I manage this affair without wounding their feelings (*as if in thought*)? Oh, I have it! I need some one to help me straighten up the front parlor, and one of his daughters is obliged to go out sometimes as an assistant in general housework. I can call and see about that, for in spite of their poverty they are a very refined and genteel family. They bring to my mind a quotation from one of our authors.

"Oft within a wooden house
A golden room you'll find."

HENRY: I believe you are a real angel of mercy, and I would not have you different, for above all things we must lend a helping hand to all distressed in body or in mind.

MILDRED: Oh, Henry, do you not recollect we have been married just three years today, and I have been so happy!

HENRY: He would be a heartless wretch that did not try to make you happy. Now dearest, let us have some music, for you know that I must not miss that.

MILDRED: With pleasure, and then we must hasten to lunch.

(*They go to the organ, Mildred plays, and they sing "Home Sweet Home."*)

HENRY: Is it possible it is 8 o'clock? How the time has flown! We will have

to act on your suggestion of going to lunch, as at half-past I expect a gentleman here on business, and I will have to make a change in my toilet.

MILDRED: Very well, Henry. I hope we will always be as happy as we are now, and I believe we will be, as you are so good and kind.

HENRY: I wish you many happy returns of the day, dearest.

MILDRED: Thank you, Henry. This evening's conversation has reminded me of a promise I made to sweet little Dora Dayne while at school. Do you remember her?

HENRY: Really I do not think I do; but wait a moment. Was it that little fairy dressed in white that accompanied you to the ball at Mr. Thurston's?

MILDRED: Yes, that is the one. Blanche, another schoolmate of mine, and myself, both promised to write when we had been married so long. I shall try to keep my promise, and I hope Blanche will. She married about the same time I did, but, unlike me, she married against her parents' wishes. Disputation on this subject brought about the promise to Dora. She wished to see which came out best, thinking that our experience would benefit her in some way.

HENRY: Well, Mildred, I am glad that I have been the means of helping you to show a good record. We had better retire to lunch now.

MILDRED: Yes we must hasten, and while you are engaged with this gentleman, I will write to Dora. (*Exeunt.*)

Curtain falls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE object of true religion should be to impress the principles of morality deeply in the soul.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

SIGNS OF THE LATTER DAYS.

EVERY reader of the newspapers must be deeply impressed with the increased number of disasters and dreadful occurrences of various kinds which are borne to us over the telegraph wire every day. The most dreadful murders seem to be committed with a frequency that is without example, whole families in many instances being murdered by some member of the family, and for the most trivial causes; husbands killing their wives and their children, and then putting an end to their own lives; women, forgetting every maternal instinct, deliberately planning the murder of their own offspring, and perhaps including their husbands in the massacre.

Any one of these occurrences in former years would have sent a thrill of horror through the entire nation. Now we become so accustomed to these dreadful things that they scarcely excite more than a passing comment.

But these are not the only extraordinary events which happen. The elements appear to be disturbed as never before—at least for many generations. We have had reported over the telegraph lines to us a series of catastrophes in the form of cyclones or tornados of the most appalling character. Within a few days, the papers inform us, the city of St. Louis has been swept by one of these fierce hurricanes, which has destroyed an immense amount of property, and caused devastation and ruin to an almost incalculable extent, and resulted in great loss of life. The whole country has been shocked by this blow, following, as it does, almost equally destructive cyclones in other places.

What do all these extraordinary events foreshadow? Do they come upon man-

kind without any warning? Are the inhabitants of the earth left to be a prey to the elements? Are they to fall victims to the fiendish rage of their fellow beings? What a woeful condition it would be if mankind were left thus without a word of warning from the great Creator, the Father of the human family! What fearful forebodings, what horrible dread, might justly possess men and women if they were to be abandoned by the Creative Power and left to the mercy of the elements and every evil influence and power that might choose to wreak vengeance upon them!

Thank the Lord, He has not left the world without knowledge upon this subject. For the past sixty-six years He has been using agencies to disseminate a warning message among mankind, foretelling disasters and calamities of the most dreadful description, which should overwhelm them unless they would avail themselves of the means of escape and salvation from temporal ruin that He had provided. The revelations which He gave on this subject are now being fulfilled. And because of these revelations, and because the Latter-day Saints have obeyed them, there is not another community on the American continent which has so little apprehension as they concerning these fearful calamities and the future of the world. It can be truthfully said of the Latter-day Saints that throughout all their borders and in all their habitations a serene, hopeful, tranquil feeling prevails. They are not filled with fear concerning the future, because they believe that God has spoken and has prepared a way of escape for all those who will keep His commandments and do His will. They have been commanded to gather together for the express purpose of being prepared for the great events of the last days. This has been

the object in view in the people from various lands assembling in these mountains. They were assured that a condition of affairs would prevail among the different nations of the earth that would make their condition very precarious, and in order to escape from this danger they should gather to a place which the Lord had designated as a suitable place of residence for them. The extraordinary movement that has now been witnessed for so many years of people gathering from all quarters of the earth, after they became baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is thus accounted for. The spirit which has rested upon these gathered people during troublous times has been a confirmation of the truth of the promises the Lord has given. He has made very precious promises to His people concerning their safety and concerning the peace they should enjoy when war and other calamities should befall other peoples and nations.

In reflecting upon these dreadful cyclones, and the ruin they have wrought and the great loss of life that has attended them, I am struck more by the consequences which result to the living than with the death of the many who have been so suddenly taken off. Those who have been stricken with death have met their fate, and have gone to the Great Beyond to enter upon another sphere of existence; and while our sympathies may go out for them, still it is the living which demand our greatest sympathy. In these mountains when the wind blows unusually strong, we hear the expressions of fear which women and children, and frequently men also, give utterance to. But imagine the feelings of terror, uncontrollable and indescribable, which people must have in the regions where these cyclones are

often felt. Every cloud that darkens the horizon, every thunder-storm or strong wind must fill them with the deepest apprehension, and with almost desperate terror. For what can they do? Where can they go to escape the violence of the cyclone? Human ingenuity, human skill and human power all fail and are helpless in the face of the blast of the fierce tornado. No precaution is of any avail. In some regions cellars have been dug in which the people have sought refuge; but cyclones have been known to scoop out cellars and sweep away the inmates. Extraordinary instances of the power of the wind—combined, it is supposed, with electricity—are related. The water has been sucked out of wells, leaving them dry; and men and women have been mangled, torn to pieces, and even their limbs torn from their bodies by the violence of the elements which come into play in the cyclone.

Is it not true, therefore, that the living are more to be pitied than the dead? They must live in ever-present dread. If they could lie down at night in peace it would not be so bad; but what assurance have they, when they commit themselves to sleep, that they may not be awakened by the shock of the resistless cyclone with destruction and death in its train? The agony of life under such circumstances must be a dreadful strain and be little, if any less, than torment.

To the Latter-day Saints it is plain what the inhabitants of the earth may expect if they will believe the words of the Lord; for He has said:

20. Lift up your voices and spare not. Call upon the nations to repent, both old and young, both bond and free, saying, prepare yourselves for the great day of the Lord;

21. For if I, who am a man, do lift up my voice and call upon you to repent, and ye hate me, what will ye say when the day cometh when the thunders shall utter their voices from the ends of the earth, speaking

to the ears of all that live, saying, Repent, and prepare for the great day of the Lord;

22. Yea, and again, when the lightnings shall streak forth from the east unto the west, and shall utter forth their voices unto all that live, and make the ears of all tingle that hear, saying these words, Repent ye for the great day of the Lord is come.

23. And again the Lord shall utter his voice out of heaven, saying, Hearken, O ye nations of the earth, and hear the words of that God who made you,

24. O, ye nations of the earth, how often would I have gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not?

25. How oft have I called upon you by the mouth of my servants, and by the ministering of angels, and by mine own voice, and by the voice of thunders, and by the voice of lightnings, and by the voice of tempests, and by the voice of earthquakes, and great hailstorms, and by the voice of famines and pestilences of every kind, and by the great sound of a trump, and by the voice of judgment, and by the voice of mercy all the day long, and by the voice of glory, and honor, and the riches of eternal life, and would have saved you with an everlasting salvation, but ye would not?

26. Behold the day has come, when the cup of the wrath of mine indignation is full.

27. Behold, verily I say unto you, that these are the words of the Lord your God;

28. Wherefore labor ye, labor ye in my vineyard for the last time—for the last time call upon the inhabitants of the earth—*Doc. and Cov., Sec. 43.*

The Editor.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 371)

WE have thus far dwelt upon the circumstances connected with the conversion of the Apostle Paul with more precision than might appear necessary in connection with our present subject, but it is only to satisfy the reader that Paul was in a position to learn and to know positively the truth of this doctrine, and to explain it to others in such a way that they could understand it; for we shall hereafter largely use his writings in support of our views upon this important principle of our faith.

All the other apostles who lived contemporary with Paul had been personally acquainted with the Savior, both before and after His crucifixion

and resurrection, and had seen Him ascend into heaven. He had often taught them about His own death and resurrection, as well as the resurrection of the saints and all other men, and the final judgment; but it seems that His disciples were slow to understand His teachings until after His resurrection, when they could see with their natural eyes that He was indeed in possession of the same body that had been crucified and buried, as He showed them the marks in His hands, where the nails had been driven through, and to further satisfy them that He was not a ghost He ate with them a portion of a honey-cake and fish, and He said unto them, "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." (*Luke xxiv: 38-39.*)

By this tangible demonstration all doubt was removed from the minds of His disciples; they knew by this for a certainty that Jesus had indeed risen from the grave, and was an immortal, bodily personage, and that the principle of the resurrection was not a myth, a mere spectral, immaterial existence, but a realistic life of the same person, that once lived in a mortal body, but after death had taken possession of it again, with all its integral parts, except the blood.

There is, however, one remarkable circumstance connected with the testimony of the apostles: not one of them was an actual eye-witness to the Savior's resurrection from the tomb. They had only seen Him after His resurrection, but were not present at the grave when that glorious event took place; consequently they were dependent upon other witnesses for the information which

they have recorded. The circumstances as recorded in Matthew 28th chapter, are very brief, yet we find therein much of great interest and importance in connection with our investigations on this subject. We will here quote:

"In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre. And behold, there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the woman, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

"He is not here, for He is risen; and he said, Come, see the place where the Lord lay, and go quickly and tell His disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him; lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring His disciples word. And as they went to tell His disciples, behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held Him by the feet, and worshiped Him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid, go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there they shall see me.

"Now, when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done and when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken council, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night and stole

Him away while we slept and if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him and secure you. So they took the money, and did as they were taught, and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."

The only direct eye-witnesses of the resurrection of our Savior here mentioned are the Roman soldiers, and perhaps the two women, but it is not quite clear whether the women actually did witness His resurrection or not, yet they did see and speak with Him, not far from the sepulchre, and the angel was still there, and they both saw and conversed with Him and from Him received the information that Jesus had risen and that they should go and inform His disciples about it. The fact was clear to them that Jesus had risen, and it matters not, therefore, whether these witnesses did actually see Him arise, as long as we know that they saw that He had risen. It was just as true and certain to them, and their testimony is, therefore, of as much force, as if they had seen Him begin to move His body from its resting position in the sepulchre, get on His feet, and walk out.

We will now analyze or more closely examine the account already quoted from the gospel of St. Matthew, who was one of the Lord's chosen apostles, and we will also gather some more items from the gospel of St. John, the disciple which Jesus loved more than any of the others. According to these statements, the women did see, first, that the stone, which before had closed the door or entrance to the sepulchre, had been rolled away by the angel of the Lord and that He, or another angel was still sitting upon the stone, and as they approached He spoke to them and informed them about what had taken place, that Jesus had risen, and invited

them to look in and see where the Lord's body had lain.

Second: By thus complying with the invitation, one of these women, Mary, did see two angels inside the grave; they were likewise dressed in white, and one of them was sitting at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain and they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She said unto them (the angels), because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him; and when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?" etc. (*John xx: 11-15.*)

Third: The women also found that the soldiers that had been placed to watch the sepulchre had deserted their post, which was done at the peril of their life, according to the strict rules of the Roman army regulations, and afterwards the report came out both pro and con about what they had witnessed early that morning.

Fourth: By referring to what the Apostle John writes, he was one and Peter was another who came to the sepulchre immediately after, and we will here give his testimony in his own words of what he saw:

"The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and said unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, so they ran both together, and the other disciple

did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre, and he stooped down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie; and the napkin that was about the head, not lying by the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple (John) which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed. (*John xx: 1-8.*)

These two apostles are, therefore, also witnesses about the circumstances connected with the resurrection, from what they saw and heard at the sepulchre that same early morning. They must, therefore, have given their testimony, as well as the women and the soldiers, about the earthquake, the appearance of the mighty angel of the Lord, the flight of the soldiers, the condition of the sepulchre, inside, the holy angels within, and the burial clothes left by the risen Lord and Savior, and, according to St. Paul, the chief apostle, Peter saw Him there, as did also the two women, and most likely John, who was there at the same time. They could therefore give the saints—who were at that time all Hebrews—a clear conception of the scenes around the sepulchre and of the circumstances attending the resurrection of the Savior. He was the very first resurrected of all men, and all the circumstances were so well understood by the Hebrews that Paul did not deem it necessary to write to them about it. But it is not so with us at the present day, and therefore we deem it proper to search the scriptural records that are in our possession, in order to learn as much as possible about this important part of our faith.

From the foregoing quotations we

learn that when Jesus had risen and made Himself known, that He was not wearing the same clothes in which He had been laid in the sepulchre, for they were yet there, and the napkin had even been wrapped and laid by itself away from the other burial clothes. His other clothes that He used to wear the soldiers who guarded the cross upon which He suffered death had divided among themselves. (*See Matt. xxvii: 35*). He had evidently obtained other clothes, and it was therefore no wonder that the women did not recognize Him at first. The question will, therefore, naturally arise, Where did He obtain those clothes?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

"If her kiss

Had left a longer weight upon my lips,
It might have steadied the uneasy breath, and reconciled my soul

With the new order. As it was
I felt, indeed, a mother-want about the world,
And still went seeking like a bleating lamb,
Left out at night in shutting up the fold—
As restless as a nest-deserted bird
Grown chill through something being away,
Though what, it knows not."

When Edyth Ramsey was in solitude, she asked herself and her God these questions: Why is it my mother was taken from me? Why is it my lot in life is so changed, so different to what I in my girlhood's fancy pictured my rosy tinted future?

Why is it I am alone in life, with children's lives to make? I do not owe a mother's debt, for I, alas! have never known what a mother's care has been. Dear God, open my eyes to these enigmas, show me my pleasures, and lightly paint my sorrows: for my poor crushed heart feels that it has already borne enough.

Then she thought of Christ's life.

Outwardly it was one of the most troubled lives that ever lived; tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest; the waves breaking over it all the time till the worn body was laid in the grave. But the inner life was a sea of glass; the great calm was always there, and with this thought in her mind she threw herself down on the couch in bitter tears, saying, Well, "Poets learn in suffering what they teach in song," so if by this inward struggle and these trials which have been so liberally placed on me, I gain strength, I'll try and be content, nor count the cost. These sufferings and sad regrets cannot weaken, for all good men say pleasures weaken; then I shall indeed grow strong. The world moves, and each day, each hour demands a further re-adjustment of the soul, and the clockwork of the soul is the will. Oh Lord, strengthen my will and powers of endurance.

The parlor door opened and two little faces appeared, one a boy of five years, the other a girl of seven.

"Your time is up, mamma, and Mattie says you told us to call you in twenty minutes."

"Yes, dears, I must go; kiss mamma," and in another instant Mrs. Ramsey, a woman in experience but only a girl in years, was on her road to her place of occupation.

I have told you very little of Edyth Ramsey's life. Well, her mother died when very young; you all know what that means; no pen can portray the painful picture of a motherless girl.

From a sad girlhood life she was ushered into womanhood, and married young, when it truly seemed life held great happiness for her; but alas it was not thus.

Only a few months went by as joyous as Edith had anticipated, and then she

began to know that this union was for woe. Two beautiful children blessed their unhappy home, but it took more than these two bright spirits to bring back the lost confidence, love and esteem that were needed to bind their father and mother together. Abuse, neglect and starvation, convinced Edyth Ramsey to take the step she did; and one November morning she faced the cold world alone, homeless and motherless, with two children dependent on her for support. She soon found an occupation which helped her greatly, but it was a life which at first did not suit her.

In every way she tried to live a life of usefulness, striving to raise her children as best she could, without a mother's close attention.

But such a life as this had so many cares, so few pleasures, and our story opens when Edyth was in one of her saddest moods.

On her return from her day's work, she began again pondering over her lot, and wondered why everything that made life worth living was denied her. Her soul always longed for pleasures, joys and comforts; her life now seemed nothing but sorrow, work and drudgery. Her clinging disposition and her affectionate nature seemed to revolt against more severe struggles. To make a living for herself and children seemed an effort and a duty grave enough, but for the first time it began to dawn on her that she had a name and a fame also to make. She was now thrown on her own resources, everything rested on her. "And I am only a woman," she thought, "alone in life. How can I gain this end?" And in her earnest prayer that night, her pleadings to God were so earnest that when Amen was said, cold drops of perspiration stood on her well-

shaped brow. Edyth was somewhat surprised the next morning at being told by the proprietor of the store that he desired her to go over to the next town and straighten up some accounts, and look into the business of a firm that they had been supplying with goods.

She at first felt to recoil from the business task, but then summoned all her powers and answered in a business-like tone, "Yes, sir, I will attend to this at once." As she was riding along, the thought came to her about dependent women, and also her severe strain of body and brain. Ah, "Life is not a playground, it is a school-room; life is not a holiday, but an education;" and every day seems to point out something we must learn. And so often is this learning brought to us through struggles and earnest striving. Oh, what an effort it is to live, thought Edyth. But she thought, "Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it."

Arriving at her place of business, she began at once to explain her errand and tell what her firm requested her to do. "Well, there are the books, lady, and here are the goods; I don't know how my books are exactly; and I can't tell anything about how many goods I have, but Martha, my wife, can help you some, I s'pose."

"Why, man, is this not your business?"

"Why yes, course it is."

"Well, don't you have to know where your money is going and how much is coming in?"

"Oh yes, but then we have the farm, and that gives us all we want to eat, and Martha owns some sheep, and that generally gets us our clothing; so the only reason I'm in business is, I thought we might as well have a little stock of

goods to kinda keep us agoing along, and give us something to do, to kinda keep us from getting lonesome out here; the boys keep the farm and we let the sheep out on shares, so you see we have nothing of that to worry us."

"Well, well, you have always had an easy life; but if your business runs on in this way it will cause you much uneasiness and cost you a nice little sum to get straight."

Edyth then explained to them about everything pertaining to a successfully-conducted business and about the importance of knowing about every little detail. She was soon at work straightening up book accounts, which showed Farmer Murdock owing about eleven dollars, and about nine dollars was out on accounts. She showed the farmer and his wife how to take an inventory, and leaving them to their task, bade them a hasty adieu, telling them she would be back in two days to balance accounts and see just how the business was standing.

"I will expect you without fail, little lady, for it does seem to me I was a letten a lot go without gotten much money; old woman and I can't work for nothing," and a changed look came into the farmer's eyes as he bade Edyth good-by.

On Edyth's return to the store next morning, when she explained how the business was, Mr. Cooper was fairly stunned, and was going over at once to seize the goods and close up the business; but she talked long and bravely, and finally gained the consent of her employer to wait until after her next trip.

"Poor, dear old people," she thought, "how strange it is that they have gone thus far without realizing the financial danger they were in."

The next two days were anxious ones for Edyth, but when the day for her departure came, she left her place of business with an eagerness and a vim that seemed to strengthen, aye, even intoxicate her. She seemed strong enough mentally and physically to perform any task.

When she arrived at Farmer Murdock's store, the old people were so excited by what she had told them that they cried for joy at seeing her.

The store was in a terrible confusion, no imposing displays or flutters of elegance greeted her sight; but sorgham barrels were displayed with calicoes and dress goods, with tenpenny nails and other combinations that would not enhance the value of any late spring styles in dress goods or strengthen the reputation of the hardware stock.

She threw off her things, straightened the store like magic, assisted the old people in waiting on customers, and by evening had the books all drawn up to show the financial standing of the firm.

A stock of goods amounting to \$1,265, money in an old stocking and on hand \$310; this, with the outstanding accounts, made the firm of Cooper & Co. safe. "But what about you? What have you to show for your pains?" Edyth sorrowfully inquired. "Only goods you will never use, and bad accounts that will I fear make you enemies. Dear old people, you have never needed or wanted for anything all your lives; everything has been given you that you required, and you don't know what trouble, want, or anxiety means." She told them if this was their only means of support, they would now be situated very differently; for if you lose your belongings by carelessness, it gives your name and fame a careless reputation. But you are blessed with

other means of support, and were sure of a very comfortable living. Too many blessings dull and stupefy; trouble and poverty, with God's help, often strengthens and enriches you. I have saved you from a very unpleasant realization, that of a business failure. What has caused me pain has saved you trouble, but now I feel repaid."

She then explained how things were, and also what would have happened if she had not come and looked into affairs, and found out before it was too late that they had better retire from business.

Oh, what a lesson this is! Thank God it has come to me while I am young, so I can profit by it in coming years.

You cannot shift responsibilities; you cannot go through life successfully without getting right down to the details of hard work; you must realize danger, prepare for emergencies, and anticipate reverses as well as success. Could I have put on the safeguard of these sombre responsibilities and obligations if trouble and misfortune had not come into my life? No, no. I would have lived a dependent, happy creature, selfish and thoughtless, but now I can see what I have to do. What I can do, and what I will do! But oh, how I crave at times for one earthly parent I could look to for consolation and comfort!

The midnight train brought Edyth Ramsey back to her home and little ones, a changed and contented woman, and kneeling down by her bedside, where her two little darlings were peacefully sleeping, she said, "Life's book is open to me, dear God, and I read my pages of troubled history, with feelings of thankfulness and strength, with gratitude profound and serious."

Edyth Ramsey could now explain everything plainly to her employer, and Mr. Cooper, being a very wise and sensible man, closed up the business in a very satisfactory manner. He put the accounts in a good collector's hands, so these good old people did not lose anything; but their profits were very small.

Edyth soon reached a prominent position, and it is useless to state that success, joy and comforts came into her life in a few short years. There is not such a deep mystery about happiness after all. Put the right ingredients into your life and it must come out. "He that abideth in Him, will bring forth much fruit, and bringing forth fruit is happiness. The infallable receipt for happiness, then, is to do good; and the infallable receipt for doing good is to abide in Christ."

Annie Jones Atkin.

Solitude.

Beside a solitary spring,
Beneath a frowning mountain's peak,
Where wolves' harsh, savage voices ring
And owls and night-birds hoot and shriek;
There dwells a miner, all alone,
Who patiently resumes his quest,
From day to day, through massive stone,
For that bronze god therein compressed.

Perchance of yore, ere cruel fate
Stole slyly to his happy hearth,
And tempted him to speculate
In jewel case of Mother earth,
A mirthful fireside met his eye,
And he a cheerful smile displayed;
And should his heart ere frame a sigh,
A loving wife would lend her aid.

But now, in that far, lonely clime,
He drudges on from morn till night,
Nor notices the wheels of time
As they roll on in steadfast flight;
But seeks for fortune steadily.
At night comes mingled hope and pain,
Absorbed in silent reverie,
At morn he wakes to hope again.

Charles Bush.

Our Little Folks.

THAT LIE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 374.)

So Jessie hastened to Emma's, and found her already to go to Nain, where she had a sick brother.

"Where are you going?" asked Jessie.

"To Nain, to my sick brother. I have just had a letter stating he was sick, and I'm going this morning, and miss school today, as it is Friday."

"Can I borrow your umbrella, Emma? Mine is broken."

"Certainly," said Emma, and soon Jessie had the umbrella placed in the exact spot where the professor's was yesterday. Jessie now went upstairs with a light heart. Her burden now seemed lifted, and she was as happy as ever. But after the singing and prayer, the professor arose, and with a stern countenance, which the students had already learned denoted trouble, he said:

"I am astonished to learn of the work that is being carried on in this building. 'Tis a disgrace to the school to have such dishonesty found among ladies and gentlemen. But to explain myself, I will state that this morning when I went to get my silk umbrella I found it gone and a cotton one in its place, one that resembles mine in appearance, but is much inferior in quality."

Jessie began to turn pale, but said nothing to her seat-mate. The professor continued, "Now the one who did this did it knowingly, for no one ever puts wraps or such like where my umbrella was put. But in my haste yesterday I carelessly placed it there, and now you see the consequence. Some one in the room is guilty, and it will be best for that person to make amends as soon as possible and thus avoid further trouble."

Of course Emma was not at school and could not defend herself, so Jessie thought it a good chance to conceal her own guilt. So after the exercises, when the professor was walking through the hall Jessie said, "I wonder if it is not Emma Carl's umbrella. She has one like yours, and—yes, it is her's, I know it is, she said after examining it.

"Emma Carl! Not much! She would do no such work as that," said Mr. Pod.

"But it is her's. Isn't it, Julia?"

Several of the girls examined the umbrella and declared it to be exactly like Emma's.

Jessie said, "Yes, 'sir, here is her initials, E. C., as plainly as can be. It's her's, sure."

Sure enough there it was. The professor could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Where is Emma? Bring her here."

"She has gone to Nain to visit," said Jessie.

"Well, well, that does look suspicious," said the professor. "Still I can't believe it to be Emma."

"Well, I can," said Jessie. "I think that is good evidence. She has taken your's and skipped, and left her's, so as not to be detected."

"We must send for Emma immediately," said the professor. A telegram was sent to Nain requesting Emma to come to the professor's office as soon as she could. When Emma first received the telegram she thought perhaps sickness was the cause, but after reading it, a glow of delight filled her breast, for she thought the faculty had decided to hire her to teach the training school. They had been speaking of having either her or Jessie take that school, but had not as yet decided. Emma was soon bidding them farewell, almost as soon as she had greeted them, for she had not been there more than

two hours. At 1:30 she arrived at her home at P——, but of course no one was awaiting her, for none knew she was coming but the professor.

She was soon wending her way toward the professor's office. She sped along with a light heart, for she felt sure good fortune was awaiting her.

The faculty were at the office waiting for her. 'Twas only yesterday that Emma had been so eulogized by them, and was appointed teacher in the training school. But if she were found guilty of such a deed she would surely be discharged. On entering, she was quietly asked to be seated.

"Miss Emma," began the professor, "do you know the reason you were asked to return?"

"No, sir" said Emma.

"'Tis a very serious subject, continued the professor, "and one that will require truthfulness. 'Twill be best for you to be frank in all your statements, to avoid further trouble, for we are bent on finding out the truth.

Emma stared at him, wondering what he could mean.

"Do you know this umbrella?" he asked.

Emma took it, looked inside of it, and said, "Yes, sir, it is mine."

"How did it get here?" he asked.

"I am sure I don't know," said Emma; "I loaned it to Jessie Jean this morning."

"Are you sure of that statement? Could you swear to it?"

"Yes, sir," said Emma; "but what is the matter? I can't understand you."

The professor then told her the whole story.

"Well, maybe Jessie put it there by mistake."

"No, I think not, Emma. Jessie

came in with the other girls and had no umbrella with her."

"But I have not taken your umbrella; I would not do it. I left early this morning to see my sick brother. You do not think I have stolen it, do you?"

"We do not know, Emma; some one has taken it, but as you seem to deny it, we must get some evidence. Bring Jessie here and see what she says."

So Jessie was sent for and she came, though rather reluctantly, for she suspected what was the trouble. When she entered the room and saw Emma sitting there, her heart began to throb very rapidly.

"You must now testify and state truthfully about this umbrella, Jessie. Did you borrow it from Emma?" said the professor.

"No, sir," said Jessie.

"O Jessie," said Emma, "what do you mean? You surely cannot say that."

"Well, I can," said Jessie. "I know nothing about your umbrella."

"You must know something about it, Jessie, or you could not have told it this morning," said the professor.

"Oh, I know it when I see it, but as to the borrowing of it, I know nothing."

"Did anyone see her get it?" asked the professor of Emma.

"Yes, sir. Dan Jinks saw her, and so did mother and Jennie."

"Send for them all. We'll find out the truth," said Mr. Pod.

A little boy playing in the yard had heard part of the conversation, enough of it so he could tell three or four other boys who were passing that Emma Carl had stolen the professor's umbrella and given it to Jessie Jean, and now they had sent for Dan Jinks the sheriff to have her arrested. The news spread like wildfire: people gossiped on the street corners, walked past the profes-

sor's office, and were very eager to see the outcome; and when they saw Dan Jinks hurriedly pass into the professor's office they did not doubt this little boy's word any longer.

But what has occurred inside the office during all this excitement? Jessie, seeing that the truth must be learned, confessed all, and a humble confession it was. Of course when they had learned the truth and saw how sorry Jessie felt, they were ready to forgive her. By the time Emma's mother and Dan had arrived all had been told and Emma and Jessie were in tears, and it took quite a while before it could fully be explained to the newcomers the reason of such a confession. But to end my story quickly. After a severe scolding, that Jessie will never forget, and the advice given to the whole assembly that had there gathered, they were dismissed, and Emma allowed to carry her own umbrella home. The professor was to get his umbrella as soon as Brown got home; but both he and Emma declared that they never wanted to use their umbrellas again, on account of the trouble they had caused them.

The different tales told about those umbrellas were remarkable. It took many, many days to get the story straightened, and to this day the people of that locality cannot fully understand the whole of the story; but if you want to learn any more about it inquire of Jessie Jean. The scene is before her mind now as vividly as it ever was, and she'll tell you "the straight of it." And don't believe the many tales you hear that commenced or were caused by that little lie that was so innocently told to Mr. Flop about "That present given me by my dear aunt."

Lizzie McCarrey. Age 20.

RICHMOND, UTAH.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

David and the Giant.

WHEN Saul did not try to serve God the Spirit of the Lord departed from him; his conscience troubled him because he knew he was not doing right, and he would sometimes get very cross and ill-natured, and the people said he was troubled with an evil spirit, so they told him it would be a good plan to get some one who could play nicely on a harp, and then whenever he felt badly he could have some music, which would make him feel better.

They told him there was a young man named David, a son of Jesse, who was a good player; so he sent them to get David, and he liked him and his playing so well that he kept him a long time.

After a while the Philistines began to gather themselves together to fight against the Israelites and Saul began to gather his armies.

David then went home to tend the sheep for his father, and his three elder brothers went with Saul to the battle.

The army of the Philistines was camped on a mountain, and the army of the Israelites was camped on another, and there was a valley between them.

Among the Philistines there was a man named Goliath, who was almost eleven feet tall, and he wore a helmet of brass which covered his head, and an armor of brass, which was called a coat of mail, and which weighed more than one hundred and seventy pounds.

The handle of his spear was like a weaver's beam, it was so large; and the head of his spear was iron and it weighed more than twenty pounds; and besides his armor he had a man to go in front of him, and carry a great shield to protect him.

This big giant used to come out in front of the army every morning and evening and call out to the Israelites that there was no use in all the people fighting; but he said he would fight with any man they would pick out, and if the Israelites should kill him, all of the Philistines would be servants to the Israelites; but if Goliath killed the Israelite, all the Israelites were to be servants of the Philistines.

He kept that up for forty days. Do you wonder that the Israelites were afraid? There was not a man in the army who dared to go out and fight with the giant.

One day David's father told him to take some bread and other things to his brothers, and see if they were well.

This David did, and while he was talking to his brothers at the camp the giant came out as usual and wanted the Israelites to send a man to fight with him.

David was quite interested, and began to talk as if the fellow did not amount to much, if he was a giant, because he was fighting against the Lord's people, and David thought they ought not to be afraid of him.

His oldest brother got angry and told him he had better go back home and tend the sheep, and said he had only come down to see the battle; but David kept on talking with the other men about the giant, and by and by the king heard of it and sent for David.

David told the king that he would go and fight with the giant, and he said that he had once killed a lion and a bear that had taken a lamb from the flock; he said the Lord had delivered him from the lion and the bear; and He would also deliver him from the giant.

Saul said he might go, and he put his own armor upon him to protect him

from the spear of the giant; but David said he could not do anything with that heavy armor on, for he was not used to it.

He then went out just as he was dressed, in a shepherd's suit. He had a staff in his hand, and a sling, and he chose five smooth stones from the brook and put them in a little bag which was fastened to his belt or girdle, and went on toward the camp of the Philistines. The giant then came out to meet him, and the man who carried the shield came in front of him.

David was a young man with a fair face and rosy cheeks, and he had no armor on. When the giant saw him he was disgusted and angry, and he said, "Do you think I am a dog, that you come out to fight me with a stick and a sling?" And he swore at him, and said he would kill him very quickly, and feed his flesh to the birds and the beasts; but David said, "Thou comest to me with a sword and a spear and a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

Then the giant rose and came toward him, and as David ran to meet him he took one of the smooth stones from the bag and put it in the sling and threw it at him.

The giant thought he was well protected, but his face was not covered, and the stone hit him on the forehead and sunk right through the skull, and he fell down on his face to the earth.

Then David ran and took the giant's sword from its sheath and cut off his head with it, and all the Philistines turned and fled when they saw that the giant had been killed, but the Israelites ran after them and killed thousands of them.

David picked up the giant's head and carried it to the king, and Saul asked him who he was and whose son he was. I guess he did not know it was the same young man who had played the harp for him, because he had been dressed up in fine clothes when he lived in the king's house.

Celia A. Smith.

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

More About the Indians.

AFTER reading Charles Thurman's account of the Indian trouble in Star Valley, I thought I would like to write also.

On the 20th of July I left my home, in company with my pa, ma, brother and little sisters, and also one of pa's sisters, for a visit to Star Valley.

While traveling through Montpelier Canyon, just below the Elbow, we stopped to eat our dinner.

After dinner ma and my two sisters and I started out to walk, while pa hitched up. As we were walking through the brush we heard the footsteps of some horses. Just as we came out of the brush we met four Indians, which frightened me very much. They were the first I ever saw in their native dress. They looked pretty savage to me. The next day when we camped for dinner on Crow Creek we met a band of Indians moving. I didn't want anything to eat then.

That night (July 23rd) we reached Grover. There we heard a report that

there had been some trouble between the whites and Indians in Jackson's Hole. We went to Auburn the 28th, intending to start home the 29th; but it rained so hard we had to stay a day longer. In the afternoon, in company with my cousin, sister and two other girls, we went to the mouth of Stump Creek Canyon for a walk. When we were two miles from home, just as we had gathered our flowers and were starting for town, a man came rushing down the canyon and told us to pray for our lives. He said that the Indians had killed all in Jackson's Hole, and there were five hundred in the Lower Valley.

I cannot tell how frightened I was. We ran for home as fast as we could. The news soon spread, and there was great excitement. We started for home the next morning. Grandpa and grandma, who had been visiting there through the spring came with us. We came through Stump Creek Canyon down through Soda Springs.

We camped the first night on Blackfoot. Early in the morning we saw some teams ford the river a little ways above us. The next night we camped on Bear River. In the morning pa was talking to a gentleman who said that Soda Springs was full of people who had come down from the dairies and ranches.

It would have been a delightful trip, for the mountains, canyons and rivers are so beautiful, and although it was midsummer, the nights were real cool. Altogether it was a pleasure to travel, but I cannot think of the trip without a shudder.

Gertrude Griffith. Age 11 years.

FAIRVIEW, IDAHO.

A FAIR face may hide a foul heart.

GLORIA!

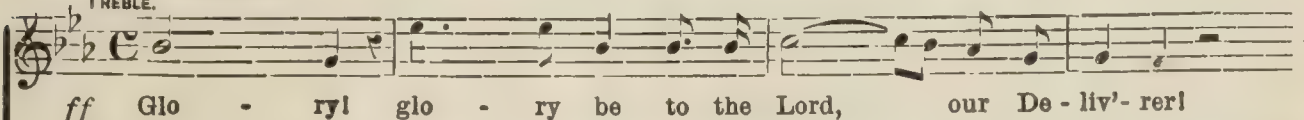
WORDS BY EVAN STEPHENS.

MUSIC BY J. J. McCLELLAN.

RE-ARRANGED FOR PIPE ORGAN FROM ORCHESTRAL SCORE IN 1895.

Molto Allegro. ♩=132.

TREBLE.



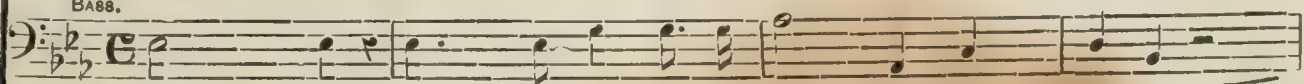
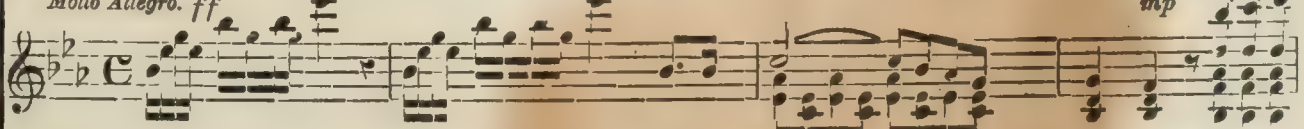
ALTO.



TENOR.



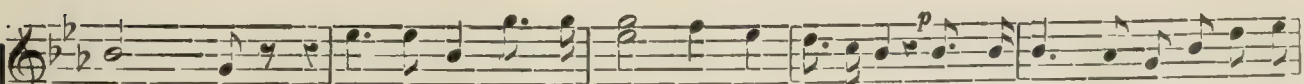
BASS.

*Molto Allegro. ff**mp*

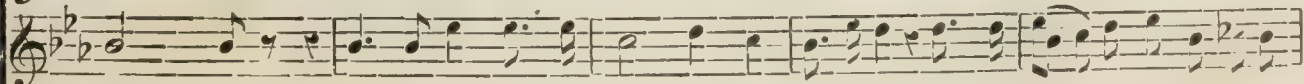
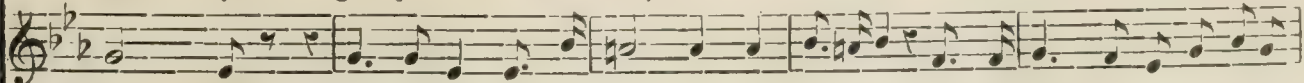
Horns.

Horns.

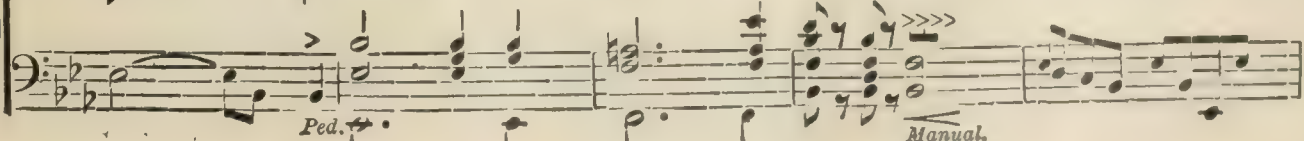
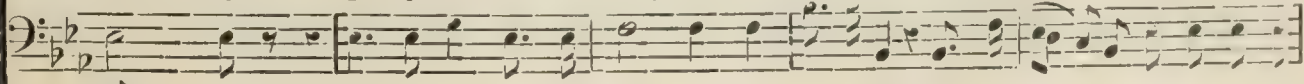
Clar. Flutes.



Glo - ry! glo-ry be to the Lord, our De - liver-er! In the time of sorrow and af-



Glo - ry! glo-ry be to the Lord, our De - liver-er! In the time of sorrow and af-



Ped.

Manual.

flic - tion has He heard His people's prayers, And turned our songs of

flic - tion has He heard His people's prayers, And turned our songs of

G p

p

G f Full Swell.

ff s

Pedal.

sor - row, to joy - ous hymns of grateful praise. See the barren vales now are

sor - row, to joy - ous hymns of grateful praise.

p

vox humana. swell. p

Choir. Organ.

p Soft 16 and 8ft. pedal.

smil - ing with wav - ing corn and flow - ers, And plen - ty dawns up -

with corn and flow'rs,

And plen - ty dawns up -

mf *f* *Cres.*

Pedal.

Ritard *H* *slower*

on us, through winter snows and springtime show'rs; Yea, we praise,

on us, through winter snows and springtime show'rs; O, Lord, we praise Thee! O, Lord, we

Ritard *H* *slower* *vox humana* *swell* *pp*

p m *Choir.* *Organ.*

pp

Ped.

Lord we praise Thy name, With all our hearts we praise Thy ho-ly name, Thy
we praise Thy
praise Thy name, With all our hearts we praise, Lord, with grateful hearts. Thy

Swell. Tremolo. *f*

Choir. Organ.

great and ho-ly name we praise. Tender-ly, tenderly,
great and ho-ly name we praise. Tender-ly, tenderly,

Great Organ. *Cres. ff* *p* *vox humana and st diap.* *Swell. Tremolo.* *3*

manual p dolce. *Ped.*

as a gen - tle shepherd leading us thro' the gloom, In - to the

as a gen - tle shepherd leading us thro' the gloom, In - to the

f sf sf sf

pp mf Cres. f

bright, the bright glor - i - ous day.

bright, the bright glor - i - ous day.

ff fff pp *Larghetto. 1-60.*

ff Solo. fff pp

ff ff pp *Larghetto Choir Organ.* *Swell. Tremolo.*

Ped. Ped. p Ped. manual

Tenor Solo.
Behold the sun brightly

Swo. coup. to Choir.
mf *Ores.* *tr* *Swell.* *Vox hum. Obve. St. D. and Sal.* *Tremolo.* *Choir. Dul. and Mel.*

Ped.

f
shin-ing on the moun-tains, swelling

shining on the mountains, on the mountains; the snow doth melt into running streams, swelling

shining on the mountains, swelling

Swell. *p* *Add Cornopean.* *Ores.*

Cres. *ff* *fff* *Andante.*

to a mighty torrent, roar - ing loud.

Cres. *ff* *fff* *Andante.*

to a mighty torrent, roar - ing loud. The valleys re-

Full Swell (closed). Cres. *ff* *Andante.* 1-72.
Choir, Clarinet and Gemshorn.

f *p* *Ped.*

Be - hold, it dis - perses,

ceive it, and in streamlets o'er its fields dis - perses, the dry earth

Swell.
St. Diap. and Vox hum. with Trem.

p *Ch.* *Ped.*

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

f Allegro Molto. 1-132.

drinks it. Forth it springs in fruit and flowers, forth it springs in fruit and flowers,

drinks it. Forth it springs in fruit and flowers, forth it springs in fruit and flowers,

ff *All-gro Moderato.* *Legatissimo.*

Gr. without 16 ft. *32 ft.*

Growing vines and sha-dy bowers; All, O Lord, at Thy command. Glo-ry and

Growing vines and sha-dy bowers; All, O Lord, at Thy command. Glo-ry and

Slower. p *Rit. mf* *A tempo mf*

Slower. p *Rit. mf*

Slower. p Soli. Oboe. *Rit. mf* *Vox hum. and Tremolo. Long A tempo. pause.*

Swell. *Suo. Solo, mf* *Ped.*

praise to Thee, for ev - er and ev - er! Glo - ry! glo - ry!

praise to Thee, for ev - er and ev - er! Glo - ry! glo - ry!

Full Gt. Organ.
ff *piu. ff with 16 ft.*

Soli.

Cres.
 Glo - ry and praise to Thee, for - ev - er, and ev - er!

Glo - ry and praise to Thee, for - ev - er, and ev - er!

Cres. *Coupled to Swell (full)* *fff Trumpets.* *Gt.*

Ped.

The musical score is written for a vocal ensemble and organ. It begins with a vocal melody in G major, marked with a crescendo and a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are 'praise to Thee, for ev - er and ev - er! Glo - ry! glo - ry!'. The organ accompaniment follows, marked with a forte (ff) dynamic and a 'Full Gt. Organ.' instruction. The organ part features a series of chords and a final flourish marked 'piu. ff with 16 ft.'. The vocal parts continue with the same melody, marked with a 'Soli.' instruction. The organ part then plays a series of chords, marked with a 'Cres.' (crescendo) and a 'Coupled to Swell (full)' instruction. The organ part concludes with a final flourish marked 'fff Trumpets.' and 'Gt.'. The vocal parts conclude with the same melody, marked with a 'Cres.' (crescendo) and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction.

56. *Adagio.*

ff sf sf fff Solo (1 voice).

Praise to Thee, ev - er - more!

ff sf sf fff

Praise to Thee, ev - er - more!

Adagio.

fff Full power of organ.

Sv. ritard (closed)

p

poco a poco

Rit.

Flute Solo.

tr

A tempo.

ff sf sf

pp

Full Gt. coupled to all organs. *Pesante.*

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXI.

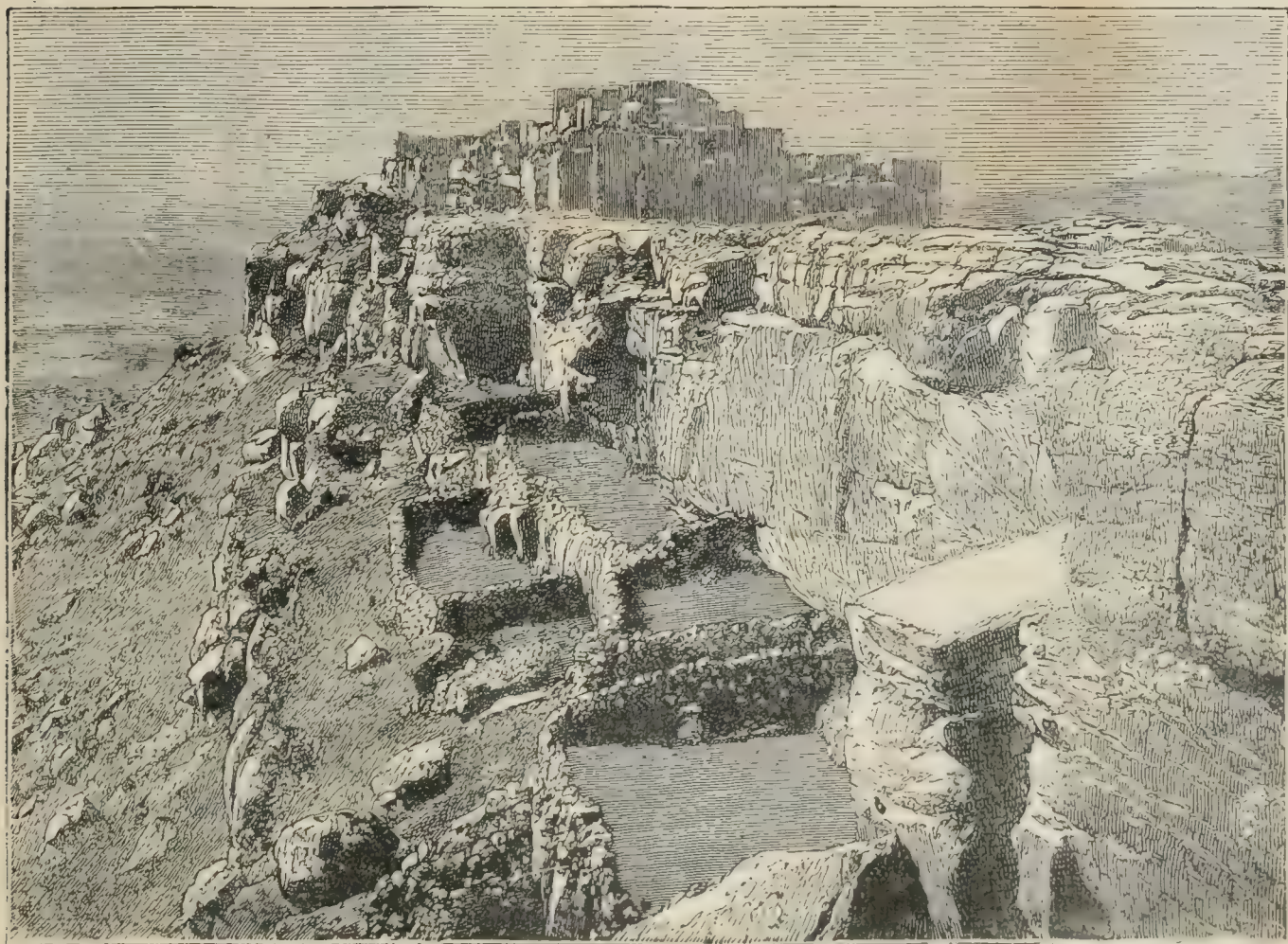
SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1896.

No. 14.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

THERE is something very wonderful about the particular race or tribe of people who built and inhabited dwell-

and are in possession of but scanty relics from which to draw an intelligible account of their origin or the causes that led to their strange customs. As



CLIFF DWELLINGS.

ings such as the artist has depicted in the accompanying illustration. So far as known, however, they have left no records, have preserved few traditions,

to their beginning, we Latter-day Saints have the knowledge which the Book of Mormon gives concerning the settlement of this continent by the family of Lehi,

the progenitor of the aborigines of America; and while many centuries have passed since that record closed, and many important events affecting the habits and conditions of the people must have occurred in the meantime, we are still highly favored in possessing a sure foundation upon which to establish further researches and by which to test the various theories that scientists and travelers may have to offer.

As to these cliff-dwelling folk, and their peculiar style of domicile, it seems probable that in their outset they were weaker than other peoples into whose midst they came or who invaded their section of country; and that they resorted to these cliff houses for defense against, or escape from, more powerful neighbors. Or they may have been a robber race, retreating to these fastnesses after their marauding expeditions. Some of their villages which have in recent years been opened and cleared, are found to be in an excellent state of preservation and would appear to have been admirably adapted for the purposes named. There are villages of this sort which are still inhabited, as has been many times narrated in previous volumes of the INSTRUCTOR. Some settlements of our people in south-eastern Utah as well as in New Mexico and Arizona are not far removed from ruins closely resembling those given in the picture; and in the same vicinity are usually found ancient places of sepulcher from which mummies, pottery and various relics of an extinct people are obtained. It is noticeable, too, that near many of these cliff dwellings are found the ruins of valley, village, or fortress, as if the people may have previously lived therein but had been driven out or had fled to the more inaccessible places under the shadows of the precipitous rocks. The writer,

during a recent journey through some of the canyons or "washes" in southeastern Utah, observed and counted scores of little caves under the overhanging cliffs, the front being entirely walled up with well-laid masonry, except a small square aperture near the center of the face of the wall. No one seems to know just what these small chambers were used for. There are no mummies or anything to indicate that they were employed as burial places, nor are they generally located at commanding points for observation, as would be the case if they were intended for watch-towers. They are too small for a house, though in some of them there are evidences of fire and smoke. One theory is that they were used as little granaries or storehouses; and another is—attempting an explanation of the fire referred to—that they may have been used as places of sacrifice.

C.

FREE AGENCY, OR DISCIPLINE.

A Dialogue.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 324.)

(*Home of Dora. Dora sitting at table.*)

DORA: Three years since I left school!

How time flies! It is so much pleasanter to be at home with papa and mamma. Then there are all the balls and receptions, which are so delightful. Yet there was much that was pleasant at school. For instance, some of my schoolmates were very nice. There were Blanche Redington and Mildred Carrington; and that reminds me that I will soon hear from them; that is, if they remain true to their promise. What a sweet girl Mildred was—always so thoughtful and kind; and Blanche was a good girl, although very set in

her way, I suppose one might call it. (*Pompey enters.*) Ah! what have you here? A bouquet of flowers.

POMPEY: Yes, Miss Dora, a gentleman as called to de door and says as to hand dis to Miss Dora, with best—(*scratching his head*)—oh, now Ise got it, recommenation. I fout dis here head wouldn't forsake dis here chile.

DORA: No, no, Pompey, you mean he sent the bouquet with compliments.

POMPEY: Ah, yes, Miss Dora, with the very best of complitants (*making a deep bow*).

DORA: Now you may go, Pompey; I will ring when you are wanted.

(*Pompey starts to leave the room then turns saying*)

POMPEY: Say, Miss Dora, if any more gentleman send any more recommenations—best accomplishments—shall I bring dem in?

DORA: Yes, Pompey. Now please go. (*Exit Pompey.*) What a Pompey, yet I cannot get angry at his stupidity, as he is always so prompt, always to be depended upon. But what lovely flowers, and from whom? Ah! from Hugh Norton (*humming a tune*). But what am I to do? What a predicament I am in to be sure. It was only this evening that I received a letter amounting to the same thing from Mr. Percy. I think papa and mamma prefer Mr. Norton; I myself believe him to be good and true; I am quite certain he would stoop to no low, mean act. He is not quite as brilliant in manner or as handsome in appearance as Mr. Percy. They say all that glitters is not gold. Still I cannot think any evil of Mr. Percy.

(*Enters Pompey.*)

POMPEY: Here I is, Miss Dora, wis moer mial.

DORA: Ah, two letters!

POMPEY: Yes, Miss, no best comple-tants or spectis dis time. (*Exit Pompey.*)

DORA: I believe this one is from dearest Mildred. Let me see what she says.

(*Reads letter.*)

DORA: What a sweet letter! It almost seems like Mildred herself was present. But I must look at the other. Why, as I live, I believe it is from Blanche. Yes, it is, but it has been delayed for days. It looks as though fate had decreed that I should get both at once.

(*Reads the letter.*)

DORA: How sad! I hope she will come. I will try to make her as happy as possible. I think I can expect her any moment, for this has been so long delayed. Oh, I have an idea (*clasping her hands*)! I will send for Mildred and husband to come and make me a visit directly, as it will be so much pleasanter for poor Blanche.

(*Enters Pompey.*)

POMPEY: There is a lady which wishes ter see you, Miss Dora. She didn't send any polishment or circumpects nether.

DORA: But, Pompey, did she not send a name?

POMPEY: Indeed, Miss Dora, it kinder 'pears to me, Miss Dora, it sounds like Widdingham, or some sich name an missus,' pears to me by 'pearance she don't belong to the class that sends specs.

DORA: Go, Pompey, and bring the lady in instantly. (*Exit Pompey. Dora calls after*): Mind, Pompey, and be very respectful to the lady, as she is a dear friend of mine.

POMPEY (*from outside*): Zackly, miss.

DORA (*pacing the room*): I once said that these two girls' experience might

be the means of directing me to do what is right. But here comes Blanche.

(Enters Pompey with Blanche.)

DORA: Why, Blanche!

BLANCHE: Dora!

DORA: I am glad you came. How wan and pale you look!

BLANCHE: What! glad to receive such a desolate creature as I am?

DORA: Indeed, Blanche, you are more than welcome. Just stay and make it your home as long as it is a pleasure to you. I will show you your room, that you may refresh yourself and rest before tea.

(Exit Blanche and Dora.)

SCENE V.

(Dora and Blanche seated together.)

BLANCHE: So you have two lovers, Dora?

DORA: Yes, and it is nothing particularly desirable; that is, when one does not now her own mind. However, I think papa and mamma prefer this Mr. Norton, I have been telling you about. I am half-inclined, as much as I respect him, to think that I prefer Mr. Percy.

BLANCHE: Take lesson, Dora, from my unhappy experience and do not take a rash step.

DORA: I have been thinking it all over, and I wish I could hit upon some plan that I might see something of their home life—something besides their society manners. I am half-inclined, in fact resolved, to try a plan that I have been thinking of, but you must promise secrecy before I can tell you.

BLANCHE: I feel safe to promise, for I do not think you would commit a rash act.

DORA: Oh, no; and it will not involve anyone but myself. It is this: just simply disguise myself as an old washer-woman, and visit each of them. It

would be capital fun, and besides I would be enabled to see which of them, if either, is a true gentleman.

BLANCHE: As far as I can see, it will be a capital plan.

(Enters Pompey.)

POMPEY: There is a gentleman as wants ter see you. *(Stands waiting)*

BLANCHE: I will go to my room, as I have some writing to do this evening, and you will not miss me, as your time will be pleasantly occupied. Good evening, Dora.

DORA: Good evening, Blanche. Show the gentleman in, Pompey.

(Servant enters with Mr. Norton.)

MR. NORTON: Good evening, Miss Dayne. I am afraid my visit is a little unexpected. I could not wait longer without learning if there was any hopes for me concerning the question of my love for you. *(Taking her by the hand and leading her to a seat.)*

DORA: Oh, Mr. Norton, I have not had time to dwell upon that subject yet.

MR. NORTON: But, Dora, you can at least inform me if there is the least shadow of a hope.

DORA: Papa and mamma look upon you quite favorably, but as for myself I—I really do not know the state of my own mind yet.

MR. NORTON: I thank you, Miss Dora, for your candor, and in the meantime I will wait patiently. When do you think I may expect a decided answer?

DORA: About, say Wednesday next.

MR. NORTON: There is one more question I would like to ask before I take my leave. Is there another gentleman in the way, or rather, one that makes it more difficult for you to choose?

DORA: Frankly, Mr. Norton, there is; but this will make no difference, as I shall marry the man I love, and also I

shall try to choose the man I know that my parents approve.

MR. NORTON: Well, Miss Dora, I will not detain you longer this evening. I will bid you good evening until the appointed time arrives. (*Exit Mr. Norton.*)

DORA: How good and noble he seems. I really do admire him very much, but——

(*Enters Pompey.*)

POMPEY: There is another gentleman as wants ter see you.

(*Mr. Percy follows in*)

DORA: Good evening, Mr. Percy. Please be seated.

MR. PERCY: I shall not detain you long this evening. I suppose you understand the nature of my errand here?

(*Dora bows assent without looking up.*)

MR. PERCY: Am I doomed to be disappointed?

DORA: I really cannot tell you yet. You will have to give me time, say, until Wednesday next.

MR. PERCY: Is there an objection to me?

DORA: As you have asked me the plain question, much as it pains me to do so, I will have to inform you that my parents do not look upon you favorably at present.

MR. PERCY: But surely Miss Dayne, Dora, you will not let this trifling matter stand in the way of my happiness?

DORA: I cannot tell what I will do yet. You must wait until the appointed time for my answer.

MR. PERCY: If you could return my love for you and wed me, you might be assured that in time they would be only too glad to welcome you home again. Come, dearest, will you promise?

DORA: Oh, Reginald—Mr. Percy—I think I love you, but give me time to think it all over.

MR. PERCY: Very well, dearest—excuse the term; I will try to wait patiently, but do not let this mistaken idea of honor ruin our happiness.

DORA: I do not think I will ever marry without my parents' consent. The experience of two school-girl friends of mine have taught me.

MR. PERCY: I will go, hoping to receive a favorable answer when I call. Adieu, my sweet one. (*Exit Mr. Percy.*)

DORA: I am so glad they are gone. I must retire now. (*Curtain falls. Exit Dora.*)

SCENE VI.

(*Mr. Norton's room; he is sitting reading. Knock at the door. Mr. Norton arises and opens the door.*)

MR. NORTON: Good evening, my good woman, come in, while you state your errand, you look tired. Let me relieve you of those heavy bundles.

OLD WOMAN: Thank you, young man, I am only a poor old washer-woman going home with some work, and hearing as there was a gentleman as stayed here, I thought as the likes of ye might have some work for me in the line of washing and cleaning.

MR. NORTON: Be seated, my good woman, while we come to business. You are alone, I take it for granted.

OLD WOMAN: Yes, sir, all alone. My husband died in the last war, and my son James soon after.

MR. NORTON: How very sad; but I will endeavor to do all I can for you, and when you are in need, call again. I have a washer-woman at present, therefore with honor I could not give the work to another.

OLD WOMAN: Thank ye, sir. May blessings from heaven attend you in all you undertake.

MR. NORTON: Good evening, aunty.

OLD WOMAN (*hobbling out*): Good evening, sir.

Mr. Percy's room. Three or four young men seated around a table with bottles and cards. Room in great disorder. Knock at the door.)

MR. PERCY: Come in.

(*Old woman enters timidly.*)

MR. PERCY (*in a loud voice*): Well, old witch, who are you and what do you want?

(*Old woman can't speak.*)

MR. PERCY: Come, come, old hag, what do you want? By Jove, I'll soon teach you to stand there like a mummy.

OLD WOMAN (*timidly*): I only came to get work, sir.

MR. PERCY: Oh, the devil, if that is all, the sooner you get yourself off the better. I have no time to bother with such as you.

OLD WOMAN (*going out backward raising a warning finger and speaking in a warning tone*): All's well that ends well. (*Curtain falls.*)

(*Curtain raises disclosing Dora, Mildred and her husband.*)

DORA: I am so glad you received my telegram and came quickly. Papa and mamma are at Newport for their health, and poor Blanche has come. I thought it would be a treat for all.

MILDRED: Indeed, Dora, I was overjoyed at the thought of meeting you again. What a fine time we will have talking over our school days together!

DORA: Ah, here comes Blanche.

(*At this moment Pompey enters announcing two gentleman.*)

DORA: Show them in, Pompey. (*Aside*): What am I to do? Both come at once.

(*They enter. Dora advances to speak to them. Blanche and Mr. Foot's, alias Mr. Percy's, eyes meet. She screams.*)

BLANCHE: So you are here, you

fiend incarnate, you demon in human form; and so it is you that, not content in running my life, not content that you misused and drove one wife from your door, not content that you were the means of aiding me to drive my dear, kind parents to an early grave, you who should have helped me to support them, not content with all this, you come here to wreck another home; but, miserable wretch that you are, you have been foiled. Do you remember the curse I hurled at you at parting? Do you remember that old woman visting you the other night? I can see by your looks that you do. Well, then, know that old woman was none other but the pure, sweet girl you were trying to wed. What do you think of that? (*Turning to Dora.*) What have you to say to this fiend?

DORA: What have I to say? Go, villain, go; for had I not found out that you were another woman's husband, the scene I witnessed the other night sealed your fate. I should never have married you. Go, I say, go. Pompey, show this man to the door, and may you never darken the door of this house again.

(*Dora turns to Mr. Norton.*)

DORA: Can you forgive me my little piece of acting, for I was that old woman you were so kind to the other night?

MR. NORTON: Need you ask, Dora (*taking her hand*)? Nothing can change my love for you.

DORA: Then I may tell you that as soon as you gain my parents' consent you have mine.

MR. NORTON: You make me very happy, Dora. I shall see the earliest opportunity of gaining their consent.

DORA: But, Hugh, let me introduce you to some friends who have been

spectators and unwilling listeners to our little by-play. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, Mr. Norton; also Mrs. Foot. These two ladies were dear old schoolmates of mine, and have greatly assisted in showing me which was right, free agency or discipline. Let us all go to lunch.

(Exeunt. Curtain falls.)

Ida Haag.

WOODLAND, SUMMIT CO.

IN EARLY DAYS.

IN the year 1851 the Mormon emigration from Iowa was large. The counsel of the First Presidency was for all the Saints that could to emigrate to Salt Lake Valley.

I was very anxious to get to the gathering place of the Saints, and accordingly engaged to drive team across the plains for Mr. Middleton, of St. Joseph. He appeared to be furnishing the cattle to haul the goods for Mr. Reese of Salt Lake City. A Mr. Horner was captain of the company; Oscar Middleton and James Monroe were in the company. Bethlehem was the place in Iowa where we crossed the Missouri River. About the first of July we commenced our journey across the plains. West of Fort Kearney we first saw the buffalo. The country in the distance appeared like a forest of timber. I think we saw twenty thousand in one day. Nothing of very material interest occurred on our journey, except breaking of wagons and cattle becoming tender-footed, till we arrived at Yellow Creek, where James Munroe was killed by Howard Egan for the seduction of Egan's wife. From Yellow Creek on the scenery was very attractive—Echo Canyon, Weber River, the crossings of East Canyon Creek, the Big Mountain,

from whose top we could get a glimpse of Salt Lake Valley; descending this rugged mountain, passing through a little valley, then ascending the Little Mountain, passing down Emigration Canyon, and the Salt Lake Valley was in sight.

How beautiful Salt Lake City appeared after crossing the plains. Here we met acquaintances and were greeted with kindness. I was now looking for something to do. After my arrival in the city I met an acquaintance on Main Street, who asked what I was thinking of doing. I had but little thoughts of the future just then. Said he, "Come across the street and see our Bishop." This was N. V. Jones, of the Fifteenth Ward. He introduced me to Brother Jones and told my business. Said Brother Jones, "My brother-in-law, Robert Burton, wants a hand." This brother took me to Brother Burton's and I engaged to work for him, and went there the next day. This was the latter part of September, 1851.

The next Sunday I went to meeting in the old Bowery, and for the first time I saw Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and other leading members of the Church. I was delighted with our leaders and their teachings. I felt at home. This was the place I had been so anxious to see since I first heard of the doctrine of the gathering.

I labored till winter, when I thought of school. I believed learning would do me more good than real or personal property. So one day I visited the University of Deseret. This was a small adobe building in the Thirteenth Ward. Orson Spencer was chancellor and one of the teachers. The terms were five dollars a quarter. Books were hard to get. I had been standing guard for two nights over some New

Mexicans and Indians in the house of S. M. Blair, and for this I received two dollars. I bought a McGuffey's Fifth Reader at Livingston & Kinkead's. I had a grammar and an arithmetic, and Brother Burton furnished me a slate, on which I put a frame. I had a small piece of slate pencil, and Robert Sharkey made me a pencil-holder of a piece of tin. I was now equipped for study. I was pleased with my teachers. In addition to the chancellor, we had W. W. Phelps, one of the regents, as teacher.

Brothers Spencer and Phelps were members of the Legislature of Utah, and occasionally were absent from school, and in their absence Jesse W. Fox and Jesse Haven often supplied their places. All of these men as teachers were earnest, and I now revere their memories for the good they did for me and others in the old adobe building in the Thirteenth Ward, Salt Lake City.

In the early settlement of Utah, Brigham Young and his co-religionists were earnest advocates of education. George A. Smith and Albert Carrington delivered lectures to us in the Thirteenth Ward Schoolroom, which left a lasting impression on my mind.

During the winter I improved myself in arithmetic and grammar; my reading was better, and I advanced in general information. Among my schoolmates were J. A. Hunt, John Woolley, F. B. Woolley, O. Pratt, Jun., A. Appleby, Geo. J. and Joseph Taylor, Adam Spiers, Howard and Geo. Spencer, Steve Moore, Geo. Quince, Frank Knowlton, Sam and W. W. Riter, John Leonard, and others of the young men; Martha Van Cott, M. A. Taylor, Mary Moore, Catherine Spencer, and others of the Young ladies. Friendships formed

in the schoolroom are sometimes very lasting, and I think with pleasure of conversations we then had with each other. One I distinctly remember with F. B. Woolley about reading the Book of Mormon through. I remember saying, "Frank, we may be called on missions some day, and people will enquire, 'Have you read the Book of Mormon?'"

I commenced that winter, and read the Book through for the first time. The pleasant times I had in meetings, in associations, and in various ways with the members of our Church forms pleasing reminiscences of days never to be forgotten.

What changes have transpired in the past! The great progress made in over forty years in this inter-mountain region has stamped upon the face of the country something that is durable for good.

How well I remember the road to the big field, to Chase's mill, to Neff's mill, and other places, and the improvements in this respect. But I see changes also in other respects. The saloon and other bad places were then unknown, and profanity was not heard. The early leaders are passing away, and pioneers are getting scarce. But the great future is before us, and the teachings of our leaders given in early days will bear fruit, and the results for good will last forever.

Wm. Woodward.

WE may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

WE must all receive and learn both from those who were before us and from those who are with us. Even the greatest genius would not go far if he tried to owe everything to his own internal self.


THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

POLYNESIAN MISSIONARIES' REUNION.

 ONE of the most delightful gatherings which it has been the editor's privilege of attending was the meeting of the Polynesian missionaries at Calder's Park, on June 5th. A committee had been appointed, consisting of representatives of each mission—Sandwich Islands, Samoan, Tongan, Society Islands and New Zealand—and this committee arranged a program of entertainment, and all the missionaries who had ever labored on any of these groups of islands were invited, with their families, to attend. It was arranged that lunch should be taken at twelve o'clock. The residents of Salt Lake City were invited to bring sufficient food for themselves and for visitors from distant places. The meal was enjoyed, and the association was very pleasant, as many fellow-laborers met on the occasion who had not been brought closely in contact with each other for many years. It furnished an opportunity to renew old acquaintanceships, and to revive many delightful memories of past labors and toils in the missionary field. Such an occasion naturally leads those who participate in it to indulge in reminiscences, and the bonds of friendship and love are brightened. President Woodruff could not forego the pleasure of being present, and President Joseph F. Smith and the editor, both having been missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, were also present.

At three o'clock the whole company assembled in the pavilion, and a program which had been prepared by the committee was then carried out, much to the delight of the entire audience. The exercises were of a most interesting character, from the fact that not only were many customs of the various islanders depicted and explained, but each set of missionaries used the language of the group where they had labored. There were five different Polynesian languages spoken, and with a fluency that would have been in any other class of people very surprising.

There are no missionaries that go to foreign lands who acquire foreign languages with the facility and the correctness that the Elders of our Church do. Our method of acquiring languages is becoming the popular method at the present time, even among the learned; that is, to learn the language as children learn their mother tongue, and without depending too much on books. On the Sandwich Islands, when our missionaries first went there, they created a great surprise among the natives and many of the white people because of the readiness with which they acquired the native language, learning to speak it with the correct accent, and acquiring even the tone of voice which the natives themselves used. They lived with the people, and did not hold themselves aloof from them as missionaries of other denominations did. By doing this they acquired all their idioms; yet, at the same time, they maintained that dignity and self-respect and proper demeanor as to set a correct example to the natives, not descending in the least to their low ways. It is by taking this course that the missionaries who have been sent to the Polynesian Islands have been so successful in acquiring the different lan-

guages and in converting the people. Of course, no Elder who takes the right view of the success that may have attended his labors can fail to give glory to the Lord; for by means of the gift of tongues and the gift of interpretation of tongues, which He has bestowed in answer to prayer, the Elders have been able to acquire the languages as no other white men have.

While there was only a partial representation of the Elders who have labored in these fields present on this occasion, yet it was thought that it might be interesting to know how many missionaries there were in attendance, and the following is the result:

Sandwich Islands missionaries	34
Samoan Islands	16
Tonga	2
Society Islands	3
New Zealand	31
<hr/>	
Total.....	86

Probably such a sight as was witnessed that day could not be found anywhere else on the face of the globe—eighty-six missionaries in a congregation of less than a thousand souls. There is no missionary society in the world that could have furnished such a gathering as was there, and we have no doubt it gladdened the hearts of all present to enjoy the spirit of that occasion and to witness, even on so small a scale, the great work that is being done by the Elders of this Church in spreading the Gospel.

There is no community to be found on the earth where the entire population, it may be said,—that is, the male members of the Church,—hold themselves in readiness to respond to a call to go on a mission. It is true that perhaps all our young people do not have

this willingness to respond to a call to preach the Gospel; but if there are any with this feeling, they are the exceptions. The young men generally, and their parents and relatives, esteem it an honor to be called to go on a mission, and this feeling is promoted by the grand results which are witnessed in the character and demeanor and progress of the young men who return from filling faithful missions.

A very little reflection must impress everyone with the excellent results that must follow the training of so many young men in the ministry, and the great advantage which their experience in traveling in foreign lands must give them on their return home. There are few wards or settlements in this entire inter-mountain region where Latter-day Saints live which do not have the presence of young men who have had this experience to which we refer; and everyone who has traveled knows what the effect of travel is upon himself, and how it enlarges the mind and broadens the view, and gives truer conceptions of life.

Such gatherings as this to which we refer cannot fail to be attended with good effects. What a gathering there would be if all the missionaries who had ever labored in Great Britain were to come together! Or all who had labored in the Southern States, or in the Scandinavian Mission, or in the German Mission! The spectacle would be unique. Nothing like it could be seen anywhere else.

THE only way to have a friend is to be one.

A GOOD horse should be seldom spurred.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 390.)

IN connection with this, we call attention to another very important statement, to-wit: a mighty angel had descended from heaven and he had rolled away the great stone, regardless of the seals that had been placed upon it and the guard that was placed to prevent any attempt upon the sepulchre. "The countenance of this personage was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men."

Who was this mighty and glorious being? and was it necessary that he should assist in the resurrection of the Lord, who had declared that, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." (*John x: 17-18.*)

Did this glorious and mighty angel of the Lord belong to the common class of celestial beings, or did he belong to a higher order, since he is called the Angel of the Lord? He may even have been the archangel Michael himself that was thus honored in assisting the Savior of the world in His victorious exit from the grave, as this was the first bodily resurrection of the human race.

We are, however, left to conjecture about the name and individuality of that personage, and must wait till the Lord sees proper to reveal it. There are some persons who think that he was the Eternal Father Himself, because Paul, referring to the resurrection, in speaking about baptism, says that "Christ was raised up from the dead by the

glory of the Father (*Rom. vi: 4*), and we cannot find any very strong arguments in opposition to such a view. To the contrary, it would be in perfect harmony with other incidents of the Savior's life; for the Father was present and expressed His satisfaction with the Savior's baptism, and declared on that occasion by his own voice from heaven, "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (*Matt. iii: 17.*) Also on other occasions did the Eternal Father show His interest in His beloved Son (see *Luke ix: 35* and *John xii: 28*), and made known His pleasure in His beloved Son; why not then think that the Father also would take an active part in the crowning event of His Son's mission on this earth? But also as an administrative act, it seems to be not only consistent, but necessary, as all the ordinances pertaining to the salvation and exaltation of the human family are administered by some individual with the proper authority; and the Savior did not refuse to comply with any of them, even from circumcision to the passover, according to the law of Moses, and even when John the Baptist humbly pled, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest thou to me?" And Jesus answering said unto him, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." (*Matt. iii: 14-15.*) Paul says about the administrative authority, "And without all contradiction, the less is blessed by the greater." (*Heb. vii: 7*); and Jesus did only acknowledge one to be greater than Himself—the Father. It is, furthermore, in the most beautiful harmony with the patriarchal order, which is the fundamental principle underlying the government of God in all its departments, both in heaven and on earth.

Now, if the circumstances associated

with the resurrection of our Savior form a pattern for all subsequent¹ resurrections, then we must expect that all men will obtain their resurrection in a similar manner, by being administered to by some immortal being with authority and power to call the crumbling dust from the grave; but all men will not be resurrected at the same time. There will be appointed times for the resurrection of the various classes of the human family, according to their merits, based upon their individual conduct while in this mortal state. "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then He shall reward every man according to his works. (*Matt. xvi: 27.*) "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (*Dan. xii: 2.*) Paul says: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; but every man in his own order." (*I. Cor. xv: 22-23.*) By reading further on in the same chapter, we will find that Paul did believe in the patriarchal order in connection with the resurrection, and says: "And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all. (*I. Cor. xv: 28.*)

With regard to the resurrection of the dead, we find in the Book of Mormon some very clear and interesting statements about successive resurrections—based upon the merits of the departed, as well as other circumstances connected with man's existence in this mortal probation. This being in such perfect accord with the statements contained in the Bible upon this subject, we give it here in full, as it is so plainly stated that it throws a great deal of

light upon other passages of scripture, which we propose to use.

The prophet Alma writes to his son Corianton thus:

"Now, my son, here is somewhat more I would say unto thee; for I perceive that thy mind is worried concerning the resurrection of the dead.

"Behold, I say unto you, that there is no resurrection or, I would say, in other words, that this mortal does not put on immortality; this corruption does not put on incorruption, until after the coming of Christ.

"Behold, He bringeth to pass the resurrection of the dead. But behold, my son, the resurrection is not yet. Now I unfold unto you a mystery; nevertheless, there are many mysteries, which are kept, that no one knoweth them, save God Himself. But I shew unto you one thing, which I have inquired diligently of God, that I might know; that is concerning the resurrection.

"Behold, there is a time appointed that all shall come forth from the dead. Now when this time cometh, no one knows; but God knoweth the time which is appointed.

"Now whether there shall be one time, or a second time, or a third time, that men shall come forth from the dead, it mattereth not; for God knoweth all these things; and it sufficeth me to know that this is the case; that there is a time appointed that all shall rise from the dead.

"Now there must needs be a space betwixt the time of death and the time of the resurrection.

"And now I would inquire what becometh of the souls of men from this time of death to the time appointed for the resurrection?

"Now whether there is more than one time appointed for men to rise, it mat-

tereth not; for all do not die at once: and this mattereth not; all is as one day with God; and time only is measured unto men.

"Therefore there is a time appointed unto men, that they shall rise from the dead; and there is a space between the time of death and the resurrection. And now concerning this space of time. What becometh of the souls of men, is the thing which I have inquired diligently of the Lord to know; and this is the thing of which I do know.

"And when the time cometh when all shall rise, then shall they know that God knoweth all the times which are appointed unto men.

"Now concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection. Behold, it has been made known unto me, by an angel, that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body; yea the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life.

"And then shall it come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous, are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise; a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care, and sorrow, etc.

"And then shall it come to pass, that the spirits of the wicked, yea, who are evil; for behold, they have no part nor portion of the Spirit of the Lord; for behold, they chose evil works rather than good; therefore the spirit of the devil did enter into them, and take possession of their house; and these shall be cast out into outer darkness; there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; and this because of their own iniquity, being led captive by the will of the devil.

"Now this is the state of the souls of the wicked, yea in darkness, and a state of awful, fearful, looking for the fiery indignation of the wrath of God upon them; thus they remain in this state, as well as the righteous in paradise, until the time of their resurrection.

"Now there are some that have understood that this state of happiness, and this state of misery of the soul before the resurrection, was a first resurrection. Yea, I admit it may be termed a resurrection; the raising of the spirit or the soul, and their consignation to happiness or misery, according to the words which have been spoken.

"And behold, again it hath been spoken, that there is a first resurrection; a resurrection of all those who have been, or who are, or who shall be, down to the resurrection of Christ from the dead.

"Now we do not suppose that this first resurrection which is spoken of in this manner, can be the resurrection of the souls, and their consignation to happiness or misery. Ye cannot suppose that this is what it meaneth.

"Behold, I say unto you, Nay; but it meaneth the reuniting of the soul with the body of those from the days of Adam, down to the resurrection of Christ.

"Now whether the souls and the bodies of those of whom have been spoken, shall all be reunited at once, the wicked as well as the righteous, I do not say; let it suffice, that I say that they shall all come forth; or, in other words, their resurrection cometh to pass before the resurrection of those who die after the resurrection of Christ.

"Now my son, I do not say that their resurrection cometh at the resurrection of Christ; but behold, I give it as my opinion, that the souls and the bodies are reunited, of the righteous, at

the resurrection of Christ and His ascension into heaven." (*Book of Alma ch. xi.*)

It is proper here to notice that the prophet Alma, who wrote the above, lived about a century and a half before the Christian era, and therefore writes about the resurrection of the Savior as an event of the future; for this reason also he seeks to explain this to his son in the plainest terms possible, even meeting and correcting erroneous views that then existed or might be the results of an improper conception of what the language might imply, either from traditions or other causes. It seems that there must have been some such cause for the parent-prophet to take such particular pains in impressing upon the mind of his son that the resurrection did not merely consist in the spirit enjoying a life of happiness after the dissolution of the body by death, but that the body itself should be resurrected and reunited with the immortal spirit, to receive a reward or punishment according to the deeds done, while living in this mortal state, and that there were several degrees or orders, as well as certain times appointed for the resurrection of the dead, according to the justice of God and the worthiness of men living in various dispensations. He plainly holds forth the idea, based upon what he had learned from the angel of God, who had been sent to instruct him, that there would be more than one time when the dead would be resurrected, and that the just who had died before the coming of Christ in the flesh would be resurrected before those who were born and died after His resurrection; thus establishing a successive resurrection upon certain principles and conditions. *C. C. Christensen.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BOY THAT RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

JOHN BRENT was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions, were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Halloa, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, en? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldnt?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendation," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you

recommend yourself." But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people's making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect would speak in your behalf! *Selected.*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

INFLUENCE OF LOCALITIES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RACE.

THE providence of the Almighty has been wonderfully exhibited in the settlement of the different colonies of Europeans in the country now known as the United States. The colonists who settled in New England seemed to be a peculiar selection of men and women, well suited to lay the foundation of religious liberty and to accomplish grand results in founding free institutions. It often occurred to me while laboring in the ministry in California and on the Pacific Coast, how different would the fate of this nation have been if the men who settled the rugged shores of New England had obtained their first foothold on the Pacific, in the region now known as the States of California, Oregon, and Washington. A different history would have been written, because the development of the people would

have been of another character. The qualities which have distinguished New England particularly would, to some extent at least, have been wanting.

There was great philosophy in the remark so frequently made by President Young concerning the Latter-day Saints' places of settlement. He was led to look upon the rugged and inhospitable valleys of Utah as the most suitable places for our settlement that could be found, because (1) we would have a country that would not tempt others to envy us the possession of and that they would not take steps to rob us of; and (2) he could foresee that a rugged, difficult country to live in would develop great qualities in the people. It has seemed, too, that this has been the way of Providence in regard to us. A colony of Latter-day Saints in 1851, attempted to settle in San Bernardino, California, one of the choicest spots on the continent, but they were not permitted to remain there. Circumstances were thrown around the people which seemed to compel them to abandon that fertile and delightful region and to retreat again to the rude valleys of the mountains. If that settlement had continued, it appeared plain that a difference would soon be perceptible in the characters of the generation born and bred there and that born and bred in the mountains. It would not require the energy in that region that is essential to prosperity in these mountain valleys.

Our settlements in Mexico are not of a character to enervate the people. So far in the history of those settlements, continuous toil has been necessary, and the energy of the people has been called out to the fullest extent to enable them to contend with and conquer the obstacles they have had to meet.

DIVERSITY OF PURSUITS NECESSARY TO
INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY.

Returning again to New England, it is a remarkable fact that the Lord chose most of the leaders of His people from New England families. For a number of years after the Church was organized almost every prominent man in the Church was either of New England birth or of New England parentage. This is a very striking fact, and it would seem to be indicative of the purpose of the Almighty to make that element dominant in the Church. There is no doubt but that New England thoughts, New England training, New England methods have had more weight and greater influence with the Latter-day Saints than those of any other portion of the United States or the world. New England has set examples to the people of this Territory which, if remembered and acted upon, would be of great benefit to our society.

New England is a hard country for the agriculturist. It has required incessant toil to subdue the soil in the first place, and after its subjugation to make it capable of sustaining men; in fact, agriculture has never flourished to any extent in that region. We never hear of breadstuffs being exported from New England. Therefore New Englanders have had to turn their attention to other pursuits, and they have succeeded in them to a very wonderful extent. Today the New Englander is of all the world, as a recent writer says, the aptest man to discover in any situation some measure of advantage which might be turned to profitable account. He has learned the precious lesson that in every place there is something which if well done will pay for the doing. Probably in no part of the world are industries subdivided as they are in that part of

the Union. They are an active-minded people; and being compelled to look beyond the soil, they have had to turn their attention to other means of making a livelihood.

The writer gives an illustration of the keenness of the New England people in making use of every advantage possible to promote industries that will sustain them. Speaking of the culture of cranberries, he says:

"For a long time this fruit was gathered in its wild state, both in the old world and in the new, but it remained for the folk of Cape Cod to invent the complicated method of nurture of the vines which has made this form of tillage one of the important innovations of the century: one which has changed a very poor district into one of the most prosperous seats of crop production, making of worthless land a value which is exceeded only by some of the famous vineyards of Europe, and perhaps certain of the best orange groves of Florida. No other tillage devices of modern days are so original or so important as these, which have converted the peat bogs of the coast into hydraulically engineered fields that give an annual gross return of from two hundred to a thousand dollars per acre."

I was favored a few years ago with the opportunity of visiting Connecticut, by the pressing invitation of a friend with whom I had served some years in Congress. I had every facility extended to me for visiting all the manufacturing establishments of that region, and I was wonderfully impressed with the inventive genius of the people and with the perfection to which they had brought machinery of all kinds. It seemed almost as though they had imparted the faculty of thinking to some of their machines, so thoroughly did they do their work. It is

not too much to say that no people in the world have carried inventiveness to such an extent as have the New Englanders, and New England mechanics have spread their knowledge and their skill all over the land. In many respects our situation in this state and in the adjacent states is very similar to that of the people of New England. While we have been very successful, considering the condition of the country when we came here, in our agricultural pursuits, still we have many difficulties to contend with. We have to literally conquer our soil and redeem it. The presence of mineral is a great drawback in the most of the valleys. Early and late frosts also have a serious effect on all crops. In many of our valleys settlers can look to the earth for no more than a bare and hard-earned subsistence. This was also characteristic of New England. It will be necessary, therefore, in many places at least, if our people prosper, for them to turn their attention to other pursuits as well as agriculture. The necessities of the situation ought to bring out the inventive genius of the people—the inventiveness to devise new pursuits in life that will bring returns of a more profitable character than agriculture. It is a fact, stated by an observant writer, that where there are isolated settlements in New England, where they follow agriculture entirely, there is a great difference intellectually between them and their fellow citizens who live in parts where manufacturing and other pursuits are followed. We shall see this difference also in our state if we are not careful. In valleys where agriculture alone will be the pursuit of the people, there will not be that activity in intellectual matters, perhaps, that will be witnessed in other places where the people pursue a

variety of occupations and where their intellectual powers are brought into full play. It should be the aim, therefore, of every Bishop and every man of enterprise throughout all our settlements, to not sit contentedly down and live a humdrum life, but give the young men and the young women opportunities for exercising the powers with which the Lord has so abundantly endowed them in these mountains. It is not boasting to say that we have the elements in this state of a very great people. The Gospel has gathered from all the nations where it has been preached men and women of independent character and thought. The races that compose our community are the best, so far as we know, in the world; and those who have been converted to the truth have been, speaking of them as a whole and not as individuals, people of pure morals and of virtuous lives. From such a combination as we have in this country there should be a very superior race developed. So far as we have gone, the success of our young men who have gone East to colleges and universities proves this. They have taken the front rank in all the institutions of learning which they have attended. If we make use of the advantages that the Lord has given us in this country we shall not need to be ashamed of comparison with any other people within the confines of our own nation or of any other nation.

THE INCREASE OF HOMICIDES.

Judge I. C. Parker, who is on the bench as a Federal Judge in Arkansas, and who was formerly a member of Congress, has written an article for the *North American Review*, under the heading, "How to Arrest the Increase of Homicides in America." The paper is one that should engage attention, and is

a subject especially interesting to Latter-day Saints, because we watch that which is taking place in directions that are in fulfillment of prophecy. In the early days of the Church, when the people suffered from mobocracy and were driven from their homes by mobs, and their lives sacrificed and their property taken from them, predictions were made by the servants of the Lord to the effect that the nation would yet suffer terribly from mobocracy, and that the spirit which had been aroused and let loose against the Latter-day Saints would break out in other directions and be attended with fearful consequences to the people at large.

Everyone who is informed concerning the current events of the day must be impressed with the little value that is placed upon human life in many parts of the Union. Lynching is of frequent occurrence, jails are broken into, officers of the law are disarmed and overawed, and mobs take prisoners out of their custody and execute the death penalty upon them in various forms, sometimes with horrible savagery.

Judge Parker says that during the last six years there has been an average of 7,317 murders per year, or a total of 43,902, in the United States. In this same time there have been 723 legal executions, and 1,118 lynchings. By these startling figures he shows that crime is rapidly increasing instead of diminishing; for he says in the last year 10,500 persons were killed, or at the rate of 875 per month; whereas in 1890 there were only 4,290, or less than half as many as in 1895.

This bloody record shows a fearful increase of murder. The Judge asserts that the greatest evil of any civilized age is confronting us, not only in the shape of crimes committed by individ-

uals, but also of crimes committed by mobs who band themselves together for the purpose of executing vengeance upon criminals or supposed criminals. He considers the condition of the nation in regard to crime as most serious, and it is growing more so all the time. He intimates that to check the growth of crime there must be new vigor introduced into the courts and the law must be thoroughly enforced. He quotes from David Dudley Field, who says, "So far as I am aware, there is no other country calling itself civilized where it is so difficult to convict and punish the criminal, and where it takes so many years to get a final decision between man and man. Truly we may say that justice passes through the land on leaden sandals."

Judge Parker claims that the criminal law in its administration has fallen into disgrace, and quotes another judge as saying that "the law ought to be administered with intelligence and enlightenment; but it is not. The great effort seems to be to involve every investigation of crime in a network of subtleties, artificial distinctions and downright quibbles, shut out all the incriminating evidence possible, and then decide the case on some technicality."

Judge Parker seems to have a poor opinion of appellate courts. He says: "They are very often made of men wanting in knowledge of the most elementary principles of the criminal law; for they have never either studied or practiced it. With this want of knowledge of the very law they are seeking to administer they try the case, not on its merits, to determine the guilt or innocence of the man, but they try it by some technical rule which has really no relation to the guilt or innocence of the accused."

He claims that the obstruction in the enforcement of punishment for the crime of murder springs in part from the morbid, diseased public sentiment, which begets undue sympathy for the criminal and has none whatever for his murdered victim. It arises from corrupt verdicts, begotten by frauds and perjuries. It arises from the undue exercise of influence, either monetary, social or otherwise, so that juries are carried away from the line of duty. But he thinks that the conduct of appellate courts is the greatest cause of the increase of crime; for as a rule they make the most strenuous efforts to see not when they can confirm, but when they can reverse a case, thereby encouraging a legal practice that is altogether in the interest of the man of crime. Mob violence, Judge Parker says, can be largely attributed to the failure of the appellate courts to do their duty.

He advocates the placing in the platforms of the great national parties a plank in favor of the vigorous enforcement of the law, the suppression of crime, and the extinction of the mob, which he calls a disgrace to Christianity and civilization.

Concerning the present appellate court system, he would organize in the states and in the nation courts of criminal appeal, made up of judges learned in the criminal law and governed by a desire for its speedy and vigorous enforcement. He would brush aside all technicalities that did not affect the guilt or innocence of the accused. He would not permit these courts to act on a partial record or on any technical pleas concocted by cunning minds. The guilt or innocence of the party should be the guide in the trials. By adopting this system he appears to hope that crime in a large measure will de-

crease and mobs will be entirely destroyed.

It ought to be a cause of great pleasure to every citizen, every lover of his country, to see crime checked, especially the dreadful crime of murder. It must be apparent, however, to every reflecting person who has had any experience that these dreadful deeds are on the increase. The reading of the newspapers leaves this impression; but the statistics given by the writer of this article to which we refer are doubtless reliable, and they place it beyond question that there is an increase.

In this connection it may be interesting to record some predictions made by the Prophet Joseph, at a time when he was in Carthage, just previous to his martyrdom. Several officers of the militia, who were filled with the spirit of mobocracy, called upon him at the tavern, and as they gazed upon him with much curiosity he asked them if he appeared like a desperate character. They replied that his outward appearance seemed to indicate exactly the opposite, but they could not tell what was in his heart. To this Joseph responded:

"Very true, gentlemen, you cannot see what is in my heart, and you are therefore unable to judge me or my intentions; but I can see what is in your hearts, and will tell you what I see. I can see you thirst for blood, and nothing but my blood will satisfy you. It is not for crime of any description that I and my brethren are thus continually persecuted and harassed by our enemies, but there are other motives, and as you and the people thirst for blood, I prophesy, in the name of the Lord, that you shall witness scenes of blood and sorrow to your entire satisfaction. Your souls shall be perfectly satiated with

blood, and many of you who are now present shall have an opportunity to face the cannon's mouth from sources you think not of; and those people that desire this great evil upon me and my brethren shall be filled with regret and sorrow because of the scenes of desolation and distress that await them. They shall seek for peace, and shall not be able to find it. Gentlemen, you will find what I have told you to be true."

This prediction was wonderfully fulfilled during the late Civil War, for some of these very men were in that conflict and beheld the fulfillment of Joseph's prediction. The other predictions which he and other Elders have made concerning mobocracy and the situation of affairs that will exist in this nation sooner or later will also be fulfilled.

The Editor.

A TRUE CONVERT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 359.)

WHEN Jemima found they were determined to come in she concluded to make her escape. Hastily slipping on her shoes and skirt, and catching up Sister Council's shawl as she ran, she passed out of the back door just as the mob entered the front one. Away she went, down through the garden, which was enclosed with a mud wall, topped with a wire fence, over that, and on, on, not knowing whither, but realizing too well that she was followed and that it was a race for life. Her pursuers were gaining rapidly upon her, and it seemed she must sink from exhaustion. Her agony was unbearable, and she cried out, "O Lord, what shall I do?" It seemed as if someone whispered the reply, "Go right ahead." She obeyed the voice, and soon came to a bridge that spanned

the river. At each end of the bridge were two large lamps burning brightly. When she was safely over she glanced hurriedly back to see if she were still pursued, and to her amazement and unbounded joy saw the mob had given up the chase and were just entering a tavern. Then for the first time since leaving Brother Council's she paused to rest. With what great feeling and earnestness were these simple words uttered: "Lord, I thank Thee for my deliverance."

Going forward with slackened speed, she met a policeman and asked him for protection, saying a mob had caused her to leave her bed in that condition. He directed her to a tavern, and said she must state her case there. Entering she found herself in a bar-room, certainly not a very congenial place for one who was trying to be a Latter-day Saint. The landlady was very kind, and after hearing the details of Jemima's present circumstances, took her into her own bedroom and gave her what clothing she needed, and some dainty refreshments, which were eaten with a relish.

Brother Council had sent his two sons to Adelaide for the horse police, as soon as the mob had tried to force an entrance to his house. They were expected every minute, and the hired girl was set to watch their arrival. Jemima was not kept long in suspense, for they soon came, armed with guns and swords, and passed on to Brother Council's, but told her to remain where she was for the present. Before long Sister Council came and informed her that the fiend and two more of the mob had been arrested. The hearing was given in a few days, and all the arguments were decidedly in Jemima's favor when it chanced to leak out that she

was a Mormon. The case was immediately dismissed.

She sat transfixed with fear, for she knew she was now completely in the power of her enemies; there was no justice for her. There stood the fiend and his aids ready to drag her out, and she was too terrified to even think of trying to escape. At this moment her lawyer stepped forward and asked the court to wait a few moments while she went with him into an adjoining room to pay the lawyer's fee. The fee, which was five dollars, had been paid in advance; but Jemima and Sister Council gladly followed him. As soon as the door was closed he opened one on the opposite side of the room and pointing to a gate said, "Go quickly out of there, and make the best of your time." The injunction was heeded, and they did not stop until they were safely inside of Sister Council's house, where, with this good friend, Jemima remained for a time unmolested.

All this persecution was heaped upon her simply because she believed the first principles of the Gospel. She had never even seen a Book of Mormon or a Doctrine and Covenants.

She learned, during these dark days, to listen to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and received a testimony that the Lord would provide for her if she remained humble and prayerful. She was skillful with her needle, and an excellent nurse, so her services were always in good demand. The people among whom she lived had nearly all come to Australia for one object—gold. Money was indeed plentiful, and she had no difficulty in providing food and clothing, and was able, as well, to lay aside a snug little sum. Her prayers for strength to labor were answered in very deed.

One night she dreamed her mother was lying very sick in a bed just above her, looking wistfully at her daughter and trying to speak, but could not. On making a stronger effort, part of her face fell off. Jemima picked up the broken piece, replaced it, and was surprised to see it entirely made whole, not even a scar to show it had ever been broken. She felt greatly troubled over this dream, and when an opportunity came she related it to one of the Elders from Utah. He said that the dream meant that her mother was desirous for her to remain faithful, and that the time would come when she could perform a work her mother could not do for herself. He then taught her the glorious principle of baptism for the dead, and explained that it must be performed in a holy house dedicated to the Lord.

One day, while she was still staying at Sister Council's, the fiend came and inquired if Jemima was there. They told him to look and see. He searched every room in the house, all the time swearing he would kill her if he found her; but she had taken refuge under a bed and was passed by undiscovered.

Feeling now that it was unsafe to remain there any longer, she went the next morning to live with another family. She kept concealed as much as possible, and consequently found more difficulty in obtaining work. When it was absolutely necessary to go in town she would wear a thick veil and borrow a dress to make her disguise more complete.

One afternoon Sister Council called on Jemima and said that Mrs. Davis wished to see her about some needlework. Mrs. Davis lived within a few yards of the fiend, and Jemima hesitated about going, but Sister Council assured her that he was not at home and all

would be well. Still the Spirit whispered, "You must not go." Not heeding its admonition, however, she yielded to Sister Council's persuasion, "because," thought she, "my friend is twenty-five years older than I am, and of course has more judgment."

When she arrived at Mrs. Davis' she was not at home, but the children said she would not be gone long. They concluded to wait, but were scarcely seated when in walked that determined villain, the fiend. Before they could recover from their surprise, he had dealt Jemima a blow that felled her to the floor, and then threw Sister Council heavily upon her. As soon as Sister Council could get up she started off to find help, the fiend in the meantime beating Jemima on the head and scratching her face until the blood flowed freely; then seizing her long hair, which in the tussle had become uncoiled and was hanging loosely about her shoulders, he dragged her to a table near the window, and placing her upon it, continued to beat her until she could not speak. Then he thrust her head through the window, breaking two panes of glass in so doing, which, by the way, she afterwards paid for, because it was her head that broke them. As the glass broke it cut terribly her poor head and face, which were already bruised and bleeding. Next he dragged her into his own house, saying he would finish her when once in there. Badly as she was suffering from the blows inflicted, she could understand that if the fiend got her in his bedroom he would keep his word. As he was about to enter the room, dragging her after him, she slipped her arm through the arm of a sofa that was near the door and clung so tightly that he could get her only part way in. When he found he could not loosen her hold on the

sofa, he commenced slamming the door, and each time it struck her face and chest with such force that she soon became entirely unconscious.

The next thing she realized she was half-pillowed up in Sister Council's bed, and a number of the sisters were anointing her with oil and praying to the Father in the name of His Beloved Son, to spare her life. She was unable to speak; her face and limbs were badly swollen, and her clothing was saturated with blood. When she had been carefully washed, and dressed in clean garments, she began to feel quite comfortable, and desired to know how she came there.

Sister Council explained that when she left Mrs. Davis' house she had hurried off for help, and soon collected quite a crowd; nearly all were women, but they hastened to the rescue, and while some were beating the fiend, others carried Jemima away.

Had she listened to the promptings of the still small voice all this suffering might have been spared her, yet the lesson was impressed indelibly upon her memory and served to help her from danger many times in after years.

When her wounds were healed and she was able to attend meetings a new but pleasing feature of our religion was taught her—the principle of gathering to Zion. Her whole being was filled with an inexpressible delight. Why had she not thought of it before? So plain and simple it could not be misunderstood. Yes, she would gather to Zion, where she would be free from persecution; more than that, she could live her religion better if surrounded by people whose one great aim in life was the establishing of truth in the earth.

Her resolution was easily formed, but many obstacles were to be surmounted

before she could carry it out. First of all, on account of having to hide so much she had obtained very little work, and had used the money previously laid aside. The fare across the ocean was \$130. "How can I ever earn such a sum?" was the question always uppermost in her mind. She needed clothing and many other things necessary for a long voyage across the Pacific, and the more she reflected the more hopeless she became. She grew almost desperate when the First Presidency of the Church sent word to come to Zion at once, and not to wait to get rich. If they did not come when the Lord opened the way they would find it more difficult when they really did desire to come.

Everything looked dark and gloomy, but she never ceased to pray that she might go to Utah and accordingly bent every energy to the effort.

Among others who were preparing to emigrate to Zion was a gentleman named William Marshall. His wife was sick, so he proffered to pay Jemima the money if she would work for them during the summer.

Feeling that this opportunity to earn something came directly in answer to her prayers, she thankfully accepted Brother Marshall's proposition and started immediately for his home, fifty miles from Iron Marsh. Part of the distance she traveled by stage and the remainder on foot. To avoid trouble, she took her mother's maiden name, Miss Garton.

The seasons in Australia are exactly the opposite from ours, so that she reached her destination in harvest time, although it was the month of February.

Brother Marshall boarded his hired men, and Jemima was kept quite busy cooking for them. They often gathered

the harvest in the night, for the scorching winds, which blew for six or eight days at a time, made it almost impossible to work during the day.

There was an organization of the Church, called the Nephite Branch, some seven miles from Brother Marshall's. Thither she walked every Sunday morning, attended three meetings, and then walked back again in the evening. Quite different from the way some of us, who were born and raised in Zion, spend our Sabbaths. She never complained of the distance, but cheerfully started off, wending her way through a dense forest. Stepping lightly over the narrow footpath, that looked like a thread as it wound along at the base of majestic trees, so tall she could scarcely see their tops, catching an occasional glimpse of the bright, blue sky, or a ray of sunshine as it darted between the huge branches, watching the beautiful birds as they fluttered amidst the foliage, she sang snatches of hymns learned from the Elders, nor deemed her walk at all unpleasant.

One lovely morning as she was trudging along on her way to church, she heard some one up in the trees laughing. Supposing herself to be the object of ridicule, she carefully scanned her clothing to see if that was the cause of so much merriment. Finding nothing amiss, however, she took courage to look up, and was surprised to see countless numbers of Jack-birds laughing and chattering away as if enjoying her discomfiture immensely. So she was obliged to let them have all the fun they wanted at her expense.

The harvest being garnered, Brother Marshall and family were soon ready to start for Utah. Jemima had labored incessantly to get the needed money, but found she still lacked thirty dollars,

which amount was generously made up to her by Brother Marshall. She was too independent to take so much as a free gift, and so engaged to help his family during the voyage and for a time after they should reach Zion. Accordingly she started in company with them. The first night they traveled as far as the Nephite Branch, and attended a meeting held there. It was a testimony meeting. The gift of tongues was exercised, and the interpretation given to the effect that if the company, then leaving Australia, were faithful and kept the commandments of God they should reach Zion in safety. Otherwise they would be scattered to the four winds. The prediction proved true. Soon after the ship sailed, discontent and discord reigned supreme, and the company were scattered so that only a very few of them ever reached this land.

But to go back to the meeting. Jemima had listened to all that had been said, and a fervent prayer went to the throne of grace that she might remain faithful. She had suffered so much, and worked so hard to get enough money that it seemed she never could be content to go anywhere on this great wide earth except to Utah.

When they reached Iron Marsh, Jemima stayed over night with her old friends, Brother and Sister Council. The next day, accompanied by them, they went on to Port Adelaide, passing within half a mile of two of her brothers' residences. Her heart yearned to bid them good-by, for she knew it would be the last time they would ever meet in this world; but the Elders counselled her not to go, and she was too loyal to disobey.

They reached the Port in safety, and took passage on a steamer bound for Melbourne, but for some reason it did

not sail for two days, and she kept hid up so her brother Samuel would not see her, as he came daily to the port for freight.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CAST ON THE WATERS.

"WHERE are you goin', Tod?"

"Over to Melby's."

"To help weed dandelions again?"

"Yes."

"What's the gardner goin' to give you for your job?"

"All the flowers I want to sell Decoration Day."

"Is that all?"

"I can make five dollars on them, I guess, and that's good wages for a week's work?"

"All the same, Joe would give a man most double for the same job, and pay him in cash, too."

"But I ain't a man, I'm only a boy. Besides, it ain't as if Joe needed me to do it; he's always done this himself before, he just gave me the work to help me out."

"Help you out?"

"I said one day I was going to try and earn money enough to put up a headstone at mother's grave, and——"

"Oh, shucks!"

"What!"

"Strikes me flowers is poor pay for all that diggin'."

"T'ain't hard at all. I'm in the shade most the time, and the grounds are so fine I like to be there anyway. Say! I bet I make as much money as you do Decoration Day, and not do a lick of work either."

"You'll have to work if you're going to sell flowers."

"Oh, it's easy enough to sell 'em."

That's fun. I mean I shan't do any work to get 'em to sell."

"You mean you're goin' to beg 'em?"

"Not much. I had enough of that last year. Wasn't one house in a dozen us boys went to they'd give us a flower. Everybody wanted 'em for their own graves. I never saw such stinginess! We was all about dead tired walkin' around in the sun all day; you bet I don't try that again."

"How are you goin' to get any then?"

"Oh, me and Alf and Ed have got a scheme."

"What is it, Art?" Tod edged up to his cousin with deep interest in his face.

"I don't have to tell, see?"

"I guess you mean can't, instead of don't have to?"

"Bless your poor little pate! If you had an ounce of gumption you could guess."

"Well, I can't, unless you're going to steal."

"Guess again, sonny."

"I can't wait here any longer guessing. Anyway, you might tell me."

"Tod, my infant!"

"Well, what?"

"You're purty near as green as the grass you're goin' over there to weed. Better tell Joe to look out or he might take you for a tuft of dandelion and hoe you out of the lot. See? So long!"

A fairy bask of rose trees, great emerald blurs starred with jets of color, white, yellow, pink and red, flawless gems of roses: "La France," flaunting her glorious crimson exultingly before the paler hues of delicate tea and Jacominot; "Pearl of Persia" folding her blush-pin petals coyly into pretty shell-like buds big as peas, full-blown amber beauties shaded from creamy

white to deepest apricot hues, lighting the cool green spaces of lawn-like tiny suns and stars. What wonder that Tod drew in his breath with absolute delight as he walked among them in the early twilight, and drank in the beauty of form and color and fragrance.

To watch the gardner glide in among the bushes and presently see the shining blades of the shears show through green leaves, and some royal rose bow and fall at their sharp click at first gave Tod a sense of regret such as he had felt once when he had seen a tiny canary which was warbling happily on the topmost branch of the cottonwood tree in front of his home drop suddenly at the twang of Art's flipper. After all though, flowers couldn't really feel, at least in a sense of suffering, and Tod's half-sense of pain soon gave way to his supreme pride of possession. For they were his, all those splendid things that the gardner's scissors were reaping, a glorious harvest of roses, pinks, pansies, and what not! Those delicate blue blossoms enclosed in a dainty white film like thistle-down, were they not perfect in their way? And their name—"Love-in-a-mist"—as appropriate as it was pretty for the exquisite flower. Tod knew where these should go if only for the name they were called by. He could fancy how a wreath of them would crown and hide the plain little head-board at his mother's grave. A great basket-full of the choicest flowers there were when Joe, the gardner, finished his slow stroll among the flower-beds and bushes in the beautiful grounds surrounding his employer's mansion; and Tod looking at them pridefully, felt that his labor had been well rewarded.

"They've been well earned, Tod," Joe said, as Tod was making his thanks. "You should have something more be-

sides, my boy, if I hadn't eight mouths to feed and bodies to clothe out of my wages. I guess, though, you won't have any trouble in disposing of these tomorrow. There won't be any florist in town that can show finer specimens or variety, and they ought to bring you at least five dollars, and maybe more. Perhaps I can help you again some time 'fore you get that stone put up. You're a plucky little fellow to set out to do it, and you deserve to succeed. Good luck to you tomorrow, anyway, my boy."

It was nearly dark when Tod reached home. Passing the corner opposite he saw the bent form of old Mother Reede going about among her flower-beds, taking a last look at the flowers that were to be a helpful merchandise tomorrow, the poor soul eking out a scanty living in summer-time by selling flowers to habitual and chance customers, who took as much pleasure in the quaint, sweet-natured old body herself as in her charming, old-fashioned garden.

Poor Mother Reede! Alone she watched and worked day after day among her flowers, the one thing now left her to care for and cherish, since the husband and children had been lost to her years since. Even these, too, brought her care, as they did comfort. Time and again did she wake mornings to find the beds trampled ruthlessly, the flowers torn up by the roots, and no recompense for her save to complain vainly of the wicked boys, who, under cover of night, had taken delight in wantonly destroying the fruits of her toil. None were ever able to trace those who had taken part in the despoiling, but Mother Reede pointed her finger at certain of the boys living in the neighborhood, charging them resolutely with the theft, while the fellows,

though showing certain signs of embarrassment, openly laughed at and defied her.

She had boldly accused Tod's cousin, Art, one time of being ring-leader of the "gang" that had pillaged her yard so often; but Tod, though he knew Art to belong to the set whom she accused, could not believe that his cousin could be so totally shameless as to stoop to such cruel sport, and had stood up for him manfully when Mother Reede spoke to him about it one day.

Mother Reede shook her head dubiously while he was talking.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, honey, for I know you're a different sort from the other boys round here. There ain't any trickery in them blue eyes of yours, I could stake my word. But, honey, there's more mischief goes on around you than you ever dream of. They don't let on to you 'cause they know you ain't the kind to join in with 'em in their mean tricks; but there's boys you go with every day, and some mighty near to you, that's jest as bad as the know how to be.

And they'll be found out some day, mark my words! Let 'em go on pesterin' a lonely old woman that's never done 'em no kind of harm, the Lord'll make it up to 'em some time, even if I don't live to see the day."

Tonight as Tod saw her moving around the poor little adobe house alone, taking a last look for the safety of her precious flowers, doubtless, before going to bed, he felt a thrill of compassionate pity.

He called out a cheery greeting to her, and as the bent figure turned towards him, her shrill old voice responded gratefully.

Tod would have liked to show her his treasures, for he knew how she would

appreciate the beautiful blooms stored in his basket; but it was too dark now to see them well, and he would wait till morning.

Reaching home, Tod found that Art had gone to spend the night with Alf Stone, who lived about half-way of the next block, a door or two beyond Mother Reed's and to tell truth he was not half sorry for some reasons. Art had an easy faculty of laying hold of the best of Tod's possessions and making it appear plain by argument that he was by right entitled to do so, and Tod did not regret the chance of escaping a like experience with his precious flowers.

He showed them to Aunt Kate, who, though usually undemonstrative, yet could not repress an exclamation of delight at sight of the exquisite things that filled the basket. The next morning, however, the selfish instincts were uppermost.

"There's enough there to set both you and Art up for tomorrow," she said calmly.

Tod's face fell. Naturally generous, he had in this case however, a just motive for wishing all that he might get for the flowers, and felt right in rebelling.

"I've been working hard for these, Aunt Kate," he said, "and I thought I'd like to try and sell 'em all myself.

It needs a lot of money for mother's grave-stone."

"Grave-stone! Of all Tom-fool-notions you've ever had, that's the worst yet. You'd better be savin' up for the livin', 'fore you waste anything on the dead."

"Aunt Kate!" Tod's blue eyes were swimming with tears, and the woman spoke in a gentler tone.

"There, for land sakes! I don't want to hurt your feelings. But as long as your ma's brother gives you a home and

is doin' all he can for you, 'Id try and help him if I had anything to save."

"Aunt Kate, when I'm big enough to earn something steady, I'm going to pay you and Uncle Henry back every cent you spend on me. But I only earn such a little now, and I thought it would make mother glad to know I remembered her."

"Well, well, if you want to save up for that all right; but I guess it's goin' to take longer than you think to do it. These flowers won't buy it, even if you do keep 'em all yourself. It's my opinion any way they'll all be spoilt before tomorrow. You ought to have picked 'em in the morning to have 'em fresh."

"It was so far to go for 'em in the morning, and I wanted to get up town early so's to be sure and have a chance to sell 'em. I thought I'd put 'em down by the spring where they would keep cool and damp."

"Well, you can try it, but I'm 'fraid you'll find 'em wilted by mornin'."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WE usually lose the today, because there has been a yesterday, and tomorrow is coming.

THE child who desires education will be bettered by it; the child who dislikes it, only disgraced.

WE take a pleasure in being severe upon others, but cannot endure to hear of our own faults.

CHEERFULNESS is the best promoter of health, and is as friendly to the mind as to the body.

TO UNDERSTAND one thing well is better than understanding many things by halves.

Our Little Folks.

LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

ST. GEORGE, WASHINGTON CO.,
UTAH, June 15, 1896.

DEAR CHILDREN: Think of being three hundred miles from home. That will seem like a long way to some of you. It seems quite a distance to me, when I think of my own home and children in Salt Lake City.

It was on the fourth of this month that I left home, with Sisters Mary Freeze and C. R. Wells, to visit the Primaries down here, and at some of the settlements between Salt Lake and St. George.

At Parowan, Summit and Cedar the children met with, and sung and recited for us, and listened to us so attentively that we felt well paid for the journey we had taken to see them. Every one seemed so willing to do what the Primary officers requested, and everything was done so well, we enjoyed all the meetings very much; and we felt all the time, whether we were in meeting or not, that everyone was so kind to us; we found with all whom we met the spirit of love and charity, shown in words and actions.

There may be some boys and girls in the Parowan Stake who are not always good and obedient to their parents and teachers; but we did not see them. And we asked those whom we did see to act as missionaries to those who might not be so good, and try to get them all to go to Primary meeting and to Sunday school.

The day we came to Parowan we passed through an open place in a mountain, called "The Gap." Bishop Adams of Parowan, with whom we were

riding, stopped his team and let us get out of the carriage and look at some curious characters, called hieroglyphics, on the rocks. We were much interested in the figures, or writing, which must have been cut on those rocks a very long time ago. Some of the figures seem to represent men, others look like animals, snakes, walls, suns, balls, chess-boards, and many other shapes. You can find characters which look very much like some we saw on the rocks, in the Book of Abraham, Pearl of Great Price. I know two little Primary boys who like to look at the plates in that book, and get some older person to tell them what the characters mean. You can do the same if you wish.

The day we came to St. George we rode with Brother Brigham Jarvis. I want to tell you about Brother Jarvis' team. He said they belonged to the "Primary Department," and that was their first trip away from home. They were colts, five years old this month, had never been turned out, but raised right at home. We agreed that colts, like children, do better if they are kept at home instead of being allowed to run just as they please, until they are wanted to go to work. Those colts went along as steady as old horses, or more steady than some of the old horses do. Their names are Don and Duke; one is a dark and the other a light brown.

We have had a real nice Primary Conference here. The children have great faith in the gift of healing. One little boy, who was quite sick the day before Conference, through faith and the blessings of the Lord, was enabled to go to meeting and take part in the program. There are very bright and beautiful children here, the same as we

find in all the Stakes of Zion, and kind and earnest sisters at work with them.

The Indians who live here are a great help to our people; the Indian women do the washing and scrubbing for their white neighbors. They are strong and work well. Some of them seem very attentive to the meetings. The Temple here, though not so large and grand as the one at Salt Lake, is filled with the same happy, restful spirit. God bless our children everywhere.

Your loving friend,

Lula.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 375.)

WHILE Robbie was learning a trade he spent a great part of his spare time during the evenings studying. For some time also he attended an evening school. In this way he made rapid progress at his trade, and in five years he was able to take charge of his master's business, and was appointed foreman over the other workmen.

During this time he attended faithfully to his Church duties. He was ordained a Deacon when twelve years of age. The duties of this office he performed regularly for four years, when he was ordained a Priest.

As a Sunday school pupil, he was always punctual in attendance, and in ten years missed only one session of school, and was tardy but once during that time.

Robbie had a good memory. By careful reading he cultivated this faculty until it was no difficult task to learn a chapter from the Bible. It was customary with the teachers in the Sunday school he attended to have pupils commit verses of scripture to memory. For a certain number of verses thus learned

they were given a small ticket. One week Robbie and three of his classmates made up their minds to learn an extra number of verses. The teacher had spoken to them about their lack of interest in learning verses, so they thought to surprise him for once.

When the class exercises began the next Sunday the teacher asked how many members of the class had verses to repeat. Four of the boys raised their hands. It was Robbie's turn to begin. The teacher held the book and listened while he repeated six chapters which he had learned during the past week. When he finished, the teacher asked him if he could not repeat the remainder of the Bible. The other three boys recited several chapters each, and when the teacher reckoned them all up he found they were entitled to four hundred and sixty tickets.

When he applied to the superintendent for tickets the latter was astonished. He could not believe the teacher had reckoned correctly. After being convinced there was no mistake he took out of his desk the pasteboard box of tickets and reward cards and began to count out the required number of tickets, but there were not enough on hand to meet the requirement, so the boys had to wait until more could be bought.

Robbie was an active member of the Mutual Improvement Association. For several years he was an officer in the Association of the ward in which he lived. First he acted as assistant-secretary, then as secretary, and later became the president.

During all the years he worked for wages until he was twenty-two years of age he gave all the money he received to his mother. She was a very careful woman and saved considerable each

year, and taught Robbie habits of thrift and economy.

We shall not take time here to tell of Robbie as a lover, but simply mention that at the age of twenty-two he was married, and about one year later he was called upon a mission to England, his native country. He was well able to go, as he had a home of his own adjoining that of his mother, and had considerable means which had been saved, so that his wife and mother would not likely be in want during his absence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

A Case of Healing.

I AM a reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I have read many interesting stories of the sick being healed by the power of the Priesthood and answers to prayers of the children of the Saints. I thought I would also relate an instance of healing that took place in Oakland, through the fasting and prayer of the Primary Association.

Elva, the daughter of Brother and Sister Allred, was taken down with a nervous disease while on a visit away from home. Her parents say it seemed as though they were impressed that as soon as they came home she would get better.

As soon as the president of the Primary and one of her counselors heard of it, they were impressed to go and see her. It was there and then proposed that the Primary hold a fast for her. They fasted all day and came to meeting, and some of the parents fasted also. We all knelt and prayed for Elva Allred.

She commenced getting better right away. In about six weeks she was well. At the time she could not use her right hand or leg, nor could she talk well. She is now healed and feels to thank her Heavenly Father for the same.

Pearl Gallup. Age 12 years.

OAKLAND, UTAH CO.

The Robin's Nest.

I LIVE in a beautiful canyon on a farm, and our house is surrounded with shade trees, while a clear stream of water runs by the door. I was sitting on the porch one day when a robin flew to a limb of a tree, and began to make its nest. I watched it each day until it had made its nest. It took the bird two or three days steady working too complete its nest. It began by getting dry grass and followed with wet leaves which made it firm. Then it would get feathers and horse hair to make it soft, after which it would stay around the tree until the nest was dry.

In a few days it laid one egg, and I watched its nest until it had laid five eggs. She sat upon them until she hatched five little birds. While the female bird would leave the nest to get something to eat, the male bird would sit on the eggs to keep them warm.

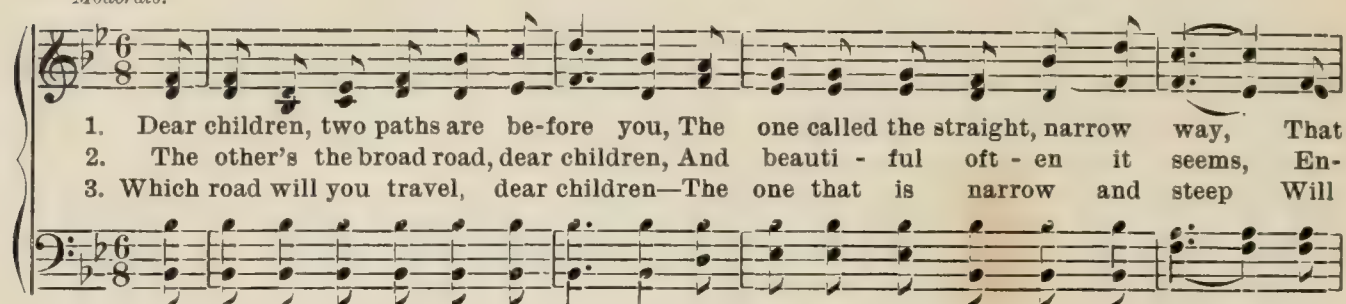
When the little birds came the parents would take turn about carrying food to them until they were about four weeks old, when the little birds were able to fly, though they stayed around our yard all summer.

Isabella Morrison. Age 13.

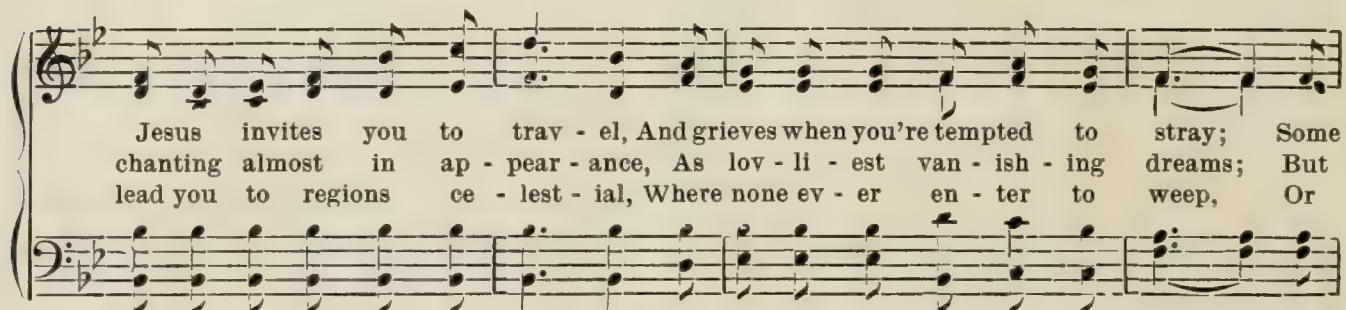
WHAT we do not understand we have no business to judge.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD.

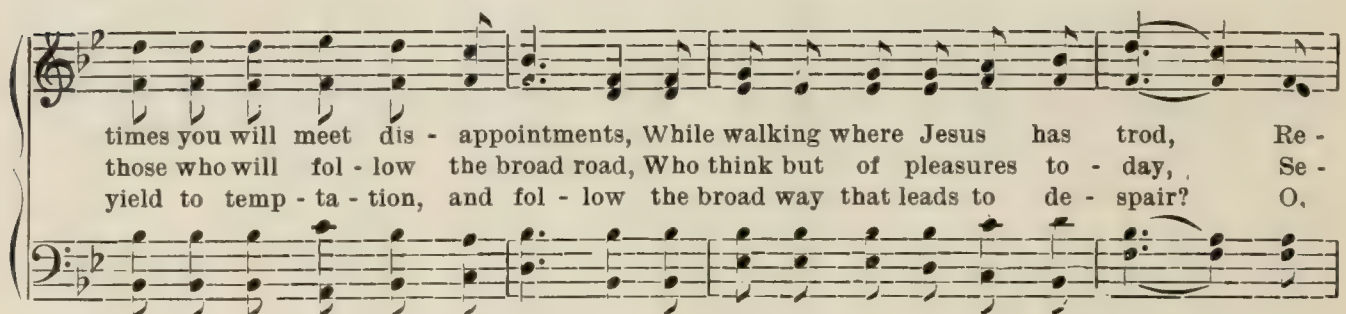
MUSIC BY J. H. HOOD.

Moderato.


1. Dear children, two paths are be-fore you, The one called the straight, narrow way, That
 2. The other's the broad road, dear children, And beauti-ful oft-en it seems, En-
 3. Which road will you travel, dear children—The one that is narrow and steep Will

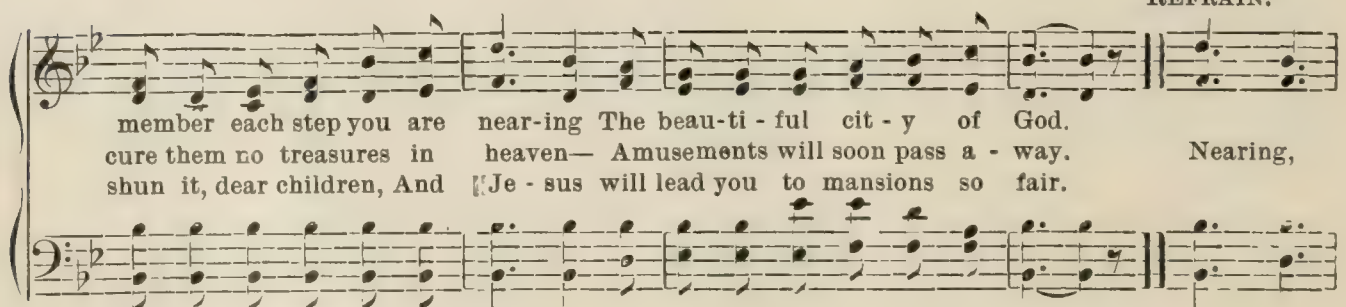


Jesus invites you to trav-el, And grieves when you're tempted to stray; Some
 chanting almost in ap-pear-ance, As lov-li-est van-ish-ing dreams; But
 lead you to regions ce-lest-ial, Where none ev-er en-ter to weep, Or



times you will meet dis-appointments, While walking where Jesus has trod, Re-
 those who will fol-low the broad road, Who think but of pleasures to-day, Se-
 yield to temp-ta-tion, and fol-low the broad way that leads to de-spair? O,

REFRAIN.



member each step you are near-ing The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
 cure them no treasures in heaven—Amusements will soon pass a-way. Nearing,
 shun it, dear children, And Je-sus will lead you to mansions so fair.



nearing the beautiful cit-y of God, Nearing, nearing the beautiful cit-y of God.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

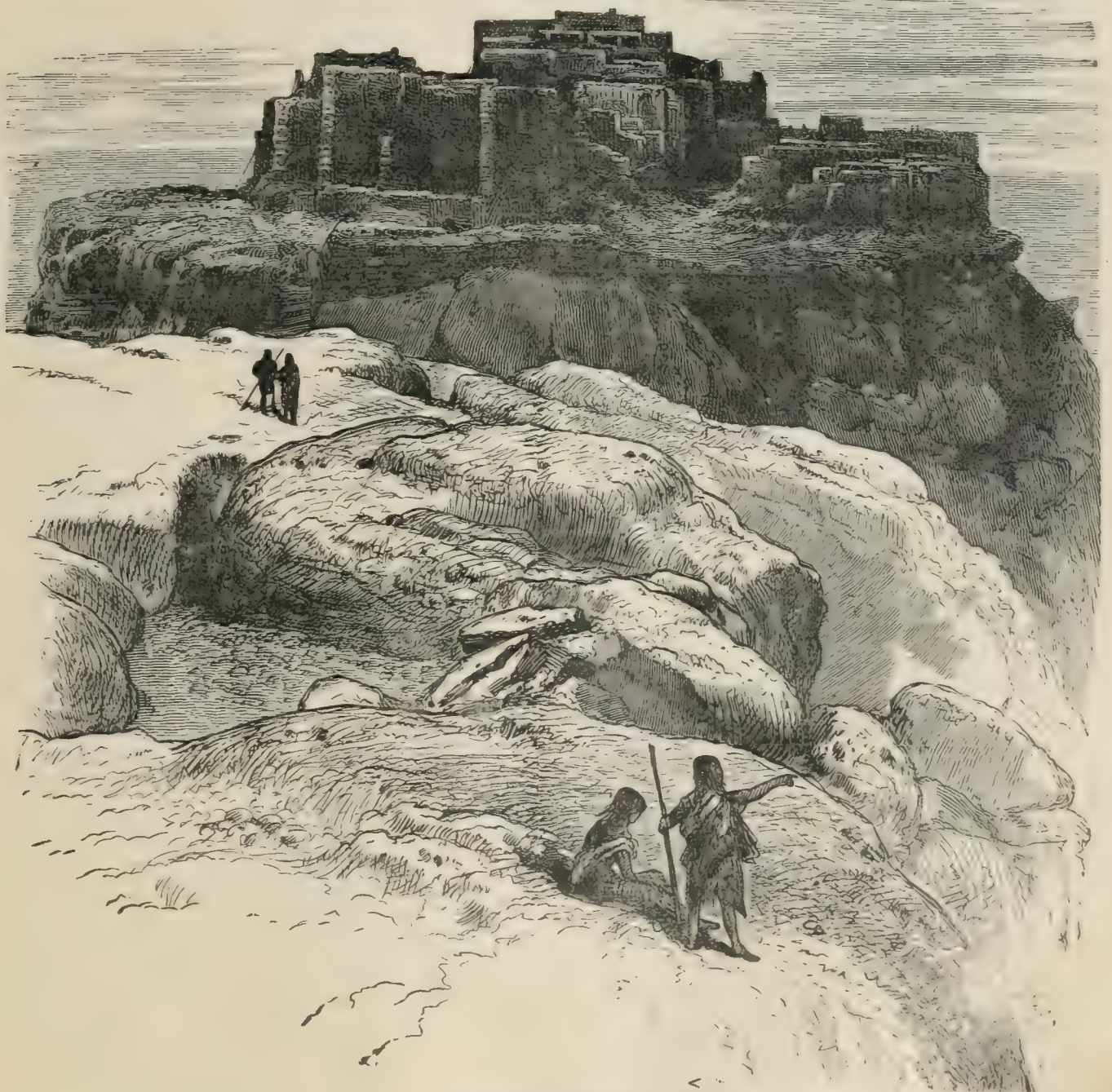
Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



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No. 15.



MEXICAN RUINS.

EARLY INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

SINCE the discovery of America by Columbus, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the western hemisphere has been called the New World. New, because the knowledge of it was new to Europeans; but had they known what we have learned since their time they would have considered it very old, and indeed the oldest from the standpoint of the habitation of man. Through revelation given to Joseph Smith, we understand that the Garden of Eden was located in North America, and the Book of Mormon tells us that after the flood, a people under the leadership of Jared and his brother left the Tower of Babel, at the time of the confusion of tongues, and came to this continent. From this book we also learn that a little band of people left Jerusalem six hundred years before Christ, and after many wanderings came to this land and became the progenitors of a mighty people.

After a thousand years, the part of the people that had in former years enjoyed the favor of God and His direction were destroyed, and the wicked part, who had been cursed with a dark skin on account of their evil doing, remained. The civilization that had flourished for so many years was not possessed by the survivors, and in all but a few instances they employed themselves in nothing better than fishing and hunting and warring with their neighbors.

The Book of Mormon account ends at this point when the people had begun to scatter into separate tribes over the two continents, and what we know of their later conditions we have learned from observations of the people themselves and from the ruins that still exist. Different environments naturally changed their habits of life, and to some extent

their character. In the temperate regions, and upon the elevations of the Andes, a rude civilization sprang up and somewhat modified these peoples from the other native tribes. Notwithstanding the changed habits, however, Baron von Humbolt, who had a most extensive acquaintance with the American tribes, declared that they must be all of one race. He did not include in this class the Eskimo.

In Central America and Mexico the grade of civilization that was reached appears to have been higher than anywhere else, although in many of our states are found massive piles of masonry in the form of mounds and barrows and long lines of defense around hills and on the banks of streams. These constructions were often in the shape of serpents and other animals. Sometimes a space of hundreds of acres would be enclosed by a thick wall many feet in height. They show that the people who built them were skilled in masonry, and were very numerous, for it must have required great numbers of men to accomplish such works. In Peru and other portions of South America the inhabitants had progressed in some respects farther than those in Mexico but the latter people seem to have been the more powerful and important.

At the conquest by the Spaniards under Cortez in the early part of the sixteenth century, a great nation was found in Mexico and Central America. The form of government was a monarchy, and a rich aristocracy held the most of the wealth of the country. The common people were in a condition of vassalage, approaching serfdom. There were no domestic animals, and agriculture was carried on by means of the rudest instruments. Though seemingly powerful, the people were easily over-

come by the little band of fierce Spaniards.

It was surprising to Cortez to see such magnificent architecture, and such fine workmanship in the different kinds of handicraft. The wealth of the country was amazing, and he set about to replenish his wasted fortune; and his work shows him to have had few motives aside from gaining the greatest amount of wealth. His treatment of the nobles and king, who had looked up to him as a god, was barbarous. He aimed to reduce all in power to the level of the common people. He encouraged his soldiers in destroying all signs of the civilization that had been there; and but for this vandalism there would have been left much from which we could gain a better knowledge of the aborigines of our country. Yet there are many remains of old monuments and temples wherein are found curious books filled with picture writings, from which archaeologists are able to ascertain much of their religion and knowledge and of the progress they had made in other lines.

Mr. Stephens, a careful observer, found forty-four cities, most of which were unknown even to the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood, and had existed for centuries with only such change as time would make. Many beautiful buildings, which had been palaces and temples, were almost perfectly preserved. They were constructed of hewn stone of regular shape, with high vaulted roofs and surrounded by stone-paved terraces. About the buildings were found excellently constructed cisterns and wells, showing that the builders knew the value and comfort of pure water. There are evidences in the construction of the rooms and their furnishings that the inhabitants were in

many respects of refined and artistic taste.

There is a dark side of the character of these peoples presented to us in their religious ideas and practices. Their writings show that their minds were filled by the darkest and oftentimes most loathsome superstitions. Their religion did not give them pleasure, nor did it in any way make them better, but the misshapen images they worshipped represented beings of most malignant character. Human sacrifice to these beings was of continual occurrence, and the cruelty of these practices is scarcely equaled by those of any pagan people of the East. Thus we see how, when the Spirit of God has been withdrawn from the minds of men, they sink down until they may be brought to practice the most horrible forms of idolatry.

HOW FRANCISCO SAVED THE HERD.

IN the year 1879, the time of which I write, the southwestern territories, Arizona and New Mexico, could boast more Indian raids to a given number of months than any other section of the United States. The dwellers in towns and villages were, of course, comparatively exempt from such perils; but the families living on isolated ranches, the lonely sheep-herder and the adventurous cattleman, too often fell victims to the sanguinary hatred of the red man for his white brother.

It was in those troubled times that the Elkhorn Cattle Company had its headquarter ranch on the Rio Doso, a small tributary of the Gila. The Elkhorn ranch had quite a history, it having stood no less than four sieges by the Apaches, to whom it seemed to be a particular object of invitation, probably

because its range embraced a large part of the last slice of territory clipped from their reservation.

One July morning, in the year above mentioned, a boy of about sixteen carrying a heavy saddle, bridle and blankets slung over his shoulder, stepped out of the ranch house and walked over to the big corral. This was Francisco, the dark-skinned, black-eyed roustabout of the concern.

He was, as his name denotes, a Mexican, a son of the race that has called the land its own before their white neighbors of the north stormed the heights of Chapultapec.

Francisco's people lived on a little ranch of a few acres down on the Mimbers, where they periodically cultivated their scanty crops of *mice* (corn), *frijoles* (beans) and chili, which were their chief subsistence the year through.

In the fall of the preceding year, Francisco, while herding a neighbor's flock of some fifty or sixty scrawny goats, had stumbled upon a little bunch of stray horses bearing the Elkhorn brand, which was well known to every man and boy in the country. To run home, procure a pony, and gather the truants into his father's little corral was an easy task for Francisco, and the next day he drove them over to the Rio Doso.

"Well, chico, how much do I owe you for your trouble?" asked big Jack Stone, the Elkhorn foreman, after the boy had turned over his charges.

"Not one centaro, senor: but if there is a little work that I might do for a month or so," Francisco replied, hesitatingly, "the senor would make me very happy."

"Well, I'll see," said the foreman. "Go and tell the cook to give you something to eat, then come back to

the corral, and maybe I can find you a job."

Before he had finished his meal Francisco had decided that he was willing to work all day and half the night every twenty-four hours in the year for the privilege of sitting at such a table. Never before had he tasted such sweet juicy beef, and certainly he had never before had an opportunity of disposing of it in such quantities. And the white, flaky biscuit! Ah, yes, *tortillas* were good, but who would think of comparing them with the bread of the *Americano*?

The foreman was as good as his word, and added Francisco's name to the company's pay-roll. It is true the most disagreeable jobs about the ranch generally fell to his lot, but he was more than contented—he was happy.

His greatest pleasure was to be entrusted with the horse herd—as he had been this particular July morning when he is introduced to the reader. His father owned a couple of Mexican cayuses, but they were thin, spiritless, over-worked little brutes, unworthy of comparison with these strong, fiery and fleet cow horses. He was not only a born horseman—he had the faculty of making his equine favorites love him; and there was not a horse in the herd that would not come like a dog at his call or whistle.

Francisco walked over to the corral where the horses were, let down one of the bars and crawled in, dragging his saddle after him. Selecting Boone, a handsome bay, and the fleetest runner in the bunch, for his mount, he grasped him by the foretop, slipped the bridle over his head, and in another minute he had saddled up and was ready to start.

Letting down the bars, he swung

himself on to Boone's back as the herd thundered out through the gap and swept in a long, straggling line toward the well-known ford. The herd had not been doing well lately—their shadows weren't fat enough to suit him, the foreman said—so Francisco had orders to take them across the Rio Doso, where the best grazing was to be found, and to push them away from the ranch until he found grass to suit.

As the horses splashed through the creek and climbed the opposite bank, the foreman and two or three of his riders stepped out of the house to watch them.

"Pretty good little Mexican, that Francisco," said Tom Burns, addressing himself to nobody in particular.

"Yes; one of the best hands with horses I ever saw," the foreman assented.

"Well, I ain't partial to Greasers as a rule, but I must say that a more willin' and well-mannered boy than 'Frisco would be hard to find," Lee Ridgley chipped in.

From which it will be seen that, despite his tawny skin and the often expressed dislike of cowmen for Mexicans, the boy had already won the good opinion of his associates.

Meanwhile the herd trotted steadily along until they were well within the shadow of El Montoso, a tall butte some six or seven miles south of the ranch. Here the succulent *gramma* grass covered the ground like a carpet, and the hungry horses turned to it with appreciative relish.

After seeing his charges well started on their breakfast, Francisco dismounted, dropped his lariat in order that Boone, too, might get his share of grass, and then threw himself on the ground in the shade of a stunted cedar.

Had the foreman then been in a

position to watch the boy's movements, he would have discovered another reason why Francisco liked to be sent on horse herd. Slipping his hand into the bosom of his shirt, he drew forth a dirty, worn and dog-eared English Spanish spelling book, and opening it at a turned-down page, commenced to wade through its mysteries with a dogged perseverance and an utter disregard of English pronunciation that were both pathetic and comical.

"Skunk—in Spanish, *soreo*,—a small, carnivorous animal, also known as a *polecat*, etc," the first of the lesson read.

"Essa — k—oo — unma — k: esqunk" Francisco slowly spelled and pronounced. Then he tackled the word "polecat," which came next on the list. "Pay—o — ellay—e-say-atay," pulecat," he blurted out, winding up with a triumphant chuckle at the rapid progress he was making. Francisco's pronunciation was certainly something to wonder and smile at, but I am pretty sure there were thousands of American boys far less profitably employed on that bright July day.

Five o'clock—the hour at which the foreman had told him to start the herd homeward—came all too soon, but orders must be obeyed, so he put away his precious book, mounted Boone, and commenced to get the horses together. This was a task requiring considerable time and patience, for, notwithstanding the surfeit they had had, to which their bulging stomachs bore witness, many of them were greatly averse to quitting such fine pasture at short notice. A few minutes hard riding, however, and Francisco had them bunched and started them toward the ranch at a steady jog.

Francisco knew every foot of the way home—almost every rock and bush

I might say. He had ridden that way quite a number of times, and besides, he was naturally quick to observe.

Once past that rocky point ahead, and the ranch would be in view, he told himself, and as he was very hungry, he wondered if the cook would have supper ready.

At that moment he noticed a sudden commotion among the horses. For some reason or other, the leaders had stopped and were crowding back those behind. He looked quickly around to ascertain what had frightened them, and his eyes fell on something that sent his heart leaping into his throat.

About three hundred yards to his right lay a timbered ridge, running parallel to the course he was traveling. About a quarter of a mile ahead a thin line of horsemen swept from behind the cedars and galloped swiftly down the slope, heading straight for the rocky point around which he must pass to reach the ranch. It did not need a second glance to convince Francisco of the nature of the men, their purpose and his own peril.

"Apaches!" he whispered to himself, standing up in his stirrups that he might get a better view of them. He had seen these wild men of the plains and mountains when they attacked the little *placita* on the Mimbres three years before; and he did not need to be told what they would do to him if he fell into their hands.

"*Uno, dos, tres, quatro*"—he counted ten of them, and they were between him and the ranch. "*Sancto Spirito!* and they will run off the horses," he exclaimed. "No, that must not be. The good foreman shall not lose his *caballas* if I can save them."

In twenty seconds he had formed a plan and commenced to execute it. As

I have said, the Apaches were already between him and the ford by which he had crossed the river in the morning, but he knew there was another one about two miles above, and if he could round the point ahead of the Indians, he had a fair chance of saving himself and the horses. Between the two fords the banks of the Rio Dosó are rocky and precipitous, and, in fact, for some seven or eight miles above and below the ranch, it is impossible for a horseman to cross except at those two points.

Francisco uncoiled a few feet of his lariat, and using the rope as a whip, he flogged the nearest horses into a gallop. This forced the leaders forward, and in a few seconds the herd was thundering toward the point at racing speed. Meanwhile, the Indians also had ridden fast to head them off. They needed that bunch of horses, for Uncle Sam's troopers had been pushing them hard for many days, and their own mounts were gaunt and leg-weary.

The practiced eye of the wily old chief who led the band saw that the herd would pass that rocky point before he could intercept it, so he signalled three or four of his warriors and dashed off at an angle into the open plain beyond, that he might turn the flying horses there, and head them off from the river. His remaining followers he left to attend to Francisco.

The herd passed the point with a good fifty yards to spare, and Francisco, riding in the rear, bent low over Boone's neck as the Apaches poked their rifles forward and gave him a scattering volley as he passed. When he looked up, he saw that the herd had swerved from its course and was swinging round in a great semi-circle, that would bring it back to the mouth of the draw from which it had so narrowly escaped.

Clearly something must be done, or the good foreman would lose his horses after all.

Pulling hard on his right bridle rein, he drove his spurs deep into Boone's flanks and rode straight for the head of the herd. If he could not drive the horses through that line of yelling Indians, he would lead them through it. He was certain they would follow him.

"Come, boys! Come, boys! C-o-m-e, boys!" Francisco yelled, as Boone swept in front of his galloping comrades. At the sound of his voice the leaders tossed their heads, shook their manes, and neighed in glad recognition. Then the boy led them in a great curve until their noses once more pointed toward the river.

If you were to ask Francisco today for a history of the next ten minutes of his ride, he could not tell it to you clearly. All he remembers is a mad dash of half a mile over the sun-baked plain, with a half-dozen yelling, gesticulating, threatening figures in front, and a rushing mass of tossing manes and pounding hoofs behind. He would also tell you that he was half conscious of a succession of flashes and sharp reports ahead, and of his horse bounding frantically beneath him as a stray bullet ploughed up his flank. Then Boone settled down to a long, swinging stride that quickly carried them to the ford and through it, and he glanced back over his shoulder and saw the water churn and foam beneath the rushing hoofs behind.

The men at the ranch had heard the first shots and rushed out, rifle in hand. From the bluffs bordering the Rio Doso they watched the mad race, and when Francisco reined in his panting horse at the corral, they were waiting to receive him.

"Well done!" the foreman cried, as he put his arm about him and lifted him out of the saddle. "Are you hurt?"

"No, senor; only Boone. A bullet struck him somewhere in the flank, I believe."

"Never mind. The boys will attend to Boone. You come into the house and tell me all about it."

"But the Apaches, senor?"

"The Apaches are gone, my boy. We saw it all from the bluffs. When you bore down on them with the herd, they scattered like sheep. That stampede was too much for them."

Francisco laughed softly at the thought of how well he had done. Perhaps the foreman would let him herd the horses every day now.

The next day the foreman called Francisco to one side and told him that he was about to make a report to his employers. "I shall ask them to reward you for your bravery," he said. "How much do you think they ought to give you?"

Francisco scratched his head for a moment, shifted from one foot to the other, and then looked up timidly.

"There are two things I would like," he said.

"And what are they?"

"Boone and a steady job."

"I myself will give you the horse, and account to the company for him," the foreman replied. "But isn't there some thing you would rather have than a steady job?"

"No, senor; nothing that I can think of would be so nice as that. You see, there is always enough to eat here, and the beef and biscuit are so good!"

H. Alan Clarke.

THE best use of money is to pay debts.

CONVERSION OF A TREE INTO A NEWS-PAPER.

WE take from the *Centralblatt für Oesterreich-ungarische Papier-industrie* the following account of a curious experiment:

A very interesting experiment was made on April 17, at Messrs. Menzel & Company's paper and wood pulp manufactory, at Elsenthal, in order to ascertain what was the shortest space of time in which it was possible to convert the wood of a standing tree into paper, and the latter into a journal ready for delivery. This experiment is of extreme importance, because it shows what rapidity can be attained by the concurrence of practical machines and favorable conditions.

Three trees were felled in a forest near the establishment at thirty-five minutes past seven in the presence of two of the owners of the manufactory and a notary whom they had called upon to certify as to the authenticity of the experiment. These trees were carried to the manufactory, where they were cut into pieces twelve inches in length, which were then decocted and split. The wood thus prepared was afterward raised by an elevator to the five defibrators of the works. The wood pulp produced by these machines was then put into a vat, where it was mixed with the necessary materials. This process finished, the liquid pulp was sent to the paper machine. At thirty-four minutes past nine in the morning, the first sheet of paper was finished. The entire manufacture had thus consumed but one hour and fifty-nine minutes.

The owners of the manufactory, accompanied by the notary, then took a few of the sheets to a printing office situated at a distance of about two and a half miles from the works. At ten

o'clock, a copy of the printed journal was in the hands of the party; so that it had taken two hours and twenty-five minutes to convert the wood of a standing tree into a journal ready for delivery.

It must be added that, during the course of the manufacture, there occurred a few interruptions which might be avoided at another time, and that, in the opinion of the two manufacturers, had it not been for this, twenty minutes might have been gained.

A HYMN.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who dwells above,
Ruler of all below,
Sweet are the gifts of peace and love
Which we, Thy children, know.

Thy mercy we shall ever praise,
That Thou and Christ the Lord
Came down from heaven in latter days
That Truth might be restored.

Blest be the name and memory
Of Him who was inspired,
With childlike faith to ask of Thee
The thing that he desired;

Who brought the glorious Gospel forth
To cheer the sons of men,
Diffusing light, to fit the earth
For Christ's millennial reign.

How sweet the message was, indeed,
When first we heard its sound;
It came our hungry souls to feed,
As springs to desert ground.

It came to yield us sweet employ,
As naught before had done;
It came to give us hope and joy,
And make our hearts as one.

Then let us faint not in the cause
So long and well begun,
But trust in God and keep His laws
Till life's brief race is run:

That we may win the great reward
Assured obedient ones,
And hear the welcome from our Lord,
"Well done, my faithful sons."

J. C

me another evidence of the truth of the Gospel, and it is in response to that call that I am now laboring for the spread of truth in this land. Thus far I have been greatly blessed of God, and my labors are continually being crowned with success. *P. A. Waters.*

NGARUAWAHIA, WAIKATO, N. Z.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

DEATH OF APOSTLE ABRAHAM H. CANNON.

WITH a feeling which neither tongue nor pen can express, we announce to our readers, and make record in these columns of, the death of Abraham Hoagland Cannon. His sickness in the acute form which confined him to his bed was of scarcely two weeks' duration. He was out for the last time on Sunday, the 5th of July. With the breaking of the dawn on Sunday, the 19th, his noble spirit obtained release from its tired casket of mortality, and went back to the Father who gave it.

No mature reader or patron of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR needs from us either introduction to or words of praise for the departed one. There is scarcely even a child in Zion who has not learned to love and know him. His life, though so short, has for years been spent with and before the people, old and young. It was an open book, to be read and admired of all men for its purity, energy and absolute honesty. Thoroughly business-like in all his methods, he was nevertheless charitable and forbearing; with scrupulous exactness in all his affairs, he was not less generous than just. His heart was sound, his hand ever ready to aid, his mind filled with high thoughts and aspirations for the benefit of mankind. Himself a type of rare obedience as a son from childhood up, and as a servant

of the Lord during all his young manhood, he was peculiarly qualified to teach this great lesson to the youth of Israel by word of mouth and by his writings. Filled with the knowledge of the Gospel and inspired by the light which accompanies it, he knew whereof he spoke when dwelling upon the beauties of revealed religion and the great blessings which follow the sincere believer. He was not only a teacher of the true word, but a doer of it also. Possessed of singular openness of character and of extraordinary industry, he had nothing but contempt for a hypocrite and no sympathy whatever with a sluggard. Yet to men's failings was he ever kind, and that exalted charity which is so sweet an attribute of divinity never had a truer human exemplar than he. Peaceful yet courageous, quiet yet unswerving of purpose, humble among his brethren yet valiant under every condition for the testimony of Jesus and in the defense of right, he was all in all a MAN, and we shall not soon look upon his like again.

Abraham H. Cannon, the son of George Q. and Elizabeth Hoagland Cannon, was born in this city March 12, 1859. His father was absent from home on a mission at the time, and the babe received the name of his grandfather, the late Bishop Abraham Hoagland. He was baptized when eight years of age, and soon afterwards began that willing faithfulness in the ministry which always characterized him, by performing the duties of a deacon in the Fourteenth Ward. He was a regular attendant at Sunday school and truly loved to go; indeed he was essentially and inherently a good boy—a model of truthfulness and obedience. In due time, when he was twenty years of age, he was called upon a mission, and responded with readi-

ness. His first field of labor was in England; subsequently he went to the Swiss and German mission, where he mastered the language so thoroughly as to be able to write some of the hymns which the German Saints still sing in their assemblages. His knowledge of music also assisted him in the arrangement of a song-book specially prepared for use in that mission, and the president insisted that his name should be perpetuated on the title page as one of the publishers. After an absence of about two years and a half he returned home; and in the fall of 1882, he was chosen one of the first seven presidents of Seventies. He zealously performed the duties of that high office until the autumn of 1889, when he was called and ordained to the Apostleship, being then and up to the time of his death the junior member of the quorum. During the "crusade," he served a term in the penitentiary for conscience sake, being sentenced to a fine and six months' imprisonment for what the law termed "unlawful cohabitation." It was during this trying ordeal that he became so intimately associated and acquainted with President Lorenzo Snow—a friendship feelingly referred to by the latter in his remarks at the funeral.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the labors of the deceased in the Apostleship, nor to mention in detail the many positions of honor and trust he occupied in the business world, in this city and state. His connection with this journal, however, deserves more than a passing allusion. Immediately upon his return from his mission he entered this office as manager of the entire business, and assistant editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. He did not consider himself a fluent or ready writer, yet some of the best work that has been done on the paper during the last twelve

or fourteen years has been the product of his pen, while the amount that he has contributed is prodigious and quite beyond the calculation of all save those who have been with him all the time.

What he has also done for other periodicals would if known cause him to be regarded as one of the most industrious and prolific writers in the community; and when to all this is added his personal management of the papers in question and the aid rendered in the management of numerous other enterprises of magnitude, it hardly need be said that great as was his capacity for work, it has been taxed to the uttermost. The service he has rendered this paper has not perhaps been fully appreciated, but it can never be forgotten. He was so completely identified with the establishment that in his loss it seems as if the greater and better part had gone. It is hard to believe that his place can ever be filled; surely he will be missed, not only in the walks of life where he was daily seen, but by the thousands over whom his talents, his influence and his example were exercised for good.

But "the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Abraham H. Cannon has earned his rest and his reward, and he has gone to their enjoyment. He leaves an untarnished name, a spotless record—a priceless heritage to his family, his loved ones and the youth of Zion. Mourning him as a loved one gone before, cut down in the very vigor of his manhood and when the future seemed so full of glorious promise for him, we who remain can but hope and strive for a blissful reunion with him in eternity. May his pure life and love sanctify all our endeavors in the continued battle of life! May that tired body of his have sweet, peaceful rest!

The Editor.

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Saul and David.

WHEN David killed the giant, Saul was so well pleased that he made him captain over all the army, and would not let him go back to his father's house.

All the soldiers and the servants of Saul loved David and respected him, for he tried to do what was right and best at all times, and did not feel vain and proud because he had killed the big giant, although it was something which all the rest were afraid to try to do; but he knew the Lord had helped him to destroy the enemy of the Israelites, and he thanked God for it and tried to do whatever else might be required of him for the benefit of the Lord's people.

As they were coming home from the battle, all the women came out to meet them and to rejoice over their victory. They were singing and dancing, and playing on different instruments of music; and as they sang they said to one another, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousand."

This made Saul quite angry and jealous, for he saw that they gave David much more credit than they did him.

One day Saul had one of his bad spells, and David came in to play on the harp for him as he used to do, but Saul had a long iron spear with a sharp point, called a javelin, in his hand, and he threw it at David hoping it would go through him and pin him to the wall, the same as we might pin a fly to the wall; but David escaped, for the Lord was with him and did not intend that any harm should befall him.

Again Saul threw the javelin at him and missed him, and then he became

afraid, for he knew the Lord was with David instead of himself, so he sent David away from his house and made him captain over a thousand soldiers, hoping he would be killed in battle.

David continued to act very wisely, so that all the people loved him, and Saul became still more jealous, for he feared that David would some day be king instead of himself, though, of course, he did not know that David had already been anointed, and he tried to arrange a plan by which he might get rid of him; so he told David that he might marry one of his daughters, for he thought that he could then manage to get him into trouble in some way; but David said it was more than he could expect, to become son-in-law to the king.

Saul then had some of his servants talk to David secretly and tell him that the king and his people thought so much of him that they wanted him to marry Saul's daughter, and that it did not matter if he was a poor man, because Saul had said that in place of giving money for the privilege of marrying his daughter, he might kill one hundred of the Philistines and bring something to prove that he had done so.

Saul was in hopes the Philistines would kill David while he was trying to kill one hundred of them, but David was not afraid, and in fact he was quite pleased with the prospect, for he liked the king's daughter, who was called Michal, and she liked him; so he started out with his men, and killed two hundred of the Philistines and brought the proof of it to the king.

Then Saul told his son Jonathan and all the servants that they should kill David; but Jonathan loved David very dearly, and I will tell you next time how he tried to save him.

Celia A. Smith.

HENRY MARTIN'S APRIL FOOL.

A Dialogue.

SCENE I.

Characters: Mrs. Martin, Henry Martin, Mr. Jones, Elton, Roy and Lee. (Mrs. Martin discovered sewing.)

HENRY (*enters with books and slate, throwing them on the table*): Oh, mamma, we are going to have such fun on April Fool's Day!

MRS. MARTIN: We are! Who is going to make fun for us?

HENRY: Oh, I mean us boys—I and my classmates. We are going——

MRS. MARTIN: Henry, please put your books and slate in the library, and then I will listen to your story.

HENRY (*puts away books, then takes a chair by his mother*): Now, mamma, us boys have planned so many tricks to play on the teacher and scholars. We'll fix soap and cayenne pepper in gum and candy, and treat them all; and we'll hide the teacher's bell, and——

MRS. MARTIN: Are you not afraid of offending your teacher?

HENRY: Oh, if he was mad he would not dare to show it. We've got lots of tricks to play on him. And there is old man Jones, we are going to send him a large envelope. He will think it an official appointment. Won't he be fooled when he opens it and only finds "April Fool" written inside? He has been trying so long to get an office.

MRS. MARTIN: Well, who is the next one?

HENRY: Oh, I am going to fool Bridget. I will fill her milk-pail with water; she will think I have been for the milk, and I will fill her coal-skuttle with rocks, and put coal enough on top to hide them. Won't it be fun to see her pile it all on the fire?

MRS. MARTIN: Henry, will that bring happiness to Bridget?

HENRY: Of course not; it will only be fun for me. Anything is fair on the first of April.

MRS. MARTIN: I do not know so much about that. Let us draw a mind picture for one minute. We will suppose you were a man seventy years old, and had a wife sixty-five years old; you were not able to work, your wife was never well, and you had no income nor relatives to help you in any way.

HENRY: Oh, mamma, I never want to come to that.

MRS. MARTIN: Now listen. And there was a city office that you could attend to quite easy, thereby getting money enough to support yourself and wife, and not have to live on the charity of the people.

HENRY: We have been doing a great wrong, and I will never make fun of Brother Jones again.

MRS. MARTIN: Well, then, if that is wrong, is it not just as wrong to cause anyone sorrow or disappointment? My boy, it is wrong and cruel; nor will it ever bring anyone true happiness.

HENRY: I see you are right. I am so glad that I did not keep any of my plans from you. But will you not help us to plan some April Fool tricks that will bring happiness to all?

MRS. MARTIN: The only thing that will bring anyone true happiness is to do unto others as you would have them do to you. So, when you want to play a trick on anybody, try to put yourself in their place, and then think of what kind of a trick you would like to have them play on you; then I believe you will know just what to do.

HENRY (*rising*): Mamma, I believe I will hurry up with my chores and go down town and see my class-mates; I know

they will be as willing to take your advice as I am.

MRS. MARTIN: I think that a good plan. I hope you will always use your influence for good among your play-mates (*rising*). I will go and prepare supper by the time your work is done. (*Exunt.*)

Curtain.

SCENE II.

BRIDGET (*entering from left with face tied up*):

Locks! me mistress will sure be angry; me ould tooth would nivir be aisy at all at all, and just as I should have been getting mesel out of bed, me ould tooth let me drop to sleep Arrah! it's April Fools day. I have fooled mesel first of all wid slaping so late, and now I'll be after fooling all the rest if I don't hurry wid the breakfast; and niver a bit did I bring in me kindling wood or coal, so I'd better be after getting mesel to the kitchen. (*Exit right entrance.*)

BRIDGET: (*outside*): Arrah how has this foine fire got into me stove, and me tay-kettle steaming hot?

HENRY: (*poking head in at back door*): Oh, Bridget! April Fool!

BRIDGET: (*appearing at right entrance*): Good luck to me foine bye, with such nate tricks. Now I can hurry after me milk. (*Exit*)

BRIDGET: (*outside*): Locks, and the young scamp has been after filling me pail wid milk. I nearly spilled it all, wid the pail bein' so full when I thought it empty.

HENRY: April Fool, Bridget.

BRIDGET: (*entering shaking fist at Henry*) Oi'll be aven wid ye before the day is done, after yes getting sich iligent tricks on me as these. Me ould tooth

has forgot all its trouble. Now ye can go bring the folks to the dinin'-room while I make ready for breakfast, and moind how I get even wid ye (*exit.*)

HENRY: (*goes out laughing and clapping his hands*).

SCENE III.

(*Street with old man standing by the Post Office with a yellow envelope. Boys watching him*).

MR. JONES: Is this possible! They said I need not pay any more taxes; what can I do? I have no money, nor can I get any.

BOYS (*coming forward*): And you do not need any. Open your envelope and look inside.

MR. JONES: (*opens letter*): An official appointment! Boys, this cannot be true. Somebody has sent this for an April Fool trick. Oh, it is cruel to treat me so!

BOYS: (*in concert*): No, no, Brother Jones, this is not a joke.

ELTON: Ray, tell him all about it.

RAY: We boys decided to play a trick on you that would bring you happiness and help. So we got up a petition and secured to you the office you have so long desired and needed.

LEE: And we put the appointment in a tax-collector's envelope to fool you; but we are sorry we did even that.

MR. JONES: God bless you, boys! God bless you! If I could only make you realize what a blessed thing you have done for me today; it has made me young again. I shall never forget you, never, never! And your good deeds will go with you into eternity, and you will be rewarded there.

BOYS (*in concert*): Thank you, Brother Jones.

(*Shakes hands with boys as curtain falls*).

SCENE IV.

HENRY: (*enter from one side; Elton and boys from the other*).

ELTON: Hello, Henry! How do you feel today after your grand April Fool yesterday?

HENRY: Well, boys, yesterday was the happiest day of my life. Bridget said she would get even with me; but I think she surprised us all. What a grand supper she had!

LEE: And what beautiful games she taught us; every one contained such a good lesson.

ELTON: I say, Henry, you got rewarded in a hurry for the good deeds you did yesterday.

HENRY: Brother Jones told us that our good deeds would go with us into eternity, and we would get rewarded there.

RAY: So we will, and Bridget will get a reward for being so good last night.

LEE: Did we not have a good time in school all day, playing our new kind of tricks on the teacher and pupils?

ELTON: How pleased the teacher was. He said it was the happiest school day he had ever known.

RAY: I believe he meant what he said, and I do hope we will all be benefited by the good lessons we have learned.

LEE: I have been thinking what a grand thing it is for boys and girls, too, for that matter, to make confidants of their mothers, for if Henry had not done this yesterday would have ended, no doubt, in sorrow and disappointment to many, and discomfort and humiliation to ourselves.

HENRY: But it has ended in true happiness to all (*to audience*), and we hope that you have all gained some little

good from "Henry Martin's April Fool."

(*All bow as curtain falls.*)

Jane Hatch.

KOOSHAREM, PIUTE CO.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 439.)

WHILE upon his mission Robbie had the privilege of visiting some of his relatives. His mother's parents and brothers and sisters were still residing in their native village. Misfortunes had overtaken them since he and his mother left them some twenty years before, and they were all in very poor circumstances.

They were glad to see Robbie and to learn from him how his mother was getting along. They had heard such strange and horrible stories about the Mormons that they did not expect to find Robbie such an intelligent and refined gentleman as he was. His appearance convinced them at once that they had been misinformed about his people.

Robbie took every opportunity to explain the Gospel to them, and they were now humble enough to listen to his testimony. Before he was released from his mission his mother's parents and two of his sisters applied to him for baptism.

Robbie remained a little over two years in the missionary field. When he was released to return home he arranged to have his grandparents whom he baptized go along with him.

You can perhaps imagine how happy the meeting was when he reached his home in Salt Lake City, accompanied by his grandfather and grandmother, who had not seen their daughter (Robbie's mother) for over twenty years. His own return was also a source of

great pleasure to his mother, his wife and their little one, who was only a small baby when he went away.

Soon after returning from his mission Robbie was called to take charge of a business in one of the larger towns south of Salt Lake City. To this place he took his family, his mother and grandparents, having sold what property they owned in the city.

Robbie continued to prosper in his new home, and now he has quite a family of boys and girls. His mother still lives near him in a little cottage of her own. His grandfather and grandmother have both gone to another world to meet the reward of their labors.

In reflecting upon the past Robbie cannot help but think of the many blessings the Gospel has brought to him and his mother. When he tries to imagine what would have been his condition if his mother remained in the old home, surrounded with poverty and vice, he cannot help but feel thankful to the Lord that the love of the Gospel induced her to forsake her native country and come to Zion, where he would have an opportunity to gain an honorable position among mankind. If the Gospel benefited people only in this life it would be a precious boon; but besides making their condition better here, it fits them to enjoy a happier life in the world to come.

A LITTLE BAND OF MERCY BOY.

LITTLE Merlin was only two years old. He would toss his pet kitten on the floor sometimes and hurt it. His older sister tried in every way she could to teach him to be gentle with it.

He liked to do as his sister did, and soon we could see that he was learning to be kind to all his little pets. His

kitten was jet black, and almost every day he would bring a red ribbon or red braid to tie around its neck.

One day Merlin ran away to the blackberry bushes, and when found he was crying with an ugly thorn in his foot. He was a brave little hero, though, and allowed his mamma to pick it out with a needle.

A half hour afterward he was found intently examining the claws in his kitty's feet; a sad expression rested on the thoughtful little face as he carried his pet to his mamma, saying: "Poor kitty—foot—bier, mamma, fix it."

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

The Gift of Healing.

It is my desire to tell the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of what I witnessed. In 1893, I was attending school. One day I came home afflicted with the Saintvitus dance. I got worse every day until I lost my speech, and was entirely helpless. I was like that for about three weeks. I was administered to often, and gained strength thereby. My mother and father took me one day to fast meeting, where I was administered to, and I went home and could talk and walk from that time. I grew strong, and now I am as well as anybody.

I write these few lines as a testimony, so that others may have faith in God.

Ida England. Age 13.

MORELAND CITY, BIGHAM CO., IDAHO.

A BEAUTIFUL behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of fine arts.

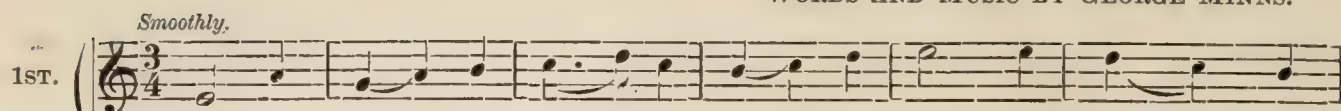
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

BY THE STREAMS' CLEAR WATERS.

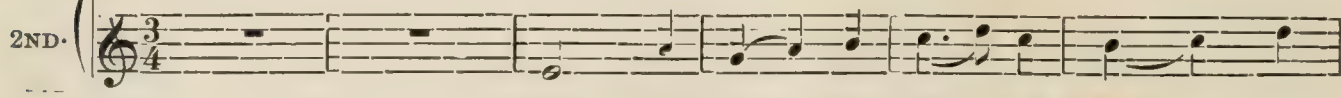
Canon in Two Parts, for Children's Voices.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE MINNS.

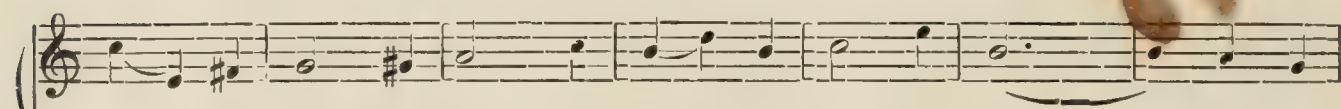
Smoothly.

1ST. 

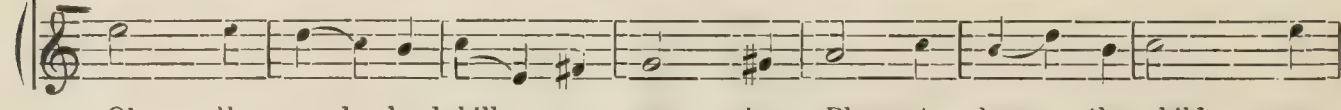
1. By the streams' clear wa - ters stray - ing, O'er the wood - land
2. Hark, their mer - ry voic - es sing - ing! Sounds of mirth and

2ND. 

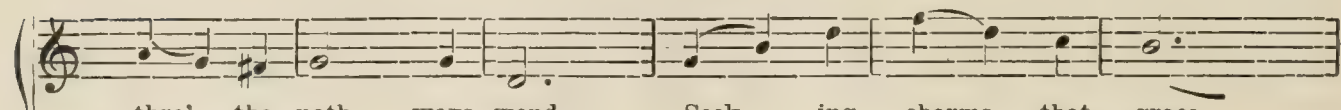
1. By the streams' clear wa - ters stray - ing,
2. Hark, their mer - ry voic - es sing - ing!



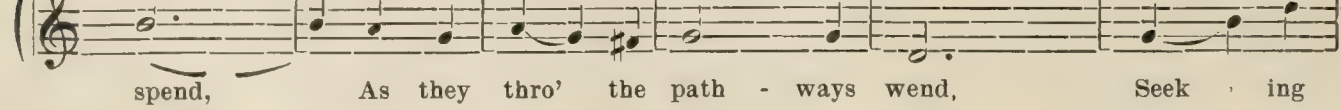
hills now may - ing, Pleas - ant hours the child - ren spend, As they
mu - sic ring - ing, All the fair - y ech - oes wake; While they



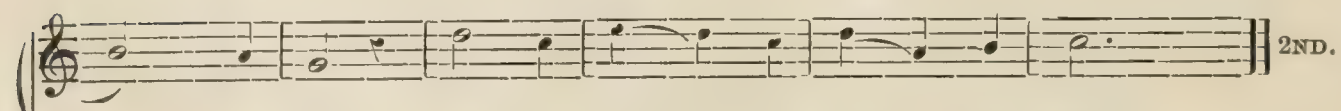
O'er the wood - land hills now may - ing, Pleasart hours the child - ren
Sounds of mirth and mu - sic ring - ing, All the fair - y ech - oes



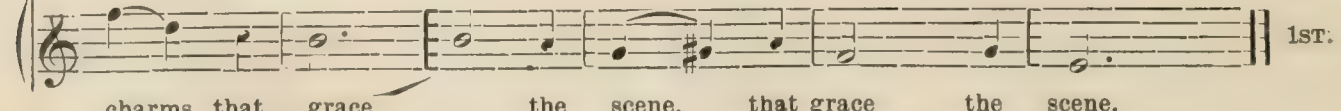
thro' the path - ways wend, Seek - ing charms that grace
sim - ple joys par - take, Un - der ev' - ry bow -



spend, As they thro' the path - ways wend, Seek - ing
wake, While they sim - ple joys par - take, Un - der



the scene, Seek - ing charms that grace the scene.
er green, Un - der ev' - ry bow - er green.



charms that grace the scene, that grace the scene.
ev' - ry bow - er green, ev' - ry bow - er green.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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No. 16.

AGRICULTURE IN EGYPT.

THE interest of man in regard to all subjects pertaining to his existence is continually growing and expanding. Men are at present making a thorough study of that most important of all sciences, agriculture. Societies are being organized in various countries to make a general inspection of husbandry as carried on in all parts of the world, and to endeavor to improve and advance the work. Surely there is no grander occupation than that of the farmer, who by his careful industry and skill, causes the earth to produce the food by which life is sustained. In nearly every country agriculture is carried on to some extent, of course with some difference in the methods.

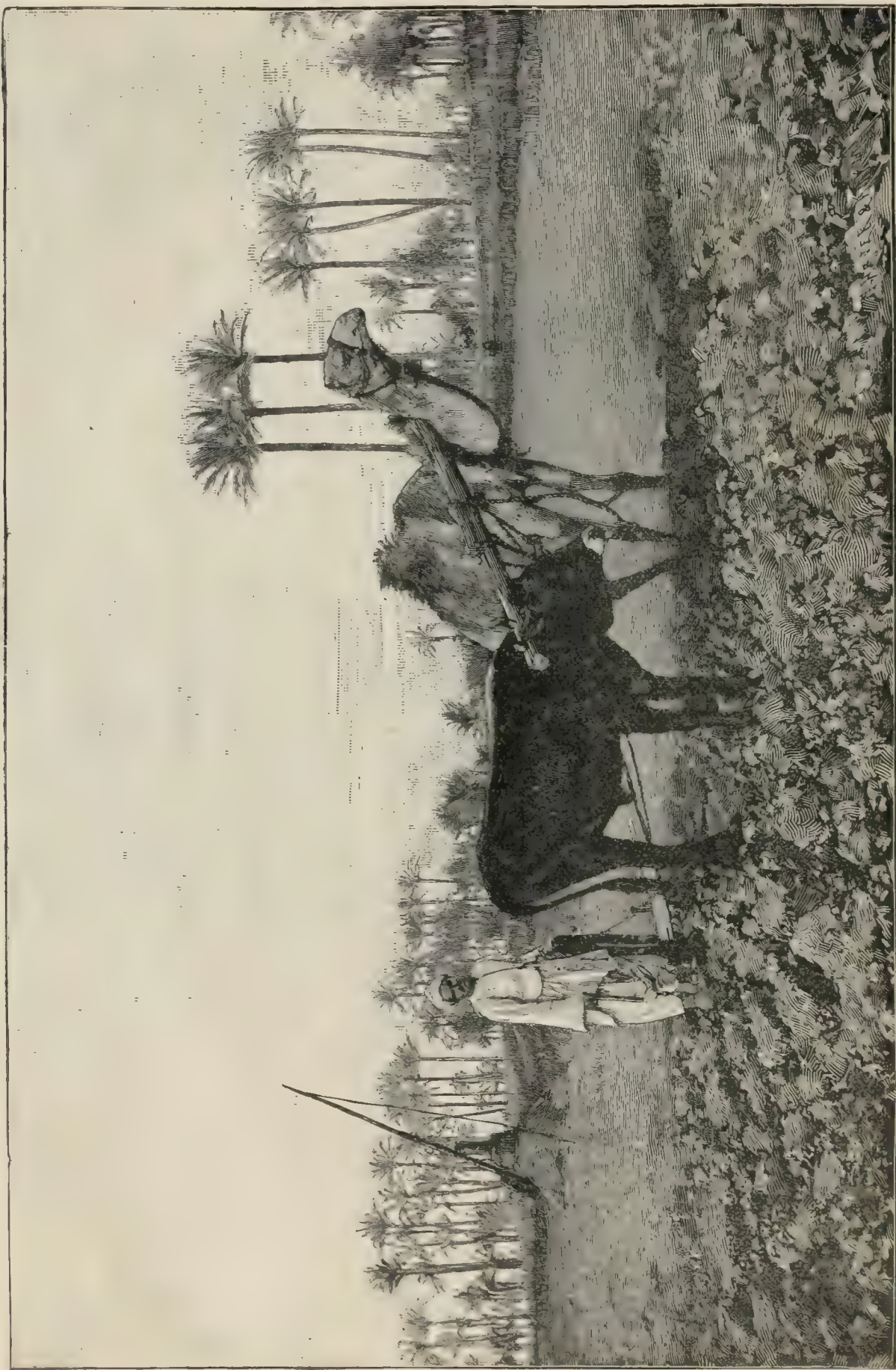
The resources of Egypt as an agricultural country are numerous and excellent. Owing to the phenomenal rise of the Nile each year, flooding the land for miles around, leaving a rich, black soil, the valley through which the river flows, and its delta are peculiarly adapted to husbandry. At the mouth of the river and all along the northern coast are natural harbors which greatly benefit trade. The country lies in the direct route of commerce between Asia, Europe and America, and is, because of this, really a commercial center. Railways are taking the place of the old caravan roads and are a great advancement. Lines extend from Alexandria,

Damietta, and Suez to the great center Cairo, and for miles up the river through the farming lands. A great deal of traffic is carried on on the river, and is assisted by the brisk north winds which blow from the Mediterranean, aiding the vessels in pushing up the river in spite of the naturally strong current. These breezes are also delightfully cool and refreshing.

The appearance of the land, particularly the part under cultivation, is uniform. The country derives its name "black land" from the color of the soil deposited by the river.

About 6,000 square geographical miles are at present under cultivation. This is entirely within the district reached by the inundation of the Nile. The parts farthest removed from the river naturally do not receive so much of the flood as those nearer, being generally higher lands, and so the people have a good system of irrigation. Canals are cut through the country, with frequent water-wheels, steam pumps, and other means by which the water is thrown upon the land. Upon those parts reached by artificial irrigation, three crops are usually raised during the year. In the other portions there is but one crop annually, the seed being sown immediately after the water recedes, which is during the latter part of October or early in November.

From all the records we have of



PLOWING IN EGYPT.

Egypt it is shown always to have been a great agricultural country. In the Bible we read of it, and also in our earliest profane histories. From the ancient works of art, many of which still exist, paintings, brilliant in color and from sculpture still distinct, although some 2,000 years old, we gain more of an idea of the rural life, methods and occupation of the people than from any other source. Judging from these relics, the conveniences for farming were generally equal and often superior to those used at the present time, and were far in advance of any known to the inhabitants of surrounding nations.

There is seldom any rainfall except on the coast, where it is frequent. Occasionally heavy fogs rise from the sea and river, but as a rule the atmosphere is remarkably clear and dry. Heavy dews fall at night, and these are immediately taken up by the heat of the sun in the morning. From the south come the hot desert winds, laden with sand, which cause so much suffering and disease, and at long intervals from the desert blows the terrible simoon, so destructive in its course. The climate generally is healthful for persons that can endure great heat; but it is thought to be almost impossible to raise foreign children in that country. The summers are intensely hot, the winters comparatively cold.

Egypt is rapidly becoming one of the leading cotton growing countries of the world, not surpassed by any other. The grade of the article is high. A new variety has recently been discovered which has proved to be better than any other known.

The country is particularly adapted to the growth of cotton, and both the government and the people, though

naturally slow and indolent, recognize the importance of this industry, and it bids fair to become their main support. Wheat has always been a staple product.

It is the chief variety of corn produced, is of excellent quality, and is also a source of great wealth to the country. It is estimated that to Rome alone are exported 20,000,000 bushels annually. Opium is manufactured to some extent, but is of inferior quality, as the soil is not adapted to the growth of the poppy, and adulteration is common. The fruits, flowers and vegetables found in warm climates are grown in this country. There are no natural woods except the palm, and these in the original state are small and bushy, not at all like the magnificent trees that are cultivated so highly and in which the people take such pride. The exports of the country are cotton, wheat, rice, sugar, flax, indigo, gumarabic, ivory, senna, ostrich feathers, and gold.

The rise of the river is of the greatest moment to the people, as the difference of a few feet causes the most serious results. A few feet less than the average rise results in drought and famine, and a greater inundation causes death of cattle and vegetation, and plagues and pestilence reign supreme. The water of the Nile varies in color at different seasons. It is very wholesome and agreeable to the taste.

The people engage in raising cattle, bees, silkworms, sheep, and poultry. In Egypt alone do we find the peculiar custom of having the beehives floating upon the water instead of standing in the garden. The raising of poultry is general, not only for profit, but also on account of some connection it has with their religion. The eggs are hatched in ovens, heated to the proper temperature, on the same principle as our

wooden incubators. This custom has prevailed for ages.

According to the Egyptian legend, agriculture was first introduced into the country by the god Osiris, who also instructed the people in regard to civilization, and the arts and sciences. In traveling over the country, teaching the people and gaining their love and respect, he gained the ill-will of the wicked god Typhon, who sought his destruction. To gain this end Typhon invited a host of friends to an entertainment given in honor of Osiris. He had a magnificent casket made of beautifully carved wood, which he offered as a gift to anyone who would lie down in it, and the affair having been previously arranged between his friends and himself, he persuaded Osiris to get into it, and then the wicked god immediately had the cover securely nailed down and the casket and its contents thrown into the Nile. Typhon then wandered over the country carrying evil and destruction where Osiris had carried blessings.

An Egyptian garden gives one a fair idea of the whole country. Intersecting rivulets and pathways clumps, of palms and other trees, flower beds, and plots of vegetables, represent in miniature Egypt as a whole.

The people of Egypt are often very poor and ignorant, and are unable to progress as rapidly as one could wish. Their condition is at present little better than it was during the ancient feudal system, before they were released by Mehemet Ali. The government is held by a foreign power, which is mercenary and unjust. Under different circumstances the country might take the lead in point of agriculture, as its natural resources are almost boundless.

LIFE is the soul's nursery.

THE A. F. F. LEAGUE, OR THE RAID AT TINKLER'S.

"YOU'RE in the secret now, and you've got to join us."

It was Tom Reese, the biggest of the "Big Four," and captain of the new League who spoke; and there was not a boy present who didn't know that the words implied a threat. Fred Malvern tried to feel unconcerned, but the recital of measures which had been taken to coerce other unwilling ones was still tingling in his memory, and with a half dozen stalwart boys standing in a circle round him ready to carry out any command Tom might give, it was not an easy matter to assume defiance. The prospect of having twenty blows from a blacksnake-whip; climbing a tall poplar tree while the boys pelted him with stones, or having his head held under water for fifteen minutes were none of them alluring visions, and Fred was not the first among those who had been invited to join the League under compulsory choice of these pleasing alternatives, who had deemed it wisdom to compromise with the situation.

The meeting place they had chosen was in a strip of woods some distance from the town, and he knew that resistance without hope of outside aid would be useless against their number.

When Tom had read the by-laws to him it had not taken Fred an instant to decline a membership in the organization they were supposed to govern.

"I knew some of you boys were tough," Fred said, "but I didn't suppose any of you would go so far as to thieve."

"We don't permit ourselves to look at it in that light, my poor little infant," Tom answered, flippantly. "If we intended to take from the needy or to take much at a time, you might call it by that name; but as we only agree to

help ourselves to what others will never miss—it don't look as if there's any wrong going to be done to any one. For instance, all our dads have plenty of money and they don't allow us half enough to have any fun with. Now, if I see a dollar, or a half dollar, lying around loose—what's the harm of my picking it up and putting in with the rest of you boys to go to the theater or the circus? Or if I see tops or flints or something else down town we'd all like to have, who's going to be hurt if I take enough to go round the crowd? These store-keepers cheat us half the time—tucking fancy prices on cheap articles, and I don't consider it's any more than right to get even with them."

"You at least get something for your money," Fred replied, "and if you don't its no way to right a wrong by doing a worse one. There's something cowardly and sneakish in the thought of thieving that ought to be enough for any boy with decent blood in him, and I don't see where you come by your idea of getting any fun out of it. Think of skulking around picking up things behind people's backs! I'd rather go without anything all my life than come to that."

Fred's honest sarcasm had reference to the boasted purpose of the organization as expressed in its title—namely, the "Any Thing for Fun League," and some of the boys winced visibly at his forcible logic. Then it was that Tom had pronounced the words at the beginning of this story. He had been known and feared for a year past as the leader of "The Big Four," a name given to a quartette of boys who occupied seats adjoining one another at school, and who had become noted as instigators and actors in half the mischief that occurred in the school-room

and grounds—to say nothing of the wild pranks which periodically startled and shocked the entire village. With a strong will, and something of the bully in his nature, Tom easily dominated the boys who became his associates, and caused those who kept outside the pale of his more direct influence to show respect to his superior mental and physical strength. Fred knew that he would go to even serious lengths to keep up his reputation and boast of "never being beaten," and of having his own way, and he could see by the attitude of the others that they would act according to Tom's suggestion. Now, however brave a boy may be, the strength of one against six blessed with equal muscles and courage, must be admitted as serious odds, and while Fred was heartily disposed to resent forcibly Tom's assumption of authority, circumstances compelled him to temporize with argument.

"As far as your secret is concerned," he said, "I don't believe any of you think I'm little enough to go blabbing under any circumstances, and as for fun, I'm as ready as any one here to go in for anything that's decent. I don't see anything in the by-laws of the League that I couldn't agree to except that one about petty thieving—but I tell you you'll never make me sign to that if you kill me."

There was that in Fred's tone and look that carried conviction of the surety of his expressed purpose—and the boys looked at their leaders doubtfully—half dreading the words they expected would fall from his lips. But Tom was an astute boy. His keen perception of character was that which gave him half the influence he was able to wield with others; and he knew now that the methods which had succeeded with

others, would not only fail in this case, but if carried out, would probably result in serious consequences to himself and the rest of the "League" who might take part in them. Tom's motive for having others outside his particular set—"The Big Four"—as members of the league, was to divert suspicion of any deeds they might choose to commit, from reverting directly to himself and his three companions; the fact being that the four comrades had become so identified with the principal mischief occurring round about, that they knew too well where blame and punishment would fall, should any misdeeds be found out. By having some of the better-favored boys join and take part in the risks they had planned, would be a protection to themselves, as they knew the value of being identified with good associates. Fred Malvern's name headed the honor list both in school and throughout the village; hence their desire to have him among their number.

Quick to sense the situation, Tom gave a wink to his comrades, and turned to Fred with an air of acquiescence and good-fellowship.

"I don't know but you're right, Fred," he said, "There's lots more risk than pleasure doing things of that sort, and I guess with all of us to put our heads together, we can think of ways enough to have fun without breaking any law. I for one would like to have you in with us, and if you'll join the "League," we'll have that by-law you object to cut out of our constitution."

This proposition sounded fair enough, and Fred was too magnanimous not to respond in good spirit. Besides, he was too sensible a boy to be averse to a jolly lark now and then, provided it was of a kind to be enjoyed without the sacrifice of self-respect, and could have no

objection to joining a league whose sole purpose was for harmless amusement and fun.

Tom, who had the rules of the club in his pocket, took a pencil and drew a line across the objectionable by-law.

"There," he said, handing the paper and pencil to Fred, "There's nothing there you can't sign now with an easy conscience."

"It suits me, all right," Fred responded, "And you can count on me for anything that's reasonable."

He put his name under the six others that had been signed, and after a general handshaking, the meeting which had opened so threateningly to Fred a short time before, broke up in peace and friendship.

A month had passed since the organization of the A. F. F. L. May had brought delightful days and nights to make up for the past bad weather, and the League boys had had opportunity to test their wits to the utmost in thinking up sports to fill up the hours after school time. The long evenings gave them plenty of time for play, and they had had many a jolly time since the signing of the League by-laws.

There had been only one occasion when Fred's sense of right had reproached him, and that was when they had taken gates from fences and distributed them promiscuously on other hinges, and left carriage steps in the middle of the street for the owners to gather back at their own convenience. He had to soothe his conscience for this lapse into hoodlumism, by reflecting that each would easily recognize his own gate, so that the loss would be temporary, and that it would take but little time to restore the absent objects to their places; but there was something

in the thought of it that seemed to put him on a level with "toughs" "hoodlums" and "rough-scuffs," and it had been the aim of his life to keep himself clear from identification with this element. He had more than once roused Tom Reese's ire by opposing some daring plan to shock the community, but had held steadfast to his principle and won the argument.

Today was the last of the school term, and the "League" had decided at an afternoon meeting that it should be celebrated with something out of the ordinary. Tom as usual was the master of ceremonies, and proposed a plan that he promised would furnish them fun enough to discount anything they had yet attempted. The outline was as follows:

At the further end of the village a man lived by the name of Peter Tinkler, a somewhat miserly and unsociable man, for whom the village in general had no particular liking, and against whom the boys had a particular grudge. Tinkler had two or three cows, and peddled milk in the town.

One day not long since, the "League" had gotten up a strawberry picnic in the grove, inviting a number of friends and schoolmates to attend, and Peter had been given an order to furnish cream for the feast, promising to deliver it cool from the cellar at the hour set for the repast.

Appearing at the last moment, he unloaded his cart of three-gallon-milk tins, received his money and departed, leaving the "League" to dispense the contents of the cans among their guests. Instead, however, of the thick cream for which they had bargained, they poured out a thin liquid, so colorless and devoid of taste as to suggest a liberal dilution of well-water, an event which of course

disposed of the chief element of success in the entertainment.

To picture the disappointment and chagrin of the boys would be impossible. To dispatch some one to the village for another supply would delay the feast till dark, and as they had not the luxury of lanterns, the disadvantages of the nocturnal supper could be better imagined than expressed. They were all aware that their Mayor's family was giving a large party, and could only surmise in accounting for Peter's treachery, that he had filled a large order for the other party, and actuated by his reigning weakness, greed, he had determined to impose on the boys in the above manner. Under the circumstances there was nothing to do but make the best of an extremely exasperating situation, and bide their time to be quits with Peter.

That he should be dealt with in some way, they were all fully determined; Fred, who was ready to make excuse where it was possible, agreeing heartily with the others that the miserly milk-vender should be taught a lesson. When Tom, therefore, made the proposition to visit Tinkler's premises that night with a view to wiping out their score with him, all vociferously applauded the idea. Agreeing to meet at half past nine o'clock, the boys scattered to their different homes, each aglow with excitement at the prospect of the fun offered in the coming "raid."

During the supper-hour Fred's thoughts ran upon nothing else, till his father, who came in somewhat late from his office, told a piece of news which tinged his mind with serious surmises and reflections. On his way home Mr. Malvern had met James Alliston, their neighbor, who was proprietor of a combined stationary and toy store down town, and during the walk home, the

latter had told him of several thefts which had occurred at his shop, of various articles comprising tops, balls, crystals, flints, and things of greater value too numerous to mention. For a time, though missing the articles, they could gain no clue nor hint as to the thieves; but keeping careful watch they had at last happened upon what they believed to be an absolute clue.

"Did he tell you what it was?" asked Fred with interest.

"Yes," answered his father, "and I confess it almost took my breath away when I heard it. He said that they were convinced that the thefts were committed by an organized band of boy-thieves, who made a systematic business of visiting stores and taking whatever they might happen to want. Not only had his own place been robbed, but others also had suffered, and all who had were determined to keep a close watch and if possible catch the youthful miscreants in the act. The latter's plan of action was for three or four to enter a store and ask for what they wanted, and while one of them engaged the attention of the clerk who waited upon them, the others would pocket as many of the chosen articles as they desired, and all would then withdraw without making a purchase. "What shocked me most" said Mr. Malvern, "was that he assured me that some of the boys whom they were almost certain belonged to the gang, were of the best families in the community. I could hardly credit it, till he told me that more than one business man in the village had arrived independently at similar conclusions in two or three cases."

"Did he tell you their names?" asked Fred, breathlessly.

"No; he said they were waiting to catch them at their business, and would

not mention names till they were ready to make a public disclosure and example of all of them. He thinks that the time is near at hand as the boys apparent success has made them bold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN winter there are no roses blooming in the deserted, wide-spread, snow-covered garden. Nor in summer do crystal snows fly fair. Each season has its own work, its own beauty; and by hands of another season this work cannot be done; this beauty cannot be breathed. And so of man's life. Each season has its own duties and its own joys, and if they are not laid hold of, no other season can make up the loss; they are gone down the dim, untravelled river of Forever. Each day, indeed, has its duty, its own smile, its own tear, its own heart-throb. If only it be lived in for itself, life would be fuller and richer in everything, and the clusters of blessedness hanging from the boughs of each day would proclaim life's every season to have wrought well and to deserve well for what lies before. Alas! that we let the burdening to-morrows crush the energy and strength out of today, so that its work is undone or marringly done. Give your today a chance, my brother. Give it only its own work to do, and evening will find you laughing over the beauty and faithfulness that smile up to you from the well-done duties; and the eternal to-morrow will meet you with kisses of tenderness, not with wounding blows.

A WICKED man could never be happy, though he had the riches of Cræsus, the empire of Cyrus and the glory of Alexander. Wealth and honor can never cure a wounded conscience.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

DAY OF REST—FIRST OR SEVENTH.

A GENTLEMAN, who is evidently not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sends us the following communication:

"I have been reading some of your works, and I am convinced that the Mormon Church is the true Church of God.

"I am a Seventh Day Adventist, but when I read the Voice of Warning, I was convinced that Joseph Smith was a prophet. But there is one thing that I would like to know, and that is why your Church keeps Sunday, the first day of the week, instead of Saturday, the seventh day.

"Will you please write me a statement why, and then I am convinced that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true Church of God."

The reason why the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints keeps Sunday as the day of rest and worship, instead of Saturday as observed by devout Jews and Seventh Day Adventists, is because the Saints have been commanded of God by revelation to keep "the Lord's Day" as the Sabbath. This law was given on Sunday, August 7, 1831, as follows:

"And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world,

thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions to the Most High;

"Nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times; but remember that on this the Lord's Day, thou shalt offer thy oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren and before the Lord." (Doctrine and Covenants Section 60: 9-12.).

"The Lord's Day" is the day on which He rose from the dead and on which His disciples at that period assembled to worship and break bread in His name. That was the "First day of the week," as they counted time. See John xx: 1, Acts xx: 7, Rev. i: 10. This custom was observed in the primitive Christian Church, and the Seventh Day was also observed by the Jewish disciples for a time. But Paul and other leading Elders of the Church set themselves against the observance of the rites and rules of the Mosaic law and proclaimed the liberty of the Gospel, the law having been fulfilled in Christ. He chided those who were sticklers for special days as required by the law, but himself observed the Lord's Day—the first day of the week. (See Romans iv: 5-6; Colossians ii: 16; I. Cor. xvi: 2.)

It is the spirit of Sabbath observance that is acceptable to God rather than its letter. One day out of seven is to be a day of rest and worship. It would not matter which day of the week that was but for the sake of order and uniformity. So the Lord has designated for the Saints which day they should keep holy, and that is the "Lord's Day," commonly called "the first day of the week."

Respecting the seventh day and the

first day of the week, it should be remembered that that which is the seventh day in one part of the earth may be the sixth day, or the first, in another part of the earth. For instance, let a traveler start from San Francisco on a voyage westward. When he reaches the 180th meridian from Greenwich and crosses that line, it is the custom to skip one day in so doing—that is, if it be Saturday forenoon (the seventh day of the week) when the ship reaches the line, it becomes Sunday forenoon (the first day of the week) the moment it passes it, and the captain of the vessel will drop twenty-four hours from his reckoning on the log book. If a vessel, however, were coming from the west in the direction of San Francisco, when it should reach this 180th meridian the captain and the passengers would count the same day twice; in other words if they reached that line on Sunday forenoon, they would call the next day Sunday also—that is, they would have two Sundays.

Now, in such a case as this, people on the East side of the line if they believed in keeping the seventh day of the week as a day of rest would be making sacred the same day as those who dwelt on the West side of the line, if the latter observed the first day of the week as a day of worship and of rest instead of the seventh.

It is the observance of the day which the Lord has called in His revelation to us "the Lord's day" that is acceptable in His sight, whether it be called the seventh day or the first day of the week.

This 180th meridian passes mainly over the ocean, hardly touching land anywhere. They observe different dates upon the different islands near this line. Islands which receive their European

inhabitants *via* the Cape of Good Hope have for the most part the Asiatic date; while those islands that are reached *via* Cape Horn have the American date. When Alaska was transferred from Russia to the United States, it was necessary to drop one day of the week from the official dates, as the Asiatic dates differ one day from the American dates.

The Latter-day Saints keep as the Sabbath the day which the Lord has designated, and it is the same day of the week which was set apart after Christ's resurrection by the apostles and saints of the early Christian Church for rest and worship as "the Lord's day."

EXCESSIVE MEAT EATING.

A LADY by the name of Mrs. Ernest Hart has written a work entitled, "Diet in Sickness and Health." She is an Englishwoman, and she criticises the English with some degree of severity in regard to their diet and what she believes to be the results of that diet. She says:

"One deplorable result of excessive meat eating in England is the ill temper, which is a chronic moral complaint among us. In no country, I believe, is home rendered so unhappy and life so miserable by the ill temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England."

We think that if meat-eating produces such deplorable results as she describes, there may be other countries and peoples who are open to the same charge. But she confines her criticism to England, and attributes the rudeness and moroseness of the head of the family, the peevishness of the wife, the quarreling of the younger members of the family, to this lavish use of meat as a diet. She asserts that if a comparison

were made between the domestic life and manners in England and those in other countries where meat is not used so freely as a diet, the comparison would decidedly be in favor of the other countries. In France, where meat eating is much less, she says urbanity is the rule of the home. In Japan, where the people live principally on fish and rice, harsh words are unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails, even among children who play together in the street. She has traveled in Japan, and she says she never heard rude, angry words spoken there by any but Englishmen. She is strongly of the opinion that the ill temper "of the English is caused in a great measure by a too abundant meat diet."

Whether this be the cause of ill temper or not, there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have traveled in countries where a vegetable diet is the rule that the people are more even tempered, are less aggressive and quarrelsome than either Englishmen or Americans. Those nations which have meat as one of the principal articles of diet are choleric, high-tempered, and inclined to be quarrelsome. If a vegetable diet will make a community or people and their children less rude and morose, less peevish and quarrelsome, and more polite and kind, by all means let them eat less meat. No one who has given the subject any thought can fail to believe that the diet of a people, especially if long continued, will have a marked effect upon the character of the people.

"RELIGIOUS PERVERTS"

A RECENT utterance of "Ian Maclaren," the Scotch novelist (whose proper name is Watson), on the subject of "Religious Perverts"—that is, those who change from one church to another—is

the occasion for comment in a number of papers. The *New York Commercial Advertiser* writes upon this subject in its editorial columns, and its remarks are so truthful and so applicable to many of those who have left our own Church that we give them space in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. That paper says:

"It is only under extraordinary and exceptional circumstances that a man may be justified in openly attacking and denouncing a church which has once sheltered him and in whose councils he has once had a part and a voice. Unless the provocation be very great, such action partakes too much of the character of treachery and ingratitude to be well received by just and sensible minds. It seems at least like a serious offense against the laws of propriety for a man to take advantage of the knowledge he has gained as a member of any church to hold that church up to ridicule and obloquy after he has for any reason withdrawn his allegiance from it. Even if the church richly merits condemnation it is far better to leave that work to others who are not bound by any such considerations as previous membership involves.

"It is for reasons such as we have named that the religious public generally gives a scant welcome to religious perverts who make a special feature either in public print or public discourse of 'terrible revelations' and 'fearful disclosures' concerning some sect with which they were formerly connected. Even where such 'revelations' and 'disclosures' have a large basis of truth they are discounted by the offensive method and manner in which they are put forth. They may create a sensation for a time, but they do not affect serious-minded people of any class very deeply and are generally barren of re-

sults. The feeling of suspicion and repugnance attaching to any man who goes about making proclamation of his religious overturnings generally overbalances whatever of real moment there may be in his 'revelations.' The 'disclosures' themselves may be all right, but the people reject them because they do not come from an honest source."

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN RUSSIA.

THERE has been considerable criticism by European papers respecting the imperial proclamation of the Czar of Russia which was issued at his coronation. Notwithstanding all that the proclamation contained concerning arrears of taxes, and fines, and the lessening of the term of banishment of political offenders, it is said by foreign papers that "there is no promise of reforms, and the clemency of the Czar could well be extended much further." It is thought, however, that it may be possible that the Czar will gradually relax some of the most severe laws which weigh upon Russian citizens, and especially with regard to religious liberty.

The question of religious tolerance in Russia is becoming an important one.

This is shown by the many appeals coming from Catholics, Protestants, Jews and other peoples.

The Jews are evidently still the worst off. Especial invitations to the coronation were extended to the various Christian denominations, to the Buddhists, and to several other peoples who are still heathen; but no invitation was extended to the Jews. It is also reported that the descendants of Jews in Siberia, mostly the offspring of former exiles, shall not be allowed to change their residence, but shall remain where their fathers were located. Thus the

punishment of banishment is extended to a second and third generation. In Finland, the Jews are not permitted to settle for good. Every six months they must purchase a "permit," which costs \$25. The manner in which they may earn their living is prescribed to them; and not even their sons born in Finland have a right to remain there. From all accounts, the treatment of the Jews by the Russian government is severe, and in some instances barbarous. That government is a scourge to that unhappy race; and it is probable, from all the manifestations concerning the last days, that they will use their power rigorously against the ancient covenant people of the Lord. We have been led to expect by the statements which have been made by men of God that that government will be especially active against the Jews, even after they have gathered to Jerusalem, and that perhaps it may be among those powers that will seek to take the holy city at the time so vividly described by the Prophet Zechariah in his fourteenth chapter, and when, according to the prophet, "the Lord shall go forth and fight against those nations as when he fought in the day of battle."

That the dissenters are not more gently treated in Russia than the Jews is illustrated by the following incident related in the *Nedelya*, St. Petersburg, by a resident of Busulu, in the Province of Samara:

"I had been forced to seek shelter from a snow-storm in a village in the neighborhood of our town. To my astonishment I heard rather interesting things; the peasants were talking of the Mormons in their village. A few questions satisfied me that they were not Mormons at all, but simple farmers reading the Bible; but the village priest, a young man recently sent there,

regarded them as dissenters, and called them Mormons. I inquired what kind of people the dissenters were, and was told that they were good people, very honest and sober, and the best taxpayers as well as the best church-goers, until the priest ordered them to be driven from the church door. 'And how do these people bear their treatment?' I inquired. 'They cried,' was the answer, 'and declared that they were Orthodox Christians, and that their only offense was that they did not visit the inn on holidays, but read the Word of God.' It appears that the priest ordered the peasants to 'convert' the dissenters. Three of the chief offenders were taken and beaten unmercifully. Two promised to obey the priest in all things. The third, Pimon Kranitsheff, could not walk home, and died a few days later."

This incident shows how widely known the Latter-day Saints are by the name which has been given them of "Mormons." Even in far-off Russia, believers in the Bible are called, as this paper states, by the village priest "Mormons." There can be no doubt that if the Elders of our Church had the opportunity of proclaiming the truth to these people they would gain many converts there. There appears to be in the breasts of many people of that land a desire to understand the word of God and to live in accordance with its teachings; but every inclination of that kind is met with severe persecution, and the consciences of the people are stifled, their yearnings for the truth are disregarded, and they groan under the dreadful effects of priestcraft. Doubtless the day will come when this power will be broken, sufficiently so at least to permit the truth to be declared. In Germany where the laws have been in some instances rigorously enforced against dis-

senters from the religion of the state, religious liberty is gaining ground, and the people are gradually getting a degree of freedom which enables them to turn to the Lord and to worship Him according to the dictates of their own consciences.

CHASING A SLAVER.

"SAIL Ho!" called the man at the masthead, and a ripple of excitement ran along the deck of the frigate.

Never did the welcome cry fall upon more eager ears, except it might be those of shipwrecked men in an open boat. For twelve weary days and nights had we, the crew of H. M. S. *Rave*, been cooped up in our wooden prison, patrolling one of the hottest sections of the globe on the lookout for slavers. From longitude 4 north to longitude 4 south was our beat, and we dared not venture beyond these limits. Our orders were to keep out of sight of land, and to try to intercept some of the large vessels which were known to carry cargoes of slaves from the Gold Coast. It had been a weary time, with nothing else to see or think of but the ship, the sea and the cloudless sky.

Work, study, play, were alike impossible in that fierce, scorching heat. If you touched a bit of iron on deck, it burned your hand like a hot stove. Everybody was in a bad humor, and no wonder, for we felt as though our very existence was being sweated out of us. "Which way does your sail bear?" sang out the captain.

"Two points on the weather bow, sir," was the reply.

"Keep her away two points," commanded Captain Rodman, and the order was promptly obeyed.

In a few seconds the news had spread

through the bowels of the ship, and every man not on duty clustered on the bulwarks, straining his eyes to get a glimpse of the stranger. Even the firemen showed their sooty faces at the engine-room hatchway. Of course the stranger might be, and probably was, an innocent trader. Still, she might be a slaver, and golden visions of prize-money floated before the mental gaze of every man on board.

We did not steam very fast, as our supply of coal was limited, and it was about two hours before sundown when we fairly sighted the strange sail. She was a long, three-masted schooner, with tall, raking masts, and lay very low in the water. All her sails were set, and as a little wind had sprung up, she was slipping through the water at a good pace.

"She looks for all the world like a slaver," remarked Mr. Jones, our first lieutenant, to the captain.

The captain answered nothing, but his lips were firmly shut, and there was a gleam of suppressed excitement in his eyes.

The schooner did not appear to be trying to avoid us, and in half an hour more we were within a mile of her.

"Mr. King, fire a blank cartridge at her, and signal her to give her nationality and her number," said the captain to the second lieutenant.

In a few seconds the gun boomed out its challenge; and, in answer to our signal, the schooner hoisted American colors.

"She has eased away her mainsheet, and luffed a point or two, sir," said the quartermaster, touching his cap.

"Mr. King, put a shot in your gun and make a fresh signal demanding her name," cried the captain.

The necessary flags fluttered to the

mast-head, but the schooner took no notice. A ripple of excited comment ran along our decks, despite the man-of-war discipline. We were now almost certain that she was a slaver.

"Fire your shot, Mr. King, and aim just ahead of her bows," said the captain.

The gunner pulled the lanyard, the deafening report of the big gun smote our ears, and we saw the splash of the shot as it struck the water about fifty yards ahead of the schooner. In a moment she ran up a flag, then another, and still another, and we saw that she was not giving us her number, but was spelling out her name, letter by letter. The signal-man read off the words to the captain—"The Black Beauty."

"Just look that up in the United States Merchant Registry," said the captain to one of the midshipmen. In five minutes he reported that there was no such name to be found on the list.

"Hoist a signal for her to heave to!" cried the captain. "Take a boat and seven or eight hands, Mr. King, and board her," he continued. You may inspect her papers, and if you think everything is not all right, you may search for slaves. If her papers are ship-shape, however, you had better not molest her, as it is clearly set down in the treaty that we are not to search a ship if her papers are in order. Be careful, and keep your eyes open."

I was ordered to make one of the crew of the boat, and as we approached the schooner, I saw that everything about her had been sacrificed to speed. Her masts were unusually tall and heavy for a vessel of her size, and she looked as if she might be able to run away from an ordinary steamer in a strong wind.

When we reached her, a little, thin,

elderly man jumped on to the bulwarks to receive us.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"Let me see your papers, if you please," Mr. King demanded, when he reached the deck. The little man dived into the cabin, and returned in a moment with the papers in his hand.

Mr. King took them and looked them over, and I saw by his face that he was puzzled. "What have you got on board?" was his next question.

"We have an assorted cargo of dry goods and notions," the little man replied.

"How is it that we cannot find your name on the Merchant Register?" the lieutenant asked.

"I suppose it must be because this schooner was built this year, since the Register was issued," the man replied. "Well, tell your men to take off the hatches. I want to have a look at your cargo," said the lieutenant.

The schooner's captain shook his head in a decided way. "You've delayed me too long already," he said, "and made me lose a good part of the only wind we've had for a week. No; I cannot grant your request."

"Then I'll have my men do it!" Lieutenant King cried, angrily.

"No, you won't, sir!" the little man answered, with equal heat. "You have seven men, and I have fifteen. I'd like to see you try it. Do you take me for a slaver? If you must have the hatches up, send back to your man-of-war for a larger crew so as to overpower me, and then I'll be entitled to damages. You may be sure that you cannot molest my ship without being made to pay for it by the United States."

The lieutenant communed with him-

self for a moment, and then stepped into the boat and ordered us to row him back to the frigate, where he reported the whole matter to the captain. "I'm convinced she's a slaver, sir," he said, savagely biting his moustache.

"But you say her papers are all right, and you have no evidence of what you believe," the captain replied. "I cannot molest a friendly vessel without good cause, so I am afraid we must let her slip through our fingers."

"Very well sir," said the lieutenant, and a minute later the frigate was headed on a new course, to the utter disgust of every man on board.

All that night, however, the captain was haunted by a doubt as to whether he had not better run the risk of a complaint, rather than forego the overhauling of such a suspicious craft; and in the morning a rumor reached his ears that one of the boat's crew had noticed something about her of a doubtful nature. The man was taken into the cabin and questioned; and he said that, while the rest of the men were on board, the boat, of which he was left in charge, had dropped a little way astern. Then he had noticed that the name of the vessel had been recently painted out, but the last two letters were still legible. These letters, he said, were *le*, not *ly*.

"The cunning rascal said she was a new ship!" cried the captain.

"About ship!"

"I don't think we can possibly catch her now, sir," said the first lieutenant.

"We'll try, anyway," the captain replied. "There has been hardly any wind, and we know the course she was steering. She would not expect to see us again, and in all probability she has kept the same course. By making proper allowances we may intercept her,

and then we'll try and find out what she has in her hold."

The hope of again encountering the schooner, faint as it was, caused quite a commotion in our little world. The day passed without our sighting a single sail, however, but the captain still held the frigate to the course he had fixed upon as the one most likely for his purpose.

On the morning of the second day our commander's judgment was vindicated. A little before noon we sighted the American, idly rolling in the swell, with her sails lazily flapping against the masts. Occasional puffs of wind, the heralds of a coming breeze, now and then filled her sails, and sent her sluggishly through the water, but this slight progress did not interfere with our quickly overhauling her.

When we were about a mile distant from her, the captain signalled the engineer to slow down and shut off, and he also ordered Mr. King to signal the schooner to heave to.

"If she does not obey immediately, fire a shot right across her bows," he continued. "Mr. Jones, you take a boat and thirty men well armed. Board her, and make your inspection by force, if necessary. If you need more men, I'll send you another boat."

"All right, sir," cried the lieutenant, an energetic, daring officer. "You may be sure I'll stand no nonsense from him, and I'll promise you that I'll know what's in his hold before I leave his deck."

It was my fortune to make one of the boat's crew on this occasion also, so that I am able to relate what followed at first hand.

When we reached the schooner, the lieutenant bounded aboard, and we fol-

lowed him, except two men who were left in charge of the boat.

"So I have the pleasure to meet you a second time," the little captain began, doffing his hat with mock courtesy.

"Yes; and this time I want you to remove your hatches," said the lieutenant sharply.

"And again I refuse to comply with your demand," replied the captain.

"Here, some of you men, take off these hatches," Mr. Jones commanded, turning towards us.

In a few minutes the necessary tools were secured, the hatch raised, and our suspicions were verified. The sickening odor that arose from the hold was enough to turn the stoutest stomach among us. A low murmur, which swelled into a mournful wail, arose from the dark interior, and I saw the captain's face turn ghastly pale.

"Well, you've caught me," he said, addressing the lieutenant, and I might as well tell you the truth."

"It certainly won't make your case any harder if you do," the lieutenant responded, glancing down at him contemptuously. "Where did you get your cargo?"

"It was transhipped into the schooner by some slave dhows off the coast."

"And what place was to have been your destination?"

"Havana, Cuba, where the vessel is owned."

"And what is the real name of the schooner—the name you painted out?"

"The Eagle. She belongs to an Englishman, who has a large plantation about fifty miles from Havana."

"Well, the only thing I have to say is that I wish that Englishman stood here beside you," the lieutenant remarked, dryly.

Preparations were now made to trans-

fer the captain and crew of the schooner to the man-of-war, to be carried to an Admiralty court for trial. As the crew stepped over the side, I noticed that most of them were Cubans or Spaniards, who had probably been tempted by the high wages which all slavers were known to pay.

That part of our business disposed of, the lieutenant was rowed over to the frigate, and returned in ten minutes with orders to sail the schooner to Sierra Leona, and unload the slaves.

We made sail at once, and then turned our attention to the wretched captives in the hold. Several men were sent down with hammers and chisels, their orders being to liberate twenty-five at a time and send them on deck for a few minutes' exercise and fresh air. This precaution was rendered necessary by the fact that a cargo of captured slaves, maddened by the sufferings they have endured, are apt to look on all white men as cruel enemies, and just as likely to attack their liberators as anybody else, if they are permitted to muster in sufficient numbers.

I shall never forget the sight presented by these poor wretches as they crawled one by one through the hatchway. Filthy, emaciated, with sunken, glaring eyes and shaking limbs, a sight of them ought to have been sufficient to awaken pity in the most callous heart. On account of the long voyage before them, they had been put on a scanty ration of water, and they crowded about us like famished wolves, running out their parched tongues and pointing to them most piteously.

Each gang was counted as it came on deck, and we found that they numbered over two hundred. We found that one of their number could talk a little English, and he told us that they had

already been on board over two weeks, the schooner having been detained by calms and contrary winds.

On the morning of the sixth day after taking possession of the slaver, we dropped anchor off Sierra Leona, where we found the frigate awaiting us, she having run in to get a fresh supply of water.

Our first task was to land the human cargo, in which the frigate's boats assisted us. It was a touching sight to see the antics of the poor fellows when they found themselves once more treading dry land. Each fresh boat load that arrived was welcomed with open arms by those already on shore, and they embraced one another, and laughed, and cried, and joined in impromptu dances together like a lot of children. As our testimony was needed in order to convict the crew of the slaver and confiscate their vessel, we were given a run ashore, which, you may be sure, was very welcome after our tiresome cruise in those hot latitudes.

The captain and his mates were tried separately, and the crew in a body, and a very dejected lot of men they were as they stood in the dock. The slave trade had already been pretty well broken up, however, so they were given a severe reprimand and then turned loose.

When the schooner had been condemned, the frigate returned to her station and resumed her monotonous cruise, and I need hardly say that we were all in better humor for our little run of luck, besides being considerably richer in pocket through the prize-money due us from our capture.

H. Allen Clarke.

WE feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

PROGRESS OF THE YOUTH OF ZION.

It is interesting to recall the many hopes that were indulged in when the Saints first came to this valley, concerning the future generations which should be born and brought up in these mountains. The Saints had reached a healthy climate, a land remote from evil influences, and were able to live in almost complete seclusion, being so far removed from the rest of the inhabitants of the continent. There was no immediate prospect of other settlements being formed by people not of our faith within hundreds of miles of Salt Lake Valley. In fact, upon every hand the country was without inhabitants, and desolation reigned supreme. It did not seem likely that for many years any considerable number of people would be attracted to this Rocky Mountain region. The prospect, therefore, was that the Latter-day Saints would be in a position to teach their children the principles of their religion and to bring them up in the practice thereof, without having to contend to any extent with opposing influences.

The leading Elders frequently expressed themselves to the effect that succeeding generations would be far superior to that then living. There was good reason to believe this, because being born in the Church and free from the traditions which prevailed in the world, and which their fathers and mothers had imbibed, they would grow up full of strong faith and make a pure and mighty race of men and women. Certainly, the children born in these mountains have very great advantages over their parents. They have been born in the covenant. They have been brought up under the best of influences.

They have had very high examples set them, and they have been taught with great care the principles of the gospel, which are most elevating and purifying in their character. They have been taught high standards of life. The results, in many instances, have been most gratifying.

It is true that the expectations of some of the pioneers have not been fulfilled concerning the seclusion of the Saints. This seclusion has not lasted as long as it was thought it might. Population has increased all around us, and in the very nature of things it was not unreasonable to expect that it would. If the Latter-day Saints were planted in a more inhospitable desert than Salt Lake Valley was when they came here, they would soon attract the attention of the world and draw people to them. It is one of the inevitable consequences of obeying the gospel and carrying out its principles in practical, every-day life. The very success with which the Lord crowned the labors of the settlers of Utah naturally drew attention to them and to their country. Then, added to this, there has been the discovery of the precious metals, than which nothing is more attractive to mankind.

The rising generation, therefore, of Latter-day Saints, while they have been measurably preserved from outside influences, have not altogether been free from their temptations. The Lord has not seen fit to permit us to be cut off entirely from contact with the rest of the world. It would not be consistent with the predictions which He has made concerning Zion. The youth, therefore, of this community have been exposed to temptations. Many have yielded to them; but those who have resisted them have gained strength and a power which they would not have known had they

not been brought in contact with the evils of the world.

The anticipations of the Elders who in their addresses, held forth the idea that the generations which should follow them would be superior to the then existing generation have not been entirely disappointed. There is in these valleys a generation of stronger men and women, of greater knowledge, of purer characters, of a higher type of manhood and womanhood, than could have been found upon the earth, in my opinion, at the time the foundation of the Church of Christ was laid in these last days.

There is a disposition on the part of men and women as they grow in years to look back to the ways and the people of their youth and imagine them superior to those of the present. But we believe that Latter-day Saints who look at this matter carefully and considerately must be forced to admit that there are higher types of excellence to be found among our young men and young women of the present day than anything that has been known previous to the revelation of the gospel, or even for some years afterwards. I can perceive it, and feel thankful that this is the case. It is true that this is not universal. There are young people, and perhaps many of them, who are very degenerate and who fall much below even the average standard of excellence. But notwithstanding this, there is an element among the young people that approaches much nearer perfection of character than can be found anywhere else in this nation, and perhaps in the world. In association with the young people of our Church I am impressed with this, and it inspires one with hope for the future. There is undoubtedly an advancement in everything that is Godlike. Children are taught principles

of truth with a care that produces excellent results. The highest examples are pointed out to them, and they are taught to emulate the virtues of the holiest men that ever lived, and especially to follow the example of their Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. Among no people is this done so impressively as it is among the Latter-day Saints.

Those who teach the children, either as parents, guardians or teachers, are helped in doing so by the fact that the Lord has revealed to us that it is possible for men and women in our day to attain to as great faith and power and be as full of knowledge and of the gifts as any that ever lived upon the face of the earth. Every boy may desire and aspire to be a prophet and to have communion with God. Every girl is sustained in the thought that she can have the gift of prophecy, and every other gift that the most favored of women have enjoyed. This teaching, in and of itself, especially when accompanied by the Spirit of God, has a most elevating effect upon human character. It creates holy aspirations in the breasts of the young, and they naturally shrink from doing anything that would prevent them from attaining to such excellence and such favor with the Lord as others who have preceded them have obtained.

After all, then, we think that the Elders in early days who in their discourses indulged in such high hopes concerning the generations that should follow them, have been fully justified by the results which have already followed; and there is good reason to believe that these influences will continue to operate and improvement will continue to follow until such a generation will be raised among the Latter-day Saints as will realize all the promises which God has made to His people. *The Editor.*

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY morning, July 14th, we landed in the little railroad town of Lima, nestling at the foot of snowcapped mountains, at the south end of Red Rock Valley, Beaver Head County, Montana. The livelihood of the town is maintained by the business of the Union Pacific Railroad. This point is the end of a Division, where the engineer from Pocatello runs his iron horse into the round house, where it is cleaned and oiled and prepared for the return trip in the night to Pocatello, while another driver hooks on and drives to Butte. Owing to the employment furnished by the railroad in Lima, a considerable number of Latter-day Saints have made this place their home. Some who came here many years ago as railroad men have changed their occupation and taken up ranches, thereby becoming more permanent residents of the place. Still others who ran freight wagons from Utah to Montana way back in the 70's became somewhat attached to the country and have made their homes in Red Rock Valley, in Dillon, the county seat of the above-named county, and in Butte, Anaconda, and other places farther north. Under these conditions some have raised families of children separated far from the privileges afforded by the Gospel to those who dwell in the stakes of Zion, where we have the primaries, the Sunday schools, the mutual improvement associations, and relief societies, and aside from these the quorums and councils of the Holy Priesthood, where the authority and power of God are directly enjoyed and exercised.

What a contrast between the religious status of those who remain with the body of the Church and that of those who scatter abroad! If the geographical distance between the two were the only

separation, it would be of comparatively trivial importance; but the distance is of a spiritual, social and educational character, and is very great. True, where the blood of Israel predominates the voice of the true shepherd is readily discerned; but even then, owing to the lack of parental instruction, the young people in these places are hardly prepared to accept in solemnity the ordinances of the Gospel. On one occasion we found a poor woman, with seven children, whose husband had died in Montana. The two grown daughters had reached maturity since leaving their former home in Zion, and married unbelievers, with only a shadow of friendliness toward the religion of their Mormon wives. Four other children, old enough for baptism, one of them a young man of eighteen, scarcely know what is the object, necessity, or mode of baptism. This condition exists through neglect, and separation from the body of the Church. Still there is a spark left. The heart of the mother goes back to her home among the Saints. Some of the children who were blessed at fast meeting when infants seem to have an inclination toward the truth, and the blessing of the Elders has its effect for good and bears witness of the power of the Holy Priesthood, and that the authority thereof is not exercised in vain. God has said to His prophets, "Whomsoever you bless, I will bless." This is a true saying, and we bear record thereof, because we see it verified in these children who were blessed in Zion. Take the most favorable and most charitable view of the situation of those who have "mixed themselves with the nations" (Gentiles), and it is a serious matter to contemplate. For instance, a young woman naturally inclined to this work, whose heart and

hopes are in favor of the Latter-day Saints, is married to an unbeliever, sometimes a gambler, with little aspiration aside from the accumulation of money. Her children (if she has any, for many people now do not believe in having any) are surrounded by temptations of every sort. If they go to Sunday school it must be to one whose teachers and preachers deny revelation, prophecy, and the necessity of a living priesthood. In short, they are "blind leaders of the blind," and we find her tied up for life under conditions which are appalling to any keen-spirited, faithful Latter-day Saint. These observations impress us very deeply with a desire to exhort the Latter-day Saints to abide the counsel of the Presidency and all the faithful Priesthood of the Church, and stay at home with the Saints of God, and teach the children virtue, prayer, and honor, faith repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands, obedience to parents and to God, before they are eight years old, that their sins may not fall upon the heads of the parents. We met a lady in one of these cities who is now a Methodist, but was born in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She says that when she was a little girl she cried all one Sunday to be baptized, but her parents neglected it. Afterwards they said she could suit herself when she came to maturity. Here she is in Babylon, a married woman with four children all outside the Church of Christ, and with the living testimony on her lips that her own father neglected to have her baptized when she desired it in her innocent childhood. Will her parents not have something to answer for before the bar of justice? This lady is kind to us, and God will bless her for it; but she is hampered now with influences and conditions which she

may not surmount in this life, and thus the day of redemption is delayed to her. It may be said, and it is a subject of serious consideration, that the laborer in Zion finds no employment. There are no enterprises to employ the time and talent of the masses and to develop the resources which are so abundant in our blessed Utah, Idaho and other places. If this charge true as applied to certain localities, before a young man should go to wicked places entirely separated from all Gospel privileges he should seek for a location in surrounding stakes of Zion where there is still land to be had, new homes for the carpenter and mason to build, and avenues for business enterprise and talent to be engaged.

Snake River Valley, which contains two and part of three well conducted stakes of Zion, has thousands and thousands of acres of good land and a plentiful supply of water, which would support thousands of people where now only hundreds dwell. Again, it must be apparent to all thoughtful Latter-day Saints that if we had acted upon the counsel of the authorities of the Church and united our means and lived in all things by the spirit of the Gospel, there would have been in Utah today industrial enterprises of various kinds which would have developed the resources of the country and afforded employment for thousands of people. But we murmured, withdrew confidence, and followed each one in his own way and to his own sorrow. May the day hasten when the "Laborer in Zion shall labor for Zion," and all be employed temporally in places where the Zion of God is established and the Saints are provided with pastors of the Lord's appointing.

Your brethren,

E. Stevenson.

M. F. Cowley.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

WE wish to introduce to you, for a short time, a man who stands unrivalled among the literary giants of the present age, as their acknowledged head. This man is Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. It is said that as in Homer is concentrated the spirit of antiquity; in Dante, the spirit of the middle ages; in Shakespeare, the spirit of the Renaissance, so in Goethe is concentrated the spirit of the present age, and he is the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn. In what order of greatness these four names should stand, it seems to us to matter not. They are the poets and stand upon an eminence too high for our eyes to judge between them.

Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28th, 1749. He died at Weimar, March 15th, 1832. Goethe accounted Shiller happy that he died young, that one could figure him as a youth forever, but to Goethe was allotted a higher destiny. He lived on, in all eighty-two years, to leave us the picture of a life of wisdom, full and complete. Carlisle compares the life of Goethe with the course of the sun, or to a solar day. He says: "Beautifully rose our summer sun, gorgeous in the red, fervid east, scattering the spectres, and sickly damps, (both of which there were enough to scatter) strong, benignant in his noonday clearness, walking triumphant in the upper realms, and now, mark how he sets. "So stirbt ein Held, anbetungsvoll." "So dies a hero, to be worshipped."

Having briefly glanced at his life as a whole, let us now notice, the component parts of that "Life of Wisdom."

Goethe's birthplace, and early home was an imperial city. His father was of the citizen class, as was also his mother, though she held a somewhat

higher social position than her husband. Goethe was their oldest child, and only son. His father designed him to study law, become an advocate, pass through the course of civil offices, and probably become burgomeister someday. But Goethe early showed an inclination towards literature. From the time that he first left his father's house in his sixteenth year, to pursue his studies in Leipsic, Frankfort ceased to be a congenial home to him. Though he graduated as doctor of law and practiced in his native city, the life was tedious, and unnatural to his disposition. He sought companions from among the literary circles which certain princes had gathered about them. The German states, at that time, were independent of each other. The idea of a united Germany had hardly entered the head of the most ambitious prince. Frederick the Great ruled in Prussia. The seven years war ended when Goethe was about fourteen years old, but in all the sectional strife of the German princes, Goethe took no part. He was the subject of a free city. Germany was Germany to him; it was not Hanover, or Wurtemberg or Prussia. This made him broader in his sentiments, and he could the easier conceive the idea of a universal bond uniting all humanity.

Goethe's first compositions were imitations of the French style. France dominated at that time in letters, and especially in the German States. Goethe's father was a great admirer of French literature, and of the German literature of that period, which was merely a sickly imitation of the French. In his boyhood, Goethe read in secret Klopstock's "Messiah," to avoid his father's displeasure. Klopstock had just aroused the whole German people, (except those who could see nothing of

worth outside of the French) to a knowledge of the power of the German language. But that which had ruled so long did not easily give way. Frederick the Great sneered at German literature even when Lessing, Klopstock, Herder, Goethe, etc., had lifted it to a height of glory such as few languages ever attain.

A very important period of Goethe's life was the sixteen months spent in Strasburg, when he was about twenty years of age. He attended the University and his friends were among the first men in education and intelligence. It was here that Goethe met Herder. They studied together. Herder revealed to him the power of Shakespeare. He studied Homer, Ossian. He saw the faults of French art. His spirit was liberated, and something grand became possible to his mind.

"*Gotz von Berlichungen*" was Goethe's first important production. From a dull, dry biography, Goethe worked out a complete picture of Germany in the sixteenth century. Every actor in the drama lives; they speak in short, sharp sentences, like the principal lines of a drawing-master. This play was received enthusiastically in all parts of Germany.

At twenty-five years of age, Goethe published his "*Werther*." It soon spread like wildfire over Germany, and was enthusiastically received or condemned. "*Werther*" is a sad, sentimental, impassioned, tale. Shiller says of it, "That nameless Unrest: the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, that high, sad, longing, discontent, which was agitating every brain, had driven Goethe almost to despair. All felt it, but he alone could give it voice. He bodied it forth into visible shape, and so made himself the spokesman of his generation. "*Werther*" is but the cry of that

dim, rooted pain, under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing. It paints the misery, it passionately utters the complaint, and heart and voice all over Europe loudly, and at once, respond to it. True, it prescribes no remedy, for that was a far different, far harder enterprise to which other years and a higher culture were required, but even the utterance of the pain, even this little, for the present, is ardently grasped at, and with eager sympathy appropriated in every bosom."

Twenty years later, "*Wilhelm Meisters Apprenticeship*," Goethe's next novel, appeared. Time has changed the man. Goethe has been called the apostle of self-culture. The man who in "*Werther*" makes one of the characters commit suicide has come to know that the world is full of goodness, and whatever has being, has beauty. Stern control, deep thought, noble self-sacrifice have brought this impetuous soul from dark unbelief to cheerful peace. The problem begun in "*Werther*" is solved in "*Wilhelm Meister*." "*Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*" followed the "*Apprenticeship*." Of this a critic has said, "The thought of the sage is melted, and incorporated in the liquid music of the poet. A calm, mild, priest-like dignity prevades the whole.

Between the production of "*Werther*" and the "*Wander-hjare*" stands a period of nearly fifty years. An author writes himself into his books. Goethe at seventy-two had learned many lessons of which he at twenty-five was entirely ignorant.

Let us glance, for a moment, at Goethe's environments during this time, and we shall better understand his works. After obtaining the degree of Doctor of law, he lived at Frankfort, traveled some and enjoyed free inter-

course with his friends. He wrote a number of lyrics, and short dramas, many of them to his sweethearts. Goethe was never without the influence of, and society of women.

In 1775, he entered Weimar, the city where most of his life was spent. He was invited thither by Carl Augustus, duke of Weimar, who had been drawn to him by his literary fame. Duke Carl appointed him to an office with a fixed salary, and Goethe devoted himself with industry and enthusiasm to the public business. He became a fast friend to Carl Augustus, with whom he was on terms of the greatest intimacy. The duke gave him the garden house for his dwelling, and later built for him a magnificent home on one of the principal streets of Weimar. Goethe wrote for the Weimar stage as necessity demanded. "Ephegenia auf Taurus" is the greatest of his productions of that period. He also began "Tasso", but finished it in Italy. The ever recurring calls of business gave Goethe no time to work out the grandest conceptions of his mind. "Faust," "Egmont," "Tasso" were begun but remained unfinished. In Weimar, Goethe first met Frau von Stein whom he deeply and purely loved. She was the wife of the master of horse and was the mother of seven children. For years she was Goethe's confidant and he calls her by every endearing epithet that his genius could invent. After ten years of business life Goethe visited Italy. This had been the dream of his life. He had always been, interested in art and had even hoped to become an artist until his visit to Italy showed him his limitation of power in that direction. Here he wrote some scenes of "Faust" and finished "Egmont."

After his return from Italy he was

most honorably relieved from many of his civil duties. He was made director of the new Weimar Theater, and in this capacity was best known to the citizens of that city. He accompanied the Duke upon a military campaign, and beguiled the time of a siege by working at his theories of colors in a leaky tent. These theories were published in 1810, but they have never been accepted by scientists, as Goethe confidently believed they would be.

In 1787, Shiller settled at Weimar, and these two great authors worked together in journalism and exercised a good influence upon each other. Goethe about this time wrote "Herman and Dorothea." In 1805, Shiller died, Goethe was himself very ill, and learning the sad tidings he exclaimed, "He is dead!" and wept. Goethe and Shiller are twin stars in the literary firmament. They are inseparable in the hearts of their countrymen.

"Faust" was published in 1808. Goethe had the plan of it in his mind when he wrote his first drama, and after so many years he sent it out to the world. It stands at the head of all his works, and holds a high place among the best productions of any age. Late in life Goethe wrote the second part of "Faust." One writer says of these two parts "Both are symmetrical in their structure. The first moves with deliberate swiftness from heaven, through the world to hell; the second part returns from there, through the world, to heaven." In substance, the first part begins religiously, becomes metaphysical, and terminates ethically. The second part begins ethically becomes aesthetic and terminates religiously. In one love and knowledge confront each other, in the other practical activity and art.

Goethe outlived almost all the friends of his youth. Carl Augustus died away from Weimar, and when Goethe was told of it, he said calmly, "Now, it is all over." He lived four years longer, working regularly. Even on the day of his death he made an attempt to reach his study. Fully dressed he sank into a corner of his arm chair, and went peacefully to sleep. He is buried in the grand ducal vault with his beloved Carl Augustus and Shiller.

We may talk of the man, but we cannot appreciate his greatness except we study his thoughts. Poets like friends become dearer through association. They invite us to them. They have spread out for us rich soul feasts. Shall we not enter and partake?

A NARROW ESCAPE.

SOME years ago I paid a visit to an old friend of mine in Florida. He was the owner of a fine orange grove situated on a small tributary of the St. Johns river, and the country all about his place was one of the best regions for game I have ever seen.

When I had been with him about a week, my friend proposed that we take an outing in camp, at the same time mentioning a locality about fifty miles up the river, which he described as the best fishing and alligator-shooting ground in all Florida.

The next morning we started up the river in a large yawl, taking with us two sturdy colored men to pull the boat and attend to the necessary labor of the camp. It took two days hard pulling to land us at the desired point, and on the evening of the second day after leaving home, we pitched our camp in a beautiful spot on the banks of a small stream a little above its junction with the St.

Johns. After the boat had been unloaded and the tents set up, I had leisure to inspect our surroundings.

The place where our tent was pitched was a kind of knoll, or mound, which seemed to have been thrown up or, rather, deposited there by the meeting of the two currents in times of high water. Everywhere else about us the low-lying swamps stretched away interminably.

It is not my intention to describe our doings during the time we were out. Suffice it to say that we fairly reveled in a genuine angler's and hunter's paradise. I should be ashamed to tell you how many fine fish we hooked, and how many deer fell to our guns.

One morning I pulled on a pair of gum boots and set off into the swamps afoot. I had very fair sport, and returned about noon with three or four ducks and a fine string of squirrels.

It was a very hot day, and after turning my game over to the cook, I concluded that a bath in the stream would put me in shape to do justice to a good dinner.

About twenty yards below camp there was a large and deep pool, screened from view by a curtain of palmettos. Near the middle of this pool, a stump, or "snag," its base firmly imbedded in the sand of the creek bottom, rose to within about six inches of the surface. Another stump sloped out over the pool, and after undressing, I selected this as the best point for a dive. Stepping out to the end of it, I was just about to take what would probably have proved to be my last "header," when a cry from the cook caused me to pause.

I have forgotten to say that we had three deer hounds along with us—the most inveterate thieves in the whole canine tribe. One of these had just

purloined a broiled duck from the cook's pan, and it was his irate exclamation at the offender that interrupted my plunge.

The next moment my heart turned sick with fear and horror. Within a yard of the spot into which I had meditated a jump; there came a great eddy and swirl from the depths of the pool, and up rose the knotted back and hideous snout of an enormous alligator. His small, ghoulish eyes leered at me in hideous expectation, while his jaws half-opened as though he still expected me to take the leap.

You can imagine the shudder with which I realized my almost marvelous escape from a dreadful death, and you will readily understand that I lost no time in leaping from the log to the shore. Then a desire to extirpate the horrible monster, to the end that others might never be put in such fear of him as I was, crept into my mind, and, hastily donning my clothes, I stole back to camp and seized my gun.

When I got back to the pool, I found the alligator had crawled up onto the snag in mid-stream, and was complacently sunning himself. My appearance did not seem to disturb him in the least, though his vicious little eye followed my every movement.

Dropping on one knee, I cautiously raised the rifle, sighted at a spot just behind his shoulder and fired. The sharp report was instantly followed by a hoarse bellow of rage and agony, as the wounded saurian plunged into the water, lashing the surface into foam in his dying struggles. Soon there came a last tremendous splash, a huge whirling eddy, the pool became once more still and quiet, and only a little blood-stained foam remained to mark the spot where the dead brute had disappeared.

In a few minutes my friend came into camp and I related my experience. Tempted by a slight reward, one of our men offered to dive for the carcass. He took a light rope down with him, located the 'gator, slipped a noose over one of its forelegs, and we hauled it from the bottom to the bank.

In conclusion, I may say that although I have been in many situations of peril, no other danger that I have encountered has filled me with such horror as I experienced when I saw that hideous head rise out of the water into which I was about to leap.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbors as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those toward him who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humor of turning every misfortune into a judgment proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which in its own nature produces good will toward men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion.

HE is the wisest and happiest man who, by constant attention of thought discovers the greatest opportunities of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition that he may improve such opportunities.

WE cannot control the tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise calumnies.

Our Little Folks.

SECOND LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

DEAR CHILDREN: Last month I wrote to you from St. George, where I had gone to visit the Primaries.

I told you of the well-behaved colts which Brother Brigham Jarvis, who owns the team, said belonged to the Primary Department. When we were ready to leave St. George, and visit other settlements in the south, the same brother kindly accompanied us again; but this time he took a span of mares, which he said belonged to the Relief Society Department. One of them was the mother of one of the colts with which we had traveled before. The names of this team were Janet and Valessa.

Traveling in some parts of Dixie is very hard. Deep sand makes the roads heavy and the horses have to step slowly and pull hard to get the wagon along; sometimes the driver must let the team stop and rest every few yards or the poor horses would give out and could not go at all.

Brother Jarvis is a natural trainer and educator of animals. He treated the kind, faithful team with which we traveled with great tenderness; and yet the pulling was so very hard for them that one of them actually bled at the nose the day we left St. George.

We held meetings in several of the settlements—Sister Wells for the benefit of the Relief Society, Sister Freeze for the Young Ladies' Associations, and myself for the Primaries. Everywhere the humble spirit of love and peace seemed to prevail among the Saints; everywhere the children were so good and bright and beautiful. We were

constantly reminded of a saying recorded in the Holy Bible, "Children are a heritage from the Lord; blessed is he that hath his quiver full of them."

One day while we were in St. George President David H. Cannon took us all through the holy Temple there, and told us much about its history that was good to listen to. We felt greatly blest; for although we had worked much in the Salt Lake Temple, it still seemed a choice privilege which we then had of entering the St. George Temple, the first one finished and dedicated to the Lord in Utah, where we now have four. The same heavenly influence which we felt in the temple seemed to be with all the humble, faithful Saints with whom we met, those whose diligence, industry and dauntless courage have made beautiful, happy homes all through the country there, where less determined, energetic people could not have lived.

The children born there seem to inherit the brave hearts and strong faith of their parents. It was indeed gratifying to meet with them, and our visit there will always be gratefully and lovingly remembered.

Brother Thomas Judd, Superintendent of the Washington Cotton Factory, invited us to visit through that building. We did so, and found much there that was very interesting. It is wonderful to see how many changes the cotton is put through before it comes out cloth ready for use. Brother David Morris showed us through the factory, and told us much that was instructive about it. Sometime I hope our people will have many more factories, and make much more of the strong, good cloth such as is made at Washington. We were given a souvenir each, two towels, twelve napkins, and gingham for an apron. This will often remind us of

the hard-working, large-hearted people of Dixie.

That evening, June 16th, we held meeting at Toquerville, where we stayed over night. It was the hottest night throughout all the country there, so far as we learned, that had been known for several years.

In my next letter I shall tell you of wonderful Kanab, besides some other places.

Lula.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON V.—REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE is the second principle of the gospel of Christ. It is a principle of great importance—as, indeed, are all the principles and ordinances of the gospel. Let us try and find out the true meaning of the word repentance. What better authority can we find on the subject than the prophets of God, and the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ?

The Apostle Paul defines repentance as "a Godly sorrow for sin, not to be repented of." (*II. Cor. vii: 10.*) By this is meant, that we should manifest to God, with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, that we are sorry for having broken His laws and commandments, and ask for His assistance to enable us to overcome the temptations which the evil one puts in our way, from time to time.

But we should not sit down and mourn and weep, and torture our bodies, as the hypocrites do, and soon after return and commit the same offences.

Repentance is the gift of God, and as soon as we show to our heavenly Father that we are sorry for having committed sin, then will He give unto us a portion

of His Holy Spirit, which will soften our hearts and lead us unto true repentance.

It is very pleasing to God when He sees one of His children turn from his sins, and follow after righteousness.

This is beautifully illustrated in a parable by the Savior. Addressing the publicans and sinners who came to hear Him speak upon one occasion, He said:

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

"And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

"And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." (*Luke xv: 4-7.*)

Following He told them the parable of the prodigal son, who having received from his father the portion of goods that belonged to him, took his journey into a far country, and there wasted all his means in riotous living.

"And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his field to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger? I will arise and go to my father. * * * And he

arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found." (*Luke xv: 13-24.*)

In these parables are clearly set forth the love and the mercy of God. It is not the will of our Heavenly Father that any of His children should die in their sins, but rather that they should turn from their wickedness and live. We are told that in the days of Noah the inhabitants of the earth had become so wicked, that the anger of God was kindled against them, and when He could no longer look down upon their sins and abominations, He decreed that He would send a flood of water upon the earth, to destroy the wicked and the ungodly from the face thereof. But the Lord is not hasty in executing His judgments: He is slow to anger, and full of mercy, therefore He called upon His servant Noah, and his sons, and commanded them to go forth among the people and cry repentance unto them.

For a hundred and twenty years Noah and his family preached repentance unto the people of their generation, and warned them of the terrible deluge which God had said He would send upon them, if they did not repent. But the people mocked Noah and hardened their hearts. At the end of one hundred and twenty years not a single soul had

hearkened unto the preaching of Noah, and then the Lord told Noah and his family to enter the ark; and on that same day the windows of heaven were opened, the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the judgments of God were poured out without measure upon a wicked and ungodly people, until the earth was cleansed of all its abominations, and none remained save the eight righteous souls who had obeyed the voice of God and kept His commandments.

Now if those people had repented of their sins at the preaching of Noah, the Lord would not have destroyed them. When the people of Nineveh had sinned and corrupted themselves before the Lord, the Prophet Jonah was sent to preach repentance unto them. "Now Nineveh was a great city, of three days' journey. And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried and said, Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown. So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sack cloth from the greatest of them even to the least of them. For word came unto the king of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne, and he laid his robe from him, and covered him with sack cloth, and sat in ashes. And he caused it to be proclaimed and published through Nineveh by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything: let them not feed nor drink water: But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not? And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil

way; and God repented of the evil, that He had said He would do unto them; and He did it not." (*Jonah iii: 4-10.*)

Before the destruction of the great city of Jerusalem many prophets, among them the Prophet Lehi, were sent to prophesy unto the people "that they must repent, or the great city Jerusalem must be destroyed." (*See I. Nephi 1: 4.*) But the people were very wicked; they stoned and cast out the prophets, when the judgments of God came upon them, their city was destroyed and many perished.

The Lord has promised great blessings unto His children if they will repent of their sins and walk uprightly before Him. The Prophet Alma says:

"Yea, he that repenteth and exerciseth faith, and bringeth forth good works, and prayeth continually without ceasing: unto such it is given to know the mysteries of God; yea, unto such it shall be given to reveal things which never have been revealed; yea, and it shall be given unto such to bring thousands of souls to repentance, even as it has been given unto us to bring these our brethren to repentance." (*Alma xxvi: 22.*) Now, if our neighbor should happen to do us wrong, and he should come afterward and say he was sorry for having trespassed against us, we are commanded of God to forgive him. When Peter asked Jesus if his brother should trespass against him seven times ought he to forgive him seven times, Jesus answered and said, "Not only seven times, but seventy times seven."

Again the Lord says:

"Yea, as often as my people repent will I forgive them their trespasses against me.

"And ye shall also forgive one another your trespasses; for verily I say

unto you, he that forgiveth not his neighbor's trespasses, when he says that he repents, the same hath brought himself under condemnation." (*Mosiah xxvi: 30, 31*)

In the days in which we live God has spoken from the heavens, and ordained prophets and apostles, and other faithful servants, and sent them forth to cry unto the people, "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The day of the Lord is nigh, even at our doors, therefore let us cease from all our evil ways, let us speak the truth, be upright and honest in all our dealings with each other, and if we do these things great shall be our reward in heaven.

W. A. M.

COMPOSURE is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what it was that cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet refrain himself, and forgive; these are strong men, spiritual heroes.

EVERY one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.

THE turn of a sentence has decided the fate of many a friendship, and, for ought we know, the fate of many a kingdom.

NOT A SPARROW FALLETH.

MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

Not a spar - row falleth, But its God doth know, Just as when a mandate

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lays a monarch low; Not a leaflet mov-eth, But its God doth see,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Think not then, O id - ler, God for - getteth thee. Far more precious sure-ly,

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

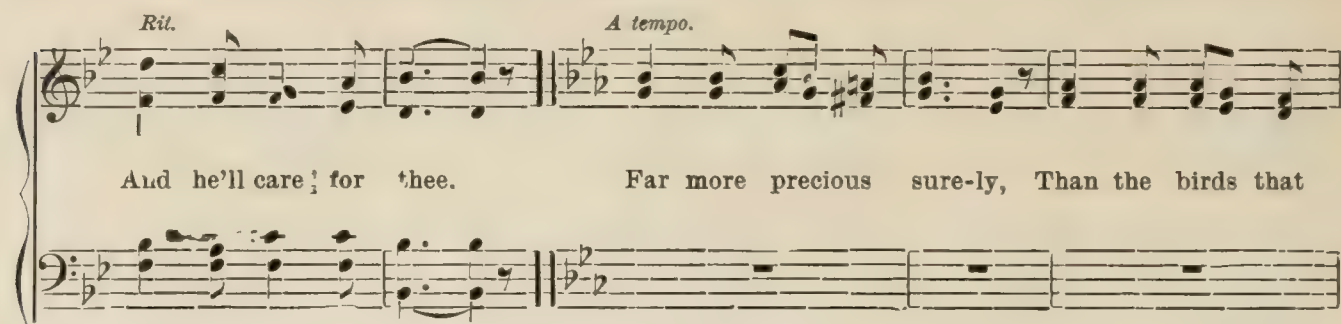
Than the birds that fly, Is a Father's im - age, To a Father's eye;

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

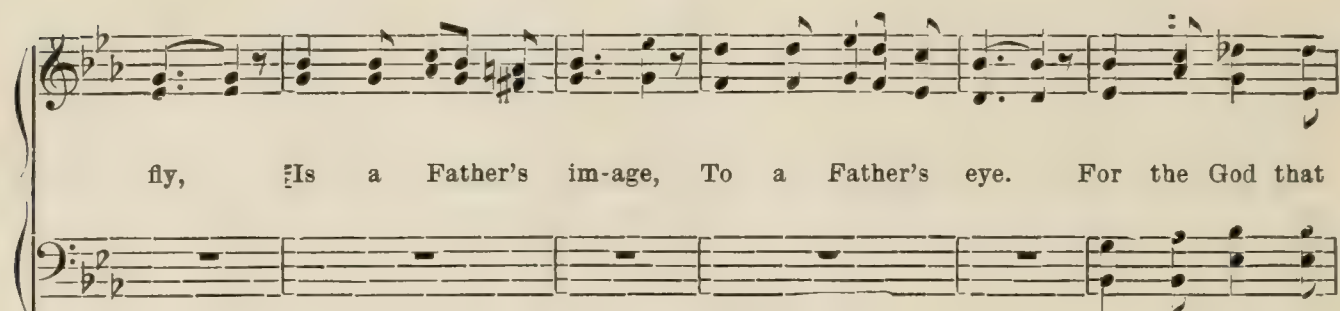
E'en thy hairs are numbered, Trust Him full and free, Cast thy cares be-fore Him,

The fifth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

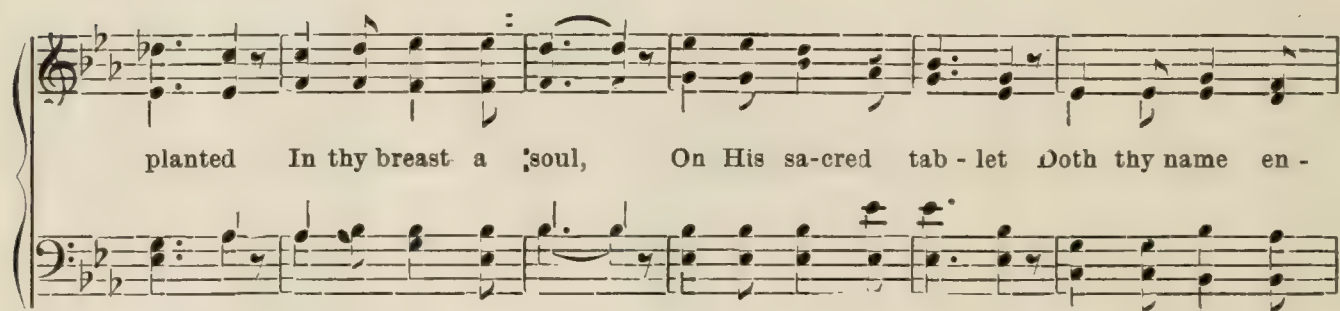
Rit. *A tempo.*



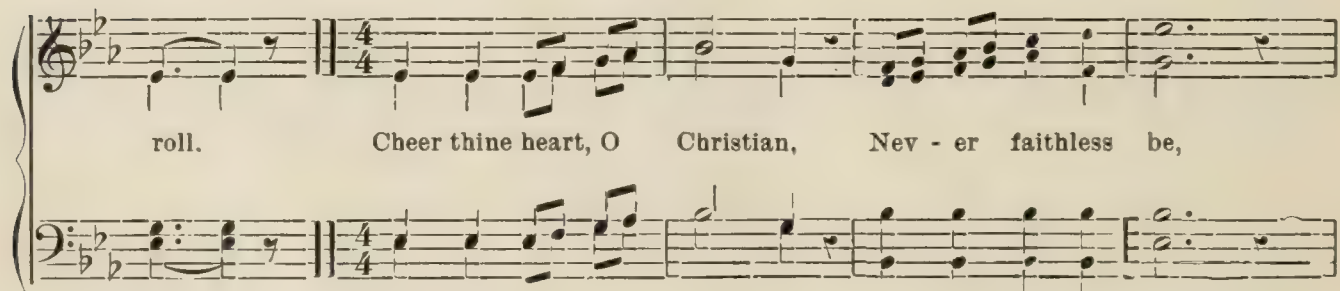
And he'll care for thee. Far more precious sure-ly, Than the birds that



fly, Is a Father's im-age, To a Father's eye. For the God that

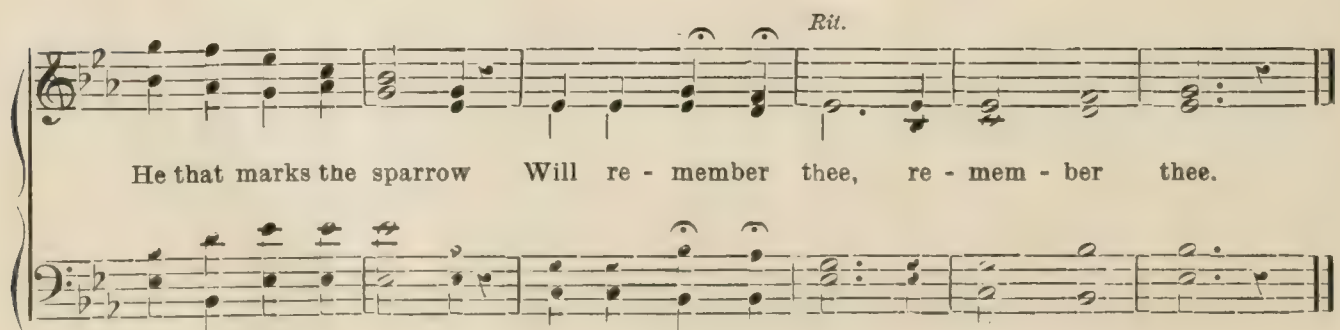


planted In thy breast a soul, On His sa-cred tab-let Doth thy name en-



roll. Cheer thine heart, O Christian, Nev-er faithless be,

Rit.



He that marks the sparrow Will re-mem-ber thee, re-mem-ber thee.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



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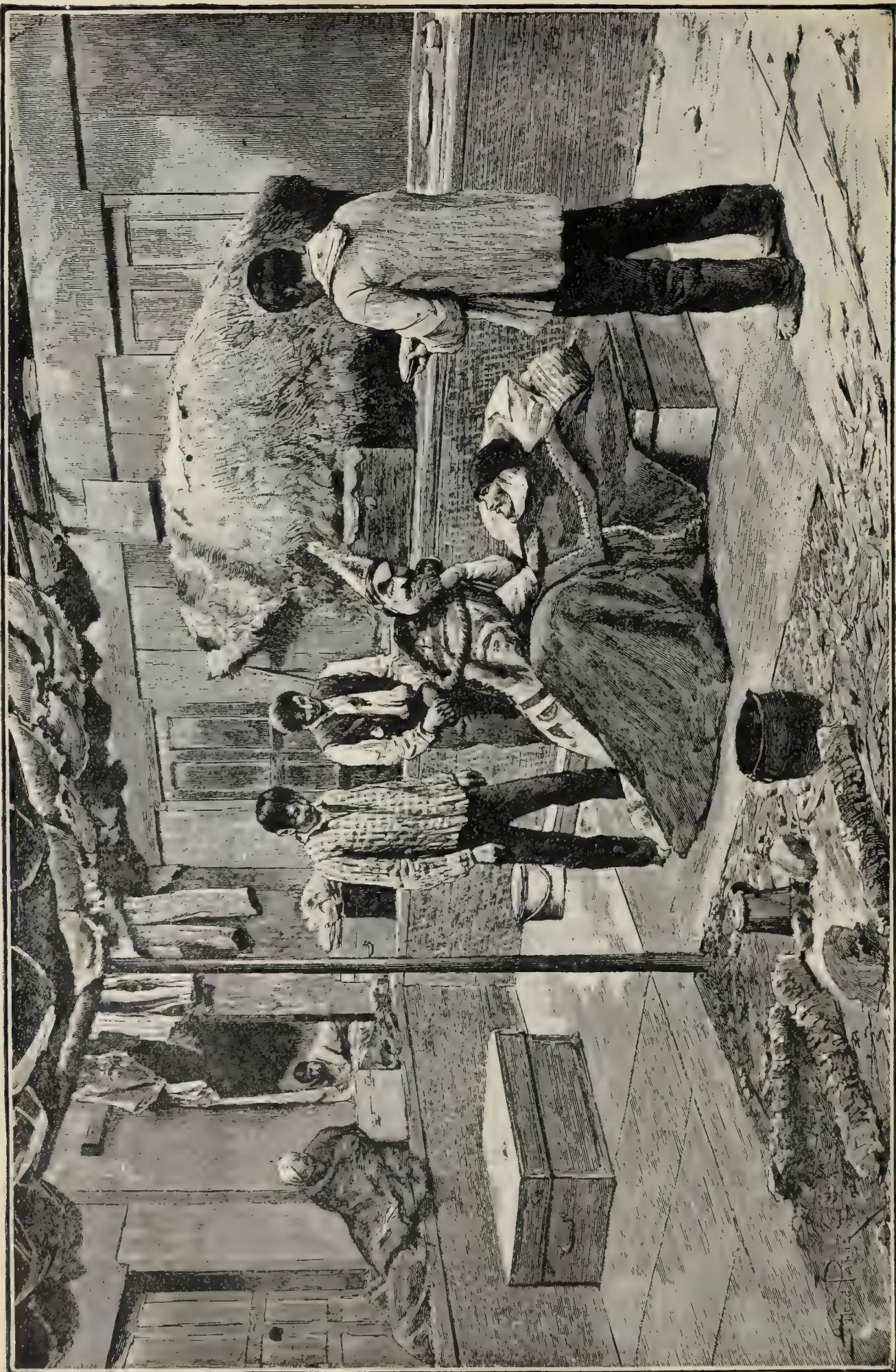
No. 17.

POLAR EXPLORATIONS.

To think that on the earth upon which we live there are vast areas still unknown to civilized nations, makes one feel that man is but an insignificant being to have so slight a knowledge of the divine works of his Maker. There has been a great deal of interest manifested in exploring the regions of the earth's surface enclosed in the Arctic and Antarctic circles. The fact that these parts have as yet remained undiscovered only adds to the interest. For centuries the nations have endeavored to explore these unknown regions. As early as the time of Alfred the Great we have records of these endeavors, and during the ninth century some Irish monks started out on a northern journey with the hope of finding a new land. Although these expeditions have all failed in the one great object, that of exploring the Palaeocrystic sea, supposed to be enclosed by the Arctic circle, they have gained much in the way of scientific knowledge that is useful to the world. Nearly all civilized countries have interested themselves in this work, but the English and Scandinavian nations have been the most energetic and successful.

One of the most noted and the most disastrous of these expeditions was that undertaken by Lieutenant Franklin, of England, during the present century.

In 1818 he started out of his own accord, with the two vessels, *Trent* and *Dorothea*, but was unsuccessful. The *Dorothea* was stranded and disabled, so he was obliged to return home. But in June of the following year, the scientists of England, having become very much interested in the idea because of the valuable information received from Franklin of the Polar regions, fitted him out to make an expedition for the benefit of the scientific world. During the voyage many of the crew perished; the survivors traveled over 5,550 miles, and endured great privation and fatigue; but the result was more satisfactory than that of the former trip, and Franklin was knighted and received other great honors for his services. In 1845 he accepted the command of the two ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, to discover the great north-west passage. This was the fateful voyage. The vessels were stocked with provisions sufficient for a three years' journey, and all the crew, consisting of 134 souls, were full of life and hope. So much interest had been aroused and such great respect was felt for Franklin that he had volunteers from all classes of society to assist him in his undertaking. Until the three years had passed no great anxiety was felt for their welfare, but after that time, when no news came,



searchers were sent out, and upon their return with no tidings, the country became thoroughly alarmed. Relief parties were immediately sent to discover and assist them if they were found. Not only his own country but every civilized nation aided in the search for Franklin. His noble wife spent her entire fortune in her efforts to find her husband, but until 1850 no trace was found. Four years later an expedition under Dr. Rae discovered enough to prove the death of the entire party. He was told by the Eskimo that in 1850 forty white men had been seen dragging boats over the northern coast of King William's Island, and that shortly afterward the bodies had all been found. They had perished from cold and famine. Many articles belonging to the party were obtained from the natives. Lady Franklin was not yet satisfied, and with the assistance of her many friends and sympathizers, she made one last effort. A party under Captain McClintock in the *Fox* started out in 1857. It was a most hazardous and painful journey, but proved to be more successful than any of the previous ones. Many relics were found, the most important and precious being the journals and records of the voyage, some of them dated three years after their departure from home. The following taken from the journal of Captain Fitzjames tells the painful story briefly and concisely:

"April 25th, 1848. H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on 22nd April, five leagues N. N. W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat., 69° 37' 42" N., long. 98° 41' W. Sir John

Franklin died 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men."

The memory of Sir John Franklin will be ever cherished by all nations as one of the bravest and best of naval heroes. Statues are erected to his honor, and his fame will never die.

The first great interest in Polar expeditions felt by the American people was caused by the search for Franklin. In 1850 the celebrated Grinnell expedition started out, with Elisha Kent Kane as surgeon, naturalist, and historian. After his return Kane published a work entitled "The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin," which was read with so much interest. The search being unsuccessful, Kane tried to obtain aid from the government to assist him in making another trip, and failing in this, he gave lectures and solicited subscriptions to help him in the work. His efforts were humane and disinterested, but as his health was very poor his endeavors were extremely difficult. He succeeded at last, however, and in this journey obtained a great amount of useful knowledge.

The search for Franklin resulted in many important discoveries, at least 7,000 miles of new coast line being traced out, and a great area of unknown country explored. From 1850-1854 McClure discovered the great northwest passage, which had so long been a source of interest and speculation to the commercial as well as to the scientific world. The Hudson Bay Company traced out the northern coast of America. In September, 1855, an American whaler rescued the English ship *Resolute* which had been abandoned in May 1854 during the search

for Franklin. She had drifted nearly a thousand miles. She was returned to the English. The highest latitude ever reached was gained by the English vessel *Alert*, which also traced three hundred miles of new coast line. Me-
cham, in his celebrated expedition, made the fastest time of which we have any record in Arctic travel, $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day.

It would be impossible in this article to give the details of the many Polar explorations, or to even mention all the men who have risked their lives and fortunes in them. It has been claimed by some that Franklin met with foul play by the Eskimo, but what reason anyone has for supposing such a thing is unknown, as these people, from the reports of all returned explorers, are kind and hospitable.

The inhabitants of Greenland and other Polar countries are found exclusively along the coasts, as they subsist mainly upon the animal life found in the water. But very little is known of the interior of Greenland. It is believed to be one immense glacier. It is impossible to explore it, because the vast area of ice is in constant motion, and has mighty chasms and crevices upon its surface. The temperature of Greenland depends to a great extent upon the winds, because of the icy currents on the west and the warm Gulf Stream on the east. The country is called the mother of icebergs, and thousands are sent down into the Atlantic every year. The varieties of animal life are numerous. In one American expedition 522 reindeer were captured.

In Paris, in the year 1891, an idea was advanced to explore these regions in balloons, but was found to be impracticable, as the snows which fall so

heavily during all seasons of the year would undoubtedly weigh them down, and the frosts upon the ropes and riggings would prevent their being used to good advantage. The darkness and heavy mists would compel the explorers to rely entirely upon the stars for guides, and there were too few proficient in the science of astronomy to undertake the enterprise. The circular winds which are believed to blow vigorously around the poles would drive them from their course. The idea was abandoned.

It was due to the suggestion of Lieutenant Heyprecht that an international system of signal stations for observation and relief was adopted. The initial movement of the Americans in this matter was made in 1882, under Greely.

Still less is known of the south Polar regions than of those at the north. Captain Cook is perhaps the most noted of the south Polar explorers. In his travels he discovered the Sandwich, Willis, Pickersgill and Georgia Islands. He was forced to abandon his endeavor to discover an unknown continent, supposed to lie at the southern extremity of the earth by the mighty icebergs which crowded in his way. He counted ninety-seven at one time, stretching across the horizon like a great chain of mountains.

The interest in these explorations is growing continually, and men are resolved that sooner or later they will have a knowledge of the millions of acres of the earth's surface still unknown. No doubt they will have this knowledge, but it will be in God's own due time. He seems to have an object in keeping mankind in ignorance, otherwise some of the hundreds of explorations would surely have been successful.

HORATIUS.

SOME years ago, it was my fortune to be a member of a surveying party. I was the one privileged member—privileged to use my time as I pleased, because I was the guest of the engineer in charge.

At the time of which I write, our camp was located in the Black Hills, some miles to the south of the North Platte River.

When the men were ready for a change of diet from so much beef and antelope, it was my custom to take a man, with several pack horses, and put in my spare time hunting deer.

The large, black-tailed deer were plentiful in the summer and fall among the timbered gulches along the backbone of the range. They furnished excellent sport for the hunter, and a welcome variety in our rough bill of fare—the more so because of the difficulty in getting at them.

One breezy morning in October, leaving my man with the horses among the foot hills, I climbed toward the summit of the range, intent on having venison steak for supper. The wind, however, was at my back, and though I "jumped" deer frequently, they each had my scent before I got within good shooting distance. Bucks, does, and fawns, alike broke from the cover of quaking asp or spruce, and sped away over the nearest spurs. My brown and juicy venison steaks began to resolve themselves into a very dim vision in a very dim future. Presently I gained the crest of the range and crossed over to the south slope, hoping to surprise some antlered monarch sunning himself on that side. Whether I secured game or not, the view alone, I told myself, was worth the climb. Before me lay a great valley, rolling in grand undulations from the

foot of the range upon which I stood, until it met another barrier of hills some thirty miles away. This great fertile stretch was dotted here and there by the irrigated fields of ranches and hay farms. Viewed from that great height, the square plats of fenced land looked like some giant's checker-board, while the ranch buildings were dwarfed to the size of doll-houses.

For a time I stood enjoying this magnificent prospect, and then I commenced to descend into the valley, for there is little use in attempting to get a shot at black-tail or antelope except by working up on them from below. About half-way down the mountain, however, I started a young buck on the edge of a shallow gulch and brought him down with a shot at close range as he endeavored to dash by me.

After dressing him in readiness for the pack-animals, I traveled down to the valley and shortly came to a barb-wire fence enclosing an irrigated hay-field, which cut off all hope of finding any more game in that direction. I noticed a log house and some out buildings standing near a creek bank about half a mile below.

Glancing about me, hardly knowing which way to turn next, I noticed a gulch opening into the valley a few hundred yards above me, and I concluded to explore it. As I turned my eye fell upon an object inside the fence, which caused me to drop down and flatten out, with every instinct of the hunter on the alert.

What I saw was a big buck mounting the bank of the creek, where he had probably been slaking his thirst. He was a black-tail with an immense spread of antlers, and I judged him to be a three hundred pounder at the least. He moved along the fence toward me in the

most accommodating manner, stopping occasionally to nip at the stubble or to lift his head in a vacant, unconcerned look around.

In this way he slowly advanced, swerving off a little from the line of fence, until he stood opposite my position, and presented a broadside shot at rather long range. I raised my sight for four hundred yards, took a careful aim, and fired, fully expecting to see the big fellow drop at the crack of the rifle. Instead of the ordinary thud of a bullet striking a solid object, I heard a distinct ping, followed by the singing of a wire. Then I saw my buck flinch, spring backward, whirl and bound away with tremendous leaps in a direct line for the ranch buildings below.

Evidently my ball had struck one of the fence wires and touched the deer in its deflected aim. But as I saw the animal driving straight down upon those ranch buildings, I did not need to wait until he had disappeared among them to know that I had fired at a tame deer, and I need not tell you that I was considerably mortified at my lack of caution. I knew, too, that notwithstanding his fine burst of speed, my bullet might have passed clear through him, or at least have inflicted a serious wound. The sudden flinch of his body at the shot had told too plainly of a hit.

After thinking the matter over for a few minutes, I determined to walk down to the house, find out what damage

I had done to the animal, and make the best amends in my power.

In ten minutes I reached the back of the house, a few steps carried me past the corner, and—behold! there stood my buck in the front yard. A boy of sixteen or so was holding him by the horns, while a sweet-faced woman with a basin of water and a cloth washed the

wound where the glancing bullet had passed through the top of his neck.

At sight of me the animal broke away from the boy and ran in among some sheep-sheds a few rods away from the house. I doffed my hat to the lady, and blundered through an apology, explaining how and why the accident had happened.

The boy stood looking at me in a sulky way, but the lady, his mother, accepted my regrets in a pleasant manner that put me at my ease immediately.

"We don't blame you, sir," she said, "for we know that wild deer and antelope are quite common in the cattle pastures. Horatius has been shot at before, though this is the first time he has been hit. But won't you sit down and rest awhile?"

She pointed to some chairs standing on the neat porch, and we settled ourselves for a chat. At that moment a pretty girl of about twelve came out of the house, and walking over to her mother seated herself on her lap.

"Mamma, how is Horatius?" she asked, looking at me in a doubtful way.

"Why do you call him Horatius?" I enquired. "Isn't that a peculiar name for a deer?"

"We don't think so. We call him Horatius because he defended the gap," the little Miss promptly replied.

"I see that I might as well commence and tell you our pet's history from the beginning," my hostess remarked with a smile.

"We purchased him from two cow-boys, who had caught him in the hills when he was only a few days old, and had brought him—a tiny, spotted fawn—into the valley. We fed him on cow's milk until he grew large enough to pick a living for himself.

"Horatius has literally grown up with

my children. He is a perfect pet, and he follows my little girl about like a dog.

"He is now seven years old, and though he is sometimes a little cross to strangers, he is always gentle with the members of my family.

"And now, Nelly," she said, turning to her daughter, "you can tell the gentleman why it is that we think more of Horatius than anything else on the ranch, not excepting the dogs and your own pony."

The girl's face lighted up in a way that convinced me the deer was a great favorite with her, and she commenced as follows:

"You wouldn't wonder at what mother says if you'd been with my brother Fred and me one day, three years ago last January. That was before mamma began to send us off to school for six months every winter. We used to frolic around in the snow a good deal those times, because mamma kept us so close at home in the summer. She was afraid the Indians, who used to come swooping around quite often, would kidnap us, so she scarcely ever let us go out of sight of the house.

"In the winter it was different, because, you know, Indians don't like to be out in cold weather. We hunted rabbits, and trapped foxes and sometimes coyotes, and slid down hill on a coaster we made by sawing off the corners of an old feed-box, and nailing seats across to keep the snow out.

"Do you see those steep, bare hills over yonder, just above the timber and below the big bluffs? If you will look again, you will notice a gulch dividing them about the center. Well, the mouth of that gulch is the spot from which we used to coast, and that's where Horatius saved our lives. Fred could tell you the same thing if he were

here; and I know he loves the deer just as much as mamma and I do.

"Horatius used to go with us when we coasted, and he'd browse around among the cedars and dig in the snow for bunch-grass while we slid down the hill. He never went far away, and he was as contented as a setting hen. When we got tired, we'd leave our old box at the foot of the hill and take turns in riding Spotty home.

"I forgot to tell you that we called him Spotty before he defended the gap. Then we changed his name to Horatius, after the Roman who held the bridge.

"Well, Horatius, he'd jog along, with either of us on him, if the other held him by one of his horns; but when he wasn't led, he always watched his chance, gave a sudden jump, and landed his rider in the snow. Then he'd stand and look at us just as sober as a judge but we could see he was laughing inside.

"We never thought of danger from wolves when we went out, though there were plenty of them—both coyotes and bigger ones as there are today. The cow-boys call the big wolves 'buffalo wolves,' but father says they are only a sort of timber wolf, although he thinks they're bigger than some he saw in Illinois when he was a boy.

"Early in January there came a big snow-fall, and after the snow had packed, Fred and I went up to the gulch with the sled. It did not take us long to plow a smooth track to the bottom of the hill, and then we had all the fun we wanted.

"We had just dragged the sled up to the top for another ride, when Fred grabbed me by the arm and pointed up the gulch.

"I looked,—and there were five big wolves loping through the snow, one

after another, and coming straight for us. We were so frightened that we stood and stared at them stupidly until they got within fifty yards of us.

"Then Fred grabbed my hand and we started to run, but before we had gone twenty steps, I stumbled and fell head-first into a snow-drift, dragging Fred down with me. I tried to rise, but I couldn't; I was too badly frightened, I guess. So I just scrambled to my knees, kept my eyes tight shut, and began to pray,—expecting every second that a wolf would fasten his teeth into me.

"Pretty soon Fred—who still held my hand—cried out: 'Look, Nelly! see Spotty fight the wolves!'

"I looked and saw Horatius standing in the mouth of the gulch, facing the wolves. Just then two of them made a dash at him, and he caught the first one on his horns and threw him high into the air. The other jumped at his throat, but the deer was too quick for him. Horatius horned him down into the snow, then jumped onto him with his hoofs all in a bunch, and that wolf didn't get up any more.

"Then the others backed off a little ways and sat down on their tails, licking their chops, showing their teeth, and snarling.

"In a minute or two they got up, one after another, sauntered around in the snow a little and then charged Horatius all in a bunch. He stood waiting for them, stamping his feet and holding his head low down.

"I don't know exactly what did happen in the next few seconds, because I shut my eyes again; but Fred says that one wolf set his teeth into the deer's flank, and Horatius whirled and drove a prong of his horns into him, and hurt him so badly that he gave one yelp and

ran off, and the other three followed him. Anyway, when I opened my eyes the wolves were running away up the gulch."

"I don't wonder that you love Horatius," I remarked, when she paused. "But I never before heard of a deer that could successfully combat five wolves," I added.

"Father says it is on account of his experience at home," she replied. "You see, we used to keep four or five dogs, and sometimes they'd try to worry him; but if he could back up against the house or the barn, he'd whip them easily. That is how he learned to fight."

After a little further chat, I said good-by and returned to camp. I did not forget Horatius, however, and I have reason to believe that a fancy collar with an engraved name-plate adorns his neck today.

H. Alan Clarke.

"LET no possible loss of influence, or patronage, or gold tempt you to the doing of that which your judgment and your conscience disapprove. Better a thousand times to be slandered than to sin; nobler to spend your days in all the bitterness of unheeded struggle than become a hollow parasite, to gain a hollow friend. Worthier far to remain poor for ever, the brave and self-respecting heir of the crust and of the spring than, in another sense than Shakespeare's, to 'coin your heart,' and for the 'vile drachms' which are the hire of wrong, to 'drop your generous blood.'"

THERE lies no nobility, no dignity, in evil retort of any kind; evil is evil when returned as much as when given.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE SWORD OF LABAN.

WE have received from a valued correspondent a question which, he states, has come up in the Theological Class in their Sunday school. The question is:

"Was the sword of Laban found in the stone box in the Hill Cumorah at the time Joseph obtained the first view of the plates; if not, where was it discovered and when?"

The Prophet Joseph in relating and describing the first visitation of the Angel Moroni to him uses the following language: "He (the angel) said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants; also, that there were two stones in silver bows—and these stones, fastened to a breast-plate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim—deposited with the plates."

And, in describing his first visit to the Hill Cumorah, Joseph says:

"Having removed the earth and obtained a lever, which I got fixed under the edge of the stone, and with a little exertion raised it up, I looked in, and there indeed did I behold the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breastplate, as stated by the mes-

senger. The box in which they lay, was formed by laying stones together in some kind of cement. In the bottom of the box there were laid two stones cross-ways of the box, and on these stones lay the plates and other things with them."

Four years from this time Joseph was permitted to obtain possession of "the plates, Urim and Thummim and breast-plate;" no mention whatever is made of the sword of Laban.

The first reference to the sword of Laban that we find made in the present dispensation is found in the following revelation to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, given at Fayette, Seneca County, New York, June, 1829, just previous to their viewing the plates:

"Behold, I say unto you, that you must rely upon my word, which if you do with full purpose of heart, you shall have a view of the plates, and also the breastplate, *the sword of Laban*, the Urim and Thummim, which were given to the brother of Jared upon the mount, when he talked with the Lord face to face, and the miraculous *directors* which were given to Lehi."

In pursuance of this revelation, Joseph, Martin Harris, David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery retired into the woods to obtain by fervent and humble prayer the fulfillment of this promise. Failing to receive the desired manifestation, Martin Harris withdrew, leaving the others to continue in supplication. In answer to their prayer an angel stood before them with the plates in his hands. The following language by the Prophet Joseph goes to show that the burden of their prayer was to obtain a view of the plates for the benefit of those who had not already seen them:

"An angel stood before us; in his

hands he held the plates which we had been praying for, these (David Whitmer and Martin Harris) to have a view of; and he turned over the leaves one by one, so that we could see them, etc."

The following from a sermon delivered by the late President Brigham Young at Farmington, June 17, 1877, furnishes the most authentic information we have in answer to the question of our correspondent:

"I believe I will take the liberty to tell you of another circumstance that will be as marvellous as anything can be. This is an incident in the life of Oliver Cowdery, but he did not take the liberty of telling such things in meeting as I take. I tell these things to you, and I have a motive for doing so. I want you to carry them to the ears of my brethren and sisters and to the children also, that they may grow to an understanding of some things that seem to be entirely hidden from the human family. Oliver Cowdery went with the Prophet Joseph when he deposited these plates. Joseph did not translate all of the plates; there were a portion of them sealed, which you can learn from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. When Joseph got the plates, the angel instructed him to carry them back to the Hill Cumorah, which he did. Oliver says that when Joseph and Oliver went there the hill opened and they walked into a cave, in which there was a large and spacious room. He says he did not think at the time whether they had the light of the sun or artificial light, but that it was just as light as day. They laid the plates on a table; it was a large table that stood in the room. Under this table was a pile of plates as much as two feet high; and there were altogether in this room more plates than probably many wagon loads;

they were piled up in the corners and along the walls. The first time they went there the sword of Laban hung upon the wall; but when they went again it had been taken down and laid upon the table across the gold plates; it was unsheathed, and on it was written these words: 'This sword will never be sheathed again until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our God and his Christ.' I tell you this as coming not only from Oliver Cowdery, but others who are familiar with it, and who understood it just as well as we understand coming to this meeting, enjoying the day, and by and by separate and go away, forgetting most of what was said, but remembering some things. So it is with other circumstances in life. I relate this to you and I want you to understand it. I take this liberty of referring to those things so that they will not be forgotten and lost."

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

A CONDITION of affairs exists in France that should call forth serious attention and thorough action on the part of leading men—of all, in fact, who have influence in that nation. The decrease of marriages in France ought to excite alarm, and there is a very much larger percentage of illegitimate children there than in America. Twenty-eight per cent of Parisian children, says the *Medical Record*, are illegitimate; and out of every one hundred families thirty-three have no children, unless they are stillborn. Out of sixty thousand babes born in Paris yearly, twenty thousand are sent out to nurse, and of these thirty-eight per cent die the first year.

Is not this a terrible showing? These facts ought to startle every reflecting person in the nation, as they look to a

gradual withering of national life and strength, and in process of time a slow but sure extinction of national existence. If this condition is not remedied France cannot long remain among the first class powers of Europe.

We learn that the French people are being made fully alive to the fact that France is losing in population, and they are making some practical attempts to remedy the evil. In Paris a "Society for the Increase of the French Population" has been started. A very prominent gentleman--Dr. Bertillon--is its head. This society not only intends to show the French people their danger, but also aims to interest the Legislature in the subject. They propose to lighten the enormous taxation imposed upon the French people by reducing taxes in favor of the fathers of large families. It is said that the Minister of Finance is not much pleased with the demands of this society; yet it is asserted that nothing else will bring about the desired effect. Good fathers and mothers of large families, it is claimed, must be relieved. Those who favor this plan say, "Take off some of the taxes which weigh upon the French household, and that household will increase." The members of this society pay \$2 a year in fees. The fathers of more than three children pay only 20 cents a year after their first payment. This society means to accomplish its object by political agitation, without which nothing can be done in France. It has secured the support of 26 papers in Paris, 41 in the Provinces, and 4 in Algiers.

This is certainly a very unique method of promoting the birth of children. In keeping with this, one would think that the taxing of bachelors would be a proper proceeding. This society hopes to increase the population of France,

not only by lightening the burden of the taxpayer, but by combating the mortality among infants. Baby-farming with all its attendant evils, they assert, must be stopped in France. If all the children that see the light in France were allowed to grow up, they claim the census would make a far more favorable showing than it does. Of course, if this society expects to succeed, it must punish with severity all crimes against infant life.

THE A. F. F. LEAGUE OR THE RAID AT TINKLER'S.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 480.)

FRED had listened with a queer feeling of dread and apprehension as his father told his story. The tenor of the by-laws which had been stricken out of the "League" rules at his insistence was still vivid in his memory; and a fear came into his heart lest he had been made the victim of a deception. True Tom's manner then had been frank enough to do away with all doubt as to sincerity; but several things that had happened since, to which Fred's confidence had not permitted him to attach wrong, in the light of this disclosure began to wear suspicious aspects. First was the fact that all the boys of the "League" except himself seldom missed a performance at the theater, often going twice to the same play, and occupying the best seats. This was decidedly unusual, as their parents had seldom allowed them money for frivolities during school-term, as late hours interfered with their work. Then, too, they had been constantly supplied with material for their games, marbles, balls, etc., some of them playing recklessly with a half-dozen choice flints that at one time

they would hardly have risked in three times as many games. In fact a number of things came crowding into Fred's remembrance, filling his mind with misgivings. And yet, the boys had certainly always accounted for their indulgence and belongings in a natural and plausible way, and there was nothing to warrant the fear that had sprung in his heart. Mingled, however, with his longing to believe his comrades innocent, was a feeling of indignation at the thought that they perhaps might have tricked him. If they were indeed the culprits in the story told by his father, the case was almost as serious for himself as for them, as he had been seen with them constantly, and was known to be a member of the League of which they were the leaders. One thing was certain—he must do himself the justice to keep out of their company till this affair and his doubts concerning it were settled.

But there was the fun they had planned for tonight! To give up that was harder than anything else, so long had they all looked forward to the "lark" that was to pay Peter for his trick. Surely there was justification enough in the case to excuse his going with the boys this one more time. And yet if his fears should prove true, would the pleasure of it all recompense him for making himself an associate of petty thieves? If they should all be seen and caught together!

Seven, eight, nine o'clock struck, and found Fred still debating the question with his conscience and better judgment.

But half an hour now to the time set for the meeting. Fred laid down the book he had vainly been trying to read and went up stairs to his room.

"Going to bed, Fred?" his mother called from the sitting-room as he went.

"I guess so," Fred answered doubtfully.

Reaching his room, he shut and locked the door and walked to the window, still wavering between longing and pride.

A clear, starlit night, cool but balmy, and neither too dark nor light for the project on hand. Just the night for a splendid lark, and nothing to hinder but—what? An ill-suspicion, founded on half-defined, unproved facts, which he had no actual cause for believing. Taking up his hat, Fred opened the window and slipped out on the roof of the back porch. It sloped to within eight or nine feet of the ground, and in a moment more Fred had dropped upon the soft earth and was speeding towards the meeting place.

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"Don't make so much noise Fred," said Tom Reese, in a whisper, as they climbed the fence into Tinkler's field. "You'll rouse them up before our fun's begun."

"No danger of that. Peter and his wife are both deaf as posts, and wouldn't hear us if we fired a cannon under their window."

"You don't say!" Tom chuckled gleefully. "Jiminy, if we don't have fun, with everything favoring us like this, it'll be because we don't try."

"Have you thought of any particular plan?" asked Dick Gray, one of the original "Four."

"Thought of anything! What do you take me for anyway?" asked Tom contemptuously. "If I hadn't thought up a dose for Tinkler by this time, I'd resign."

"Time to tell," exclaimed the other boys in a chorus.

"Well, then, the first thing on the program is to have a drink of Tinkler's cream."

"Hoo-oo-oo-rah! Hoorah for the captain of the A. F. F. L!" choroused the boys.

"And the next thing—" said Tom, accepting the acclamation as a matter of course.

"Give us number two," said they impatiently, as Tom paused.

"Wait till we're inside and I'll announce it by example," said Tom.

They had reached the milk-house by this time, and their leader was busy pulling out the staple that secured the padlock which fastened the door. It took but a few minutes to accomplish the task, and once inside the boys lit a lantern they had brought with them, and looked around. It was a small room, with rock walls, and shelves running their entire length on each side. On these shelves were ranged a number of pans containing new milk, and cream that had been skimmed from yesterday's stock, to supply extra customers. A tempting sight it was to the boys, and they could hardly wait to begin. Tom gave them a surprise by taking from his various pockets and a small bag swung over his arm, enough tumblers to go round, and the boys chose each a pan and began to refresh himself from its rich contents.

When they had drank till they could taste no longer, they looked at Tom, curious to know what was to be the next move.

That genius did not leave them long in doubt. Taking a pan of cream that had been unmolested, he poured equal portions of it into seven pans of new milk, filling them to the brim.

"Each of you boys take one of these pans and follow me," he said. Lifting one of them himself, he led the way out of the milk-house, the others following suit.

Up the path to the edge of the orchard, through it and across the lot to the cow-yard they marched in single file, Tom leading in silence and with firm tread, and the boys bringing up the rear in wonderment as to what was to be the finale of their captain's strange move. Reaching the cow-yard, Tom marched around the barn and paused at the sty where a huge porker lay grunting audibly and solemnly. For the first time the boys caught an inkling of Tom's intention. Setting his pan down, Tom leaped over the paling into the pen.

"Hand me that pan, one of you boys," he said quietly.

"Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah for the A. F. F. L," piped the league boys again.

One by one the cans were handed over to Tom, the pig roused from porkine dreams to this amazing banquet, finishing one after another with zest and enjoyment.

When the last drop was gone, Tom commenced pulling a picket off the fence that inclosed the pen.

"What's that for?" asked Fred.

"I'm going to give his pigship a little exercise in the field."

The others at once laid hold and helped with a keen appreciation and anticipation of the fun in store for them. After they had taken off a picket apiece, Tom took his and began to prod the unhappy porker. It took but a few moments to drive him through the opening in the fence, and an instant more the boys were giving him a wild chase around the open field.

Squealing and grunting, podging clumsily ahead, or dodging sideways in frantic efforts to escape his tormentors, the pig kept the boys in high glee, their roars of laughter sounding even above the swine's discordant notes.

"Say, boys, we're making lots too much noise for this time of night," said Tom, suddenly. "If the Tinklers are deaf the neighbors ain't, and there's two at least near enough to hear. We don't want to spend the night in jail for our fun, and that's what will happen to us if we're caught at this."

His words suddenly reminded Fred of his former fears. It was not like Tom to show signs of faint-heartedness. Had he had some warning or fright to make him cautious now?

"We've gone far enough anyway, boys," Fred said with decision. "It's all right to have a little fun; but this poor swine hasn't got much breath left now, and to chase him any longer will be torture pure and simple. I move we get him back into his pen, put the pickets up, and go home."

"I fancy I see myself or any of us taking that much trouble for Tinkler," replied Tom. "What are we here for anyway? To pay old Pete out, or do chores for him? I propose to leave that pen open and let the pig go back if he can."

"Come now, Tom; that's carrying the joke too far. As far as the pans of milk were concerned, it has all been fair and square; we've only paid Pete back his own scurvy trick. But when it comes to tampering with other property, it's a different thing. We've had our revenge and lots of fun into the bargain. Don't let's spoil it all by putting ourselves in the wrong." Two of the boys seconded Fred's words; but the "Big Four" stood firm for Tom's view of the case.

"Where is the animal anyway?" demanded Tom suddenly. "While we've been blowing, he's made the most of his time and settled the case himself."

The boys commenced to look about, forgetting their argument in the interest

of hunting him up. Suddenly Dick Gray called out:

"Boys come here."

There was something curious in his tone, and the boys hastened to gather round him. He was stooping over some dark object that lay on the ground, and in a moment they all realized what had happened.

The chase over the field after the heavy milk repast had been too much for the animal, and he had rolled over in his tracks stone dead. The boys stood silently looking at the victim of their sport, their spirits quelled by the unexpected outcome of their fun. It lent a new aspect to the case, and promised consequences which they did not care to face.

As they stood talking in low tones, Tom suddenly started.

"Look out, boys! There's someone coming!"

Where they had sprung from was a mystery; but before the boys had sensed Tom's warning, a half-dozen men were upon them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"WHEN the body and mind are properly fed and kept in working order, and recreation is adjusted to work, and food to effort, day by day, little need is found for a dry dock into which, at the returning voyage of each year, the shattered hulk must be hauled for repairs. This is really the great lesson of human life, so far as our physical natures are concerned—day by day our daily bread, and day by day our daily care. The maintenance of health is the adjustment in which we have marvelously the help of nature, if only we come to understand ourselves, and have our bodies under the control of our wills and conscience."

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 422.

"BUT some man an will say, how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" (*1. Cor. xv: 35.*)

This question had undoubtedly been put to the Apostle Paul on several occasions, and he therefore presents it himself in order to explain to the Grecian saints in the great city of Corinth that they might the better understand this particular doctrine, which was so very different from their former ideas.

The same questions are very frequently asked in our day by many reflecting men, who cannot see any consistency in what is taught by professed ministers of the Gospel with regard to God and man's relationship to Him in this life and hereafter. We, therefore, think it proper to dwell at some length upon this part of our subject, as it will lead us into many interesting details regarding the conditions which we may expect to meet hereafter, and also to find some of the causes that have placed the human family in such a variety of conditions and circumstances that we can hardly avoid asking the question, Why is man thus dealt with by a just and wise Creator? It has been the cause of much criticism by many intelligent minds, and has led large numbers of them to become unbelievers in the revealed word of God, calling themselves Free-thinkers, as it appears to them that existing facts contradict the statements of the Bible.

We will now try to answer the question, With what bodies do they come in the resurrection? But first we will endeavor to remove some of the erroneous notions believed in by the so-called orthodox Christians, as their ideas are widely different from what we find recorded in holy writ on that subject.

There are a great majority of professed believers in the Bible who think that only what they term the soul—not the body—will live beyond the grave, and that there will be no other life hereafter. This is just the same belief that those ancient Corinthians entertained, and which the Apostle Paul contended against with such vigor. He clearly points out that it upsets the very foundation of our faith and makes the Savior Himself and His apostles miserable imposters; "for if there is no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God, that He raised up Christ, whom He raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not; for if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable; but now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruit of them that slept." (*1. Cor. xv: 13-20.*)

This plain and forcible argument ought to be sufficient to convince every believer in the Bible that the learned writer of this epistle, and his fellow-apostles, did preach and urged upon the Saints in their day to believe in and hope for a real and literal resurrection of the body from the grave, and not merely the soul or spirit.

Thus there is another equally erroneous and absurd notion believed in by many millions of upright and devoted Christians, and supposed by them to be in accordance with the teachings of the Savior and His apostles with regard to the resurrection of the dead, and parti-

cularly as to the kind of body man will come forth with. They think to find support for their belief in what Jesus said to the Sadducees while He endeavored to show them their mistake and inconsistency in referring to a certain woman who had been married seven times while she lived, and using this circumstance as an argument against the resurrection. "Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God, for in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." (*Matt. xxii: 22-3.*) From this passage of scripture they draw the conclusion that to be made as the angels of God they must be made neutral gender, or in other words, they must neither be masculine nor feminine beings in that heaven where they hope to dwell with God forever. But the Savior gave no such instruction to the Sadducees, nor to anybody else, and yet this absurd notion is believed in by millions of people who are seeking to serve God to the best of their understanding, and who die with the hope of being re-united with their departed friends and relatives in a better world than this. But what a meeting it would be! Disappointment and sorrow would confront them there instead of joy and happiness, as recognition would be impossible. The loving husband would look in vain for his dear wife and the mother of his children, and she, likewise, would never again find her noble husband and the father of her children, as she knew and loved him here on earth. Parents would never meet and recognize their beloved children, and friends would be as much strangers to each other as as if they had never met or loved each other before. Instead of his beloved wife, a man would find an-

other being with no resemblance whatever to the mother of his children and the sharer of his joys and sorrows while here on earth. According to the common notion about the angels of God, each one would be provided with a pair of large wings on his shoulders, but all would be alike, or nearly so, and as to their former affections as man and wife, parents and children, or any other kindred relationship, which formerly bound them to each other, it would all be forgotten and done away with. If, after such a change of the individual, there could possibly be a recognition of former associates, it would be cold and indifferent: as the causes that bound the families together by the strongest ties of affection here below, would exist no more. A former wife would at most, be able to recognize her earthly husband as an acquaintance from earthly life, but with no particular interest in him; in fact, he would be like her in every particular, and she would be like him, if the word "he" or "she" could properly be used in speaking of the sectarian angels, which, however, only exist in the imagination of mistaken people.

But let us pause and see if we can find any support for believing in such conditions, either in heaven or elsewhere, or the least ground upon which to build such a theory. We read in our good old Bible, that God dwells in heaven, and that He created this earth with all there is upon it, and finally—while yet in heaven—He said:

"Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in His own

image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them. (*Genesis i: 26-27.*)

They were both created in the image of God, and after His likeness, male and female as God and His children were in heaven before this world was made the habitation of man, and they were, also both immortal beings when placed here upon this earth, in the garden of Eden, before the fall; for death was not in this world, as far as man was concerned—before our first parents had transgressed a certain commandment of God; death being the penalty. They were, as man and wife, in possession of eternal life then, just as much as man ever will obtain and enjoy eternal life hereafter, through the atonement of Christ, and they would have lived to this day, save for that transgression.

"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned; * * * therefore, as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life; for as by one man's disobedience, many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous." (*Rom. v: 12-19.*)

Thus we find that all that was lost by the transgression of our first parents, has been atoned for by Christ, and the human family will be restored to the condition that Adam and Eve enjoyed before the fall, but will be held responsible for their own acts.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works." (*Matt. xvi: 27.*)

The dead will consequently be resurrected as the same identical men and women that they were here on earth during their mortal life, without any material change as to their appearance, but they will be immortal beings and have no blood coursing through their veins, but instead they will have the life-giving spirit, which our first parents had before the fall, and our Savior had in His body after His resurrection. All that the Savior implied in His answer to the Sadducees was, that in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage. Not the faintest hint is given about the two sexes being done away with; on the contrary, He rather accepted their proposition about the woman—still being a woman—being the wife of one of these seven husbands, who consequently also would still be men—and only tells them of their ignorance concerning the power of God, and the meaning of the scriptures. God had made man,—both male and female—in His own image and likeness, and as all men are His children, both men and women, the idea of making them something else with regard to their individual sex, becomes ridiculous and absurd in the extreme. God did not only place male and female here upon earth, but united them in the holy bonds of matrimony personally, and blessed them to be fruitful and multiply, while they were yet in their innocent and immortal condition, and as we have already shown, all that was lost to man through the fall of Adam, will be restored through the atonement of Christ.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VULGARITY in manners defiles fine garments more than mud.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE SILVER ISSUE.

It is not the province of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to take any part in politics, and the editor has scrupulously refrained from treating upon political questions of any character, only as those questions affected us as Latter-day Saints. We cannot as a people, however, close our eyes or our ears to that which is going on around us. No people on this continent are more interested in public movements than are the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. So many predictions have been made concerning the future of our own nation that we would be a very stupid people if we were not deeply interested in the fulfillment of those predictions and in watching the signs which will precede or accompany them.

The Book of Mormon is a most precious record if for no other reason than this: it gives us a clear idea concerning the fate of the people of this land in their national capacity. Not only does the Book of Mormon furnish us with the most interesting and definite information, but the Book of Doctrine and Covenants also can be read by Latter-day Saints with the deepest interest because of the events which are foreshadowed in the revelations which it contains.

The Lord has told us that this nation was raised up expressly by Him. The founders of it were inspired in the work which they performed. The armies of the revolution were sustained by His power, and achieved their victory over the armies of the mother country through His blessing. A form of government was established which would permit the organization of the Church

of Christ and would grant to that Church the fullest liberty of worship consistent with good order. No human being could properly ask for greater liberty than every man under this government can possess where the Constitution is maintained. The Lord undoubtedly had this in view in breaking the yoke of the mother country and in making free the colonies which afterwards became the United States. Great promises were made unto the people of this land if they would obey the Lord and would seek to work righteousness in the land. But the people were warned that great disasters and trouble and calamity would fall upon them unless they took this course. If they rebelled against God and refused to acknowledge Him, they should be overthrown.

In connection with these predictions, other predictions were made as to the future of the Church of Christ and the influence which that Church would have in this land. The Prophet Joseph and other Elders predicted that the day would come when constitutional government in this country would be endangered, and when it would require the interference of the people of God to uphold the Constitution and the liberties that are guaranteed under it, so that all the inhabitants of the land should enjoy the rights which belong to them as free men and as citizens of the Republic. From early days predictions of this character have been made. It has been the settled belief of the best informed members of the church, that it was the destiny of the Latter-day Saints in the not distant future to uphold the Constitution and be the saviors of liberty on this land. Certainly, no people between the two oceans on this continent are so well qualified by training, by experience, and

by their general characteristics, to perform this magnificent work as are the people called Mormons who inhabit these mountains.

To my mind, the admission of Utah as a state was a step necessary to put us in a position to perform this work. Numbers of people thought Utah never would be admitted as a State. But to me it seemed absolutely necessary that the Territory should become a State to give us the standing necessary to perform the work which lay before us. As a State we are clothed with all the powers of sovereignty; we have a voice in all the councils of the nation and in the election of a President and Vice President; and though numerically weak compared with such a state as New York, our voice is as potential in many directions as that of the Empire State. This being the condition, we have grand opportunities to demonstrate to the people of this great nation our unselfish love for Constitutional principles and American institutions; and it can be truthfully said that even today Utah has an importance in the eyes of men that very many larger States do not have.

Is there not something very significant in Utah having attained to the full dignity of a State just on the verge of the present widespread agitation of very important questions and the threatening aspect of public affairs throughout the entire Republic?

It is no exaggeration to say that the United States never occupied a more critical position; unless we except the eve of the civil war, than at present. In fact, there are those in the nation who assert that the present situation is equally critical with that which preceded the war. The intensity of feeling which has grown up on the gold and

silver question has no parallel, excepting that which grew up between slavery and freedom. The line of demarkation is almost as sharply drawn between the East and the West now as it was in those days between the North and the South. The old political parties are being terribly shaken up. Party lines are being lost sight of, and new associations and combinations are being formed all over the land at the present juncture.

A great principle is involved in this money question. The Constitution of the United States undoubtedly contemplated the use of both gold and silver as coin and a tender in the payment of debts. The framers of that instrument held the views which were then current as to the necessity of having both metals in circulation as money. But of late there has been an evident determination to relegate silver to the rear and to deprive it of its function as money—at least, as money as current in its place as gold.

We have been led to expect that there would be attempts made to infringe upon the Constitution. Is this an infringement? Many people say there should be an international agreement between the United States and other leading commercial nations upon this silver question, but others say that it is unworthy a great nation like ours, so independent, so full of resources and so free from European entanglements to depend upon the agreement of other nations as to what metal this nation shall have for its money. Looking at it from the standpoint of patriotism, there seems to be force in this view. All manner of disasters are predicted, however, by those who are opposed to silver if the gold standard is not maintained. There have been a great many sophistical statements made concerning

the demonetization of silver in 1873, but it is an indisputable fact that silver received in that year a blow from which it has never recovered, and which was given to it in the most stealthy and underhanded manner. It may be that the advocates of silver may go too far in their advocacy of the rights of that metal. It is difficult in discussing a question like this, upon which people feel so intensely, to avoid going to extremes. But it is well for us who reside in these mountains to divest ourselves of prejudice and look upon these questions as free from passion as possible, and cultivate a conservative feeling. It certainly would be, in my opinion, a violation of the Constitution for silver advocates to attempt to strike down gold and to deprive it of its function as money and as a tender in payment of debts. So also is it a violation of the Constitution to attempt to make gold the only metal that possesses the function as a tender in payment of debts. Gold and silver should both be upheld and used, and any attempt to deprive either of these metals of its value as a tender in payment of debts seems to me a clear violation of the spirit of the Constitution.

It may be that we who reside in these mountains may find it necessary to uphold the cause of silver against those who would strike it down, and on this account the greatest care should be used by the Latter-day Saints to not allow themselves to be carried away by party zeal in any direction that will impair the soundness of their judgment or that will in any manner interfere with the freedom of action which may be necessary on their part to do their whole duty to themselves and the government. It is not at all probable that the encroachments which we have been led to expect

will be made upon the Constitution will be of a very startling character to begin with. They may be of a very insidious character, and will require close scrutiny to discern their danger. But we ought to be like people on the watchtower, scanning the horizon in every direction and watching for dangers that may become threatening at any moment.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAPTER I.

'God gave me all the power I have'—David W. Patten.

GREAT men are the Lord's object lessons to the world. They hold out to mankind the measure of truth committed to their generation. As example is greater than precept, so a life may state a truth more forcibly than words.

When He answered the question as to the first great commandment, the Savior did more than satisfy the idle curiosity of the listening crowd, he indicated one of the underlying purposes of this life and stated the principle by which civilization will be determined.

Measured by the love he bore his Maker and his fellow-men, few greater men have ever lived than David Wyman Patten. With all the intensity of his nature, he served the Lord, and with the same undivided purpose he was devoted to the welfare of humanity. Having in mind that divine precept, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend," the Prophet Joseph Smith said over the remains of this great Apostle, "There lies a man who has done just as he said he would—he has laid down his life for his friends."

Of David's early life little is known. While he was quite young, his parents, Benenio Patten and Abigail Cole Patten, removed from the State of Vermont,

where he was born about the year 1800, to the town of Theresa, at Indian River Falls, in the western part of the State of New York.

Leaving home while yet a boy, he made his way to the southeastern part of Michigan, and made himself a home in the woods a short distance above the little town of Dundee, in Monroe County, where he married Miss Phoebe Ann Babcock, in 1828. Here, too, though telling his fellow-religionists that there was no true religion on the earth, he allied himself with the Methodists.

Being from youth of a religious turn of mind, he had received a particular manifestation of the Holy Ghost when he was twenty-one years of age. Being admonished to humble himself before the Lord and repent of his sins, he enjoyed for the next three years a close communion with the Lord, through visions and dreams of the night. In one of these it was made known to him that the Church of Christ would be established in his day, and he looked forward to such an event with joyous anticipation.

When about the age of twenty-four years, as he tells us in his meager journal, he became, through the cares of the world, neglectful in conduct, and remained so to some extent until he was thirty years old, when, by sincere repentance, he again received a testimony that his sins were forgiven. Under these conditions and at about this time he saw for the first time a copy of the Book of Mormon, but only long enough to read the inspired preface and the testimony of the eleven witnesses. From this time he prayed continually for faith and a more perfect knowledge. It was while living in anticipation of just such an event, therefore, that he

received, in the latter part of May, 1832, a letter from his elder brother, John Patten, of Fairplay, Indiana, informing him of the restoration of the Gospel.

The message fairly caused his heart to leap for joy. He was conscious of the light which was about to break upon him. He knew by intuition that his life's darkness was over, and that thenceforward he should walk in the light of truth eternal. He arose in the meeting that day—for it was on a Sunday he received the word—and told the assembly he had at last got word of the Church of Christ.

Impatient to be off, he mounted his old grey mare the next morning and started alone through the woods on a journey of three hundred miles. That part of the country in those days was little more than a wilderness. The roads by which the settlers had come from their eastern homes ran, in the main, east and west, so that David's way to the south led him over hills, through valleys and across rivers by paths almost unknown to the white man; but nature was in her glory, the birds made melody the day through, and, more than all else, his own heart, swelling with gratitude, kept time to the music of the spheres, for God had again spoken from the heavens, the questionings of his soul since boyhood had been answered, and those paths, rough though they were, led to the realization of his highest hopes this side of eternity. That otherwise lonely journey was filled with peace and happiness unspeakable.

Arrived at the home of his brother, at Fairplay, he found him, before an infidel, now a devoted Christian and substantially as the history of the rise of the Church was related to him we shall repeat it here:

"In a little town six hundred miles to the east, in the State of New York, a young man named Joseph Smith, while praying in the woods twelve years ago, received a visit from God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ. Three years later an angel, calling himself Moroni, appeared to this youth and explained that he was a resurrected being who had formerly lived on this continent in the flesh. Telling the boy Joseph of a sacred record hidden in a hill near by, the angel met him on the hillside where the precious charge lay concealed in a stone box, and after repeated admonitions during the four subsequent years, delivered to him some gold plates and an instrument called a Urim and Thummim, with which to translate the inspired hieroglyphics.

"After much delay and a great deal of persecution, the youth succeeded in reproducing from the gold plates the record known as the Book of Mormon, now published to the world these three years.

"Two years and two months ago, having received authority under the hands of John the Baptist, as also from Peter, James and John, the ancient apostles, this modern Prophet, in accordance with directions from the Lord, organized the true Church of Christ, at Fayette, Seneca County, in the State of New York.

"The next fall after the Church was set up, three missionaries came west with the intention of introducing the work among the Indians, who are descended from an ancient people of whom the Book of Mormon gives the history, and on their way came among an earnest body of worshippers at Kirtland, Ohio. These read the book, believed the testimony, and received baptism to the number of several hundred souls.

"Receiving a visit from a number of these converts, the Prophet himself has removed with his family to Kirtland, where he now lives with a number of his followers.

"It has, moreover, been revealed to the Prophet that the ancient site of the Garden of Eden is on this continent, and that the building of the New Jerusalem is to commence at that sacred spot. Accordingly, the converts to the new faith are gathering from all directions into Independence, Missouri, where about four hundred of them are now settled."

Interesting as this narrative is to us, though we have heard it for the hundredth time, how much more interesting must it have been to David W. Patten, for it was all new to him. Drinking it in with his whole soul, he received the truth with joy, and was led into the waters of baptism on the 15th of day June, 1832.

With the most of men there is lingering in the very heart of their faith a grain of doubt. Even the missionary, no doubt, feels easier in placing himself in the hands of the Lord, when he knows that if no place is furnished him to sleep, he can with the dollar in his pocket provide for himself. And so it is with each of us at times. It seems as though we cannot free ourselves from the millstone of doubt, and take the Lord at His word when He says He will provide for those who trust Him. This was not the case, however, with David W. Patten. He stood six feet and one inch in height, and weighed over two hundred pounds; but there seems to have been no room in his whole generous composition for a particle of doubt. He took the Lord at His word and devoted his whole life to His service; and whether face to face

with Cain, or baring his breast to an infuriated mob, a doubt that the Lord was with him seems thenceforth never to have entered his mind.

Two days after his baptism David was ordained an Elder under the hands of Elisha H. Groves, and with Joseph Wood, another recent convert, as a companion, was given a mission to the Territory of Michigan.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON VI.—WATER BAPTISM.

WATER BAPTISM is another sacred ordinance of the Gospel. It was instituted by the Lord, at the beginning of the world, through obedience to which mankind would receive the remission of sins, and be prepared for that higher baptism—the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

We profess to believe in God, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and the only way in which we can show that we do believe in God and Christ, is by keeping their commandments. We must show forth our faith by our works; for the Apostle Paul tells us that "faith without works is dead."

Now, one of the commandments of the Savior is, that children of the Latter-day Saints, when they arrive at the age of eight years shall be baptized by immersion for the remission of sins, and be confirmed by the laying on of hands. Here is the commandment given by the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism, and the

gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents; for this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands; and they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

(*Doctrine and Covenants lxxviii: 25-28.*)

Since the days of the Savior the ordinance of baptism has been changed and greatly corrupted. These changes were made by wicked and uninspired men, and not by the command or sanction of God. Christ and His apostles taught but one mode of baptism, and that was by immersion, or by burying the whole of the body in water, and coming forth again out of the water—typical of death and the resurrection. The apostles and early Christian saints were buried in the waters of baptism. Paul, in writing to the Romans, said:

"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death?

"Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." (*Rom. vi. 3-4.*)

Jesus, when He received baptism at the hands of John, went down into the water, and "when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him." (*Matt. iii: 16.*)

The people of Judæa and Jerusalem were baptized of John in the river Jor-

dan. (See *Mark 1st chap.*) Now, why did the people in those days go to the rivers to be baptized? Because they knew that in order to have that holy ordinance properly performed they would have to be immersed in water. We read in the third chapter of John, and 23rd verse, that John went to "Ænon, near to Salem, because there was much water there." Now, any child can readily understand that if sprinkling a few drops of water upon the head of the candidate—as is now the custom in many churches—could have answered the same purpose as baptism by immersion, there would have been no necessity for John to go to Ænon in order to get much water.

Among the Nephites the ordinance of baptism was administered by immersion. On this wise Alma, having authority from God, baptized the people in the waters of Mormon. One of the first to receive this ordinance under the hands of Alma was a disciple by the name of Helam.

"And now it came to pass that Alma took Helam, he being one of the first, and went and stood forth in the water, and cried, saying, O Lord, pour out thy Spirit upon thy servant, that he may do this work with holiness of heart.

"And when he had said these words, the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and he said, Helam, I baptize thee, having authority from the Almighty God, as a testimony that ye have entered into a covenant to serve Him until you are dead, as to the mortal body; and may the Spirit of the Lord be poured out upon you; and may He grant unto you eternal life, through the redemption of Christ, whom He has prepared from the foundation of the world.

"And after Alma had said these

words, both Alma and Helam were buried in the water; and they arose and came forth out of the water rejoicing, being filled with the Spirit. "And again Alma took another, and went forth a second time into the water, and baptized him according to the first, only he did not bury himself again in the water." (*Mosiah xviii: 13-15.*)

Some years later there arose disputations and contentions among the Nephites concerning the mode of baptism. When the Lord Jesus appeared unto them, after His resurrection, He called the people together, and reproved those who had introduced the contentions concerning His doctrine. And He called His servant Nephi, and others, "and He gave them power to baptize. And He said unto them, On this wise shall ye baptize; and there shall be no disputations among you. Verily I say unto you, that whoso repenteth of his sins, through your words, and desireth to be baptized in my name on this wise shall ye baptize them: behold, ye shall go down and stand in the water, and in my name shall ye baptize them. And now, behold, these are the words which ye shall say, calling them by name, saying, Having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. And then shall ye immerse them in the water, and come forth again out of the water." (*III. Nephi xi: 22-26.*)

We think we have quoted sufficient from the scriptures to prove that the proper mode of baptism, and the only mode acknowledged by Christ, is by immersing the body in water.

We will now dwell for a short time on the object of baptism.

We have already shown that baptism was commanded by Jesus Christ, and

how can we expect to receive the blessings of God unless we keep His commandments? Some people, who call themselves Christians, tell us that baptism will not add one jot or tittle to our salvation; that we can be saved without baptism, just as well as with it. My dear young friends, that is not true. Jesus told Nicodemus that "Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (*John iii: 5.*)

He commanded His disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (*Mark xvi: 16.*)

The apostles carried out these instructions to the very letter. When the people on the day of Pentacost cried out to Peter and to the rest of the apostles, saying, "Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. * * * Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (*Acts ii: 38-41.*)

There is yet remaining much evidence which might be quoted to show that baptism is essential to salvation. We will close with the words of Jesus Christ, spoken in these the last days. Hear His voice:

"And whoso believeth not in me, and is not baptized, shall be damned. * * * And again I say unto you, ye must repent, and be baptized in my

name, and become as a little child, or ye can in no wise inherit the kingdom of God. Verily, verily, I say unto you, that this is my doctrine, and whoso buildeth upon this, buildeth upon my rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. Verily, verily, I say unto you, they who believe not on your words, and are not baptized in water, in my name, for the remission of their sins, that they may receive the Holy Ghost, shall be damned, and shall not come into my Father's kingdom, where my Father and I am." (*Doc. and Cov. lxxxiv: 74.*)
W. A. M.

THE WORD OF WISDOM.

IN a recent interview with a reporter of one of the leading New York papers, Frank Girard, a prominent athlete and athletic trainer of that city, says that when a young man comes to him to be trained, his first question to the applicant is, "Do you smoke?" The next, "Do you drink liquor, tea or coffee?" He says that tobacco, especially in the form of cigarettes, is certain death to all hopes in the athletic line, and that the scholar might just as well make kindling wood of his Indian clubs and sell his dumb-bells to some junk dealer as to indulge in malt or spirituous liquors. Mr. Girard says that during an experience as a trainer of over thirty-one years that he has lost more promising pupils through drink than from any other cause.

These statements impress upon us the necessity of observing the Word of Wisdom as it was laid down by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The promise has been made to the Latter-day Saints that if they will obey this law they will be blessed with health. It is a well

known fact that almost every physician in prescribing for a patient who has any serious illness will advise either total abstinence from tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor, or that these things be used with moderation. These doctors probably do not know that the rules they are laying down are contained in the Word of Wisdom, and some of them would doubtless be highly indignant if they were told they were teaching any of the principles which were taught by Joseph Smith. But in this, as in many other things, the world is gradually beginning to accept as true, ideas which were first taught by him. If obedience to this Word will benefit a person in poor health, it stands to reason that a healthy person will also be benefited by living in the same way.

Therefore, aside from the fact that we will receive greater spiritual blessings from the observance of this commandment, that we will be living more acceptably before our Heavenly Father, there is the additional fact that by living in this way we will enjoy better health, live longer upon the earth and be able to accomplish more good. The youth of Zion should be particularly careful to avoid everything which has a tendency to weaken them physically or morally, for we are told that upon them will the responsibilities of this work rest. And the time will surely come in the lives of every man and every woman when they will need all the physical and moral strength that it is possible for them to obtain. No person whose body is weakened by indulging in forbidden articles can become morally perfect, and perfection is what we are all striving for. It is merely a habit one gets into of using these things, and their use does not make life any more enjoyable, but sooner or later has exactly the

opposite effect. We occasionally see some person advanced in years who has become so accustomed to the use of tobacco or tea or coffee that it would be almost impossible for him to give up the habit, and this should be a warning to the young who indulge in these things with the idea that they will give them up before the habit is firmly fixed. The longer they use these articles the harder it will be to give them up, and if they are not very careful, before they are aware of it the habit has grown upon them to such an extent that it requires a great effort to free themselves from it, and they will probably never do so.

We are often told by our leaders that we are living in important times, and it stands every Latter-day Saint in hand to study how he can best serve the Lord. The observance of the Word of Wisdom is one of the ways that we can please Him, and by so doing we will bring down His blessings upon us.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

ONE of the most interesting spots in America, if not in the world, is the small island of Santa Catalina, which is located about thirty miles out in the Pacific, from the mainland of Southern California. By taking the train at Los Angeles, a half-hour's ride through orange groves brings us to San Pedro, a town made quite famous during the last session of Congress by the debates on the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill. From San Pedro steamers make one trip every day during the winter months and two and sometimes three trips in the summer. The time occupied in making the water trip is about two and a half hours, and is plenty long

enough to develop sea sickness in any who are so inclined, and it is surprising how many persons are susceptible to this feeling. However, when once on the island all such thoughts and feelings are forgotten.

Avalon, the only town on the island, is the landing place of the steamers. It has several good hotels, a large dancing pavilion, skating rink, and numerous private cottages, some of which are for rent on very moderate terms. The island is owned by the Banning Brothers, who do not spare any expense in making the place attractive. A first-class band, under the direction of a Salt Lake musician, gives open air concerts and furnishes music for dancing. Horses and donkeys can be hired for a trip inland, where large numbers of mountain goats are to be found.

But by far the most attractive feature of the place is the fishing, and for this purpose boats of every size and description may be had. Catalina is certainly a paradise for anyone who takes an interest in this sport. Sharks are often caught out a short distance from the shore, and it is no uncommon thing to get a glimpse of a whale. Flying fish are also numerous, and, in fact, almost every kind of fish which lives in salt water can be found in the neighborhood of Catalina. In February of the present year a party composed of some Utah and some California people, of which the writer was a member, visited the island. While there we chartered a gasoline launch and spent half a day in fishing. We got within a very few rods of the seal rocks and succeeded in getting a good look at the seals. There are hundreds of them, and they are remarkably tame, as they are never disturbed. We indulged in some deep sea fishing, and succeeded in landing about

five hundred pounds of fish. There are only a few spots around the island where deep sea fishing proves successful, and therefore in order to make a good haul one must have a boatman who knows exactly where these places are. The most common way of fishing, however, is by trolling. A long line is let out behind the boat while it is in motion, and generally with very satisfactory results. Barracuda and yellow-tail are the principal fish caught in this way.

All these things, taken in connection with the magnificent climate of the place, make it one of the most attractive spots in the world. Bathing in the ocean can be indulged in all the year round. Frost and snow are unknown, and the most tender plants bloom continuously out of doors. A delightful breeze is blowing almost all the time, and the difference in temperature in summer and winter is very slight. California is generally considered a great winter resort, but Catalina is equally noted as a summer and winter place of residence.

As there is no telegraph or telephone communication between Catalina and the outside world, two enterprising young men have started a carrier pigeon service from there to Los Angeles. Messages are taken at quite low rates, and many tourists avail themselves of the opportunity of sending messages to their friends in this novel way. The distance between the two places is about fifty miles, and the pigeons, it is claimed, have flown this distance in fifty-one minutes—almost a mile a minute. Notwithstanding all the beauties of Catalina and California, it is remarkable how anxious the average Utah person is to return after having spent a few months away from home.

Our Little Folks.

WHAT IS OBEDIENCE?

OBEDIENCE is to do what people who have the right, or authority, tell us to do. Our parents have the right to tell us what they wish us to do or what they wish us not to do. It is our duty to do as they tell us. We can always rely on them telling us to do what is right.

The greatest word of praise given to a certain man was spoken by his father, who said that he had never known his son to be disobedient.

In Sunday school our teachers have the right to ask us to do certain things. It is our duty to obey them.

In the day school it is the teacher there who requires obedience.

Obedience that is worth the name is prompt obedience. A child that has to be coaxed or threatened before he will obey cannot be called an obedient child. The law of obedience is found everywhere in nature. In the spring Nature responds to the call of her Heavenly Father, and sends leaves, blossoms and plants into life. In summer and fall she cares for the fruit and all kinds of vegetable life, that we may have food throughout the year. In the winter she covers all the little seeds with a blanket of snow, and Nature seems to sleep. She is not asleep; she is busy packing snow upon the mountains that we may have water in the summer.

Nature does not do all this by chance. She knows what God wishes, and does it.

It is just as necessary for us to be obedient as it is for Nature to obey. Suppose one morning your legs should

refuse to carry you! What would you do?

What if your hands should refuse to carry your food to your mouth! Suppose your eyes should refuse to close when you wished to go to sleep! Not any one of these refuse to obey, because it is natural for them to do as they are told.

Do you see how necessary it is for you to obey? You are only a part of a big world. In order that the world may move on in peace and harmony, each plant must be obedient to all just laws.

ABRAHAM'S OBEDIENCE.

IN a far off country, there once lived a good man named Abraham. He was such a good, wise man that the Lord used to talk with him just as one man talks with another now. The Lord had blessed him in many ways, and He wanted to see if Abraham really feared and loved, and was willing to obey Him in all things.

In those days the people built altars and offered up burnt offerings to the Lord. One day the Lord called Abraham and told him to take his son Isaac to a land called Moriah and there offer him up as a burnt offering. Abraham loved the Lord, and knew that it was right to do whatever the Lord told him to do, even if he had to lose the son whom he loved so dearly. Isaac had often seen his father offer up sacrifices, and so he did not think it strange when his father asked him to go with him, but went willingly. So they, with two of Abraham's men, started on their way, taking wood with them ready for the offering.

What a sad journey that must have been for Abraham, knowing that he must kill his own little boy and offer

him as a sacrifice! How often he must have looked at Isaac and thought that it was the last time he would be walking with him, and how his heart must have ached when he thought of it! But he did not falter. He knew he was doing the Lord's will and all would be well.

After they had been traveling about three days, Abraham told his two men to stay where they were, and he and Isaac would go a little further and worship the Lord; for he did not wish them to see him offer up his son. Isaac did not know what the offering was to be; he knew that they had the wood to burn it with, and the knife to kill it, so he said, "Father, I see the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Abraham answered, "My son, the Lord will find Himself a lamb for a burnt offering." He could not tell Isaac what was to be the offering.

When they came to the place which the Lord had told him of, Abraham built an altar and put the wood on it. Then all was ready, and he bound Isaac and put him on the altar, and took the knife to kill him. Just then the angel of the Lord called to Abraham and told him not to hurt Isaac, for now the Lord knew that Abraham feared him, because he was willing to offer up his only son when God told him to do so.

And Abraham turned and saw a ram caught in the bushes by its horns. It was sent there for a burnt offering instead of Isaac; and Abraham offered it upon the altar.

The Lord was very much pleased with Abraham, and the angel spoke to him again and told him that because he had obeyed the Lord he should receive many blessings. They then went to the place where the men were waiting for them, and they all returned to their homes together.

In the Book of Mormon we find a story of a very good man named Lehi. He lived many years ago—almost twenty-five hundred years—in the city of Jerusalem. This city was then full of most beautiful homes and gardens, but most of the people had forgotten to serve the Lord and were becoming very wicked.

Lehi had a beautiful home, and the Lord had blessed him in many ways. He had many dreams and visions given to him, and the Lord raised him up to be a prophet, and told him to go to the people and tell them that if they did not leave their wicked ways the Lord would surely punish them. The people did not believe Lehi; they would not listen to him, and soon many wished to kill him for telling them about their sins.

One night, in a dream, the Lord told Lehi that he had been obedient and had told the people of the evils that should come upon them if they would not turn away from their wicked ways; but the people had not listened to him and destruction must come upon them for their disobedience. Then the Lord told him to take his family and go away from Jerusalem into the wilderness. Lehi did so. He and his family left their beautiful home and all their precious things, and went away from Jerusalem, taking nothing with them but what was needful for their journey. They did not know where they were going, but they traveled on and on, for a long time on land, then they crossed the great ocean. They had many hard trials, but Lehi knew he was doing right in obeying the Lord and would not turn back, although some of his sons wanted to do so. After traveling for a long time, they at last reached a land which the Lord had promised them, and so they escaped the punish-

ments which were sent upon the wicked in Jerusalem.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right."

"Honor thy father and mother (which is the first commandment with promise),

"That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."
(*Eph. vi: 1-3.*)

THE STORY OF A LEAF.

It was a very warm day in July. I went out of doors to find a cool place to read. Where did I sit? Why did I sit in the shade? What was it gave the shade? Does a tree in winter give much shade? What was it on the tree that gave the shade?

I wish all the little folks who read this to get a peach leaf and answer a few questions I am going to ask you. What color is your leaf? I fancy you laugh at that question, it is such an easy one.

What gave the leaf its color? You do not even smile at that question. Have you ever seen potatoes sprout in a dark cellar?

What color are the sprouts?

What color are the sprouts of potatoes that grow out in the sunlight? Now I think you can tell me what gives the leaves their color.

Feel the surface of the leaf. How does it feel? Have you ever felt of a rough leaf? Look at the edge of your leaf. What does it look like? I think it looks like the teeth of a saw. So we call it saw-toothed.

Look at your leaf again. What do you see running through the middle of it from the stem to the top? We call this line the mid-rib. What do you see running from the mid-rib to the edges of the leaf? What are these lines

called? These little lines have the same name as the little blue lines on your wrists have. What do the veins in your bodies carry? What do the veins in the leaves carry? The tree-blood is called sap.

Take three or four leaves and place them on the bare table. Take a clean, dry glass tumbler and turn it upside down over the leaves. Let it remain there for half an hour. What do you find upon the inside of the glass? Where did it come from? If our eyes were strong enough we could see that each leaf is covered with many, many little mouths. These little mouths breathe in air and breathe out moisture and gases.

What are leaves good for? How do they make the trees look?

What do the leaves give us in warm weather to keep us cool? Can you see unripe fruit very well? The leaves protect the fruit until it is ripe.

They give us something in the air that we breathe. They breathe in air and moisture to help the tree. Who takes care of the trees and tells the leaves when to come forth? Have you little children ever thought how obedient the little leaves are? When God tells the leaf-buds in the spring to wake up, they do not wait for a moment, but begin to push themselves out. In the fall when He tells them their work is done and they can rest, they fall to the ground without a murmur. They know that God knows best, and whatever He tells them to do they are willing to do, and trust that it is for the best.

MEN are often of a sad heart, yet of a hopeful word and endeavor. It is beautiful to see an injured, disappointed man protective and kindly.

FOR LITTLE PORTINUS AND HIS WEE,
WEE SISTER RHODA.

Teach the Baby Gently.

[Primary Song or Recitation. Tune, "Scatter seeds of kindness."]

LET us teach the little baby
How to use its hands aright;
To be always kind and loving,
Never slap nor try to fight.

How to pat with fond caresses
Mamma's face so dear and fair,
And to smooth, like softly combing,
Papa's whiskers and his hair.

CHORUS:

Then teach the baby gently;
Then teach the baby gently;
We'll gently teach our baby
To be always good and sweet.

We'll teach it to play nicely
With the kitten and the calf;
And with sweetest hugs and kisses
We will make it coo and laugh.

We will teach it from the pictures
In our pretty story books,
And we'll show it in the mirror
How its own sweet picture looks.

Chorus.

We will teach it to make letters,
With our pencil and our chalk;
To go quickly, if ma calls it,
When it's old enough to walk.

We will tell it when it prattles
Little pleasant things to say;
And as soon as it can whisper
We will teach it how to pray.

Chorus.

We will teach it of our Father,
In the heavens high above,
And His holy angels near us
Guarding us with tender love;

How His blessed Son, our Savior.
Came and died that we might live,
If we chance to hurt our darling.
We will teach it to forgive.

Chorus.

Lula:

"It is obvious that the consideration of our attitude towards the opinions of others must have some influence on our attitude towards our own opinions. It may be said that men who are certain of their opinions must naturally wish to impose them on all, and that tolerance is only possible when opinions are regarded as open questions. This, however, gives a false meaning to tolerance, and abolishes it entirely as a virtue, for tolerance is concerned with the mode of holding our own opinions and applying them to others. A man of vague and uncertain opinions cannot lay claim to tolerance; he is simply indifferent and incapable. The tolerant man, on the other hand, has decided opinions, but recognizes the process by which he reached them, and keeps before himself the truth that they can only be profitably spread by repeating in the case of others a similar process to that through which he passed himself. He always keeps in view the hope of spreading his own opinions, but he endeavors to do so by producing conviction. He is virtuous, not because he puts his own opinions out of sight, or because he thinks that other opinions are as good as his own, but because his opinions are so real to him that he would not have any one else hold them with less reality."

THERE is no self-delusion more fatal than that which makes the conscience dreamy with the anodyne of lofty sentiments, while the life is grovelling and sensual.

OH, WE LOVE TO SING OF ZION.

WORDS BY I. B. NASH.

1. Oh, we love to sing of Zi-on, Of our hap-py mountain home, Where God's
 2. Oh, we love to sing of Zi-on, Of the land where prophets dwell, Of the
 3. Oh, we love to sing of Zi-on, Love to sing our tune-ful lays, Sing of

peo-ple dwell in un-ion, Where we children love to roam, Where we
 beauties of God's kingdom, Let our songs and chor-us swell; Let our
 home, of truth and freedom; All u-nite in songs of praise; Yes, we'll

live in peace and plen-ty, Live in un-ion day by day, Giv-ing
 voic-es blend to-gether, In sweet tones of har-mo-ny, Sing-ing
 thank our Heav'nly Father For the homes which He doth give, And we'll

CHORUS.

God the praise and glo-ry, As we journey on our way.
 prais-es to our Sav-ior, Who was slain to make us free. Oh, we
 seek to gain His fav-or By the lives which we may live.

love, love to sing, love to sing of Zion, our happy home; Oh, we
 Oh, we love, love to sing, happy home,

love, yes, we love, love to sing, love to sing of Zion, our happy mountain home.
 love to sing,

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



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SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1896.

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CHILDREN OF INDIA.

MANY of the boys and girls who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR know very little of the strange things which are happening in the world outside of our dear Utah. A long, long way from here is a country called India, which belongs to England and which is ruled over by the British sovereign, Queen Victoria, who bears among the people the title of Empress.

Although the country belongs to a civilized nation, the natives are still ignorant, superstitious and idolatrous. They build temples and idols to their gods, like the one shown in the illustration, which are so different from our own beautiful structures that they appear almost ridiculous to us; but to them they are as sacred as our own temples which we erect in honor of our God, are to us. They worship a great many animals, plants and various other things because of some connection which they have in their minds with their God. It is much the same as if we should worship the cross in a picture of Jesus Christ instead of our Heavenly Father. Their minds are unable to hold to a firm belief in a divine Being without some thing to represent Him—something material which they can see or feel. They seem to have peculiar ideas concerning the Deity, for their idols are grotesque and usually hideous. Nor

does the terrible aspect of this stone representation belie his nature which seems to be cruel and bloodthirsty. What a contrast there is between our knowledge of a tender, loving Father and the idea which these poor, ignorant people cherish of a god who demands as a sacrifice that mothers kill their children by throwing them into the river Ganges. The Brahmans believe that this river is sacred and many religious ceremonies are performed in its honor. In southern India there is another river which is venerated even more than the Ganges. It is the Kaiver or Cauvery river called by the Hindus the Ganges of the South. It is about 475 miles long and its entire course is believed to be holy. This is because of a tradition, which the people believe implicitly, that the god Brahma had a daughter Vishimmaya or Lopamudra whom he did not call his own child and who was therefore supposed to be the daughter of a mortal man. This man she loved so dearly that to make him happy she turned herself into a river which was so holy that anyone who bathed in its waters became pure and sinless. They say that even the mighty Ganges once every year makes a passage for itself under the ground and flows into the Kaveri to purify itself.

The Kaveri is a very beautiful river with high banks covered with all the



AN INDIAN GOD.

lovely trees and flowers which grow in that region, but it is a dangerous river as well, because of its rocky and changeable bed.

You know that in our Church if any one does anything which is very wrong and does not truly repent he is not allowed to belong to our Church any

longer, because we call ourselves Saints and are God's chosen people, and must of course do what is right; but the Indians (not the North American Indians, but the natives of the country of which you are reading) believe differently. A Brahman priest may commit any sin, and is still held sacred.

The Hindus have some very strange customs. For instance, the boys have long hair while the girls either have their heads shaved or the hair cut very short. Sometimes they shave the boy's head all except a tuft of hair on top which is sacred and is never cut. They wax this so that it sticks together in a queer looking mass. When a boy's hair is cut they have a great religious festival. The boy whose hair has been cut has a new suit of clothes and everything to make a boy happy, but he is only allowed to wear his new clothes afterward on other grand occasions. The children are very quiet and polite. They are extremely earnest in everything they do, even their games of which they have a great number, are so serious that American boys would think they were no fun at all; but the Indian children enjoy them in their own fashion. They copy their fathers and mothers even in their play. A great many beautiful, blue-eyed, golden haired dolls are sent out to the little Indian girls by kind hearted English people, but though the children love these pretty toys very much they take the dolls down to the river bank when a certain festival is near at hand and throw them into the Ganges. At this time the boys also throw their toys into the river but they are not so generous as their sisters.

Some of these children are beautiful, and fearing that the evil spirits will want them because of their good looks,

the mothers blacken their foreheads and thus make them very repulsive.

The children commence school when they are about six years old, but the methods of teaching are still very primitive. Their writing is done in the sand with their fingers or sticks instead of on black boards or slates. The Indian children are very fond of Arithmetic and are particularly bright in this study.

As in other uncivilized countries the women of India are taught to be inferior to the men. At the meals the father and brothers eat first and are waited upon by the women who have to satisfy themselves with the scraps of food left by the men.

A very pernicious custom of marrying children is widely prevalent in this country. This habit naturally results in a great deal of misery and sin. England has done and is still doing much to advance the ideas of the natives and to effect a reform in this and other cruel and barbarous customs. It is not so common now as it formerly was for a mother to sacrifice her baby to the Ganges or for a widow to cast herself upon the blazing funeral pyre of her husband.

The Hindus connect almost every event of their lives with their religion and celebrate it with feasts and other forms of gayety. They have beautiful young girls, covered with bangles and other kinds of jewelry, dance before the idols as a part of their religious worship.

Many of the natives believe in transmigration of souls. They think that at the moment a person dies an animal is born, into which the spirit enters. They have no clearer idea of the spirit than that it is a breath, as the breath departs when a man dies, and they know no more. When an animal is

wounded, the human spirit is released and enters yet another body. The length of time which the spirit is forced to stay on earth in these bodies, and the different bodies in which it has to live depends upon whether it is good or evil. At the end it receives its reward, is either absorbed into the being of Brahma or condemned to further punishment. This idea was first known in Egypt, and has existed for hundreds of years, but it is gradually dying out now.

Owing to the caste, it is impossible for any boy, no matter how bright he may be, to rise above what his father was. The Indian children do not have any of the advantages which the Americans have. Many white children are trying to better their condition by giving money into the missionary fund. No doubt a mission will be opened by our church at some time, and then many of the readers of this magazine will perhaps have a chance to show their love for the Indians as our people have always done for other nations.

YOUNG people are very apt to judge hastily and unkindly. A comrade does something which offends, and immediately severe censure and judgment are passed. This is not right. Ask yourselves if there may not be some circumstances which will explain and excuse your companion's conduct. He may have offended through mere thoughtlessness or ignorance, instead of willfulness, as you imagined. Give him the benefit of a good light. Remember the good and kind acts he has performed, and if you really go to work in earnest and recall his best traits you will find that the light they shed upon him wholly obliterates the mean or unkind deed for which you have condemned him.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

David and Jonathan.

KING SAUL had a son named Jonathan, who loved David very dearly. He told David that if he found out that his father really meant to kill him, that he would let him know, and they arranged a plan between them that I am going to tell you about.

David knew that when it was the new moon if he was not at dinner with the king he would be missed, and Jonathan was to let him know what the king said.

It was not long till Saul asked his son why David was not there, and he was quite angry when Jonathan said he had gone to his father's for a few days.

He told Jonathan to send and get him, that he might be killed; and he said to Jonathan, "Don't you know that as long as David lives you can never be the king?"

You see he wanted his son Jonathan to be the next king, but he knew that David was likely to be the king if he was not killed. But Jonathan loved David, and was willing that he should be the king instead of himself, and again asked his father why he wanted to kill him.

Saul then threw the javelin at Jonathan, but missed him, and Jonathan went out quickly, for he was very angry, and he soon got his bow and arrows, and a small boy to run and pick up the arrows for him.

When he reached the place that had been agreed upon, he knew that David was hiding near by and could hear all that he said to the boy, so he shot an arrow and as the boy was running to get it he called out, "Is not the arrow beyond you?"

David knew by those words that the

king meant to kill him, so he kept hidden until the boy went home with the bow and arrows. When he was out of sight David and Jonathan had a long talk, after which David went away to another part of the country and got a lot of men with him and they hid themselves in the woods and in the caves of the mountains.

Then Saul sent all his soldiers out to find him, but they did not succeed, for David and his men kept changing places. Jonathan went to see him once and told him to be of good cheer for Saul should not find him, and he would yet be the king.

One time when David and his men were hiding in a cave Saul went into the same cave to take a nap and rest himself, but of course he did not know David was there, and while Saul was sleeping David cut off a part of his robe and then hid himself again.

David's men wanted him to kill Saul while he had a good chance, but David would not do it, for he said Saul was the Lord's anointed and it would not be right for him to kill him.

When Saul waked up he went out of the cave and David followed him and saluted him. He then told Saul that he could easily have killed him while he was asleep, but he would not, and he showed Saul the piece of his robe that he cut off in proof of what he said.

Saul then spoke kindly to David, and he and his soldiers went home; but David did not think the king's promises were worth much, so he and his men stayed in the mountains, and when Saul came out again to hunt him, David found him and all his men asleep one day, and he went in and carried off the king's spear and water bottle that were close beside him.

He then went to the top of a hill near

by and called to the king's head man and made fun of him for taking such poor care of the king; and he showed Saul the spear and water bottle and told him if he would send a young man over to get them he might have them again.

David had it in his power twice to kill the king, but he would not do it for Saul was the Lord's anointed, and while he held the office that the Lord had given him it was right that David should treat him with respect, and in the Lord's own time He would see that David had the position or office to which he had been anointed.

At last, in one of Saul's battles with the Philistines, he and his three sons were killed, and next time I will tell you how David was made king.

Celia A. Smith:

A LOOK AT THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

**What Manner of Man, or Boy, He Really is—
A King "by the Grace of God."**

CURIOUSLY enough it has been left to a Frenchman to give the most generally approved characterization of Emperor William II. of Germany and his reign. In a recent copy of the Paris *Figaro* Ernest Lavisse described in a letter from Berlin the young Emperor and his mode of action so keenly and so correctly that most of the German dailies are now reproducing the article for the information of their readers. "William II. of all men," writes M. Lavisse, "has the greatest appreciation of his own happiness, the keenest faculty of finding a roseate atmosphere in which to breathe. Of all rulers he probably derives the most satisfaction from the mere act of ruling. He does not conceal his delight in life and in being Emperor. He shows it on land, at sea,

and on his armored ships as he rides under the starry heavens and loses himself in transcendental dreams. The delight which he frankly expresses, together with his youth, lend this prince a most fascinating charm. For many years Europe has not seen on any one of its great thrones a man of thirty years. The dignity of such a position was the exclusive property of mature men. In the person of William II. might and youth combine in a charming paradox. He wishes to rule as his forefathers ruled while they were creating Prussia bit by bit with their own royal hands. The minute he became persuaded that Bismarck, too, desired to rule, he dismissed this mighty man. His action, which appeared so extraordinary to others, was exceedingly simple in his eyes, and he executed it simply. His property was in the hands of another. He merely took it back. Every one was astounded because in the last speech from the throne to the Reichstag he did not mention the retirement of the chancellor with a single word. In his eyes, however, this retirement was not an event of world-wide importance. It amounted, he thought, only to this: A Hohenzollern, who had become Emperor and King, had only chosen to administer his own office.

"I saw Emperor William for the last time on Easter Sunday in 1889 in Berlin. He made a curious impression on me. Berlin is a very great, wholly modern, and rapidly growing city. In material as well as in spiritual matters it is very progressive. It has a cool reason and a cold heart. Politically it is radical or social democratic. It is quite irreligious. I saw this Emperor by the grace of God ride through the street of this modern town, his shoulders erect, his head thrown back, the features of his

face proud and immobile, patronizingly bowing to the shouting crowd on each side. Emperor by the grace of God! Believe me, this title is no empty name to William II. He believes it frankly and sincerely. Prussia has a constitution which grants the subject certain liberties, but the king has from God a higher charter, which permits him to suspend or to encroach on the constitution. In Königsberg William I. took his crown with his own hands 'from the table of the Lord.' This unique table is not mentioned in the inventory of the parliamentary furniture of the Prussian State.

"Germany has political parties in the Parliament. With them the sovereign must establish an internal policy. The tactics of Prince Bismarck to this end have been condemned. Others must be introduced. It is, therefore, necessary to come to some understanding with the Reichstag for the purpose of creating a parliamentary majority. Emperor William II. does not, however, consider himself obliged to have such a majority in order that he may rule as he wishes. He rules because it is his office to rule, and, in his opinion, his right. He appears to have no regard and little eyesight for party divisions. He has—unprecedented performance—invited Clericals, Radicals and Social Democrats to eat at his table. He has no idea of the regular lawful tactics of an organized opposition. When he devotes himself to the thought of a political opponent, it is only for the purpose of seeing it smashed on the spot. He, therefore, and he alone, will ever bear the brunt of the battle. It is his province to settle all questions of the day, to look at the causes and the remedies. All questions, however, cannot be solved in Germany after his fashion. The reasons for ex-

isting institutions there lie much deeper than in most other countries. With us the labor question is every man's business. The Government and the citizen occupy themselves alike with its solution. They all know that they will not come to their goal in a day, but that together they will help their country toward better things. The Emperor of Germany, however, has made the labor question his own exclusive property. He wishes to answer it for Germany and for the world at large. Undoubtedly, Emperor William II. has a few modern attributes. The questions that interest him are questions of the times. But he will never answer them in the spirit of modern civilization. A man can apparently live as the rest of us mortals live, ride on the railways and on the steamships, know the statistics of the working people, discuss learnedly concerning the present price of anthracite coal, and yet be the contemporary of a century that is past.

"William II. speaks of the triple alliance politely, but not enthusiastically. Perhaps he finds it 'a back number.' To compel Austria to enter a combination with her conqueror and then to honor Italy with an invitation to join the two great middle European powers, were easy bits of diplomacy, too easy in fact. But to carry on colonial politics in the same region with England, to visit the Queen of England and the Czar of Russia, to review the English navy in the uniform of an English Admiral and the Russian army in the uniform of a Russian officer, to strive at once for the friendship of the whale and the white bear, as Prince Bismarck said, that is fine, that is inspiring, that is impossible, that is the goal of William II.

"The future of William II. is no clearer

today than it was two years ago. The young Emperor has made his debut in history not with brilliant deeds, but with brilliant purposes. He attracts public attention to a wonderful degree. He is the favorite of public opinion. He deserves these honors on account of the philanthropy of his dreams and on account of his determination (as expressed to Jules Simon) to do mankind good rather than to terrify it, further and most particularly in view of his apprehension of approaching dangers. Let these dangers come. The Emperor will not stand aside. He is brave to the point of recklessness. He has supreme confidence in the future, and his figure, the figure of the ideal soldier, strides forth unhesitatingly into the unknown."

SABBATH HYMN.

We praise thy name, O Lord,
For this, the Sabbath day,
And meet to hear thy word
In thine appointed way.

Bless us with hearing ears
And understanding hearts;
Allay our slavish fears
With faith thy grace imparts.

Bless each assembled here
With thy sweet influence;
Respite our need of care,
Our ardor recompense.

Help us to worship thee
As suits thy holy will,
May thoughts of charity
Our longing bosoms fill.

O may we each partake
The emblems of thy love,
And from our sins awake
To feast on things above.

Rejoicing day by day
In thee, the Lord our God
That we have found the way
Which thou thyself hast trod.

O may we never stray
But prove to erring ones,
By lives of chastity,
We are thy faithful sons.

. . . THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**THE NEED OF PATRIOTISM.**

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has never dabbled in politics to the extent, or with the desire, of influencing the views of any of its readers upon the issues dividing the parties in the great nation of which we are a part. Rarely have its columns been given to a discussion of political subjects at all. When there has been any such mention, it has been with reference to prophecy concerning the part and destiny the Latter-day Saints would one day have in shaping the affairs and preserving the traditions of the Republic, or with reference to the rights and liberties and welfare of humankind.

From both these points of view, surely not too much has been, and probably not enough can be, said. Every day magnifies the importance of a saving, patriotic element which shall hold aloft the purity of American institutions. With each recurring campaign the opportunity for the labor of such an element becomes more apparent. Every year makes it a necessity nearer and more absolute. In various ways, and by almost imperceptible degrees, the Constitution is being assailed. Sometimes its plain provisions are distorted if not openly violated, as can be remembered by many who are still young. Sometimes it is evaded and undermined, and by gradual processes is made to cover proceedings at which the fathers of the country would have stared. Laws which are not in accord with its spirit are sometimes enacted, and very frequently

proposed. Men are becoming strangers to patriotism, and are striving after position and pelf. Every year, according to careful authorities on the subject, the evils and corrupt practices of politics are increasing, and each year the perils which menace the nation become more imminent. Of course there are thousands and tens of thousands of brave men and women, who still love the institutions of our land, and would maintain them in purity with their lives. But the elements of an opposite character are increasing with great rapidity, and thoughtful men, in even their most sanguine moments, cannot but view the future with some dread.

We have alluded to this condition and tendency, not to cause gloom or alarm, or to give rise to political fears or discussion; but to invite the attention of our young people to a duty which clearly rests upon them. They should study the history of the country we live in, not only since, but before, the arrival of Columbus, and the establishment of the American government. The lessons of the ancient people dwelling here abound in instruction and in comparisons with events occurring in our own days. The views and lives of the founders of American liberty, if examined with patriotic impartiality, will be found almost prophetic in many respects. Predictions made since the foundation of the Church with reference to the part our people would enact in preserving the Constitution, should also be studied prayerfully and in faith. We think if this be done, every reader will reach the conclusion that perhaps in the past we have been, and in the present are, paying too little attention to our preparation for the work in hand and are but feebly conscious of the importance of the destiny in store.

THE A. F. F. LEAGUE, OR THE RAID AT TINKLER'S.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 480.)

THE next moment Fred and Tom had torn away from someone's grasp, and were running across the field at full speed, with the sound of flying footsteps close after them. At the fence the pursuer paused while the boys vaulted over like cats, getting a start, which they did not fail to use to good advantage. Reaching a lane, Fred started to turn aside.

"You're not blockhead enough to go home!" ejaculated Tom, between gasps of nigh-spent breath.

"Why not?" asked Fred.

"I thought you'd have sense enough to keep away from a place where they could spot you. They don't know either of us, and if we keep out of sight of home so they can't follow and locate us, we'll get out of this all right."

Fred had to admit the wisdom of Tom's words, and turning into the lane, the boys ran on towards the shrubs. Though panting and almost breathless, they did not stop till they reached the strip of woods where they were used to hold secret meetings of the League.

"We've beat him all to pieces," said Tom, triumphantly looking back at the silent and empty road.

Something had evidently happened to detain their pursuer, unless he was coming on leisurely with his companions, knowing their accustomed rendezvous. There was a secret nook known to the boys which would make a good hiding-place, and they had soon reached it and taken comfortable shelter within the little dell. After a half-hour's anxious listening, Tom stretched himself out on the soft grass and leaves.

"We've got to stay here till morn-

ing," he whispered, "and may as well make ourselves comfortable."

"But I don't see," commenced Fred.

"We can't afford to run the risk of being caught, after that run," said Tom, "or tracked home, either. I shan't stir till there's daylight enough to see who's around watching."

Fred could not but acquiesce as to the risk they might run in venturing blindfold, as it were, from their hiding place. So, promising himself to be up with the first dawn of day, and safely home in his room before the household should be aroused, he stretched himself out beside Tom, and after a few moments' listening, and whispering over the surprise of the night, the two boys went to sleep.

It was broad daylight when they awoke, and they were somewhat alarmed to see how high the sun was. Both jumped to their feet, and in a trice were reconnoitering from the edge of the trees. "The coast's clear," Fred said. "The only thing to worry about now is to account to the folks for being away."

"My folks are too used to me to do much worrying," Tom replied. "I stay with some of the other boys half the time, and they know at home I'm bound to turn up all right. That's how the came to call me 'Badpenny.' You'd better come to my house for breakfast, and tell your folks you staid all night with me."

"But——" commenced Fred.

"You did, didn't you?" interrupted Tom, divining Fred's objection. "You don't have to tell where we slept, do you?"

Fred had made up his mind to go home and make a clean breast of it all, but Tom's suggestion offered a so much easier way out of it that once more he

yielded to the tempting bait, against his better judgment.

As they reached Tom's threshold, Mrs. Reese came to the door with a strangely anxious look.

"Thank heaven you're come at last, Tom. I was afraid they had caught you and put you in jail by this time. I was just going down to the City Hall to see if you was there."

"In jail!" said Tom. "Why, what do you mean, mother?"

"I mean that they've got all the other boys that were at Peter Tinkler's last night, and are searching everywhere for you and Fred. They've been here once, and I expect they'll be back again. Oh, Tom, how can you do such things; you might know what it will end in."

There were tears in Mrs. Reese's eyes, and Fred thought of his own mother, should he indeed be arrested. There was no use trying to deny their participation, and the boys told the story of the "raid" and its denouement, the narration under Tom's facile tongue making themselves loom up as eminent martyrs and heroes.

"Well, it's a relief to know you wasn't wholly to blame," Mrs. Reese said when she had heard all. "After all, I don't see that you should be punished so severely for the affair. I'm willing to have Tom pay a share for the animal and tearing down the fence; but they ought not to go as far as to put you in prison. Have you had breakfast?"

"No."

"Then you come out in the kitchen and have a bite. After that I shouldn't wonder if it would be just as well to keep out of the way till the affair has been explained. I don't want to have it said that my boy has been arrested, and I'm sure they'll think better of it

when they know how little you've been to blame."

Mrs. Reese, like most fond mothers, found it easy to make excuses for her son, and it was perhaps over-lenience in her case that accounted for much of Tom's mischief, his father being an engineer on the railroad, and away most of the time, and Tom's training and control falling chiefly to his mother's care.

The boys ate a light meal, disturbed by anxious listening, and a heavy fear that took most of their appetite away.

"Where shall we go?" queried Fred dubiously, after they finished, and were slipping away through the back orchard.

"Where we just came from, I guess," Tom answered in the same tone.

"The last place on earth," Fred returned decisively. "They've seen us going there dozens of times, and I'm only surprised that they didn't pounce on us before we woke up."

"Probably thought we'd be afraid to sleep out doors in the dark."

"I guess so; but we don't want to run the risk in daylight."

"I know what we'll do: hide under the old bridge above the mill-dam."

"But if they should happen to look there for us, we couldn't get out of sight," objected Fred.

"Couldn't we? What's the matter with lying down in the water if we hear anyone coming? We're used to holding our breath while we dive, and it wouldn't take only a minute to see we wasn't there. Of course if you're afraid of a wetting——"

"There's lots of things I dread more than that. I guess it's the only place for us anyway, so here goes."

Slipping along in the shadow of fences and hedges, across the fields, the boys finally reached their destination.

It was the old county bridge span-

ning the only large stream in the vicinity, and its deep shadow lent a fair refuge underneath, the banks affording a margin for a foothold.

The boys had soon esconsed themselves in its shelter, midway between the two open sides, and commenced to take off their shoes and stockings in preparation for emergencies.

"Say," said Fred suddenly, "we might as well be found ourselves, as to leave anything like our clothes around to give us away."

Tom looked crestfallen. "That's twice your brains have beat mine," he said. "I guess I've got to have a new set. Anyway, we've got to go in all over probably, and it won't be worse for one part of our toggery than another. We can't sit here," he continued, as Fred stretched himself out along the bank. "If anyone comes we've got to be in the water ready to crouch down out of sight in a jiff. There won't be any time to lose."

Fred saw the logic of this, and the two boys let themselves down into the water. It was up to their waists, and though both were used to swimming in water as cold, perhaps, it was different altogether to have their heavy clothes sagging about them and to stand stock still in the water in that uncomfortable plight. Both had serious reflections as they stood there anxiously straining their ears for any sound. Fred especially had cause for anxious thought, knowing the unlucky consequences which might soon befall him, to say nothing of the anxiety which his family were probably suffering at his absence. If he could only avoid the disgrace of arrest he would be content to let the last night's escapade suffice for a lifetime, he thought.

An hour passed, and they had not

dared to stir from the stream. Both were chilled and uncomfortable, yet feared the consequences should they attempt to relieve themselves from their unpleasant situation.

"I know they'll look here for us," whispered Tom, "and if we can only hold out till they come and go, we'll be all right. The boys will be set free as soon as they're tried, for their folks will see to paying for the mischief we did, and they won't punish them for paying old Pete. It will all be over by this afternoon, and if the boys keep mum we won't have to be in it."

There was something so different in Tom's evident fear, to his usual bravado in facing consequences, that Fred could not keep the suspicion from his mind that there was something more at the bottom of it than the affair at Tinkler's. He did not speak his thoughts, however, and they spent another dreary half hour in the water, which by this time began to feel like ice. Then Fred climbed out on the bank.

"I've had all I'm going to stand of that," he said, "and if I'm taken, all right."

Tom started to expostulate, but Fred would not listen.

"I'm only sorry I didn't go home last night or this morning, and face the worst; it couldn't have been much harder than this, and I'd have had the satisfaction of not playing sneak," he said.

The words were no sooner uttered than a voice said, "Here they are," and a shadow darkened either side of the bridge. Looking up the boys saw two policemen, one on either side, and knew that they were caught. Without a word they obeyed the command given them, and came out from their shelter.

"Why, Fred, are you in this?" said a

well-known voice in a tone of disappointed surprise. "I really never dreamed it."

It was Mr. Allison, the book-dealer, who had told the story of the thefts, and Fred read his thoughts in his face. "This is the boy I was after," he continued, looking at Tom. "He, I believe, is the moving spirit in all the mischief."

The scene which took place in the police court that afternoon was a momentous one for all concerned, and one which Fred remembered to his last days. With his father there looking grieved and stern, and fifty people to see him arraigned with a half-dozen boys who were proven beyond doubt to have been engaged in petty thieving, Fred felt that he could never hold up his head again. Only when Tom took the stand, and surprised them all by telling a straight story of his own responsibility in all the mischief that had been done, clearing Fred wholly from blame, and owning to having influenced the other two boys outside of the "Four" who were members of the League—under conditions similar to those which had influenced Fred—only then did he feel that there was something left to live for, and that he might look his parents in the face without shame. His father paid his part for the mischief done the night before, thankful that he had escaped with so slight a penalty, though he had a serious talk with Fred when they went home.

"I hope this will teach you," he said in conclusion, "never to attempt to pay for a dishonorable trick by something meaner. However justified you may seem, remember that by stooping to the same methods you put yourself on a level with the aggressor, and that is the

lowest kind of revenge. There are always means by which you can obtain justice if you are wronged, and if not, it is better to let injuries pass than to stoop to malice for redress."

It is safe to surmise that Fred remembered the lesson.

The offense of the other four boys was considered serious enough to deserve imprisonment, though Tom's frank confession made the penalty a lighter one.

At the end of the week's confinement, the comrades were together at Tom's home one evening, each one sobered by the experience through which he had passed. Tom, quieter than all the rest, had sat in silent thought for a long time. Presently he turned to his companions.

"Boys," he said in a quiet tone, "I guess I'm not the only one of the crowd that has cause to be glad of this lesson, when we think where the course we had set out with might have led us, if we had gone on. It's bad enough as it is, for it will be a hard matter to wipe out the blot of our evil-doing and its disgrace, and there's only one way to do it. We four have got the reputation of being the worst set in the town, and I move that from this time on we pledge ourselves to wipe out our disgrace by making the nickname of "The Big Four" as true a synonym for good as it has been for evil!"

"Hurrah for Tom!" the boys said earnestly, involuntarily giving the response with which they were wont to meet his propositions.

Tom had a strong will; and we have seen that there were germs of integrity in his character, from his owning all blame in his recent trial. Some time, perhaps, if it be worthy of record, we shall tell how Tom succeeded in carrying out his hope. *Josephine Spencer.*

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAPTER II.

THOSE who have had a like experience, will know with what joy the new convert returned to his friends in the wilderness. All business was laid aside. With his companion, David traveled through all the country round about preaching the Gospel and healing the sick.

Immediately upon taking up his labors in Michigan, in calling at the house of a stranger to ask for dinner, David found in the family a very sick child, and while discussing the restoration of the Gospel with the parents, was asked to administer to the child. Finding the mother had faith, he did so, and it was at once healed.

In administering the healing ordinance David had a method of procedure peculiarly his own. On reaching the bedside, he would first teach the principles of the Gospel and bear his testimony to their truth, when he usually made a promise that the invalid should be healed if he would agree to accept baptism. President Abraham O. Smoot, of Utah Stake, once said he never knew an instance in which David's petition for the sick was not answered, and this is also the testimony of President Wilford Woodruff.

At the close of one of his meetings in Michigan, where he had no doubt spoken of the gift of healing, two children sick of fever and ague were brought to the meeting-house to be healed. David had started off, but was called back and upon learning from the parents of their faith, acceded to their request, and the children were healed instantly.

Until the latter part of September David and his companion labored in Southeastern Michigan, baptizing sixteen persons in a branch of the Maumee River during that time. Late in the summer

they took up a journey to Kirtland, preaching by the way.

Perhaps the first person they met at Kirtland was Elder Joseph C. Kingsbury, for they inquired of him at Newel K. Whitney's store the way to the home of the Prophet Joseph. It was early in October; the Prophet was on a mission east, and while waiting his return, David spent the next two or three weeks on the Prophet's farm, helping to dig potatoes and harvest corn.

Soon after the return of the Prophet Joseph Smith, David W. Patten was sent into Pennsylvania on his second mission, traveling sometimes with John Murdock as a companion, and at other times with Reynolds Cahoon.

The Prophet, in sending out these early missionaries, had no particular field of labor in mind for any of them. They were sent to warn all men, but their message was specially to the honest in heart, and these they had no way of finding except by the inspiration of the Lord. Just at this time a large number of Elders had been sent east from Kirtland in response to the revelation of September 22, 1832, Section 84, Doctrine and Covenants. On the 29th of November, in Eastern Ohio, David fell in with John F. Boynton and Zebedee Coltrin, who like himself were uncertain as to their course, and the three thereupon held a council of inquiry. Agreeing that Zebedee Coltrin should be mouth, the three went into a wood near by and knelt in prayer. They were directed to go eastward, preaching as they went. This they did, and David adds, "the Spirit of God leading us." Several persons were baptized on their way.

At Springfield, Pa., David met Hyrum Smith and his brother William, and joined them in holding services. After

meeting, six persons were baptized. David's gift of healing the sick was in constant demand. People came to him from all the country round, and it was a daily occurrence for the sick to be healed under his administrations. One woman, who had been an invalid for twenty years, was healed instantly.

After four months' labor in and about Pennsylvania, David returned to Kirtland, arriving there February 25, 1833.

David was a man of great physical strength. While on his third mission, which was undertaken after a month's rest at Kirtland, he and Reynolds Cahoon had an appointment to preach at the house of Father Bosley, at Avon, Ohio.

Several meetings had been held here before by other Elders, and among the assembled neighbors, was a man known as the "County Bully," who was the source of a great deal of annoyance to the speakers.

Sitting by the door in the hallway, this man would, every little while, contradict the speaker, or call out some irreverent suggestion, or ask for a sign. He boisterously refused to be quiet, and on the evening of David's meeting at the house, was particularly noisy, asking David, among other things, to cast the devil out. Whether it was from a sense of humor at the fellow's unlucky remark, or because he was so tired of the disturbance, we cannot say, but David finally determined to silence his persecutor.

Walking to the hallway, he quietly picked the man up bodily, carried him to the outside door, and with a swing sent the fellow about ten feet onto the wood pile. There was no more disturbance that night, and the saying was the current mirth provoker of the neighborhood for weeks afterward, that "Pat-ten cast out one devil, soul and body."

While on this mission, David assisted in converting a part of his own family. On the 20th of May, 1833, at Theresa, Indian River Falls, his brothers, Archibald and Ira, his sister Polly, his mother, and two of his brothers-in-law, Warren Parrish and Mr. Cheeseman, were led into the waters of baptism by Elder Brigham Young, who was another of the large number of missionaries sent out from Kirtland in March, 1833. David's father had died in August the previous year.

For nearly a year now David had been almost continuously in the field, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick, his power with the Lord in no wise diminishing. No credit was ever taken to himself, however, in the miracles performed, for he writes of this time:

"The Lord did work with me wonderfully, in signs and wonders following them that believed in the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, insomuch that the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see, and the lame were made whole. Fevers, palsies, crooked and withered limbs, and in fact all manner of diseases common to the country, were healed by the power of God, that was manifested through his servants."

Among those visited by him was a blind woman, the wife of Ezra Strong. It was nearly noon when David reached the house. After the usual testimony and questions respecting her faith in the Gospel, David rubbed and anointed her eyes, when immediately she was restored to sight; and so thoroughly was she healed that she prepared dinner for the household.

During this summer, under great hardship and suffering, eighty members were added to the Church under David's administration. Eighteen of these were at Orleans, Jefferson County,

New York. At Henderson where eight converts were baptized, great power was manifested at the confirmation, when the members spoke in tongues and prophesied.

With his brother, Ira, David returned in the early autumn of 1833 to Kirtland, where he worked on the temple for a month. Before winter set in that year, David had removed his wife and their effects from Michigan to Florence, Ohio, where he remained till the latter part of November. Having been sickly five weeks of the seven he spent at home that fall, David commended himself into the hands of the Lord and went into the neighboring country to preach. But there was a field more in need of his labors than this, for he had not been from home more than two weeks when the word of the Lord came to him as follows:

"Depart from your field of labor, and go unto Kirtland, for behold, I will send thee up to the land of Zion, for behold, thou shalt serve thy brethren there."

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[NOTE.—Anyone having further information of the life of Apostle David W. Patten will confer a great favor by communicating with the author at the Salt Lake Temple.]

A TRULY courageous man may be very much afraid; but he can never act the part of a coward. When the crisis comes he will nerve himself to action, and prove not that he is fearless, but that fear is his servant, not his master.

LEARN from your earliest days to insure your principle against the perils of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant dread of death.

RACING WITH A PRAIRIE FIRE.

I WONDER if any of my readers have ever had an experience with a first-class prairie fire. When I say "had an experience," I mean has he or she been within scorching distance of the leagues of crackling, rushing flames, battled with the clouds of stifling smoke, and raced for a place of refuge in advance of the charging line of fire?

The adventure I am about to relate occurred to Walter Kimball, a Utah boy, whose father was a ranchman in the early 60's.

One morning, early in March, he saddled a horse which he had broken to ride about two weeks before, and started out to hunt some stray horses belonging to his father. It was a typical March day, and a keen wind swept across the plains in fitful gusts, raising the sand and dust in heavy columns, and flattening the tall, dry grass as ripe grain falls before a cyclone.

Walter searched until late in the afternoon, but failed to find the horses. Then he recollected that he was hungry, and dismounting took some bread and meat from one of his saddle-pockets and proceeded to take the wire edge off his appetite.

His lunch finished, he thought it about time to return to the ranch, so he mounted his pony, Badger, and gave him a free rein for home.

He had ridden perhaps a mile when a gust of wind lifted his hat from his head, and sent it rolling along the trail ahead of him. At the sight of the rolling hat, Badger swerved suddenly and tried to run, but the boy put his weight on the bridle reins and quickly brought him back into the trail.

"Now, Badger, I'm going to teach you a new trick," said Walter, as they came near to where the hat had stopped.

An expert cowboy seldom dismounts to pick up any object from the ground. He simply leans down out of his saddle and gathers it up as he passes. Although Walter was not a cowboy by occupation, he had ridden enough to esteem himself as good a horseman as the best of them. One of his ordinary feats was to pick up a pebble from the ground while riding at a gallop.

When he came near the hat, he reached down to grasp it. His outstretched hand was within three inches of it, when Badger, not liking such a performance, suddenly swerved and commenced to buck violently. The next moment Walter found himself lying on his back in the trail, while his horse dashed off towards home, kicking up his heels triumphantly.

Walter picked himself up, brushed the dust from his clothes, and then stood gazing after his runaway steed, which soon disappeared behind a rise ahead.

"This means a long walk home for me," he said disconsolately. "No hope of my catching Badger now. He'll never stop this side of the corral. Well, I'll have to make the best of it, so here goes to wear out some shoe-leather."

Picking up his hat, the innocent cause of his mishap, he resolutely struck out for home. He was not fond of walking—your true horseman seldom is—but he was just the kind of a boy to do anything that must be done with a will.

He had been walking perhaps an hour, when the sun dropped behind the mountains to the west, and in five minutes it was dark. He still jogged along steadily, though a certain soreness in his muscles—the result of his recent fall—impeded his progress somewhat.

Suddenly he felt impelled to glance behind him, and as he did so he gave

vent to an astonished exclamation. His course was southward, and the sky to the north was lit up with a ruddy glow as though another sun was rapidly rising in that quarter. Then the cause of the strange illumination was made plain to him in a flash. The prairie was on fire behind him; and he was afoot, and directly in the path of the rushing conflagration.

He stood and watched the line of flame for a moment, and then continued his course at a quicker pace, traveling a full two miles without indulging himself with another backward glance.

Then he paused at the top of a long rise and turned to see what progress his pursuer had made. The light was much brighter than when he had first seen it—so bright, in fact, that he knew it could not be many miles behind him. Even as he watched, leaping tongues of flame shot upward into view in the distance. It was a beautiful spectacle, but he suddenly realized that if he hoped to sit at his father's table again, he must speedily find a refuge from those whirling cohorts of flame. The grass was tall, rank and dry; the wind blew in howling gusts, each one of which seemed to bear the fiery banners forward in giant leaps, while heavy clouds of black smoke hung low over the scene, occasionally stooping earthwards as though to clasp hands with the soaring flames.

Walter forgot his perilous position for a moment, while watching the brilliant scene. Then he awakened to the fact that the fire had advanced with such enormous strides that it was already within a couple of miles of him.

Turning, he resumed his journey at a run, and as he sped forward, he tried to think of the best way to escape the peril behind him.

In a few minutes an idea shaped itself

in his brain. Slackening his speed, he felt first in one pocket, then in the other. He withdrew his hand, and his face took on a look of disappointment.

"If I only had a match, I'd be safe," he grumbled.

His idea was to fire the grass where he stood, and this he could safely have done by keeping to windward of the flames. In a few minutes the ground would have cooled sufficiently to permit him to follow in the track of his own fire, while the flames behind him would have failed for lack of fuel when they reached the scene of the new conflagration.

Failing to find a match, he started forward again at the top of his speed. As he skurried over the ground, he tried to think of some place where the fire could not follow him, but he could recollect none nearer than several miles.

The prairie was not level—it rose and sank in ridges and valleys; but the tall, dry grass, the food of the flames, grew everywhere.

"Badger, you miserable little rascal!" Walter muttered to himself as he dashed on, "if you hadn't played me that trick, I needn't have been in such a scrape as this."

But Badger, far on his way toward home, cared nothing about how many scrapes his rider got into. His mind was probably fully occupied with thoughts of the grain awaiting him in the feed-box at home. That was of more importance to him than any prairie fire could possibly be.

Walter's breath came faster and harder as he dashed along the trail at the top of his speed. Occasional glances over his shoulder showed him that the fire was rapidly gaining on him despite his efforts. Do the best he could, there was no possibility of his outrunning it. He

would have "to find some other way of out-witting it, or perish.

Suddenly he remembered that not far ahead of him was a ravine, through which ran a small stream, at which Badger had stopped to drink that morning. The ravine was narrow, not very deep, and would not offer much protection in itself; but in the little stream he might find a safe refuge. Just how far he was from this haven he could not tell, but he guessed it to be near enough to give him a chance of reaching it in time. He must reach it, for there was no other hope.

Already the plain about him was as light as day, and the crackling roar of the flames could be heard distinctly. The most terrible of all forms of physical death seemed to stretch out its hands from every quarter to grasp him, and his heart throbbed as though it would burst with exhaustion and despair.

Soon he gained the top of another long slope, and there below him not half a mile away, was the refuge he sought. The fierce light flooding the heavens enabled him to follow with his eye the winding course of the little stream, and he almost imagined that he could hear the rippling of the water over its pebbly bottom.

With a quick glance over his shoulder at the fire, which was now close behind him, he summoned all his remaining strength, and plunged madly down the slope. It was to be a race for life, in which every moment would count for or against him.

On he ran, breathing heavily, his teeth hard set, straining every muscle and sinew to the utmost. After him leaped the fire, devouring all before it, and leaving in its train a landscape of black and smoking desert. Every fresh gust of wind swept the flames forward fifty or

a hundred feet with the velocity of an arrow. Then they seemed to pause for a moment and leap skyward, until another blast drove them on again.

Walter was now within a hundred yards of the ravine. If he could keep up his speed a few moments more he would be safe. The fire was snapping at his very heels now, while the sweat seemed to start from his face in little jets, trickling into his bloodshot eyes and almost blinding him.

A few leaps more, and he caught sight of the water. At that moment the flames actually swirled up about his legs and waist but he distanced them again, and a few strides more carried him over the low bank, to fall at full length in the shallow current.

He had won the race by a single second. Before he could gasp twice, the air above him turned to flame, the wave of fire leapt the brook like a racer, and dashed forward on the other side as though no barrier had intervened.

Then Walter sat up in the suffocating heat and bathed his blistered face. Death had been very near to him indeed; perhaps that was the reason he suddenly recollected a little prayer his mother had taught him. Don't you suppose that was what caused him to drop to his knees among the pebbles, and softly repeat it several times?

Then he staggered to his feet, wrung the water out of his clothes as best he could, and looked about him. A long line of fire was rushing southward up the slope, but he knew of a wide creek that would check it before it reached his father's ranch.

After resting a little while, Walter trudged on toward home. He was almost ready to drop from exhaustion, and he knew that his blistered face would peel so badly that he would not

dare to look at his reflection in a glass for at least a month, but he was too well pleased at his escape, narrow as it was, to care for personal discomforts. He was so thankful, in fact, that he even caught himself thinking kindly of Badger.

H. Alan Clarke.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON VII.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THROUGH the exercise of faith in God, and in His Son Jesus Christ; through true and sincere repentance; through obedience to the ordinance of baptism, we place ourselves in a condition to receive from our Heavenly Father the gift of the Holy Ghost.

This is one of the most precious gifts which mortal man can receive from his Creator. Before a person can receive the Holy Ghost, he must be pure in mind and body; for the Spirit of God will not dwell in an unclean tabernacle.

We read in the New Testament of a certain man named Simon, who thought he could purchase the Holy Ghost with money; and when he saw the people of Samaria receive the Holy Spirit, under the hands of the apostles, he offered the apostles money, saying: "Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." (*Acts viii: 19-20.*)

The baptism of the Holy Ghost follows the baptism of water; and Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

The people whom John baptized in

the river Jordan were promised the Holy Spirit when Messiah should come. John said unto them: "I indeed, baptize you with water unto repentance; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." (*Matt. iii: 11.*)

Jesus was first baptized with water, "to fulfil all righteousness;" and immediately after Jesus came up out of the water He prayed, and "the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon Him; and a voice came from heaven which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased." (*Luke iii: 21-22.*)

Thus we see that Jesus Himself was born first, of the water, and then of the Spirit: this being an example of obedience, or a pattern for all others to follow.

After Christ had risen from the dead He appeared unto His disciples, and remained with them forty days, teaching them the things concerning the kingdom of God. When the day of His departure came, and He was about to ascend up to heaven, He led His disciples out as far as Bethany, where He laid His hands upon them and blessed them. He told them that when He returned to His Father, He would send the Comforter, or the Holy Ghost unto them, and instructed them to tarry in the city of Jerusalem until they received this gift.

Accordingly on the day of Pentacost the disciples assembled with one accord in one place; "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven ton-

gues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance." (*Acts ii: 2-4.*)

Under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost the apostles preached the Gospel unto the people, and many were converted; and they "said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." (*Acts ii: 37-39.*)

Now, we see from this scripture that the promise of the Holy Ghost was not confined to the people of that day; but the same promise was held out to their children, and to those that were afar off, even as many as the Lord our God should call.

When the Lord restored the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith, He promised to bestow this priceless gift upon every soul who should obey the Gospel. He said:

"Wherefore I give unto you a commandment that ye go among this people and say unto them, like unto mine apostle of old, whose name was Peter;

"Believe on the Lord Jesus, who was on the earth, and is to come, the beginning and the end.

"Repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, according to the holy commandment, for the remission of sins;

"And whoso doeth this shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, by the lay-

ing on of the hands of the Elders of this Church." (*Doc. and Cov., Sec. xl: 11-14.*)

The gift of the Holy Ghost, as seen by the foregoing, is bestowed by the laying on of the hands of the Elders of the Church. Priests, Teachers and Deacons have no such authority.

On one occasion Philip went down into Samaria, and preached the Gospel unto the people there. Many believed on his words, and were baptized. But Philip did not have authority to bestow the Holy Ghost. Therefore, he sent word to the apostles at Jerusalem, and Peter and John were sent down, "who when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost. (For as yet He was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost. (*Acts viii: 15-17.*)

Saul received the Holy Ghost under the hands of Ananias. (See *Acts ix: 17.*)

Some time after this, when Paul was traveling through Ephesus he met certain disciples, whom he asked if they had received the Holy Ghost since they believed. "And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. And he said unto them, Unto what were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on Him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied. (*Acts xix: 3-6.*)

The same order was observed among the Nephites. Here are the words of Christ, which He spake unto His Nephite disciples, the Twelve whom He had chosen, as He laid His hands upon them, and He called them by name, saying, "Ye shall call on the Father, in my name, in mighty prayer; and after ye have done this, ye shall have power, that on him whom ye shall lay your hands, ye shall give the Holy Ghost: and in my name shall ye give it, for this do mine apostles. * * * And on as many as they laid their hands, fell the Holy Ghost." (*Moroni ii: 1-3.*)

"When the few who had received the Gospel, in this dispensation, first met to organize the Church, the Prophet Joseph laid his hands on Oliver Cowdery and ordained him an Elder in the Church, after which Oliver Cowdery ordained the Prophet Joseph to the same office. Then they administered the sacrament to the Saints. Afterwards they laid their hands on each individual member of the Church present, that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be confirmed members of the Church of Christ." (*History of Joseph Smith, April 6, 1830.*) When a person receives the Holy Ghost, he at the same time receives some spiritual gift from the Lord. "For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gift of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another the discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues. But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." (*I. Cor. xii: 8-11.*)

The Latter day Saints are in possession of all these gifts. Let us exercise them to the honor and the glory of God.
W. A. M.

HE PREVENTED A PANIC.

I REMEMBER once to have seen the role of a hero played with all the spontaneity of real genius by a poor stage supernumerary, says an American writer. It happened during a battle scene in Henry V. at a Philadelphia theatre. In a lull in the firing the audience discovered that a fly at the top of the stage was ablaze. A stampede was imminent. Half the people in the house were already on their feet. Two men could be seen aloft, making desperate efforts to tear away the burning scene. This added to the consternation. Another instant and a panic would have ensued, in which many lives would have been lost.

Such was the situation when out of the troop of soldiers on the stage stepped a "super," and in a roaring "aside" addressed to the trembling audience he shouted:

"Kape yer sates. Don't yer see de fire is in de play!"

The effect was magical. Few believed the statement, but unconsciously everybody dropped back into his chair and the play went on. A roar of laughter followed, and though it was five minutes before the fire extinguishers completed their work, not a trace of fear reappeared among the members of the audience. I never knew the man's name, but I have always thanked God for his presence of mind and his rich Irish brogue.

THE only love worthy the name ever and always uplifts.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

GATHERING OF THE JEWS.

FROM the columns of a newspaper we gather the following interesting items:

"Twenty years ago there were only 15,000 to 20,000 Jews in Jerusalem, and there were no houses outside the city walls. Today there are over 60,000 Jewish inhabitants, and whole streets have been built outside the walls."

We call these items interesting because there is no people on the earth of whom we know anything, excepting perhaps the Jews themselves, who are so much interested in Jerusalem and the gathering of the Jews to that city and land as the Latter-day Saints. When the Gospel was revealed one of the chief topics of interest connected with it, was the promise that the fulfillment of the predictions concerning the Jews was near at hand. The Book of Mormon threw great light upon this subject, and from it we learn the character of the covenant which the Lord made with His servants concerning their descendants in the last days. The Book of Mormon came to strengthen and re-affirm the words of the Lord upon this subject contained in the Bible, and made prominent to the minds of those who read its pages the great work that was to be accomplished in the last days in the gathering of the House of Israel.

Moses had left on record the blessings and the cursings which the Lord had made known to the children of Israel as a certain consequence of their conduct. If they obeyed His will, they were to be blessed. If they violated His commandments, they were to be cursed; and one of the dreadful consequences of disobedience was that they were to be scattered among all nations, as they

have been. But the Lord said, through Moses:

"If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will He fetch thee;

"And the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy father possessed, and thou shalt possess it; and He will do thee good, and multiply thee above thy fathers." (*Deut. xxx: 4-5.*)

Nehemiah the prophet, speaks also as follows:

"Remember, I beseech thee, the word that thou commandest thy servant Moses, saying, If ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations:

"But if ye turn unto me, and keep my commandments, and do them; though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set my name there." (*Neh. i: 8-9.*)

After the Church was driven out of Missouri, two of the Twelve Apostles, Orson Hyde and John E. Page, were appointed by the Prophet Joseph to take a mission to Jerusalem. John E. Page did not fulfill his mission. Brother Orson Hyde did go there, and dedicated the land, as he had been instructed to do, to the gathering of the House of Israel.

Subsequently two other Apostles, George A. Smith and Lorenzo Snow, also visited the land of Jerusalem, and they too prayed to the Lord and invoked His blessing upon the land, that it might be so blessed that fertility should be restored to it, and that the curses that had rested upon it might be removed by the power of God.

It is very remarkable that since that time the work of gathering the Jews has

gone on with considerable rapidity, and in such a manner as to attract attention and fill the hearts of believers with great delight at seeing such a plain fulfillment of the word of the Lord.

The Jews are undoubtedly turning their attention to the land of their fathers. Circumstances are being so shaped by the Almighty as to favor the colonization of the Jews on their ancient heritage. It is an easy thing for the Lord to cause His word to be fulfilled respecting that land and its people; and He will use the nations of the earth as His instruments. They will think, doubtless, that they are accomplishing their own ends in making combinations that will favor the settlement of the Jews and give them the liberty which has heretofore, to a great extent, been denied them. The Lord has said, through Jeremiah:

"I will cause the captivity of Judah, and the captivity of Israel to return, and will build them, as at the first." (*Jer. xxxiii: 7.*)

The prophet Amos also says:

"And I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them.

"And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God." (*Amos ix: 14-15.*)

The fact that there are over sixty thousand Jewish inhabitants in Jerusalem, and that whole streets have been built outside the walls within the past few years, is a very striking evidence of the fulfillment of the promises of the Lord concerning the Jews. The Lord said they should be scattered if they dis-

obeyed Him; but He said also that they should be gathered again.

The Lord Jesus when He was upon the earth said that Jerusalem should "be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." In a revelation given to this Church through the Prophet Joseph, the Lord said concerning the Jews, "They shall remain until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled"—that is, the Jews should remain in their scattered condition until then. The Lord further says, "And in that generation shall the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." The gathering of the Jews, then, was to be a sign that the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled. To the Latter-day Saints this event is full of great importance. We are looking forward to the coming of the Lord Jesus, according to the promise that He should again descend from heaven, this time in power and in great glory. But before that awful day a remnant of the Jews will be gathered to Jerusalem, and the ancient city will be rebuilt, and the land of Palestine will be re-peopled by the descendants of the covenant people of the Lord.

Many of the Jews will gather in unbelief; but the prophets in the Book of Mormon convey the idea that they will gather in belief. "The Jews shall begin to believe in Christ, and to gather." Then shall they know their Redeemer, and be gathered from the four quarters of the earth. It seems from their words that belief in the Savior will precede the gathering of the Jews together again. Heretofore the Jews have been apparently impenetrable to the Gospel, and many will doubtless still remain in this condition of unbelief; but on the other hand, we are told, "When they shall be restored to the true church, they shall be established in their lands

of promise. And again it is said, "When the Jews shall come to a knowledge of their Redeemer, they shall be gathered again to the lands of their inheritance."

There will doubtless be a mighty work performed in the gathering of this race, whose fathers the Lord entered into covenant with. His word cannot fail; and although it may seem an almost impossible thing to be accomplished, yet the Jews will be gathered to their own land, and they will build up the waste places, and they will be prepared for the events that are to come. The words of Zechariah will receive a literal fulfillment:

"There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

The Editor.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THE true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the mind of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinions or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment, his great concern being to make everyone at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors when he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets every thing for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantages, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults. He is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principle; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.

ICE FIELDS ON THE PLANET MARS.

EVERYBODY must have noticed how Mars adorns the sky on certain evenings. It is sometimes of a rich yellow or orange color, and sometimes decidedly red. The various conditions of the atmosphere and the differences in the eyes of observers all have their part in determining their description of its color. Not far away among the stars that are now grouped about the planet of war is Antares, one of the first magnitude, whose name some think was given to it on account of its resemblance to Mars in color. To most eyes Antares will probably appear of a deeper and livelier red than Mars. It is interesting to observe how completely the planet eclipses in splendor so bright a star as Antares. It may also interest the

reader to know that while the distance of Mars from the earth is now some fifty million of miles, that of Antares is so great that astronomers have not succeeded in measuring it. They are only able to say that it cannot be less than fifty millions times as far away as Mars is. There is nothing more certain than that if that red star which appears so faint by comparison with the ruddy planet, were suddenly brought up to the place that Mars occupies, night would vanish in an incomparably grander sunrise than this terrestrial ball has ever witnessed. In truth, it is more than probable that in the fiery blaze of the monster sun, thus brought so near, all living things would be destroyed upon the earth. The oceans would boil away in vapor, and the very ground would smoke. Yet at its actual distance Antares appears to us to pale in the presence of the reflected light of a planet much smaller than the earth. Some highly interesting and significant results have recently been obtained by photographing Mars. A series of photographs made by Mr. Wilson, and briefly described by Prof. Pickering in the *Sidereal Messenger*, suggested the possibility that the southern temperate regions of Mars have just experienced an irruption of polar ice no less remarkable than that which still adds the zest of danger to the navigation of our own North Atlantic. That our readers may know just what the observed phenomena are, we reproduce Prof. Pickering's description of the photographs:

"Seven views were taken April 9, between 22h 56m. and 23h. 41m, Greenwich mean time. Seven more were taken April 10th between 23h. 20m. and 23h. 32m. Thus the same face of the planet was presented in both cases. Distinct and identifiable spots and mark-

ings are well shown in all the pictures, but in those taken on the latter date a considerable accession is shown to the white spot surrounding the south pole. It has been known for years that the size of these polar spots varied gradually from time to time, apparently diminishing in the summer and increasing in the winter of their respective hemispheres. But I believe that this is the first time that the precise date and approximate extent of one of these accessions has been observed. The area affected stretches from the terminator, which at this time was in longitude 70 deg. along parallel—30 deg. to longitude, 110 deg., thence to longitude 145 deg., latitude—45 deg.; thence to the limb, which was in latitude—85 deg. and the 120 deg. meridian, and thence back to the point of starting. It may thus extend also over an unknown area on what was at the time the invisible hemisphere of the planet. The visible area included is surprisingly large, amounting to about 2,500,000 square miles, or somewhat less than the area of the United States. Being near the limb, however, it is not as conspicuous as might at first sight be supposed.

"On the morning of April 9th, the area was faintly marked out as if pervaded by haze, or by small separated bodies, too small and far apart, or too faint, to be recognized individually. But on April 10th, the whole region was brilliant, fully equalling that surrounding the north pole. In the mean time a much smaller area on the limb, which on the 9th was very bright, had either vanished or joined the main mass by moving eastwardly considering Mars as a globe.

"The date of these events corresponds to the end of the winter season on the southern hemisphere of Mars or what

would be with us about the middle of February.

"As to what these observations mean might most naturally be explained by terrestrial analogies, but be that as it may, the facts are that these appearances are conspicuous upon each of the fourteen photographs, and so distinctly so that no one who had once seen them would hesitate an instant in deciding on which day any particular plate was taken."

It is quite clear that the appearances presented in the photographs as described by Prof. Pickering might be produced by the drifting of vast ice fields from the southern polar regions of Mars in the direction of the equator. It seems practically impossible, however, that the drifting ice could cover so immense an area in the course of a single day, and a little reflection shows that it is not necessary to assume so rapid a spread of the ice. It will be observed that, as shown by the photograph taken on April 9th, the region in question presented a hazy or perhaps mottled appearance. The next day this had all changed to a brilliant white. The phenomenon of the first day may not improbably have been due to the presence of ice fields of great extent that had gradually accumulated under the influence of polar currents resembling the Labrador current that brings down our icebergs. The fogs and mists that commonly hang over large fields of ice that have drifted into warmer latitudes would assist in producing the hazy appearance recorded by the photograph. Then an inflow of warm moist air from the southward over the ice fields would suffice to account for the sudden blanching of the whole region the next day through the formation of a vast sheet of cloud, such as not infrequently, under some-

what similar circumstances, covers extensive areas on the earth. It is well known that the upper surfaces of clouds reflect the sunshine as brilliantly as new fallen snow. It is a pity that photographs were not taken for several days in succession, in order that it might have been determined whether the white area underwent such changes as would indicate that clouds were a principal cause of the phenomenon.

On looking at a map of Mars it will be seen that such a waterway as would be needed to convey vast quantities of ice from the south polar region into temperate latitudes exists on that planet just at the place where the strange phenomena described were observed. The drifting ice, if such there was, must have covered the larger part of what has been called the De Cottignez Sea, and extending thence toward the equator, passed through a broad strait into the southern end of the De La Rue Ocean.

Unfortunately, no photographs were taken showing the condition of things on the other side of the planet, but it is probable that a similar extension of the ice and cloud region occurred there also. There are four principal straits connecting the southern polar sea of Mars with the equatorial oceans; first, the broad waterway already mentioned, and then the Zoller Sea, the Newton Sea, and the Lambert Sea.

By any of these passages it would appear, the polar ice floes could make their way toward the equator.

If it could be proved that Mars has really just experienced an extraordinary visitation of ice in its oceans, the fact would not be without its weight in determining the question of extra-terrestrial influences in meteorology. The truth is, we are just beginning to dis-

cover the points of resemblance as well as of divergence among the various members of the solar system, and the many ways in which they are linked together. The planets can never again be regarded, as they have sometimes been, as mere globes of matter, furnishing by their motions beautiful practical problems for the mathematicians, but possessing in themselves no closer interest for us. In place of the strange dreams of Swedenborg, the stately imaginings of Dr. Chalmers, or the fanciful notions of Kepler and Huygens, about the inhabitants of the other planets, we are getting from day to day views of the actual condition of things on the surfaces of those globes which, puzzling as they often appear, nevertheless give us a substantial ground upon which to base opinions as to their fitness to be inhabited. Man's intellectual possessions and sympathies are widened by every discovery of this kind. He finds himself dwelling not merely on the crust of a planet, but in the centre of a family of worlds.

A SINGLE bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

Our Little Folks.

BAPTISM.

BAPTISM is the burial of persons in water for the forgiveness of sins, by men having the authority or right to do so.

Baptism, as we teach it, is performed in the same manner as it was in the days of Christ. When Christ was baptized of John, the Bible tell us that Christ "went down into the water," or in other words, He was buried in water.

In the days of Nephi, long before Christ was born, the people were baptized by Nephi for the forgiveness of their sins. Nephi did not have power to confer the Holy Ghost upon those who were baptized. The Lord had told Nephi that Christ would come to the earth and would be baptized. The Lord also told Nephi of the manner of Christ's baptism.

Some of you may ask why Christ, who was without sin, should be baptized. God commanded that all should be baptized, for in the Bible (*John iii: 4*) He says: "Unless a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Christ was a human being of flesh and blood as we are, and although He was holy, it was necessary for him to be baptized and keep all the commandments of God. If Christ, who was sinless, needed baptism, how much more necessary is it for us, who are full of sin, to be baptized?

It has been said by some persons that baptism is for the remission of sins, and children at the age of eight have not been sinful. God told Joseph Smith that the children of the Latter-day Saints "should be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years

old and receive the laying on of hands. (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. lxxviii: 27*)

Children at the age of eight have committed sins or the Lord would not have commanded them to be baptized for the remission of their sins.

Of course, you children have not committed any great sin, but have you done anything you knew was not right? When you were baptized you were buried in the water. There you were washed clean of all your sins; you arise from the water clean and pure.

Your burial in the water means that your past life with its sins and follies is dead. You come from the water with a new life. By your baptism you have shown God that you were sorry for your past sins, and are willing to be followers of Christ, to bear His name and serve Him always.

If children are eight years of age and have not been baptized, they should not partake of the sacrament. The blessing on the bread says, "O God, the Eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it, that they may eat in remembrance of the body of thy Son, and witness unto thee, O God, the Eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of thy Son, and always remember Him, and keep the commandments which He has given them, that they may always have His Spirit to be with them. Amen."

When you are baptized it shows to God that you are willing to bear the name of Christ. You also take the sacrament to show God that you are willing to bear His Son's name.

If you are not baptized, you are not willing to take the name of Christ, and you should not partake of the sacrament.

In the blessing on the bread it also says that we are willing to keep the commandments Christ has given to us. Christ commanded that all should be baptized. If you are not baptized when you are eight years old you are not keeping this commandment of His, and it is like telling a falsehood to God when you partake of the sacrament.

In some churches children are baptized when they are babies. Baptism is for the remission of sins. Babies cannot commit sin, for one cannot commit sin without knowledge, and little children do not know. Christ, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." We know that in heaven all are pure, and if those in heaven are like little children, children are pure. It would be to mock God to baptize little babies for they are sinless.

I am going to ask your mammas to read this and explain it to you, so you will know why you should be baptized.

Baptism of Jesus.

In Jerusalem, just before Jesus had begun to teach the people, a man came from the wilderness and preached to all who would listen to him. He told the people that they must repent and not sin any more, but they should get ready for their Savior who was coming. Many who heard him were sorry they had done wrong, and wanted to become good people. So this man baptized them in a river which has the same name as one of our rivers in Utah, the Jordan River. The Lord had given him the right to baptize people, that they might be forgiven for the wrongs they had done; they were baptized for the remission of their sins. This man was called John the Baptist.

One day Jesus came to the Jordan

River where John was, and asked to be baptized. John knew that Jesus had never done anything wrong or sinful, so he said that he was not good enough to do it, but that he ought to be baptized by Jesus. But the Savior said it was right, so John baptized Him.

Although Jesus had never done anything that was sinful, He was baptized because He wanted to show people what they should do to be saved in the kingdom of heaven.

After Jesus was baptized the Spirit of God rested upon Him, and a voice was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

When people are baptized now the Elders lay hands on them that they may receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; but there was no man who had the right to lay hands on Jesus, so the Holy Ghost descended upon Him, and He began teaching the people.

About seventy years ago there lived a man whom nearly every one of you boys and girls have heard about, and perhaps some of your grandmothers and grandfathers have seen and know him; so I will not tell you his name now, but let you think of it. When he was a boy he was very good and tried always to do what was right; and once when he did not know what he should do he went into the woods and prayed, and the Lord came and told him what he ought to do.

Soon after that an angel came to him and told him about some plates which had writing on them, and at last gave them to him, telling him to translate what was on the plates and make a book of it, so that all the people might read it. The Lord helped him, and he translated it. We now call it the Book of Mormon.

One day when this man and his friend, Oliver Cowdery, were writing from the plates they came to something that told about being baptized for the remission of sins; and they wondered if they ought to be baptized. They both thought about it, and they then did as they always had done when they could not tell what was best—they went into the woods and prayed and asked God to help them about it. While they were kneeling they saw a light coming near them, and then they saw a person in the light. He was a messenger from heaven. He told them his name was John, and people called him John the Baptist at the time of Jesus, and he said he had come to give these two men the right to baptize for the remission of sins. Then he laid his hands upon them, and gave them that authority. He told them that after awhile some one would give them the right to lay hands on others, that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, which is the Spirit of God. After this he told them to go into the water and this man should baptize Oliver Cowdery and then Oliver should baptize him.

When John left them, Joseph Smith (for this man was the Prophet Joseph) and Oliver Cowdery baptized each other, as John told them to do, and the Lord was pleased with them and blessed them.

Now I would like all my little friends to learn the following passages:

"Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (*Acts ii: 38.*)

"Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." (*Acts xxii: 16.*)

QUESTIONS.

What is baptism? Who may baptize? How was Christ baptized? What people were baptized before Christ came to the earth? What power that we have was withheld from the Nephites? Why was Christ, who was without sin, baptized? Why should children at the age of eight be baptized? What does your baptism show to the Lord? Why should children at the age of eight years not partake of the sacrament if they have not been baptized? Why should not babies be baptized? What right did God give to John the Baptist? Why did John wish the people to be baptized? In what river were the people baptized by John? Who came to the river to be baptized by John? How did John feel about baptizing Jesus? After Jesus was baptized what descended upon Him? Who can confer upon us the Holy Ghost? How long ago did Joseph Smith live? Who was one of his friends? What did they translate? What was it they read that they did not understand? What did they do about it? Who came to them in a vision? What did he tell them? Who baptized Joseph? Who baptized Oliver?

THE world owes much to the men who have made the best of every minute. Such men have been its leaders of thought, its great discoverers, its poets, its essayists, its doers of good. They have known how to utilize those odd half hours and spare quarters which ordinary persons treat with little consideration. They have never suffered a minute to pass without levying toll upon it.

REAL happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.

THIRD LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

DEAR CHILDREN: Near the close of my last letter to you. I mentioned the 16th of June, 1896, as being the hottest day and night known in Dixie for many years.

I will tell you more about that day.

Sister Anne C. Woodbury, who is president of the Relief Societies in the St. George Stake; Sister Mary G. Whitehead, Stake President of the primaries, and Sister Morris, (Sister Woodbury is also first counselor in the stake organization of primaries,) traveled with us in the St. George Stake.

About the middle of the afternoon, that terribly hot day, we came to a farm, which had a fence but no gate on the side we were passing. The people living there were family connections of Sister Woodbury; and while the team rested for a few moments, she climbed out of the wagon and over the fence, against the expressed wishes of the rest of the company, for we did not see how she could do so with safety. But she did, and went to the house. Soon she returned with a pitcher of buttermilk. And the brother and sister who lived there came with her, bringing a pail of water and some glasses for us to drink out of.

As Sister Woodbury was climbing down from the top of the fence, holding the pitcher in one hand and steadying herself with the other, her skirts caught upon the fence, and she hung suspended, and unable to move. We were all watching her, and some of us felt nervous, and might have screamed, had not the one in danger called out, cheerily, and in a laughter provoking way, "Oh, carry me out and bury me decent!"

She had to be helped down, but was not hurt.

So, beside the refreshing drink her

courage and perseverance obtained for us, Sister Woodbury also afforded us a good, hearty laugh, which I believe was quite as reviving to our souls, there in the burning hot sand and scorching air, as the cooling beverage itself.

Some of you boys and girls may have heard President Geo. Q. Cannon, (our editor,) tell of a fun-loving sister Anne of his, who caught a mouse and chased him with it, because he was afraid of mice, when they were children. This Sister Anne Woodbury I have been telling you about, was that same Anne Cannon.

It is very agreeable to travel with such a jovial companion, who often brings to mind the words of Solomon, the wise king:

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

I must also tell you that Sister Whitehead, who traveled with us, is the daughter of one of our best known and favorite Sunday School men, Brother George Goddard. And with her we sang some of the songs her father loves so well to sing with the children of Zion.

The morning of the 17th of June, we went from Toquerville to Virgin City, where we held two meetings and had dinner.

We felt as though it was almost too much to ask the dear children to come out to meet with us in mid-day when the heat of the sun was so great. But in Virgin City, as in other places which we visited, the children and young people as well as the older ones, appeared to take great pleasure in coming to meeting, and to count it no cross, however intolerable the heat seemed to us, who were unaccustomed to it.

We wondered, at times, that we were not overpowered with the excessive heat; but we were greatly blessed, and did not

even suffer much inconvenience, or feel very uncomfortable.

From Virgin City we traveled on to Rockville, and held meeting in the evening. The people had expected us in the afternoon, through some misunderstanding, and had been waiting for meeting a long time when we got there. They knew that but one meeting was to be held at Rockville by the visiting sisters, so everybody that could, came to that, little folks and all, some from surrounding settlements.

It was delightful to see the many babies that were brought; and yet to mark the good order that was kept. The singing of the choir, led by young Brother Hosea Stout was a pleasing feature. The choir, evidently, was composed mostly of young parents, who stood up and sang with spirit as well as voice, there was no lagging, and not only mothers, but fathers also, with babies in their arms.

Then came the gratifying thought, "Already the world talks of the Mormon choirs. But who can tell where the future singers of Zion shall be heard?"

That night the world about us seemed full of song. We slept out on the Bishop's porch, and were lulled to restful slumbers while "listening to the mocking birds," singing in the trees.

On the morning of the 18th we parted with our friends of the St. George Stake, rather sorrowfully, and started on an all days, or a day and a half's trip to Kanab.

Our first resting place was at Canaan's ranch, where we took dinner and changed teams, Brother Lorin Little of Kanab meeting us there.

In the afternoon we went on to Pipe Springs, another ranch, where we remained over night, feeling more like real missionaries, and farther away from

home than ever when we learned that we were in Mojave County, Arizona.

Pipe Springs is a romantic place, with a very interesting history, in portions of which Indians figure prominently in a blood-thirsty and murderous manner; that was before they had been taught the more peaceful, better ways they are learning. Later on, Pipe Springs became a note-worthy place in incidents connected with our own Church history.

A long and severe drouth has so dried up the country through that region that when we were there in June, all the cattle that had not starved on the range, had been driven away to find feed in other places. For this reason the ranch was almost deserted; one young man stopping there alone, to see that the property was not destroyed.

Brother Little, being well acquainted with the place, told us that the balcony would be the best place for us to sleep. We found it very comfortable there, and went early to bed. Before going to sleep, our attention was attracted to a flock of swallows, as we thought, which flitted about over us in a fearless and friendly manner. We wondered at their flying about so late, and why they did not fold their wings and go to rest.

Our minds were not disturbed however and we soon slept peacefully.

Just as the morning of the 19th dawned softly upon us, we awoke and found, to our surprise and disgust, that our little winged associates of the night were bats!

We felt, that like many disagreeable things in life, this fact had been mercifully withheld from us until "the night of danger" was past; or we might not have slept so well.

We left Pipe Springs very early, not stopping for breakfast. Drove twelve miles to Fredonia, still in Arizona.

There we stopped and took breakfast under some shade trees near the home of a son of the late Apostle Orson Pratt.

Sister Pratt invited us in doors, but we preferred the pleasant shade outside, and to eat in "camping out" style, especially as the kind-hearted people of Kanab had sent by Brother Little, for our comfort, an abundant supply of excellent provisions. Of Sister Pratt, however, we gratefully accepted a pan of good sweet, rich milk.

Eight miles farther took us to Kanab. While nearing that wonderful city we noticed the quaint, round hills or rocks which seem to stand in groups, systematically arranged in an order which reminded us of aged patriarchs surrounded by their families. First, there stands a large one, then others near it not so large; still others, smaller and smaller yet, until they are mere baby hills.

"See," we said, "there are the great grand parents, grand parents, fathers and mothers, big children and little ones."

And learning that these very significant monuments were without a name, we agreed to christen them The Family Hills of Kanab.

Lest I weary my little friends with the length of this letter, I must leave the rest to be told in another.

Lula.

LIFE is not a diamond, but a seed with possibilities of endless growth.

MAN'S happiness or misery is, in a great measure, put into his own hands.

WE do not live in a world in which a man can afford to be discouraged by trifles.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is the capacity calmly and confidently to hold fire in the presence of the enemy, always accounted the greatest feat in seasoned soldiership. It implies discipline and an assured reliance on the commander; raw troops can never endure the test; they are sure to break and run at the first fire from the ranks of the enemy. The virtue capable of such a feat can never be accounted weak or contemptible, a mere drudge among the virtues. Patience implies a persistent exertion of the will. The dash is easily made; the persistence in our endeavor is essential to this virtue. It is the persistence that tests the quality of the soul. The mettle of the horse is tested, not by the spurt of a mile or two, but by the rounding out of the fiftieth mile. For a moment the muscles of the arm will bear a great weight; the thirty or sixty minutes, however, prove too much even for great strength. Patience is the persistence of will—the power to touch the sixtieth mile or the sixtieth minute. To all this we must add steadiness. Patience does nothing by jerks. The current of energy flows even, steadily. The movement is made with the regularity of gravitation. There is no period of intermission.

SYMPATHY is a skittish and perverse nymph; demand too much of her, and she gives nothing. When a soldier has lost his arm, if he were to go whining about the world lamenting over it, everyone would despise him; but if he holds his tongue, and carries his sleeve carelessly, all the girls are in love with him.

As tears soften the heart, so does rain soften the earth that good may come.

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MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

AMONG all the beauties of nature there surely are none more interesting and

impressive than those found in the scenery among the mountains.

A person living in a mountainous

region does not appreciate perhaps the grandeur with which he is surrounded, as does one unused to such scenes.

People who have sufficient means travel thousands of miles to view the famous mountains of the world. Every year hundreds of Americans unfamiliar with their own country, go to Europe to visit the Alps. The Europeans are more conservative. The beauties of their own continent are peerless in their eyes. And surely any one who has gazed upon the magnificence of Switzerland, the rugged picturesqueness of Norway, and the calm, peaceful, sunlit loveliness of Italy and Greece, has felt that the Divine Hand was all powerful and kind in giving the people of those countries such surroundings. But Americans need not leave their own land to find grace and beauty in the handiwork of God. It seems that we can draw nearer to our Maker, and acknowledge more fully His power, wisdom, and love when among those most awe inspiring of His creations, the grand old mountains.

Every school child knows something of the wonders of America—of its Rocky Mountains extending from Alaska through British Columbia, through the United States, Mexico, Central America, then on into the southern continent under the name of the Andes, down into the southern extremity, Cape Horn.

This system is certainly the most wonderful mountain range in the world. The Andes are next in height to the Himalayas, and are very rich in mineral deposits, although they traverse a tropical country their peaks are capped with perpetual snow like Moore's "sainted" Lebanon.

"Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whiten's with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

The origin of the word "Andes" is unknown, but the "Rockies," is an appropriate name for that part of the chain which is in our own country.

In the eastern part of the United States are the beautiful Green mountains of Vermont. They have no awful cliffs, no rocky gorges, no snowy peaks, but as their name denotes, they are covered with a most beautiful dress of green foliage.

The Appalachian system, and the Sierra Nevada's are very beautiful, though they lack the massive grandeur which characterizes the greater chain.

In Utah and Colorado, there are many wonderful gorges, some of which are supposed to have been formed by mighty glaciers cutting their way through the mountains.

Of these the Grand Canyon of Colorado is the most famous, but our own canyons, although not so well known are much admired by tourists, and are considered by many of them to equal the Grand or any other.

Not long since the writer spent some time in Ogden canyon, and in his opinion the magnificence of the scenery there is unsurpassed by any in the country.

Some great upheaval of the earth must have taken place at an early period in the world's history, for on one side of the road, directly over the brawling stream, great cliffs of stratified rock have been thrown into an almost perpendicular position. This at one time was of course a sediment left by water on a level surface. Beyond the camp up through a side branch of the main canyon, men go logging with sturdy teams, into the Basin. One day our party of sight-seers bent upon making the most of the opportunity begged two kind hearted loggers to allow us to

go with them. We supplied ourselves with wraps and lunch. As we started the sun was rising. The hills were covered with foliage which had been touched by the frost, and appeared in its autumn dress of red and gold.

When we reached the Basin, our exclamations of wonder and delight broke out afresh. We were at such a height that the whole of the Salt Lake Valley could be seen, and far to the West the Dead Sea of America, a thin band of silver sparkling and glistening in the sun against the hazy purple mountains in the back ground.

The air at that altitude is rare, clear, cool, and invigorating. Toward evening we started for home on the heavy loads of logs, making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. As we rode down the steep incline under the protection of the watchful drivers, the moon appeared over a high peak. At first we saw only a thin bright crescent, but little by little it grew, until finally we saw it entire, and it cast a flood of silvery glory over all the scene. We could see the pine trees on the tops of the mountains outlined against the sky, and here and there a cliff stood out bold and white, and cast its black shadow over the space at its foot. As we gazed the inspiration of the time fell upon our hearts, and we were very quiet except when occasionally our joy burst forth in poetry and song, no doubt to the great amazement and consternation of the silent teamsters.

It is a well known fact that environment has a great deal to do with the formation of character. The scenery of a country is often an expression of the traits of the people of that nation.

For instance, the Swiss and Norwegians are rugged, strong and bold, like their own mountains; while on the

other hand, the Italians and Spaniards are indolent and languorous, like their vineclad hills and the quiet waters which ripple on their sunny shores.

LIVE IN ITS GLOW.

Once I dwelt in Fairyland,
Long years ago ;
Danced to merry, airy band,
Hearts all aglow.
Racing o'er the sunlit lea,
Day knew no night
Fairy moments swiftly flee,
Love wings their flight.

Bright the colors red and green,
Gleamed in the light
Of that pretty, fairy scene
Sparkling so bright.
O'er the lovely flowery dales
Ran streamlet clear ;
Whispering the fairy tales,
Sweet to my ear.

Now, although my eyes grow dim,
And silver hair,
The tokens of old time, so grim,
Trace lines of care,
The stories that the river told—
Deep now its flow,
Shields the heart from winter's cold
'Neath wisdom's snow.

Where can be that Fairyland?
Asks little boy,
Where the fairies hand in hand
Dance in their joy.
Where the pretty running stream's
Lovely retreat?
Is it in the land of dreams
Joy is complete?

Home, they call that fairy green,
Sweet love its light ;
Time, the story telling stream—
Heed now its flight.
This it whispered in my ear,
Long years ago,
"Love is life of children, dear,
Live in its glow !"

Lewis Stewart.

One can never get an insight into a man's character by looking over his head.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

DISCERNING OF SPIRITS.

ONE of the gifts of the gospel which the Lord has promised to those who enter into covenant with Him is the gift of discerning of spirits—a gift which is not much thought of by many, and probably seldom prayed for, and yet it is a gift that is of exceeding value, and one that should be enjoyed by every Latter-day Saint.

There are grounds for believing that there is not that solicitude about the different gifts of the gospel on the part of the Saints that there should be. They are not sought for with the diligence and faith which they deserve. Think how precious are the promises of the Lord concerning the gifts to those who will keep His commandments! They are of priceless value, and yet they are within easy reach, we may say, of every faithful man and woman. The Lord has said in a revelation to the Church that the Saints should "seek earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given; for verily, I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments." How many Latter-day Saints are there who supplicate the Lord for the gifts which they need? How many Elders ask to have the gift of healing given unto them? How many Saints ask the Lord

to bestow upon them the gift to be healed? Is the gift of prophecy sought for as it should be? or the gift of revelation, the gift of wisdom, the gift of knowledge, the gifts of faith, hope and charity? No doubt, many of the Latter-day Saints do beseech the Lord in earnestness and faith to bestow upon them these and other gifts that they may need.

A man may have an irritable disposition—how can he best conquer it?

By asking the Lord for the gift of patience.

A man may be disposed to be gloomy and despondent, and low-spirited. What course had he better take to correct this?

The Lord has promised to His people a gift which is called the gift of hope. By supplicating Him in faith for that gift, it can be received; and when a man is filled with hope he does not feel despondent, nor does he take gloomy views of life. How much happier one can be who has the gift of hope than if he were destitute of it.

Another may be disposed to take harsh views of the conduct of his fellow man and be critical and fault-finding.

By seeking for the gift of charity this disposition can be corrected.

A man may be unable to express himself with any degree of freedom; his language may be poor, his style of delivery very imperfect.

But the Lord has promised the gift of utterance to those who seek for it and are in need of it. When a man receives the gift of utterance he is able to speak freely and to express his thoughts clearly.

In this manner every defect in the human character can be corrected through the exercise of faith and plead-

ing with the Lord for the gifts that He has said He will give unto those who believe and obey His commandments.

To return, however, to the gift of discerning of spirits. No Latter-day Saint should be without this gift, because there is such a variety of spirits in the world which seek to deceive and lead astray. In another revelation to the Church upon the spirits which have gone abroad in the earth, the Lord says: "Behold, verily I say unto you, that there are many spirits which are false spirits, which have gone forth in the earth, deceiving the world." The Lord warns the Saints and says: "Beware lest ye are deceived." And that they may not be deceived, He commands them to seek earnestly the best gifts.

The apostle John says:

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

This counsel of the beloved apostle applies as much to us in these latter days as it did to the Saints of his age. All manner of spirits have gone forth to deceive, to lead astray, and to obtain possession of the children of men; and many people yield to them because they are invisible, and cannot, perhaps, think that they can be possessed by invisible influences. Anger, backbiting, slander, falsehood, and various passions are manifested by people under the influence of false and deceptive spirits. We have seen persons naturally well-disposed, kind, considerate and just, become completely changed and say and do things that were entirely unlike them. They would show by their features, by their voices, and by their whole manner that they were not them-

selves. Under this influence they would speak untruths, indulge in harsh judgment, criticize and condemn, and be altogether unjust, and apparently think themselves justified in this conduct. Why were they in this condition? They were, without doubt, under the influence of a bad spirit. Perhaps without their knowledge they were possessed, and could not realize that a satanic influence had control over them.

Now, the gift of discerning of spirits not only gives men and women who have it the power to discern the spirit with which others may be possessed or influenced, but it gives them the power to discern the spirit which influences themselves. They are able to detect a false spirit, and also to know when the Spirit of God reigns within them. So that in private life this gift is of great importance to the Latter-day Saints. Possessing and exercising this gift, they will not allow any evil influence to enter into their hearts or to prompt them in their thoughts, their words, or their acts. They will repel it; and if perchance such a spirit should get possession of them, as soon as they witness its effects they will expel it, or, in other words, refuse to be led or prompted by it.

The gift of discerning of spirits, also, is one that is of great importance to the Elders who are laboring in the ministry. We have known Elders become so filled with zeal and so desirous to do good, or what they supposed to be good, that they exposed themselves to the influence of the adversary. They would be filled with a species of what has been called "wildfire," and, carried away by zeal, they would go too far; they would say and do imprudent things, and yet, being prompted by the purest and best motives, would feel entirely justified in their course. In the history of the Church

there have been many illustrations of this. Elders can work themselves up beyond that which is proper and wise and be led to say and do many imprudent things and overstep the line of propriety. Now, the gift of discerning of spirits is necessary to keep these kind of feelings in check.

The gift of discerning spirits is not only necessary for this purpose, but it is necessary in the branches of the Church. Newly baptized members, anxious to obtain the gifts, are liable sometimes to be taken advantage of by the adversary and to imbibe or yield to a wrong spirit. A newly organized branch of the Church where the gifts are manifested, especially the gift of tongues, has to be watched with great care. The Elders laboring in the branch or presiding in the conference must be in a position to discern between the Spirit of the Lord and other spirits that may seek to steal in. Elders who have had much experience in the ministry can doubtless remember instances where the gift of tongues has been bestowed that it has required the discernment of the Priesthood to detect and check false spirits.

In all the situations in life, therefore, in which Latter-day Saints can be placed, there is great need for them to possess the gift of discerning of spirits. Fathers and mothers need it for their own benefit. They need it in their families, in the training of their children. All Saints need it to enable them to escape from the many evil influences that are abroad. The Elders need it for their own sakes; they need it also in the government of the branches, of the conferences, of the wards, of the stakes, and, indeed, the entire Church. It is a great and blessed gift, and it should be sought for by all.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON VII.—THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

ANOTHER sacred ordinance of the Church of Christ is the Sacrament of the Lord's supper. This ordinance was instituted by the Savior on the same night in which He was betrayed by Judas Iscariot. On that memorable evening he met with his twelve disciples in a large upper room in Jerusalem. Jesus appeared very sorrowful, for He knew that the hour of his martyrdom was at hand.

After He had eaten the Passover with His disciples, He brought forward the emblems of the Sacrament—bread and wine. "And He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." (*Luke xxii: 19-20.*)

The Sacrament was instituted to take the place of the feast of the Passover, a Jewish ceremonial, established by God to commemorate the departure of the children of Israel from the land of Egypt and their deliverance from the destroying angel, who slew the first-born of the Egyptians and passed by the homes of the Israelites because the lintels and door posts of their homes were sprinkled with the blood of a lamb slain the evening before. The sacrifice of the Paschal lamb by the children of Israel was a type of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, which should take away the sins of the world.

After the departure of the Savior, His disciples used to meet together on the first day of the week, or the Lord's day;

they would sing hymns of praise, offer prayer to God and administer the Sacrament to those present. Then they would speak concerning the death and resurrection of Christ, and exhort one another to live lives of righteousness. Great love existed among them; they all taught the same things, and the gifts and blessings of the Gospel were enjoyed by them.

This condition of things continued for a number of years, but finally wickedness crept into the different branches of the church; men lost their first love, and the ordinances of the Gospel were transgressed.

In the Church at Corinth the Sacrament of the Lord's supper was partaken of with unclean hands and impure lips, in consequence of which many of the members were afflicted with sickness and many died. Several epistles were written to the Church by the Apostle Paul, in one of which he says concerning the Sacrament: "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." (*1. Cor. xi: 27-29.*)

But notwithstanding the warnings of the apostles, and the judgments of God's displeasure which were imposed upon the churches, the Sacrament continued to suffer abuse. A little later this simple ordinance was converted into a *mystery*. The Christians began to call it "one of the *mysteries* of our holy religion," and only select persons, and those under an oath of secrecy were admitted to Sacrament meetings.

In the third century long prayers

(which were strictly forbidden by the Savior) were made by those officiating at the Sacramental table; and about this time the bread and wine were not considered as common bread and wine, but were regarded as the very body and the very blood of Jesus Christ. And so abuses continued until the simple ordinance of the Lord's Supper was entirely corrupted.

The Sacrament was instituted among the Nephites by Jesus Christ after His resurrection. He Himself blessed the bread and brake it and gave it to His disciples, and after they had eaten He commanded them to give the bread to the multitude assembled. Then He blessed the wine, and gave it to His disciples, and the disciples to the people. "And when the disciples had done this, Jesus said unto them, Blessed are ye for this thing which ye have done, for this is fulfilling my commandments, and this doth witness unto the Father that ye are willing to do that which I have commanded you. And this shall ye always do to those who repent and are baptized in my name." This ordinance was observed among the Nephites until their final destruction by the Lamanites.

When the Gospel was restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Sacrament, together with all the other ordinances of the Gospel, was restored in its original purity and simplicity.

Bread and wine were at first used, but through a revelation from God water was afterward substituted. The revelation says:

"For, behold, I say unto you, that it mattereth not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, when ye partake of the Sacrament, if it so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory; remembering unto the Father my body which was laid

down for you, and my blood which was shed for the remission of your sins: Wherefore, a commandment I give unto you, that you shall not purchase wine, neither strong drink of your enemies: Wherefore, you shall partake of none, except it is made new among you; yea, in this my Father's kingdom which shall be built up on the earth. Behold, this is wisdom in me." (*Doc. and Cov., Sec. 27: 2-5.*)

The Lord has commanded us to meet together often to partake of the emblems of the Sacrament in remembrance of Him. He has also revealed the forms of prayer to be used in blessing the Sacrament.

Before we partake of the Sacrament we should examine ourselves, to see if there be any iniquity in our hearts, and if our conscience condemns us we should not partake of those holy emblems. We should have no ill-feelings towards any other member of the Church, and no guile should be found upon our lips. Then, with clean hands and pure hearts, let us eat in remembrance of our Lord and Savior, that we always have the Spirit of the Lord to be with us.

W. A. M.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A LOUD, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation, such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly that," "hands of time," "don't you know," "hate" for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise and joy, such as "bother!" "gracious!" "how jolly!"

Yawning when listening to anyone.

Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music you cannot execute with ease.

Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage, a sound body.

A good memory for faces and facts connected with them, thus avoiding giving offense through not recognizing or bowing to people or saying to them what had best be left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke.

DON'T be afraid of helping another, of giving a kindly suggestion, of speaking a word that shows interest in the welfare of the one you are with. Many a young man, many a young woman, going out into new scenes have been saved by attention bestowed upon them that cost the bestower nothing. Many, alas! have gone into paths they should have avoided, simply through the lack of it. Feeling deserted, alone, ignored, they grew listless, then careless, then bitter, then defiant, and in this last mood drifted into scenes their better nature protested against.

THE WRECK OF THE "ITALIA."

ON the sixth of July, 1871, three boys, one hobbling along with one foot shod and the other bare, and all as weary, hungry and dirty as a Louisiana swamp could make us, trudged into New Orleans. We were the survivors of the ill-fated sloop *Italia*, and three more penitent sailors never foreswore a life on the rolling deep, or sought forgiveness from a like number of anxious and sympathetic mothers. We had sailed away full of life, hope and courage, and at the end of two short days we returned plastered from head to heel with swamp mud, swollen all over with mosquito bites, gaunt with hunger and lack of sleep, and heartily wishing that we had not done it.

In order that you may learn all about our adventure from the very beginning, I must introduce you to a secret council held about a week before the "Fourth," by Frank Holden, Joe Browning and "yours truly." We met behind a stall in the fish market, which, I am willing to acknowledge, is hardly an appropriate place in which to hatch out a conspiracy, though we then and there laid the plan of as rank a piracy, in a small way, as ever a trio of youngsters took it into their heads to perpetrate.

Frank Holden was the oldest, and he took the lead in the proceedings.

"Fred, you know Tony Badaracco's sloop, the *Italia*, don't you?" he asked, addressing me.

"Yes, I know her," I replied. "In fact, I went across the lake in her once, when Tony ran over to Mandeville with some freight for a store-keeper."

"And where does she lay when Tony isn't using her?"

"Always at the end of the New Canal, near the old Spanish Fort, I believe," I answered.

"Well, Joe and I are tired of spending the Fourth in the old regulation way," Frank went on, "And we've decided to have our fireworks on the water this year. What do you think of it?"

"Anything that suits you fellows will be pretty apt to please me," I replied. "But what is your scheme?"

"To borrow Tony's boat for the day, and take a run out on the lake," Frank explained. "We need just one more to make up the crew, and we decided to invite you," he added, confidentially.

It is only justice to myself to state that I had certain scruples as to the morality of possessing ourselves of another persons property in the way suggested. I well knew what Frank meant, when he used the word "borrow." His intention was for us to appropriate the little craft to our own use during the day, without asking permission of the owner. It was certain that Tony would never entrust his smart little sloop to such green hands as we were, and we lacked the money to hire him to sail her for us.

"Don't you think we shall be liable to arrest, if we take the boat in that way?" I ventured.

"No danger of that," Frank replied. "I heard Tony say that he intended to spend the Fourth in the city celebrating, and as we shall be back before night, the chances are that he never will know we used the sloop."

A few more arguments of this kind sufficed to silence my scruples, and I expressed a willingness to make one of the party. We then agreed to meet at the old Fort at eight o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, and each of us pledged himself to bring certain supplies necessary to our jollification. Frank was to furnish fireworks and soda water, Joe the lunch, and I agreed to

contribute an ample supply of peanuts, candy, etc.

Fortune seemed to favor us throughout, and we executed our program to the letter. We reached the rendezvous within a few minutes of each other, and were gratified to find that at that early hour there was not a soul about to observe our movements.

The *Italia* was moored to a little wharf just inside the breakwater. We stepped safely aboard and called down the narrow hatchway, for we knew that Tony sometimes slept in the little cabin. There was no response, the coast was clear, so Frank, who had constituted himself captain, stepped to the tiller and told Joe to cast off the mooring line.

We got the jib on her easily enough, but when it came to hoisting the mainsail, it took all the strength that Joe and I could muster, and even then it crept up by inches. The soft morning breeze was blowing fairly off the land, and in a few moments the little sloop rounded the outer point of the breakwater, and our outing had fairly begun.

There had been some dispute as to the course, and the question was still unsettled, so Frank now asked us to decide. Joe's idea was to run straight out into the lake for a few hours, and then return, Frank wanted to head for Pass Manchal, and I preferred the mouth of the Tangipahoa River. The wind was fair enough to carry us on any of the three courses, so to settle the matter and save valuable time, I voted with Frank, and the sloop's nose was pointed for the Pass.

"It'll be a sixty mile run for the round trip, but if we have a decent slant of wind, I think we can make it before dark," Frank said, glancing up at the sails in nautical fashion.

"We must be sure of our course," I

remarked, "or we may get lost, and not be able to get back by dark. Just think, if Tony were to come down to the wharf in the morning and find his boat gone!"

"Don't you fret about our getting lost," Frank rejoined, "We won't be out of sight of land more than an hour between the two points, and all we have to do then is to hold the sloop's head west-south-west, and we'll bump into our destination all right."

"You mean we won't be out of sight of land more than an hour, if this wind holds, and the weather stays clear," Joe corrected. "But there are calms and fogs on this lake the same as in other places, let me tell you."

"No fear of either today," Frank retorted, glancing to windward, "Besides, would we be any better off in a calm or fog out in the middle of the lake, where you wanted us to steer?"

This started a fresh discussion between them as to the course, which continued for some time, and finally ended in a good deal of ill humor on both sides.

To the best of my recollection, the early hours of our voyage were not half so pleasant as we had anticipated. Had we obtained the boat in a proper way, and started with the consent of our parents, things might have been different with us. Before noon I heartily wished myself back in the city, as I presume the others did also, but a silly pride restrained each of us from expressing a desire to return.

About one o'clock we had lunch, and as we sat eating in gloomy silence, each one of us wishing himself somewhere else, I noticed the main mast swing inboard a little and the sail hang from the peak in listless folds.

"That's the last of the wind," cried

Joe. "I've noticed it failing for the last hour. What did I tell you about calms? Now I suppose we're liable to lie here, in this one spot, and roll about till morning."

"I'm very badly mistaken if we don't have more wind than we care for before long," I replied. "Look at those clouds banking up over the city. I think we had better stop quarreling, and prepare for a squall."

"Right you are," cried Frank, pitching the remnants of his lunch overboard. "Let us try and get a reef in the main-sail. I expect we're in for it when we get home, but there's no good in our letting the boat be capsized in the meantime. So bear a hand, boys!"

Lowering the sail to get the necessary slack, we went to work with a will, and we were not a moment too soon. Looking over my shoulder as I tied the last reef-point, my glance fell on a line of curling white water about a mile astern, and sweeping towards us with the speed of an express train.

A minute later the wind caught us, and the little sloop heeled over to its first fierce rush, until she buried her lee rail in the foam alongside. Although Frank was the ring-leader in our escapade, I must do him the justice to say that, under heaven, he saved our lives that day. Had he been less resolute, the sloop must have foundered in the first blast of the storm; but he hung to the tiller, and helped the little craft to right herself with a tenacious courage that many a sailor might have envied.

When the sloop heeled so violently, Joe and I, taken unawares, were thrown to the deck, but after she had righted somewhat, we managed to scramble aft where Frank squatted at the helm.

"Can I help you Frank?" I yelled. My mouth was within three feet of his

ear, but I had to shout to make myself heard above the roar of the water and the thunder of the wind.

"No, I believe I can manage now," he replied, "But see if you can find the compass. It must have fallen to the deck."

The compass, a small, portable one, enclosed in a little wooden box, had stood on the cabin slide before the storm struck us. I searched everywhere, but could find no trace of it. Evidently the wind or the sea, had swept it overboard.

"Now we are in a pickle!" Frank exclaimed, when I told him it was not to be found. "I don't know what course I am steering, and, oh, boys, I'm so sorry I persuaded you into this scrape!"

Then he broke down and cried heartily, and I'm free to confess that Joe and I kept him company in the outburst.

I think that cry made each of us feel better, and more sympathetic towards one another; anyway, I know there was no more quarreling.

It must have been a full hour that we scudded before the wind, and the storm was still unabated. The low-lying clouds and the flying spray made a kind of dusk upon the water, and it was impossible to see more than one hundred yards in any direction.

Fred, you might crawl up into the bows and try to keep a kind of a lookout," Frank yelled into my ear. "There are thousands of old snags scattered all about the lake, and sailing along like this, we're liable to bump into one at any moment. If you see anything ahead, wave your hand in the direction you want me to put the tiller, and I'll watch for your signal."

"All right!" I yelled and started for-

ward, but before I had gone three steps a peculiar, scraping jar made the deck planks tingle under my feet, and the next moment the *Italia* brought up with a sudden jolt that threw all three of us in a pile on the deck. As we lay there, we saw the mast wave and totter for a moment, and then pitch overboard to leeward, carrying the mainsail and jib with it.

As I scrambled to my feet, my face was toward the bows of the sloop, and I caught a glimpse of a line of waving objects in that direction which a second look convinced me were the wind-tossed branches of a line of cypress trees bordering the lake.

Frank's first move after regaining his feet was to poke his head into the cabin hatchway. He withdrew it almost immediately and yelled to us that the sloop was already half-full of water.

I then acquainted my companions with the discovery I had made, which encouraged them greatly, and we set about devising a way to get ashore.

After cudgelling our brains for a while, coining an idea one minute, and rejecting it the next, Joe's mother-wit came to the rescue.

"What's to hinder us from wading ashore?" he asked, picking up a sounding pole that lay under the rail, and dropping one end of it overboard. "Just as I thought," he continued. "There isn't over three feet of water between the boat and the shore.

"It will be rather rough wading, but I guess we can make it by joining hands and helping one another along."

"I have a better scheme than that," Frank cried, and walking over to a spare coil of half-inch halliard rope lying on the deck, he whipped out his pocket knife, and cut off a long length of it. "Let us tie ourselves together

with this, leaving a few feet of rope between each of us," he explained.

The knots were quickly tied, but before we took to the water, Frank seized the pole and sounded all about the sloop on each side. Then we discovered that she had been driven in between two submerged logs, or snags, lying parallel to each other. But there was no danger of her sinking in any case, since there could not have been more than six inches of water between the keel and the bottom.

The journey to shore was not such a terrible affair, after all. Frank, who was in the lead plumped into a hole and sank for a moment, but we hauled him out and soon reached the beach, soaked and bedraggled, but sound in mind and limb.

Then we huddled together at the base of a big cypress, and went into a committee of the whole to tell each other what we didn't know about the best way to get home.

While we were talking the storm ceased almost as suddenly as it had sprung up, and the evening sun peeped out from behind the clouds. Frank got up and faced us.

"I suppose we'll have to walk home," he said, "so we may as well make a start. Our course out, was west-south west, wasn't it? Well, we have no compass, but we have the sun, and if we head east by north, we're bound to come out somewhere near the city. We'll follow the beach until we find that its taking us too far out of the way; then we'll take to the swamp.

"Come on, boys! The only thing for us to do is to make the best of it."

We had walked perhaps a couple of miles when, in looking back for a last glimpse of the sloop, we caught sight of a small craft which had just rounded

a wooded point running out into the lake. She was creeping along close hauled to the wind, and we saw that if she held to her course, she must pass within four or five hundred yards of the place where we stood.

As she drew nearer we saw a man standing at the tiller, while a boy of about my size stood forward of the mast. When she reached a point almost opposite us, we swung our hats and yelled lustily, repeating the performance as fast as we could recuperate our breath.

Presently the sail swung over, and she turned on her heel and pointed her nose towards us. The water was evidently deeper along this part of the shore than where the *Italia* had stranded, for the little craft ran in within good speaking distance of us before she dropped her sail and rounded to.

"What do you want?" the man yelled, with a strong Italian accent.

"We have lost our boat, and we want to come aboard," replied Frank.

"Yes, I passed your boat stranded this side of Pelican Point. Isn't she the *Italia* of Tony Badaracco?"

We deemed it wise to ignore this question for the present, so Frank replied by asking how we were to get aboard.

"You'll have to swim for it. I have no small boat, and my lugger draws too much water to come any further in."

Stripping to our underclothes, we hastily constructed a flimsy raft of dead branches on which to float our discarded garments, and slipped into the water, pushing the raft before us. A few strokes carried us to the lugger, and we scrambled up the side. While we dressed, the captain made sail, and then he asked us for our story.

When Frank told him how we had

taken possession of the boat, he scowled and shook his head ominously. Tony Badaracco was a friend of his, he said, and he thought it a shame that we should have so treated him. However, he did not doubt that the law would not only make us pay for the *Italia*, but also punish us severely for the theft.

When we tried to negotiate with him to carry us to New Orleans, he flatly refused. The best he could or would do for us, he said, was to carry us, on the morning of the second day, to a point about six miles from the city, where he had some turtle traps set. He himself was a fisherman, the boy was his son, and they had their cabin at the mouth of Calico Bayou.

Our rescuer, though somewhat gruff, and inclined to be cross with us for having stolen and cast away his friend's boat, treated us well during the two nights and a day that we remained at his cabin, and fulfilled his promise by carrying us, in the early morning of the sixth, to a point within a few miles of the city.

From there on we had a dreadful tramp through swamps knee deep in mud and slimy water, until we reached the city limits, where our muddy, bedraggled and altogether woe-begone condition, made us objects of curiosity to every person we met.

I need not tell you how we sneaked into our respective homes by the back door, nor shall I describe the anxiety and heartaches our absence had caused, though I can truly say that the look on my mother's face, and the way she clasped me to her heart, when I entered the house, was the worst punishment that anyone could have inflicted upon me.

Tony behaved far better than we had any right to expect, and it was not very

long before he was the owner of a new *Italia*, larger and better than the one we stranded off Pelican Point.

Can you imagine who paid for it?

There are several morals to be gleaned from this story, and when you have worked them all out, you will find that most of them begin with the word "Don't."

H. Alan Clark.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. III.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 551.)

Greatly were his brethren in Zion in need of whatever services David could render them. About the time of his arrival at Kirtland after receiving the word of the Lord, a letter was received from Elder W. W. Phelps, dated Clay County, Missouri, in which among other things he says:

"The situation of the Saints, as scattered, is dubious and affords a gloomy prospect. No regular order can be enforced, nor any usual discipline kept up; among the world, yea, among the most wicked part of it, some commit one sin and some another (I speak of the rebellious, for there are Saints that are as immovable as the everlasting hills,) and what can be done? We are in Clay, Ray, Lafayette, Jackson, Van Buren, etc., and cannot hear from each other oftener than we do from you.

"I know it was right that we should be driven out of the land of Zion, that the rebellious might be sent away. But, brethren, if the Lord will, I should like to know what the honest in heart shall do."

On December 16, 1833, the Lord gave, in answer to this inquiry, the revelation, Section 101, in the Doctrine and Covenants. With a copy of this revelation and other papers bearing comfort to the distressed people, David accompanied

William D. Pratt to Missouri, making the greater part of the journey on foot.

Under date of December 19th occurs the following entry in the diary of the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"William Pratt and David Patten took their journey to the land of Zion, for the purpose of bearing dispatches to the brethren in that place from Kirtland. O, may God grant it a blessing for Zion, as a kind angel from heaven. Amen."

To face that journey of six hundred miles in the dead of winter on foot and in poverty, took no common courage. Men who weighed their own comfort against the welfare of their fellowmen, would have seriously considered the alternative. But not so with these.

Since the summer of 1831, when the Saints first settled in Jackson County, Missouri, converts had been gathering from all parts of the country to the center Stake of Zion. Much progress had been made by them in providing themselves with the comforts of life, when, in the fall of 1833, an armed mob recruited from the surrounding region arose against the Saints and drove them, about twelve hundred souls in all, from their homes, and now they were as we have seen scattered and in distress.

After much suffering on this perilous journey, David reached Clay County, where his brother John had located, on March 24, 1834. He found the Saints in a truly pitiable condition. Driven from their homes in and about Independence before the crops of the previous year could be utilized, their fields laid waste, their houses and in many instances all their belongings burned by the mob, many of the people hardly knew how they had been preserved through the winter. The Lord only will ever know.

David's whole soul went out to the sufferers. His time was spent night and day in ministering to their necessities. That attribute of the Lord, which we are sent here particularly to cultivate, of love for all things, was most fully exercised in David during this period of his development. Even the most despised of the animal kingdom came within the reach of his sympathy, for while traveling among the people he interposed whenever opportunity offered to prevent the destruction even of the rattlesnakes with which the country was infested. Explaining on one such occasion that we need not look for animals to become harmless so long as men cherish enmity, he drove the intruder with a brush of leaves into retirement.

Not even the men who had brought upon his brethren and sisters the suffering he so untiringly sought to relieve, could call from David any heated demonstration of bitterness. While he stood ready to go with the Saints back to their homes, and advocated such a course, he was yet unwilling to entertain for their enemies a feeling of vengeance.

In June, 1834, when Zion's camp had arrived, David met in council with a number of his brethren and the leaders of the mob. At the close of the conference, on account of some remark of his, one of the mobocrats drew a bowie knife on David swearing:

"You d—d Mormon, I'll cut your d—d throat."

"My friend, do nothing rash."

"For God's sake don't shoot."

David's composure and gentle reply threw the man into a state of alarm for his own safety. It was beyond him to conceive of such unruffled demeanor unless his antagonist relied for his security on concealed weapons. But David was

wholly unarmed, except with the affection which knows no fear. There are other instances in his career when David's fearlessness led his enemies to believe he was armed. These, however, will be noted as we proceed.

The Prophet Joseph left Missouri for Kirtland early in July; and in September David took a steamer at the small town of La Grange on the Mississippi river, and, in company with Warren Parrish, started on a mission to the Southern States. At Paris, Henry County, Tennessee, where they arrived in October, the Elders remained preaching about three months. During this time twenty converts were made and many sick were healed.

Of the many cases of healing performed under David's administrations, one of the most wonderful perhaps was that of the wife of Johnston F. Lane. She had been sick for eight years, and for a year past had been unable to walk. Hearing of the Elders she begged her husband to send for them. David answered the summons at once. As was his custom, he first explained the Gospel and upon receiving from the lady an assurance of faith in the Lord, he laid his hands on her, saying:

"In the name of Jesus Christ, I rebuke the disorder and command it to depart."

As he said this she was instantly made whole, and at his command and in accordance with her promise, she went into the water and was baptized within the hour. Among the promises made her at her confirmation, was one that she should bear a son in less than a year, though she had been married twelve years and was childless. The prophecy was fulfilled, and, out of gratitude to the servant of the Lord under whose hands the mother had been

so marvelously healed, the child was named David Patten Lane. The mother bore several children afterward.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

"You perhaps realize that your father's affairs were in a very bad state when he died—and that he—ahem!—had nothing to leave for your support."

It was his father's partner who spoke, and Roy Milburn's heart sank at having confirmed beyond doubt the fear he had had as to the hopelessness of his position. He knew that his father had freely offered all he possessed for replacement of the amount which had been over-drawn from the bank, but had hoped that there would be at least enough left over to place him beyond want, till he should be older, and better equipped to begin the battle of life.

"However," went on Stephen Mayfield in his cold, pompous tone, "you need not fear of coming to want. Your father was my partner in business for many years, and in spite of the unfortunate circumstances connected with his dealings with our firm, I shall consider it my duty, in view of our former friendly relations, to give you a home, and provide for your support and education till you are able to take care of yourself."

There was something so unbearable in the unfeeling and patronizing tone, that Roy could not utter the thanks that perhaps were due for the man's offer.

There was something so appreciative and sympathizing, too, in the eyes of the stranger who occupied one of the easy chairs in Mayfield's private office, where this conversation was taking place that it, too, helped Roy to be silent.

The stranger spoke in his stead.

"Mayfield, you will excuse me for interfering, but I believe what this young fellow needs right now is a total change of scene and occupation. The easy life you will give him will not do for him half as much in the way of comfort and self-reliance as steady and immediate labor. From his looks I should imagine that almost any kind of it would be more beneficial just now, than a moments' time to brood upon his troubles. How is it, my boy—am I right?"

There was such a hearty, kindly ring in the stranger's voice, that Roy's heart went out to him, gratefully.

"Yes sir," he answered at once. "I'd rather be put to work, than do anything else."

"The trouble is, Sterling," said Stephen Mayfield, a tinge of impatience and haughtiness in his tone, "that I have no position to give him at present. Every place in my office is filled by competent and trustworthy persons whom I have no excuse for removing."

Roy flushed hotly at the speech. His father's fault made him keenly sensitive to the stress which Mayfield chose to lay on the word trustworthy.

John Sterling saw it, and spoke up instantly.

"There are other places than this, Mayfield. I don't know but better places too. Now I have a proposition of my own to make. I have a place down at my mine in Pennsylvania that I believe this young man could fill with credit. It's hard work and not in any sense pleasurable, perhaps; but it's active, honest work, and I believe the very thing for him in his present condition of mind and circumstances. It may not be the kind of work he'd want to stick to; but if he wants it till something better offers, he's welcome to take it."

"You mean work in the coal mine?" asked Mayfield.

"I mean exactly that."

Stephen Mayfield looked at Roy with a discomfiting smile.

"Well," he said, "here are two propositions laid before you for you to choose from; which do you propose, to accept?"

"Don't decide at all, now, my boy," interrupted John Sterling. "It's not an easy matter to conclude without reflection, and I'm going to let you have time to think it over."

Roy looked up, resolutely.

"You are very kind to show me this consideration, sir;" he said quietly to Sterling, "but I shan't need any time to consider; my mind is already made up."

Mayfield sat with a triumphant smile on his face. He had no doubt as to what the decision would be. A life of ease—a home in a luxurious mansion, and the advantages of a complete education, against days of toil and discomfort in the gloom and grime of a coal mine—there could be but one choice. In guessing it, however, he had made a mistake.

"I am sure," said Roy, boldly, "that it will be best for me to accept Mr. Sterling's offer. I am very grateful, indeed, for his confidence and kindness in making it, and I only hope I may be able to earn his good opinion in my work."

An angry flush spread over Mayfield's face. There was something humiliating in having his own magnanimous proposition slighted, to say nothing of the annoyance of having Sterling upheld in what he considered an impertinent interference. They had been chums at college and their friendship had continued since through the long years of their manhood—but he felt that that could

not excuse or justify Sterling's opposition to what he had made known as somewhat of a personal desire.

When he spoke it was very stiffly.

"Very well," he said, "since he chooses so, by all means let it be the coal mine. I trust, however, he realizes that once made, the choice cannot be reconsidered." He spoke with a half sneer that once more awoke John Sterling's frank ire.

"I don't believe he's the boy to back out, whatever comes," he responded, somewhat sharply.

"We shall see!" said the other.

He rose to put an end to the conversation, and Roy taking the hint, said good morning to both men, preparatory to taking his departure.

"Now, when can you be ready to start, young man?" asked John Sterling.

"Whenever you are ready for me, sir," he said.

"Then let it be day after tomorrow. I'm going down myself then and can look after you."

Roy went home with many different emotions surging in his heart. He was relieved and rejoiced that he was not obliged to accept the arrogant charity of Stephen Mayfield, and yet the prospect of the future that lay before him was certainly not alluring. How different, indeed, from the bright career his father had planned for him—school, college, travel—and then a junior partnership eventually in the bank of which he was director. How had his father permitted himself to be drawn into that evil speculation which had eaten up most of his fortune and led him at last to commit theft! He could hardly believe, even when all the disastrous evidences of his rashness and proofs of his guilt that his father had indeed changed sufficiently to allow himself to become thus

involved in dishonor. Sinking under the blow of failure of the three great enterprises in which he had invested nearly all his property, Willard Milburn had died before the discovery of the theft which had stained his name with dishonor. Everyone said that it was the fear of this inevitable uncovering of his guilty deed that had caused the stroke that ended his life; for though his fortune was swept away by the failures, he could still have redeemed his credit, and in time, perhaps, his former place, had there been nothing worse to daunt him. His death, however, was considered as but one of the proofs of that deed with which he was charged, and since he could not speak for himself the verdict was final and universal. The outside property which he had left out of the financial crash, that was the result of his speculations, was sufficient to make up for the amount he had overdrawn from the bank but it took the home and all personal effects to make up the fifteen thousand dollars found missing from the bank vault on the morning after his death. Proof was but too certain, that the robbery had been committed by some one familiar with the bank, and as Milburn's desperate circumstances were known and all other employees of the bank were above reproach, suspicion could but fall upon the man who had succumbed to his combined misfortunes—and there was no one, however well disposed personally, who could sincerely say a word in his defense. This was the trouble under which Roy Milburn was suffering this May morning. Homeless, now that the house in which they lived would be sold in a few days for debt, and friendless in a close sense, save for the good housekeeper, Hannah Parry, who still stayed with and comforted him by her

sincere devotion—it was not strange that the world had become dark to him seemingly for the rest of his life. When he told Hannah Parry of the offer he had accepted, that affectionate creature was vehement in her grief and indignation.

"To think o' the likes o' you soilin' your hands and spoilin' your life with such work—you the son o' Mr. Milburn, the banker. It's out o' all kind o' sense or reason," she said.

"It's honest work, Hannah, and I'm not going to be hurt by it. Rather, I'm in luck to have a position ready for me to accept after——"

"After what, Master Roy?" Do you mean the lies they've been tellin' about your father? There, dear; bless your little sore heart, don't go for to cry now when you've kept up so brave. The things they've laid to your dead father will never hurt you, dearie, nor your father, either for long. You need'nt look so sorrowful—I mean what I say, and my words'll come true some day.

"I know yer father was unfortunate and speculated too much with his own money, but I'll never believe Mr. Milburn ever stooped to steal that which was taken from the vault—not unless he'd tell me with his own lips, and that wont be while I'm on earth. No! no! Master Roy, I know your father, and I know his name'll be cleared of that yet, if there is any justice to come about in this world, and so I'll say till I'm dead."

It was comforting to hear the faithful woman utter such hope even in spite of the dark outlook, and Roy went about his task of packing up for his coming departure with a lighter heart.

He had dreaded the time when he would have to bid a last farewell to the home where he had spent so many

years, but sad as it was now for himself, it seemed that he was destined to play the part of comforter rather than to give way to his own grief.

Hannah it was who burst into tears, as they stood in the hall saying good bye to the old familiar home, and Roy stifled his own heartache to say a word of cheer to the faithful woman who had been with them since his mother's death seven years ago.

"Don't give way, Hannah," he said, bravely, "you will find, perhaps, a better home, and as for me—I'm better off already than I could have hoped."

"'All right' and 'better off', indeed. You that's been raised in comfort and wealth beggared of every penny you own! For you do own your home, Master Roy, if justice had been done your father. You've been robbed, that's what it is—robbed! and all to put back the money that some low thief stole and blamed to your poor father that could'nt speak to deny the charge! All right! it'll never be all right till your father's name's cleared o' that charge, and you get back the money they've took from you. And as for my havin' a better home—that I never could on earth. And as far as that's concerned I could'nt have the heart to live with strangers now that I've had such a home as this has been for so many years. No indeed, Master Roy, I'm goin' to live by myself now and do what I can to cheer my poor boy up—you know your father got him the place at the bank, and now since he died they've turned my poor Jim out without a months' warnin'—and he as steady a boy as any clerk they've got in their establishment. No knowin' how sorry he'll be without work now, but thank heaven I've got a little saved up, and whilst I've got a penny neither him nor you shall want.

But there, Master Roy—here's the carriage with the gentleman inside that's goin' to take you away. Good bye and God bless you, and remember what I say, that the truth will come out yet and you'll have your own restored to you—mark my words! Good bye!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CANNON OF GOLD.

THE imperial army of Germany has recently come into possession of a cannon made of solid gold. It is mounted on a carriage of rosewood inlaid with numerous costly gems. This peculiar gun was presented to the Berlin army by the managers of the Museum at Hamburg, in whose possession it has been for over two centuries, and as may be supposed is much more interesting than dangerous. It is hardly probable that such a rare and costly affair as this gun must be will ever be used for anything more than show. This monster jewel is of the most delicate workmanship and design and is remarkably beautiful. Its cylinder is ten feet long, with a circumference at the mouth of three feet. The rosewood carriage is highly polished and is clasped at intervals of about every foot with bands of etched gold, and is adorned with emeralds and rubies, making the carriage alone worth more than its weight in silver. In two places in the elaborate ornamentation of the cylinder, the initials, "H. R. M., 1643" are found, but curiously enough the artist in arms who designed this work has not yet been discovered, although the German Kaiser has employed a number of the most learned men in the nation to devote their time to finding out who he was. The value placed on this unique field piece is about forty thousand dollars, but it is safe to say it could not

be purchased for a sum very much larger than this. Emperor William has taken a great interest in this gun, and has ordered a special guard to be placed over it. It is doubtless very gratifying to his pride to know that he is the possessor of what is probably the most valuable gun in the world. This cannon is now at Berlin and on two days in the week it can be viewed by the curious Berliners and strangers. There are very few cities in the world that can boast of more attractions than the German capital, and among all its attractions few are given more attention than this peculiar gun.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BURGLAR.

I HAVE passed through a few thrilling experiences in my time, among which may be mentioned a desperate hand to hand fight with a Zulu chief; encounter with a lioness and her whelps; on board a burning vessel, when fifty lives perished; and last, but not least, an encounter with a burglar.

What I am about to relate occurred some seventeen years ago. I was then in the thirty-second year of my age, full of life and vigor, and had been married two years to as handsome a young woman as ever stepped upon Irish soil.

Mrs. Donan had but one weakness that I could discover—she was the most superstitious little woman I ever knew in all my life. The chirp of a cricket in the house foretold the death of one of the inmates; the whining of neighbor O'Flaherty's dog was another sure sign of death in the neighborhood; and the crowing of widow McGinty's hen—a habit that biped had learned in her youth from her brothers—was looked upon by Mrs. Donan as a solemn warn-

ing that some poor mortal's time had almost come.

The second night after we were married Mrs. Donan awoke me out of a sound sleep to hear O'Flaherty's dog wail a requiem over some poor soul about to take its departure for the better land. One morning, about a week later, I was awakened by Mary Ann to hear the "death watch" howl even more piteously than before.

"That's a sure sign of death," said Mrs. Donan.

"You bet it is, Mary Ann," I said. "If that confounded pup keeps up his howling a few nights more, it will be a sure sign of death."

"The next day O'Flaherty's dog mysteriously disappeared, no one knew where. (I could tell you, if I liked, but I won't.) Well, for a few weeks after that I had peace.

One morning, some time after this Mrs. Donan stepped over to butcher Maguire's for a little bit of steak for breakfast, and when she returned she brought the news that she had seen a magpie on the top of old Crookshanks' chimney, chattering wildly, as much as to say, "Old Crookshanks, say your prayers, for you will soon be going up aloft."

"Mary Ann," I said calmly, "I don't want you to tell me any more of your silly, superstitious old fables; I don't want to hear them, because I don't believe in any such things. I don't believe that a chirping cricket, a whining dog, a crowing hen, or a cackling magpie can any more foretell the death of a person, than a pack of cards can determine his life and fortune."

I could see that I had offended Mrs. Donan a little, and she replied in a sharp and somewhat confidential tone:

"Well, we will see, Mr. Donan. If

there's not a death in the Crookshanks family before long, you will never hear me refer to my 'superstitious fables' again."

No, reader, I'm not superstitious; but as true as I am writing this article, in less than a month from that date, I was acting as one of the pall-bearers at poor old James Crookshanks' funeral.

"What do you think of my 'superstitious fables' now?" said my wife, when the news of Mr. Crookshanks' death reached us.

"I think," I said, "that James Crookshanks died a natural death; he was an old man, and his demise, while somewhat sudden, might have been expected any time. No, Mary Ann, I refuse to believe that magpies are sent as 'angels of death'."

No doubt Mrs. Donan has heard chirping crickets, whining dogs, chattering magpies, and crowing hens, many times since that day, but if she has, she has never mentioned the fact to me.

But I was to tell you about an encounter I once had with a burglar, was I not?

Well, as I said before, this occurred about two years after Mrs. Donan had given me her heart, and I had given her my heart in return, and a twenty-two carat solid gold ring into the bargain.

The little cottage which we rented at that time, but which we hoped in a few years to be able to call our own, nestled in a miniature forest on the outskirts of the city of B——. The spot was a trifle lonely, I admit; but with a lively baby boy, and a thousand and one domestic daily duties, Mrs. Donan was kept from thinking long.

The winter of '86 was a memorable one in B——. Several strikes had taken place; many of the prominent places of business were shut down, and hunger,

with glaring eyes, was staring wildly into a thousand homes. Men were getting desperate, and almost every morning the newspapers contained accounts of bold "hold-ups" and daring housebreaks.

Special police were sworn in; but most of them were in sympathy with the strikers, and some of them were known to actually take part in several robberies.

For a whole month, I don't believe Mrs. Donan slept two hours in a night. She lay awake night after night, expecting every moment to hear burglars raise the windows, or insert skeleton keys in the door-locks.

I did all in my power to quiet the dear little woman's fears. I purchased a set of new patent keys for all the windows, and double locks for all the doors; my brother loaned me a life-saver in the shape of a large, ferocious bloodhound, and while I slept a revolver, with six filled chambers, hung upon the wall beside my bed.

I don't think I ever slept sounder in my life than I did that month. I know Mrs. Donan was annoyed at my composure; but I told her it would be time enough for us to worry about burglars when they came, and that there was no use in her lying awake every night expecting trouble that would never come.

But the trouble did come. Notwithstanding all our precautions and protection, our house was forcibly entered one night and shortly before midnight I was awakened by my wife who, trembling with excitement, told me that the house had been broken into and that burglars were at work upstairs. I had grown so accustomed to Mrs. Donan crying, "A wolf, a wolf!" that now the wolf had come, I couldn't believe it, and so I said unconcernedly, "Never mind, my dear, I'll attend to them in the morning!"

But hark! what was that noise. Yes,

I heard it myself—burglars were at work, sure enough. The next moment I was out of bed and into my trousers. Lighting the lamp, I stepped into the hall, and judge of my astonishment when I beheld the hall door standing ajar.

I hurried back to the bed room, which adjoined the kitchen, told my wife to be calm, and on no account to scream. Taking my revolver in one hand and the light in the other I carefully made my way upstairs. I first went into the room which Mrs. Donan had set aside and arranged as a study, and in which some valuables were kept; but there was no one there. The next room was a bedroom, and, with a slight palpitation of the heart, I made my way there. I could see no one, and was turning to leave the room when something prompted me to look beneath the bed. There was "Mr. Burglar," sure enough. "So I have caught you," I said placing the lamp upon the table, and holding my finger on the trigger of my revolver.

The wretch made no reply, but shrank into the corner. He fixed a pair of angry eyes upon me, and crept out from his hiding-place. No sooner had he got from under the bed than he made a spring to get past me; but I was too quick for him. I seized him by the throat and held him in an iron grasp. He struggled fiercely, but I stayed with him and dragged him across the floor, and that "burglar"—a big black Tom cat—went down those stairs before the toe of my slipper ten times faster than he slipped up them, I know.

W. A. Morton.

PATIENCE ornaments the woman and proves the man. It is loved in a boy, it is praised in a youth. In every age it is beautiful.

A PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

Lono was a humble native fisherman, who lived on the windward side of Maui, one of the Hawaiian islands. Though poor, he prided himself in having descended from a line of chiefs of some note, and by a constant application to his profession, he managed to gain a livelihood for a wife and a number of small children. Besides he presided over a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which consisted of fishermen, like himself, residing in a small village by the seashore. The trade winds blow heavily there at times, and when accompanied by a squall, the breakers run so high that fishing has to be abandoned, because the fish keep well out at sea, and it would be both difficult and dangerous for the native to venture out very far in his little log canoe.

During one of these stormy times, there came to Lono's house an elder from Zion, wet and weary from a day's travel in the rain. Lono bade him welcome, but with sad countenance related that there was no fish in the village; for several days they had not been able to cast their nets with any success, and he had just then returned almost exhausted, after several attempts to make a catch with hook and line. "I will go back and try again, now you have come, for I believe the Lord provides food and raiment for His servants." With these words, he was off with a bound toward his canoe, which lay on the beach about a quarter of a mile distant. Soon he was seen to mount the white-crested waves on his way out to find a suitable place to drop his hook, which was made fast by a line extending to the shore. After a lapse of half an hour, a neighbor came running in exclaiming: "See what Lono is carrying!" He was just then

coming up over a sand hill, carrying some heavy burden. Tottering and out of breath, he came and threw at the feet of the bystanders one of the nicest fish that had been caught in the village for many a day; then he jumped up and down and clapped his hands in triumph, as he related how he knelt down and asked the Lord in plain, simple terms to direct him where he might catch a fish for supper. Scarcely had he placed the line in position before the bait had been taken, and there, surely enough, was a large fish that taxed his strength to the utmost to bring in, and Lono was a stout man too.

It was a thankful company who sat down that evening to an abundant supply of fish and *poi*; and while they ate and were filled, they felt that of a surety the Lord does hear and answer the prayers of those in need, when they ask in faith.

E. C. D.

A USEFUL TREE.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the United States in Brazil recently made a report to the State Department at Washington concerning the Camanba tree. It grows in the northern states of Brazil near the Amazon River, and according to the report is a very wonderful tree. Every portion of it is made use of by the inhabitants of that land. In addition to its being used for building purposes, roofing their huts, making fences, etc., it also supplies them with material from which they produce food, light and medicine. The tree is a species of palm which seems to flourish best in a dry sandy soil. Food which is used to quite an extent by the natives is made by grinding and drying the bulbs of this tree, while medicine is produced from the roots. When the trees are young,

the trunk contains a soft substance which resembles marrow. This makes an excellent food for horses, cattle and hogs. As the tree becomes older, the trunk hardens, and then becomes suitable for building purposes, while the long branches, which are not unlike the mouth of a saw fish, furnish material for a very strong and durable fence. The leafy part of the branch is cut and dried in the sun. It gives forth a very tenacious substance which possesses properties very similar to bees wax. This wax is used very extensively in the manufacture of candles, and a salve is also made from it. From the leaf or blade a fibre is obtained from which the natives make their hats, baskets, ropes, mats, etc., and these articles are of very good quality. After the wax is scraped from the leaves and branches, they are used for roofing the houses of the inhabitants, and also for protecting the brick walls from the fierce rays of the sun as well as from the heavy rains.

The tree produces a fruit which is sweet and palatable. The kernel or seed is pounded into a powder and is used in the place of coffee.

The consul has made a complete collection of all the articles manufactured from this wonderful tree, and they are to be added to the other exhibits now to be seen in the National Museum.

At all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it enables us to say and to do whatever is most befitting the occasion that presents itself; while in time of trial it may protect, and in danger preserve.

Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness, and confide your faults and follies to but few,

THE MAN'S DUTY AND THE FATHER'S LOVE.

The *Daily Mail*, an English newspaper, prints the following:

"Information was received on Tuesday by the officials of the Great Eastern Railway Company, at Liverpool-street Station, of a shocking accident that occurred on Monday evening at the Horley Station signal box. John Kipping, the signalman at this box, where the lines branch for Norwich and Bury, was superintending the arrival of the 3:20 express out of London, when, as the train was sighted in the distance, he saw his infant son, aged two years, walking along the down rails. He was unable to leave the box, but called to his wife, who instantly rushed after the child. It was too late to stop the express, yet Kipping doubted if his wife could reach the child in time. Just as the train was within a few yards the heroic mother clutched the child, but the next instant both were knocked down by the engine of the train as it dashed past. Kipping rushed down, and found his wife and child saturated in blood, and all doubt as to the death of the child was dispelled by the fact that its head was almost crushed into its body. The medical examination showed that the child had been killed instantaneously, having apparently been struck by the buffer of the engine as the mother had caught it to drag it out of danger. Mrs. Kipping had had her hand almost severed by the step of the engine, and the fall when knocked down had fractured her skull. Kipping is only thirty years of age, and had not been married quite five years. Beside the child killed he has one other, aged three and a half years. He bears a high character with the company, and he was to have started for his annual

leave a few hours after the accident. In reply to the company's officials, he said he could have run quicker than his wife, and probably saved the child, but to have left the signals might have meant the wrecking of the train.

"What shall we say of an Englishman like this, who at his humble post of duty has borne himself with a heroism more sublime than the hot valour of the soldier or the fervent enthusiasm of the martyr? Men have died for duty ere now, men have laid down their lives to save others, strengthened by the ardour of a noble cause—by the exaltation of self-sacrifice. But the man who has remained at his post and watched his child die because it was his duty to safeguard other lives has done a nobler and grander thing than the bravest wearer of the Victoria Cross. The manhood of England will be proud of him for all time, and the mothers of England will give him the tender tribute of their tears, realizing how sore was his temptation, how noble his renunciation, how bitter his sorrow. Sympathy may be of little comfort to him. The dead body of his little one is more to him than the praise of the world. But it will be something to him to know, when he turns from his child's grave to face a world that has grown cold and grey and sorrowful, that the men and women of his race all the world over unite in the words, 'God bless you, John Kipping! England is proud of you!'"

Look on the bright side of life. Think of its pleasant things. Bear its unpleasant things patiently. Remember that the mercies of life greatly exceed its ills, and that often these ills are mercies in disguise.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESSION.

GREAT activity prevails in what may be termed the religious world at the present time. Never before in the history of our Church have so many missionaries been in the field, and never before were they received so kindly by the people in the various places where they labor. It is only a short time since Elders were shot, were whipped in the most barbarous manner, and were driven out of sections by mobs who threatened them with the loss of life, unless they departed speedily. The hatred was most intense, and the Elders incurred great risk in preaching the Gospel in many places. A great change has taken place in this respect. To the Elders who preached the Gospel in the early days of the church, the change seems wonderful. I have received a letter from a son of mine who is laboring in the South, who says there are two hotels in town at which the Elders are welcome to entertainment without cost, while numbers of friends extend invitations to them to accept their hospitality. The Elders are traveling without purse and scrip; shoes are mended without charge, linen washed gratis with apparent pleasure, and a spirit of hospitality and kindness is shown that is quite remarkable. These evidences of the outpouring of the spirit of the Lord are very gratifying, and while this spirit reigns a great many souls will be added to the Church.

Satan, however, is not dead; neither is he bound. The millennial reign has not quite commenced. Obstacles will doubtless be thrown in the pathway of the ministers of the Gospel, and the spirit of misrepresentation and falsehood will be indulged in to endeavor to check

the progress of the work and the spread of truth.

Other denominations are showing great activity in pushing forward their views and doctrines upon the attention of the world. Protestant denominations are industriously preaching their doctrines, and some of their prominent people are endeavoring to bring about some sort of an arrangement by which the sects can unite together. This hope appears to be indulged in by a few members of various denominations, and even Gladstone, the great British statesman, has had something to say upon this subject, and has interested himself endeavoring to obtain some sort of a recognition from the Pope himself that would lead to a closer union between the Church of England and the Church of Rome.

Probably no sect in Christendom is making greater progress or showing more ability in carrying out its plans than the Church of Rome. The present Pope, Leo XIII, has treated the United States with a shrewdness that has called forth much praise from various quarters. He has sought to conciliate the American people. He seems to understand the danger of wounding their patriotism, and is careful to avoid doing anything to arouse any dislike against himself as the supreme pontiff and against the church. But while doing this, every step has been carefully taken to strengthen and increase the influence of the Catholic Church. Its growth in the United States within the last quarter of a century probably exceeds anything before known among the Anglo-Saxon races since the days of Luther. Every step gained is maintained. There is no going back. This is illustrated in what the Pope has said concerning praying for princes.

There is a well established formula

in the church in which the Pope commands the faithful to pray for peace and unison among Christian princes. The question has arisen of late, however, among pious Catholics, who the "Christian" princes are whose peace and unison might be regarded as worth praying for. It is now suggested that there are princes who have deserted the Church of Rome, who do not deserve the prayers of the faithful. In view of this Leo XIII has modified this formula. In future the prayer will be for the liberty of the Church and for peace and unison among Christian nations, and no reference is to be made to the princes.

In Hungary it is expected that there may be a contest between the Catholic Church and the State. The programme sent from Rome to the leaders of the Catholic Church in Hungary furnishes ground for an aggressive warfare to be waged by the church. The teachers of religion in the colleges are required to show special zeal in teaching the youth the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and have their pupils connect themselves with the congregations. The teachers of secular branches are to be urged to impart their instruction in the spirit of the Catholic Church. The bishops are instructed to use all their power to get control of the State University and make it a Catholic institution. Ideas concerning patriotism are to be set forth in harmony with the teachings of the church. Catholic papers are to be published and spread throughout the country. Every representative and member of the church is required to do his best to carry out these orders, and wherein there is any laxness or carelessness it is to be punished by the church authorities. Many more points not necessary to mention are also dwelt

upon, all of them with a view to the strengthening of the Church of Rome in that country. Hungarian and other European papers agree that this is a bold defiance of the state by the church, and that there is likely to be a very serious struggle.

The Roman Catholic Church in taking this stand in Hungary, must be fully aware of what it has to meet. It will not provoke a quarrel in which it is not likely to succeed. The policy of that church is to adapt itself and its actions to the conditions which exist in the different countries where the church is endeavoring to increase its strength. In this Republic the Pope has thought it imprudent to sustain a policy concerning public schools that some of the authorities of that church in this country had urged. In this he has shown his prudence, and it has had the effect to disarm considerable opposition. There is something to be admired in the tenacity with which the Catholic Church clings to its policy concerning its members. If it were the true church, the policy would be admirable, because it is only by maintaining the ground already gained and seeking to extend the foothold that the grand results which have been predicted in the last days can be brought about.

The great care which the Roman Catholic Church exercises over its members has been one of the principal causes of its preservation and spread. It looks after its members and converts with the greatest care and attention. With all zealous members the interests of their church are of paramount consideration. Of course, where a church is prompted by improper motives or entertains erroneous views, this course may be very objectionable. But in the

case of the Church of Jesus Christ, led by inspiration from heaven, having the welfare of the whole human family at heart, and its ministers and teachers being inspired of the Lord, the zeal that is displayed by other denominations ought to arouse among the true followers of Jesus Christ a disposition to exert themselves to the very uttermost.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THERE has been some discussion as to whether the 20th century begins in the year 1900 or 1901. But it is said that this discussion is unnecessary; for some claim that the century begins in neither of these years, but three or four years earlier. It is now stated that the 20th century begins somewhere between Christmas of this year (1896) and February to April of next year (1897.) It is alleged that this has been established by the investigations and calculations of the best scholars. Those who set forth this claim say that it is almost universally acknowledged that Christ was not born on Christmas in the year 754 after the founding of Rome, but in the year 750 or 749, the latter year being far the more probable, and toward the spring-time the more probable date. This agrees with the views generally entertained by the Latter-day Saints, that it was in the spring, in the month of April, that the Savior was born. But the conclusion of those who have investigated this subject rests, they say, upon the fact, that cannot be disputed, that Herod the Great, in whose reign the birth of the Savior took place, died in the 4th year before the commencement of our era, or in the year 4 before Christ, according to the proper reckoning. That will be 1900 years ago next April. If this be the fact, the 1900th anniversary

of our Lord's birth is not several years off, but just upon us—not farther away than the opening months of 1897.

The Editor.

THE black days of life, the stormy hours, are few and brief in comparison with the sunny days and the peaceful hours. No man could endure to suffer intensely for a long time. Terrible sorrows, heartrending sufferings do not in reality last very long, if measured by clocks and calendars. When we are going through them they seem insufferably long; but in fact they are not, or we should not survive. Man was made to be happy, and misery is soon fatal to him, is contrary to his nature, is a violation of the purpose of his creation, and insults every law of his being. Misery must be like an April shower. When we look back over life, we recognize that such is the relative fact. Every man enjoys more than he suffers. Our trouble is that, being unnatural, suffering makes more impression upon the mind. We count every breath we draw in pain; we do not notice the uncountable breaths that are sweet and natural.

THERE must be some degree of judgment exercised as to choice of employment, of recreation, and of other interests. Some will be easily stimulated to exertion in one direction; others in quite a different one. These tendencies are signs which it is folly to neglect. With certain limits we are free to choose, and such choice thereby becomes a duty and responsibility. To accept the inevitable with cheerfulness is a lesson worth learning; but to count as inevitable anything which a little resolution and energy might change for the better is to shut the door against our opportunities.

Our Little Folks.

PRAYER!

"O; how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life gets dark and dreary!
Don't forget to pray."

Prayer is the link between earth and heaven. When we pray earnestly and in faith our prayers ascend to the throne of God. He hears them and answers them in his own way.

Nothing that we do is too simple to ask God's help in doing it. When a lesson at school is hard to learn ask God's help. He will brighten your minds and lighten your tasks. You do not need to kneel down and make a long prayer about it. Let your soul rise to him in prayer. The words do not even need to be uttered. Just say in your mind, in faith, "Oh Father, help me."

When tempted to commit any sin let that little prayer, "O Father, help me," ascend to God. He will give you strength to overcome that temptation.

When you are praying for something you desire very much do not say, "O, Lord I must have this." Say, "Father if it is for the best will you let me have it?" Then if you do not receive it you will be contented, knowing that it would not be for your best good to receive it.

It is not right to pray for something that we would not be willing for every one else to enjoy. That is selfish, and God does not like selfishness. Of course we often have to pray that he will soften our hearts, and will make us wish others to have the blessings we desire at his hands.

People have stated times to pray. That is proper. It is right to form the habit of praying at certain times, to bend the knee in supplication, but we do not

know at these times what trials and temptations we will have during the day, and beside these prayers, we should have prayers constantly in our hearts for help from our Master. He understands all our little trials and will help us if we ask in faith for help

In our Sunday schools, primary meetings, and all other meetings, our minds should follow the words of the speaker in prayer, as if we were saying the prayer alone. The one who prays aloud is not the only one who should pray. All in the sound of his voice should follow his words and make the same prayer in their hearts.

It is just a matter of convenience and order that one man is chosen to pray aloud, instead of all being chosen.

The reason you are asked to bow your heads and close your eyes is that your minds may be upon the words of the prayer, that your faith with all others may ascend to God, that you may obtain the things asked for in the prayer.

When your eyes are open and you are looking about the room, you can not give your attention to the person who is praying and you can not pray in your hearts when your eyes and your minds are upon other things in the room.

In prayer meetings more faith is exercised than when one prays alone, because there is a greater number exercising faith, although only one may utter the prayer aloud.

I am going to tell you a little story on prayer told me by Ann herself.

Ann was a little girl only eight years old. She was an unusually quiet child, and the eyes of the teacher were often drawn to Ann's earnest little face.

One day the teacher was talking on the subject of prayer. She promised the children that if they prayed every day to

the Lord to help them, they would never do anything very wrong.

This made a deep impression on little Ann's mind. She felt in a vague way that those words were meant for her. Who knows but that the Lord really did inspire her to make those remarks?

That promise was always present in Ann's mind during her girlhood. She is a woman now. She has had many trials, many sorrows, and many temptations, but she was always prayerful, and she knows now that it was only by the power of her faith and prayers that God has helped her to keep in the narrow way of truth and right.

Little children do you pray every day that God will help you to be better? He will not take your troubles from you, you may have trials that will almost crush you, but He will help you to bear them. You will have many temptations, but he will give you strength to resist them, and I promise you, as Ann's teacher promised her, that if you pray in faith when you are tempted, that God will help you to do what is right. He will send his angels to watch over you, and keep you free from sin.

I found some verses in the Book of Mormon about prayer. I am afraid you won't understand them, so will you please take this JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, to your Sunday school teacher, or primary teacher and ask her to read all there is about prayer and explain it to you? I know she will do it if you ask her.

"Therefore may God grant unto you, my brethren, that you may begin to exercise your faith unto repentance, that ye may begin to call upon his holy name that he would have mercy upon you;

"Yea, cry unto Him for mercy; for he is mighty to save;

"Yea humble yourselves, and continue in prayer unto Him;

"Cry unto Him when ye are in your fields; yea over all your flocks;

"Cry unto Him in your house, yea, over all your household, both morning, mid-day and evening;

"Yea, cry unto Him against the power of your enemies;

"Yea, cry unto Him against the devil who is an enemy of all righteousness;

"Cry unto Him over the crops of your fields that you may prosper in them;

"But this is not all; ye must pour out your souls in your closets, and your secret places, and in your wilderness;

"Yea, and when you do not cry unto the Lord, let your hearts be full, drawn out in prayer to him continually for your welfare and also for the welfare of those who are around you.

"And now behold, my beloved brethren, I say unto you, do not suppose that this is all, for after ye have done all these things, if ye turn away the needy, and the naked and visit not the sick and afflicted, and impart of your substance, if ye have, to those who stand in need; I say unto you if ye do not any of these things your prayer is vain and availeth you nothing, and ye are as hypocrites, who deny the faith." (*Alma, XXXIV. 17, 28.*)

JOSEPH SMITH'S PRAYER.

In a little town in Vermont, in 1805, Joseph Smith was born. His parents were poor, and as soon as he was old enough he had to work to help them. He had not the privilege that most of you boys and girls have of going to school. When he was about ten years old his parents moved to New York. There most of his time was spent in the field helping his father. Joseph was a thoughtful boy. He used to listen to the ministers preach. Each one of whom tried to get the people to join his

church. Joseph often wondered which church he ought to join, but could not decide which one was right. In his Bible he had often read the words, "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

Then he began to think that God was the one to go to for help, and he felt sure that his prayer would be heard.

One morning Joseph went into the woods, determined to ask God to tell him what was right for him to do. He knelt down and prayed. At first it seemed as if some evil power was trying to keep him from praying, but he still believed that his Heavenly Father would hear and answer his prayer.

Soon a pillar of fire, very much brighter than the sun appeared above him. It came down and rested upon him. Above him in the light he saw two personages dressed in robes of dazzling whiteness. He felt very much afraid at first, but he heard a voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear Him," and he gained courage and asked which of all the churches was right. He was told that none of the churches on the earth was the right one, and that he should join none of them.

After the holy beings had given him some instruction, they passed away in the pillar of light. Joseph then arose. He knew that he had seen the Father and the Son and had heard them speak. He had found that what the Bible said was true.

"Joseph's humble prayer was answered,
And he listened to Lord."

QUESTIONS.

What should we pray for? Do we have to utter a prayer for God to hear it and answer it? How should we pray

for anything? In whose name do we pray? Why? How often should we pray? Why is it necessary for us to have a prayer in our hearts all the time? What should we do in any of our meetings when some one is praying? Why? Why is only one person called upon to pray? Tell the story of little Ann. Who was Joseph Smith? What did he have to do when he was a boy? How did Joseph feel about the churches that were upon the earth? What did he read in the Bible? What did he determine to do? Where did he go to pray? Why did he go to the woods? What appeared to him? What did they tell him? Tell your teacher how you have had one or more prayers answered?

PETER'S RELEASE FROM PRISON.

AFTER the crucifixion of Jesus, Peter was the leader of the Church. King Herod hated the Christians—those who believed in Christ—and did all he could to harm them. At last, he had James, one of the Apostles, put to death; and seeing that it pleased the Jews, he was going to have Peter killed, too. So he took him prisoner, and had soldiers set to watch him day and night so that he could not possibly escape. He intended to have him killed in a few days.

This caused great sorrow among the people of the Church, and they met together to pray that the Lord would help Peter to escape and come back to them.

On the night before he was to be killed, Peter was lying between two soldiers; he was bound with chains, which were fastened to the soldiers' hands, so that if he moved they would know it. So on he saw a great light in the prison, and an angel touched him and said, "Rise up quickly." The soldiers did not waken. Then the angel told him

to get up, dress and follow. Peter got up and followed him, but he thought it must be a dream or a vision. They walked on, passed the guards of soldiers and came to the great iron gates which led into the city. The gates opened of their own accord and Peter and the angel walked through and then went down the first street, where the angel left him.

Peter then began to know that it was not a dream or a vision, but a reality. He was really out of prison; and he said to himself, "Now, I know surely that the Lord has sent His angel to save me from Herod and from the Jews, who expected to kill me."

He went to the place where many of the Christians were praying for him, and he told them how the Lord had answered their prayer by delivering him from prison.

TRUTHFULNESS.

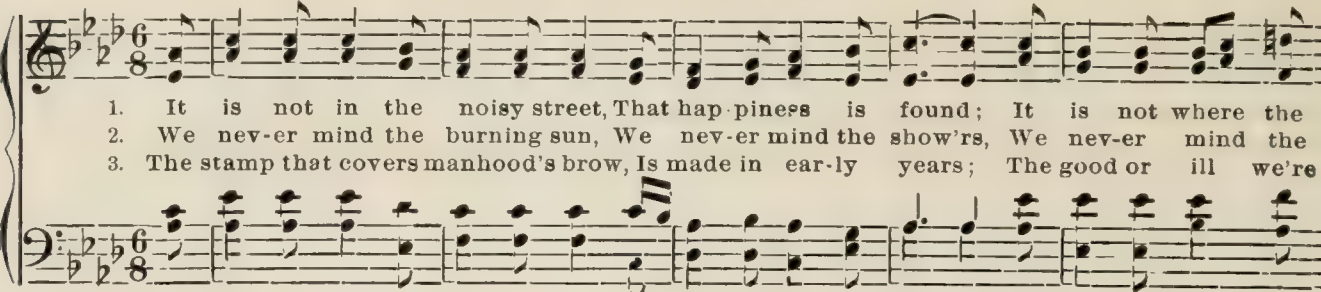
COMPLETE truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over-statements and under-statements. Exaggeration is almost universal. The perpetual use of the word "very," where the occasion does not call for it, shows how widely diffused and confirmed is the habit of misrepresentation. And this habit sometimes goes along with the loudest denunciations of falsehood. After much vehement talk about "the veracities" will come utterly untruthful accounts of people and things—accounts made untruthful by the use of emphatic words where ordinary words alone are warranted; pictures of which the outlines are correct, but the lights and shades and colors are doubly and trebly as strong as they should be. Here, among the countless deviations of statements from fact, we

are concerned only with those in which form is wrong as well as color—those in which the statement is not merely a perversion of the fact, but, practically, an inversion of it. Chiefly, too, we have to deal with cases in which personal interests of one or other kinds are the prompters to falsehood:—now the desire to inflict injury, as by false witness; now the desire to gain a material advantage; now the desire to escape a punishment or other threatened evil; now the desire to get favor by saying that which pleases. For in mankind at large, the love of truth for truth's sake, irrespective of ends, is but little exemplified.

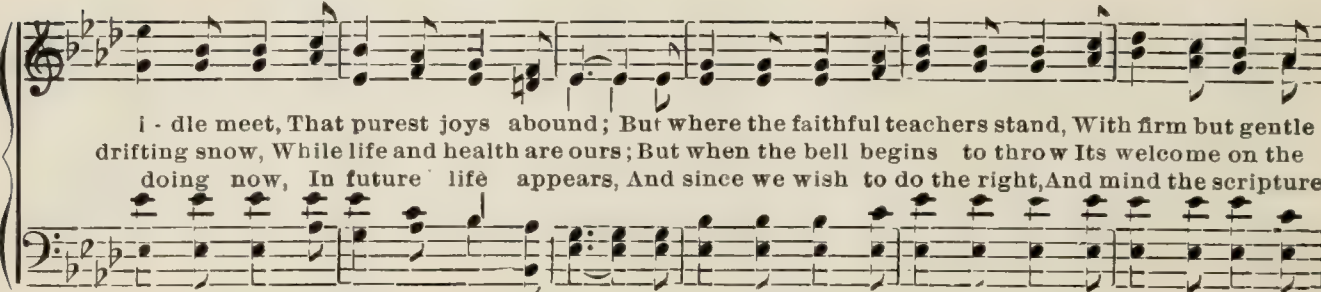
KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

HOPE has always been the light to man's feet on the rugged path of existence. Whatever be the present circumstances, it has always a word of cheer by pointing to brighter and better conditions in the future. It is like an angel standing on the narrow bridge of the present, holding a powerful light illuminating the future and the past. It has always said, "Learn from the past, act in the living present, trust to the future." Hope indulged in abstinently is a source of power. Hope used inordinately is a source of unreasonable intoxication and loss of strength.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INVITATION.

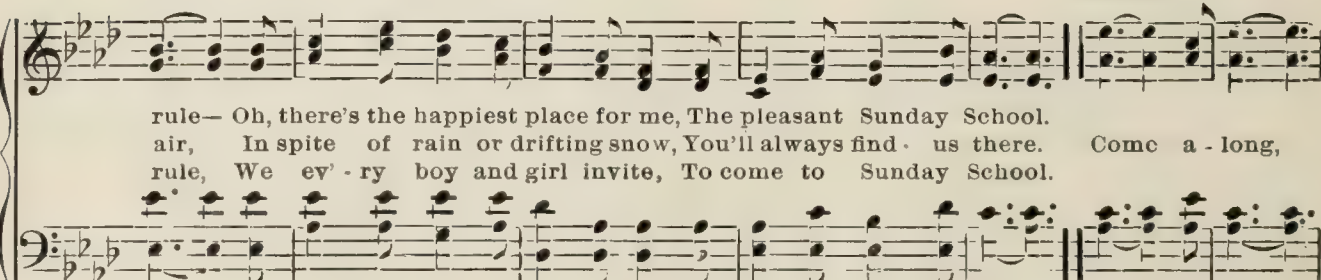


1. It is not in the noisy street, That hap-piness is found; It is not where the
 2. We nev-er mind the burning sun, We nev-er mind the show'rs, We nev-er mind the
 3. The stamp that covers manhood's brow, Is made in ear-ly years; The good or ill we're

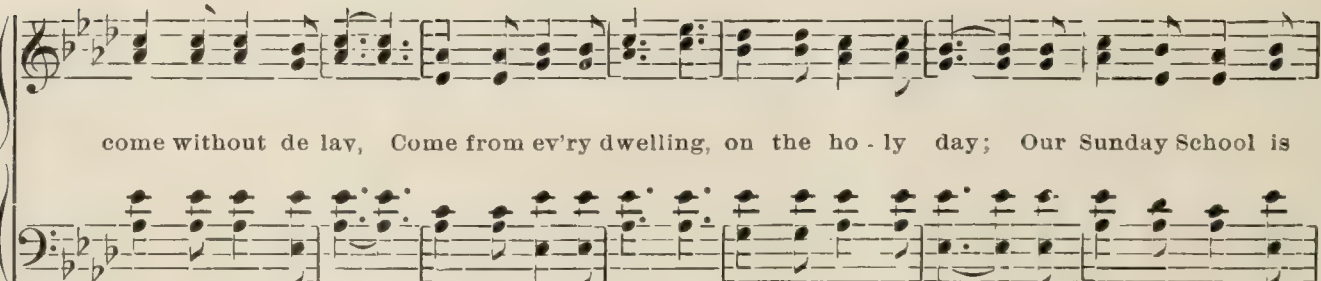


i - dle meet, That purest joys abound; But where the faithful teachers stand, With firm but gentle
 drifting snow, While life and health are ours; But when the bell begins to throw Its welcome on the
 doing now, In future life appears, And since we wish to do the right, And mind the scripture

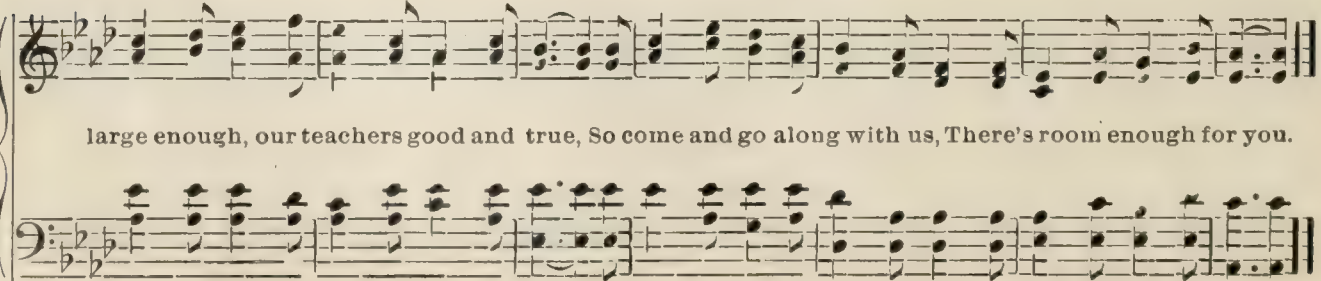
CHORUS.



rule— Oh, there's the happiest place for me, The pleasant Sunday School.
 air, In spite of rain or drifting snow, You'll always find us there. Come a - long,
 rule, We ev' - ry boy and girl invite, To come to Sunday School.



come without de lav, Come from ev'ry dwelling, on the ho - ly day; Our Sunday School is



large enough, our teachers good and true, So come and go along with us, There's room enough for you.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



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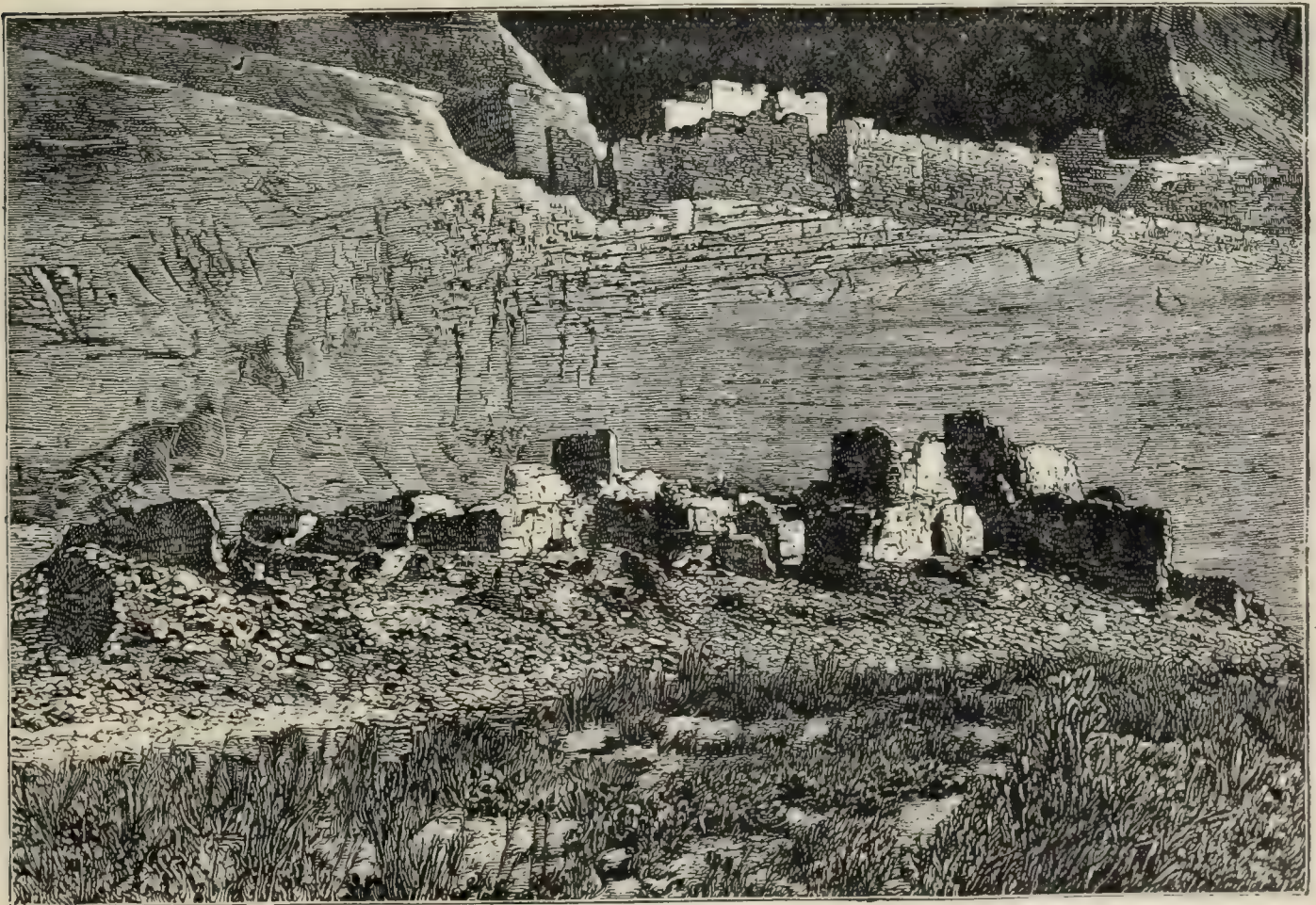
No. 20.

EARLY AMERICA.

ONCE upon a time, many years before the people of Europe and other eastern countries had found out that the earth was round like a ball, when all the wise

an unknown continent. This far away country was America, and this unknown people were what we now call the American Indians.

Of course all my readers know how



RUINS OF AMERICA.

men of the world thought that the earth was flat, and that if they went too far they would tumble off—into nobody knows where—an unknown people lived far away from the civilized world upon

these people came here: how Lehi and his family, leaving Jerusalem, sailed across the ocean and landed upon these shores: how they grew in numbers, built villages and cities, the ruins of which

interest and surprise modern discoverers: and of how the tribes disagreed, fought and destroyed each other until only the Lamanites were left, cursed by God with dark skins because of their wickedness. Hundreds of years passed before any other people knew of their existence, far off in the western hemisphere. They increased rapidly, separating into fierce, nomadic tribes, scattered over both continents. They sinned and wandered from God, becoming ignorant and idolatrous, and knowing nothing of the former existence of their fore fathers. They have a faint, superstitious belief in a Divine Being, and when they first saw the white men, they thought they were from another world, and worshiped them.

In South America, especially near the Andes mountains, and also in Mexico and many parts of the United States, relics and ruins have been found which prove that at one time this wild ignorant people were far advanced in civilization. When they first settled this country, of course they knew as much as any of the Jews who were more civilized than any other people at that time. But they forgot about their religion, and were cruel and wicked, and so God allowed their minds to grow dark, and they forgot all they had known of the arts which they had understood so well. An account of all the generations of these people was kept up to the time when the Nephites were overcome by the Lamanites. These records were kept upon plates of gold, and were hidden away in the earth by the Nephite prophet, and have been given to us in the latter days. Since that time we know of no record having been kept, so all we know of their sinfulness and degeneration is what we see from their present pitiable condition.

Among the various tribes of Indians are the Cliff Dwellers, living high upon the mountains, out of the reach of invading people or animals. Far up almost perpendicular rocks which it seems would be impossible for a human being to scale, they build their homes. They are very quick and active, and can climb in many places where some animals could not. In some places they have ladders which they use to reach their homes, pulling them up after them when they ascend.

At the World's Fair in Chicago these cliff dwellers were represented in a most picturesque and interesting manner. The presentation was far ahead of the reality. One would scarcely care to visit and explore their real dwellings, however romantic one would imagine them to be, for the people are filthy in their habits, and the odors which one's nose encounters are extremely offensive. Still it is interesting to learn from actual observation of the habits of different people. The Indians are very different in their customs and appearance in various parts of the country, those of the far north being so unlike those of the southern continent that one would hardly recognize them as belonging to the same race of people.

The condition of the early inhabitants of America have changed greatly in the last few hundred years. From the time they reached this country, about six hundred years before the birth of the Savior, until during the 16th century, they lived here unmolested by foreign nations. After the discovery of this country by Columbus the white invaders usurped their lands until now this great nation possess only small portions of the mighty land which once they called their own.

Ennaz.

THE PET OF PINEY ISLANDS.

WE had been hunting together about a week prior to our visit to Piney Island and had already added largely to our stock of rare birds and plants. By "we" I mean my three friends, George Batter, Tom Latham, Gordon King, and, of course, myself. We were amateur naturalists, out for a holiday and a chance to increase our private collections of specimens. Anything that crawled, walked or flew, was game to our nets, so when old Silas, our colored cook, told us that Piney Island was the nesting ground of a rare species of crane, we at once packed our traps and bade teamster drive us over there.

Piney Island lies about the center of the great Tickfaw swamp, which is an enormous tract of partly submerged forest, lakes and marshes, situated in the south-eastern part of Louisiana. The great Georgia swamp has long had the reputation of being the largest in the United States, but I doubt that it is really as extensive as the one of which I write.

We reached the island by way of a corduroy road which connected it with the chief landing place on the Tickfaw River. The "corduroys" was merely a wide trail cut through the dense jungle and paved with rough, uneven logs. It was a road to try the patience of the most saintly teamster that ever "skinned" a mule, and I mentally vowed that if our Jehu accomplished the trip without unduly offending our ears, my pocket-book should contribute something over and above his regular wage when we came to settle with him. In places the logs, water-sodden and rotten, had sunk two or three feet under water, and how the horses ever managed to keep on their legs on some of the spots

we passed over, I don't know to this day.

When we reached Piney Island—a stretch of good, firm land, about four square miles in area—we found that a squatter family had their abode there, and we were indebted to them for shelter and sundry corn "pones" all through our sojourn.

We learned that the house in which they lived had belonged to a former settler, who had succumbed to malaria, and found a grave at the foot of the big pine tree in the front yard. The present owner had simply buried the former one, his friend, and then entered into possession of the meager estate without recourse to wills, deeds, or courts of probate.

The household consisted of father, mother, a grown daughter, and two stalwart boys aged about sixteen and fourteen respectively. Having lived all their lives in the swamps, even the older members of the family knew little and cared less about the outside world, and what transpired in it. The great swamp about them was their world, and they were more interested in certain deer runs, and the best bait for buffalo fish than in anything pertaining to the life we knew.

The father spent nearly all his time in fishing and hunting, and the two boys made many an excursion into the swamp on their own account. They had many trophies of the chase to show us, among which were a litter of young otters, and a bear-cub chained to a sapling in the yard, which had attracted our attention when we first arrived.

The cub was hardly half-grown, though it showed itself to be powerful in its limbs and claws, and snapped its teeth viciously whenever we approached.

George, the older of the boys,

noticed me trying to tempt it into friendliness with a piece of sugar, and he laughed heartily at my lack of success. The cub was evidently on good terms with him, for he walked over to it and pulled its ears playfully.

"Where did you get it?" I asked, and he told me the following story of the capture of the cub:

"My brother Will and I," he said, "started out one morning for a hunt on a neighboring island. We carried a gun, a hatchet, and two or three 'pones' of corn bread. We went by water because, although it was much further around, it was easier than tramping through the muddy swamp.

"We first paddled up a narrow, winding stretch called Alligator Bayou, and then turned into a boat road—a channel cut through the swamp—and this brought us into another bayou.

"We paddled up this second bayou for a few miles, and finally reached a big marsh, dotted with little islands, grown over with cypress trees and palmetto underbrush.

"It was after ten o'clock when we got to the marsh, and the sky looked like rain. We continued to push along, however, and about four o'clock in the afternoon we reached our destination.

"We had used up so much time in getting there, that we knew we couldn't return home until the next day; so while Will looked around for a good place to camp. I threw the gun over my shoulder and started out to shoot something for supper.

"After walking about a quarter of a mile, I came across a flock of wild turkeys, and I managed to get one with the first shot. On the way back to camp I struck a fresh bear track, but I didn't pay much attention to it, except

to hope that the bear wouldn't bother us during the night.

"When I got back to camp, it was raining quite hard, and I was glad to see that Will had gathered a lot of wood and started a fire.

"While Will cleaned and cooked the turkey, I cut some saplings, tied them at either end to trees a few feet apart, and then roofed them with big palmetto leaves, laying some brush on top to keep the roof from blowing off.

"We had a good supper of cold corn bread and broiled turkey, and while we were eating, I told Will about the bear track I had seen.

"Let's follow it up in the morning," he proposed. "This is the season for young cubs, and we may run across one."

"I was willing, and before we went to sleep we laid our plans for a bear hunt next day.

"We finished eating our breakfast by daylight next morning and started out, I carrying the gun, and Will the hatchet and a length of rope from the boat. I had no idea that we'd find a cub, but Will was always on the lookout for wild pets, so he brought the rope along in case we'd need it.

"We found the bear tracks, and followed them easily enough until we came to a place where the pine-needles were thick, up near the backbone of the island, and then we lost them.

"After scouting around a little while, we struck across the ridge, hoping to find the tracks again on the other side. We must have hunted around two or three hours, and I was about to give it up, when Will, who was nosing about a little to the left of me, made me a signal.

"When I reached him, he pointed to some fresh bear tracks that he had just

found, and asked me if they looked as though they had been made that morning. I wasn't a good enough hunter to tell, but we decided to follow them.

"The trail led us into what was doubtless the path of an old-time hurricane, the ground being crowded with uprooted trees, in many places piled together in giant stacks. Here we lost the tracks, but we still kept on, hoping to strike them again in clearer ground beyond.

"After traveling about a hundred yards, Will climbed onto an elevated log and looking forward he saw, not more than twenty feet away, a small open space, covered with a deep drift of pine-needles, in the center of which were two oblong depressions, or beds, some fifteen inches deep. In one of these were two young bears, asleep, the mother evidently being out feeding.

"I stepped onto the log beside him, raised the gun to my shoulder and glanced along the barrel, but Will grabbed me by the arm and whispered to me to wait.

"'Let's try and get one of 'em alive, anyway,' he said. 'One live cub is worth a dozen dead ones.'

"Stepping cautiously from the log, we stole across the soft carpet of pine-needles to within a few feet of the sleeping cubs, when a dry twig snapped under my feet. One of the cubs scrambled up, gave us a frightened glance, and bolted into the brush; but before little bear number two could collect his wits, Will had dropped his axe and jumped astride of his back.

"Then I enjoyed a circus all to myself. The surprised cub let out a sound between an angry snarl, and a terrified whimper, and tried to struggle to its feet; but Will put forth all his strength and pinned it to the ground. Then the

cub got mad in earnest, tore up the pine-needles with its claws, and would certainly have made it very uncomfortable for its captor in a few minutes more, had I not snatched up the rope, made a slip-knot in it, and choked the animal into partial submission.

"After Will had recovered his breath, he tied the other end of the rope about his waist, so as to make sure of the captive, and we dragged it out of the fallen timber, and into a deer trail which led in the direction of our camp. As long as the cub ran in the right direction, we made no efforts to check it; but whenever it became unruly and tried to turn off to either side, we went ahead and dragged it after us.

"'We'd better keep a sharp lookout for the old one,' said Will, as we puffed and panted along the trail. 'She's certain to follow us when she gets home and finds out that we have kidnapped one of her cubs.'

"When we reached camp, I held the cub while Will gathered up our few traps and threw them into the boat. Then we proceeded to get our captive aboard, and found that we had a job on our hands. He clawed and bit at us savagely, but we finally solved the difficulty by wrapping our one blanket about his head and tying his feet together. Then we bundled him into the boat, jumped in ourselves, and pushed off.

"And we were none too soon about it. We had made but a few strokes with the oars, when the swamp-cane along the shore commenced to crash and sway, and the next moment the old she-bear came into view and dashed into the water after us.

"You can easily imagine that we were a pair of pretty badly scared boys. The old bear was so mad that she fairly

foamed at the mouth, and she plunged after us in a way that bade fair to land her aboard of us before we could gain water deep enough to compel her to swim.

"She was within ten feet of the stern of the boat, when Will dropped his oar, snatched up the gun, and fired point-blank at her head. That saved us. Whether it was because he wounded her badly, or because the water was getting too deep for comfort, I don't know, but she suddenly stopped. The next moment we rounded a wooded point, and we lost sight of her, though for some seconds after, we could hear a hoarse growling and whining as though she were debating with herself whether to return to the attack or not.

"We reached home in safety after a long, hard pull, and that night we cooped up our prisoner in the smoke-house. Next day we hunted up a length of old log-chain, father made us a strong leather collar, and we tethered him to the tree where you now see him."

"Suppose I offered you twenty-five dollars for him—would you take it?" I asked.

The boy shook his head decidedly.

"Well, say I make it fifty?" I continued.

A gleam of temptation crept into his eyes for a moment. Fifty dollars was perhaps more money than he had handled in the whole course of his life. It would suffice to buy him a breech-loader of the latest model, and fishing-tackle galore.

I did not want the bear. I was merely trying to test the strength of his commercial instinct, so I raised my offer to sixty dollars without waiting for his answer. This last offer had an effect exactly opposite to what I expected.

"No, sir," he finally replied, "Sixty dollars is a whole lot of money, and it would buy plenty of things that we need badly; but you haven't got cash enough in your jeans to buy the pet of Piney Island."

H. Allan Clark.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. IV.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 548.)

FROM Paris, Tennessee, David made his way to Kirtland, where events very nearly concerning him were soon to take place.

Even before the organization of the Church, two of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, were directed to search out the Twelve Apostles, and as a mark by which these men were to be known the Lord particularizes:

"And the Twelve are they who shall desire to take upon them my name with full purpose of heart."

In his diary under date of 1835, the Prophet Joseph writes:

"On the Sabbath previous to the 14th of February, brothers Joseph and Brigham Young came to my house after meeting and sang for me; the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us, and I told them I wanted those brethren together who went up to Zion in the camp the previous summer, for I had a blessing for them."

Of the minutes of that meeting on February 14th, a brief extract will be interesting:

"President Joseph Smith, Jr., after making many remarks on the subject of choosing the Twelve, wanted an expression from the brethren if they would be satisfied to have the Spirit of the Lord dictate in the choice of the Elders to be

Apostles; whereupon all the Elders present expressed their anxious desire to have it so.

"A hymn was then sung, "Hark, listen to the Trumpeters." President Hyrum prayed and meeting was dismissed for one hour.

"Assembled pursuant to adjournment, and commenced with prayer.

"President Joseph Smith, Jr., said that the first business of the meeting was for the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon to pray, each one, and then proceed to choose twelve men from the Church as Apostles, to go to all nations, kindreds, tongues and people.

"The three witnesses, viz., Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, united in prayer.

"These three witnesses were then blessed by the laying on of the hands of the Presidency.

"The witnesses then, according to a former commandment, proceeded to make a choice of the Twelve. Their names are as follows:

Lyman E. Johnson,	Wm. E. McLellin,
Brigham Young,	John F. Boynton,
Heber C. Kimball,	Orson Pratt,
Orson Hyde,	William Smith,
David W. Patten,	Thos. B. Marsh,
Luke Johnson,	Parley P. Pratt."

Under the hands of the witnesses, the Twelve were next ordained. David's ordination occurred on Sunday, February 15, 1835, in language of which the following quotation from the minutes is probably only a synopsis:

"O God, give this, Thy servant, a knowledge of Thy will; may he be like one of old, who bore testimony of Jesus; may he be a new man from this day forth. He shall be equal with his brethren, the Twelve, and have the qualifications of the Prophets before him; may his body be strong and never weary; may

he walk and not faint. May he have power over all diseases, and faith according to his desires; may the heavens be opened upon him speedily, that he may bear testimony from knowledge; that he may go to the nations and isles afar off. May he have a knowledge of the things of the kingdom from the beginning, and be able to tear down priesthood like a lion; may he have power to smite his enemies before him with utter destruction; may he continue till the Lord comes. O Father, we seal these blessings upon him. Even so. Amen."

The period intervening till the 4th of May, when their first mission was entered upon, was a veritable Pentacost to the newly chosen Twelve. Through the Prophet Joseph and his counsellors the Lord truly poured out upon them the choicest blessings of heaven. On March 28th, in answer to their petition for "a revelation of His mind and will concerning our duty the coming season, even a great revelation that will enlarge our hearts, comfort us in adversity, and brighten our hopes amidst the power of darkness," the Lord, through the Prophet, answered every desire of their hearts with the revelation Section 107, in the Doctrine and Covenants.

Just before starting on their first mission as a quorum unto the eastern states, to set the branches of the Church in order, the Twelve were instructed to take their places in council, according to age, the oldest to be seated at the head. In pursuance thereof, the Twelve were arranged with Thomas B. Marsh, David W. Patten and Brigham Young in the order named; and this fact gives us the most definite information we now have as to the date of David's birth. Thomas B. Marsh, being the oldest of the Twelve, was born November 1, 1799, and Brigham Young on June 1, 1801, and some-

where between these dates was the birthday of David.

The 4th of May saw the departure of the Twelve from Kirtland. The next five months were spent by David in traveling with his quorum through New York, Canada, Vermont and Maine, holding meetings and setting branches in order; when a return was made to Kirtland in September, 1835.

The indelibility of the impressions made by David upon those with whom he associated was something remarkable. Though it is nearly sixty years since his death, the Saints who knew him in life still recall with pleasure the inspiration of his presence. In the course of a ride of twenty-five miles with him on horseback about the time of David's return from his mission with the Twelve, Lorenzo Snow first received a testimony of the truth of the Gospel. Sister Eliza R. Snow in the biography of her brother best describes the occurrence:

"On his way to Oberlin, my brother accidentally fell in company with David W. Patten, an incident to which he frequently refers as one of those seemingly trivial occurrences in human life which leave an indelible trace. This gentleman was an early champion of the fulness of the gospel as taught by Jesus and His Apostles in the meridian of time, and revealed in our own day through the Prophet Joseph Smith, to which cause Elder Patten fell a martyr on the 24th of October, 1838, in Missouri, during the terrible scenes of persecution through which the Latter-day Saints passed in that state. He possessed a mind of deep thought and rich intelligence. In conversation with him, my brother was much impressed with the depth and beauty of the philosophical reasoning with which this inspired Elder seemed perfectly familiar as he descanted on

the condition of the human family in connection with the sayings of the ancient Prophets, as recorded in the Scriptures—the dealings with, and the purposes of God in relation to His children on the earth. From that time a new field, with a new train of reflections, was open to my brother's mind, the impress of which has never been erased."

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN.

WOMEN like honesty of purpose and consideration. They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit and who is properly indignant at any article written against women. They like a man who likes them, who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in them, and who, best of all, knows that the love promised is given him. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe with an amount of consideration that is a mental and physical bracer up. They like a man who is master of the situation—that is, who has brains enough to help a woman decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize, when one of the fairer sex is slightly stubborn, that persuasion is more powerful than all the arguments in the world.

WE put too much faith in systems, and look too little to men.

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of friends.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SUCCESSION OF PRIESTHOOD. •

THE religious world has always been greatly divided upon the question of authority to officiate in the ordinances of the Gospel. Some of the churches have deemed it very important to be able to trace a succession of priesthood from the days of the Apostles until the present time. This is notably the case with the Church of Rome. The Lutheran Church, and what is known as the Church of England, have also attached considerable importance to the succession of authority. There has been an attempt made recently by the Church of England to obtain recognition from Rome of its orders as being valid; but the commission that was appointed to enquire into this question reported adversely to its claims.

There are many churches that consider this question of succession of authority as unworthy of attention. One of the eastern religious papers, "*The Independent*," views the matter in that light. It conveys the idea that with the good men and women who have succeeded Peter and Paul and have the spirit that Peter and Paul had, it makes no difference whether hands have ever touched them in ordination or not. It considers it a low and an irreligious view of Christianity to think it necessary to be ordained by those who have received their authority one from another back to the Apostles. In other

words, it does not consider the proof that Apostolic succession exists as worthy of the least attention.

These discussions and contentions in the religious world ought to make the Latter-day Saints exceedingly thankful for that which they have received. There are hundreds of churches which profess to be of Christ, and yet they differ very widely in their teachings and in their religious practices. They cannot, in the very nature of things, all be right; in fact, it is contrary to the whole spirit of the Savior's teachings to imagine that there can be more than one church which He would call His. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the Savior, who prayed so earnestly to His Father for union among His disciples, would fail to desire and to command that His people should be one, or that the Holy Ghost would rest upon thousands of people of different denominations and teach them to be divided and disunited. Nothing more clearly sustains the position that the Latter-day Saints take and the testimony they bear concerning the establishment of the Lord's church in these last days than the diversity of sects and of doctrines that are taught in the so-called Christian world. What possible hope could any earnest seeker after truth receive from these different denominations when the lack of authority is so apparent? It is not to be wondered at that sincere Protestants turn their eyes toward Rome and many of them take refuge in that church, because there is a consistency in the claims of the Church of Rome to Apostolic succession. But those claims are not supported by the facts of history. That church lost the authority of the Priesthood through transgression. The Priesthood was undoubtedly taken back to God. The men who bore it were slain,

and none were left to continue its succession.

Hence the position that our Church occupies is the only logical position. The Prophet Joseph Smith testified that he and Oliver Cowdery were ordained by men who once held the Priesthood on the earth. John the Baptist, who held the authority to baptize, and who did baptize the Son of God himself, came and laid his hands on the heads of Joseph and Oliver, and restored to men on the earth the authority which he held while in the flesh. In like manner the Apostles Peter, James and John appeared unto them and ordained them to the Apostleship and Priesthood which they held. By means of these ordinations the authority was once more restored which was necessary for the organization of the Church and for the administration of the saving ordinances of the Gospel.

We are relieved, therefore, as a people, from the necessity of discussing Apostolic succession and from contentions whether it is necessary for men to be ordained by proper authority in order to become ministers of Jesus Christ. All doubt and uncertainty concerning these points were swept away by the knowledge that the Apostleship has been restored to the earth from a source which leaves its validity without question. The position of this Church on these points is impregnable. The proofs of what the Lord has done in restoring the authority to man on the earth again are found in the fruits which have followed its restoration. All the evidences of God's favor which attended the Church in ancient days under the administration of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus are to be found in and accompanying the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. That church is distinguished

from all other churches on the earth, in that it possesses in fullness the gifts and graces and the divine manifestations of favor which the Church of Jesus Christ of Former-day Saints possessed.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 587.)

"Say, Milly, what do you want to be such a prig for? It's all rot you're not liking a little fun now and then like the rest of us. If you come down there once with us a shotgun could'nt keep you away afterward, I can tell you that. We have grand times, us boys, and you're a little simpleton not to take all the fun there is going in camp."

"It's not the kind of fun I care for," replied Roy, who responded in camp to the nickname of "Milly" applied to him by the younger miners, each of whom delighted in some similar contraction or perversion of their own Christian or surnames.

"I don't know how to play cards nor billiards, and"—

"It would'nt take you two hours to learn both."

"I don't see the use of learning, and as I haven't the desire, I may as well spend what time I have to myself, in something that gives me pleasure."

"Don't see the use, eh? Well I'll show you the use it's been to me." Teddy Dawson took from his pocket a bright five dollar gold piece and held it up before Roy's eyes. "I won that at cards last night," he said triumphantly. Roy's eyes widened.

"Do you mean to tell me you boys gamble for money," he asked.

"I don't call it that, and you need'nt, either. We play for dimes and quarters just for fun sometimes, and it don't hurt any of us. You come down to

Scratch's tonight and try a hand; maybe you'll win something. It's lots of fun anyway, whether you win or lose."

Roy shook his head. "I don't think I care to try it."

"Well if it's your idea of fun to be spending your time up at the shanty thumping the guitar for Tom Riley, you can have it all to yourself. There aint any of us going to try to cut you out. And as for turning your nose up at our having a little harmless pleasure, I guess you've got worse records than that in your family and it ought to keep you from getting lofty. It would most people."

Roy turned white, his hands clenched themselves involuntarily and his eye held something that made Teddy turn aside quickly to his work in the side tunnel without waiting for its meaning to materialize in action. It was too mean a taunt to dignify resentment and Roy was glad the next instant that he had not followed his quick impulse. After all he must perhaps expect these taunts from such as Teddy and they could do no such harm to himself as to those who uttered them. Dismissing the theme from his mind he set to work at his task with diligence, till the whistle, sounding outside the tunnel, told the time for quitting work.

After supper at the boarding-house kept by the company, Roy went up to the small room which he was allowed to have to himself apart from the common dormitory in which the rest of the miners slept and touched himself up a little before going out. Not that he expected to go into fine society, but the training of his home life as well as the instincts of his nature made him stay by his habits of tidiness and nicety even in his present surroundings, and though he was only going down to Tom's to while

away an hour or two before bed time, he felt better to be "slicked up" than to keep the dusty garb on that had done service in the tunnel during the day, though with the rest it was customary to change clothes only on Sunday. At first Roy had been "guyed" a little by the others for his so-called fastidiousness, but he was not one to give up a conviction or sentiment for mere ridicule and soon sensing this they learned to let him alone.

Taking his guitar, the one cherished thing left to him of his former possessions, he went up the canyon to Tom Riley's cabin. The place, a poor broken-roofed board "shanty," stood apart from the other cabins belonging to the company, and as its only inmate was poor old bedridden Tom, the company and recreation his visit promised to afford him were not of the liveliest kind. But the lack of these were made up to Roy by the delight his company afforded Tom, for of the latter's many friends and acquaintances there were few who more than called at the door—and this so evidently in charity—that Roy's unselfish devotion of his evenings to the invalid were the green oasis in the unhappy man's existence.

Tom Riley a few years before had been a well and prosperous miner, but a "cave-in" in the coal chamber in which he was working one day had made him a helpless invalid since, and doctor's and nurses' pay had eaten up nearly all of his life's earnings. Roy had gone there with the doctor one night, and afterward there were few evenings that he did not spend an hour or two after his day's work solacing the lonely miner's life with songs and tunes strummed on his beloved instrument. The man had grown to depend on him now almost as a child might have done, and Roy had

begun to feel it as almost a breach of duty to disappoint him.

Often as they sat together Tom had expressed in rough words and ways his appreciation and now and then would hint of the time when he would be able to make up to him munificently for his goodness—when "his ship came in"—and Roy listened indulgently with outward interest and sympathy but with inward pity, for no one in the camp but knew of Tom's vain "castles in the air"—built on the shadowy foundation of a certain coal vein he believed himself to have discovered and which was one day to make his fortune.

The claim Tom had located was in Skull Valley, a canyon across the big "divide" in a spur of the same mountain as their own; but Tom was the only one who had ever seen evidences of coal there, though the region had been well prospected; and so had had his faith in it solely to himself. This was so strong, however, that he had taken up as much of the land as was permitted by law, and had even spent fifty dollars for a piece of timbered slope adjoining, in spite of the protestations and raillery of his friends.

"It will be worth fifty thousand some day" he declared doggedly in reply to all argument, and nothing served to shake his faith. "Some day some capitalist will strike a vein of ore there and have a railroad built, and then we'll see who laughs last," he said to Roy often—and though Roy could only pity his delusion—he would not, since it gave Tom such evident comfort, say one word to change his faith; and it was one of the things that made him idolize the boy, that he so respected his faith.

Rapping at Tom's door tonight Roy was alarmed a little at the voice which answered him. Entering he found Tom

propped up as the doctor had left him some time before, but very white and with a drawn look upon his thin face.

"I'm glad you've come," he said in the same faint tone to Roy.

"Why what's the matter Tom, anything new," Roy asked quickly.

"I've had one of the bad spells again and it's left me weak. I had the doctor prop me up 'fore he left, but I've felt for the last hour as if I could'n't catch my breath without I could lay flat."

"And you've been here alone all this time"—

"Doctor Beach said he'd send Jake up, but he aint come yet."

Jake! Roy knew where Jake Reeder was that night. He had seen him going into "Scratchy's" and that meant until two or three o'clock in the morning. Doubtless he had pledged himself to the doctor, and then had dropped into "Scratchy's" for "just one game." It was always so. And there was Tom. Roy could not but be alarmed at the change in him.

"Is Doctor Beach coming back to-night," he asked.

"I guess not. He said he thought I'd be all right. He said if I was worse to send for him."

"Shall I go now?"

"No, not yet, I may feel better. Besides I want you to sing and play o'er some o'them tunes--seems like they'd do me more good than medicine--'specially that hymn-song you sang las' Sunday. Someway it made me think o' mother and the old home--times she used to dress us kids up an' take us to meetin'. I don't know 's I set much store by them things then, but lately I've felt as if I'd give all my life to be back again sittin' side o' mother in the little meetin' house."

Roy took his guitar and tuned it to a

soft accompaniment. Then he sang "Oh Love Divine," and when he finished there were tears on Tom's cheeks. He looked up at Roy and spoke softly:

"It's all right now—I'm reconciled—an' I can say I'd never a been willin' to go if you had'nt helped me"—

"Why Tom, what do you mean?"

"I mean this. I've been so set that I'd never give up till what I've said 'bout them coal claims come true, that it made my heart bad and bitter whenever I thought maybe I'd have to go 'fore they turned true. You're the first one that's made me feel different, and you're the first that's bore with me talkin' 'bout it, an' it helps make it easier to leave 'fore my hopes has a glimpse of bein' realized, now that I've got some one to leave them claims with as has a right to what they'll bring, for they're yours and no one else's, my boy. I told the doctor today what I wanted, an' tomorrow he's goin' to have the lawyer come and draw up the papers. There's only one thing I'm goin' to hold you to my boy, and that is that you won't let any one persuade you to give up them claims. You're only a boy yet, and can afford to wait, and maybe by the time you're a man, if not before, you'll see what I've prophesied come true."

Roy answered him as best he might, though his conscience pricked him a little for his pretense at belief in Tom's hopes. At any rate it made Tom happier and so he thanked him and sympathized—glad to see that it gave him pleasure and relief—even making him brighten up for a time as if reviving.

About ten o'clock, however, Tom's breathing began to be very short and painful, and Roy, making him as comfortable as possible, hurried down town for the doctor. To his relief he found

him at home and the two were soon hastening back to Tom's bedside.

With the first glance at the sick man the doctor shook his head at Roy. "He can not live till morning," he said.

"Here my boy," he continued, suddenly remembering, "I want you to go back and bring up Lawyer Fletcher. Tell him to lose no time."

It was a year later. The winter had passed very slowly and drearily to Roy, the loneliness and hard work making him thin and pale by the time a second summer came round. He had missed Tom's companionship much, for there were few congenial souls in the rough mining village, and his only solace since Riley's death had been his books and guitar.

Though he bore his lot manfully, in his lonely hours he had brooded a great deal on his father's trouble; and the disgrace of it all—brought home to him by various covert taunts on the part of some of the young fellows who resented him holding himself aloof from them—had made him sense the position as he had not been able to do amidst the first excitements of the events and changes that had occurred in quick succession at the time.

The failure of his father through his unwise speculations would in itself have been small—but that he had attempted to retrieve himself by robbery—this was the stain which would be indelible—and though Hannah still wrote comforting words of assurance and hope as to his father's innocence, and the clearing up of the mystery that surrounded the theft, Roy was too young and his mind too untrained in subtlety to fathom a motive or cause which could have led to the crime in any other, without learning a clue or trace to solve it by. His

trust in human nature could not let him imagine a heart black enough to remain silent while his dead father rested under a false stain. But then—his father! How well he knew that gentle and true soul;—to believe him guilty of that theft was almost utter impossibility. Roy read and re-read Hannah's hopeful letters, hugging joyfully the faith that this one creature beside himself still held in his father's innocence.

"You may have to wait till you're a man, Master Roy, to see him cleared, but when you are, and have money to work with, it will all be made straight. Money can do anything, and you must make yourself a rich man, if only to clear that poor slandered man. Only keep up heart and you'll see the day it'll be done, as I've told you from the first."

So the letters ran, and Roy read each one with newly awakened hope and strength in his heart. Only it seemed so long to wait—till he was a man and had made his fortune! The first condition might transpire, but the second perhaps never. Even if it should be, the time that would pass would only serve to find in the minds of the people the certainty of his father's guilt and at last if he should succeed in realizing Hannah's hope, it would only be perhaps when those who had known and trusted him were dead or had lost interest in the affair. If he were only rich now, and could set to work at once to clear up the mystery, that would be something worth work and hope—to wipe out the one stain on his father's name while the events were still so fresh and his father unforgotten; but this was a vain dream and he must work and wait patiently till time should bring him help. He was thinking these things all over this bright morning as he worked, and it was the

voice of one of the miners in the tunnel ahead of him that roused him from his reverie.

"Milburn! you're wanted at the office."

Roy set his pick aside and went out of the gloom of the mine into the board building at the mouth of the tunnel.

"How are you my boy?" It was Mr. Sterling who spoke, and Roy went forward and received his hearty handshake with pleasure.

"Well, how's the work using you—rather rough, eh?"

"It's not easy, but"—

"Want to give it up and try something lighter?"

"No sir; unless I could earn as much as now."

"I see; want to save up and be a rich man, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you've got the right sort of pluck to get to the top, I believe, under any circumstances; I've had a dozen or more young fellows of your age down here and you're the first one that's staid the year out. But it takes a long time's saving to make a rich man; you've got to have patience and work hard to compass it."

"Yes, sir; but I'm going to be one sometime, however long I work or wait."

"That's the right grit anyway, my boy. But what I want to ask you about is this property of Tom Riley's over in Skull Valley. Somebody was telling me they thought Tom had willed it to you."

"Yes, sir."

"You mean to tell me it's really so?" asked Sterling in an excited tone.

"Yes, sir," Roy answered.

His friend leaned over and took his hand.

"My dear boy, I'm as glad as if it were my own, and more, if possible. I

know that you deserve it, and will be worthy your good fortune."

"Good fortune!" repeated Roy, bewildered, "why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that poor Tom's prophecy has come true. We've found coal over there richer in quantity and quality than any yet discovered in the mountains. Tom's claim takes in at least half of the rich section, and as soon as we get a railway out there, it means a fortune for the mine-owners."

"Then Tom"—

"Tom's property is yours, and in less than three years, if rightly managed, and I mean to do all I can for you, you will be worth many a thousand dollars."

"I hope you'll forgive my not speaking before, Mister Roy, but I was taught my lesson as to the hopelessness of trying to cope with wealth and influence when I first told Mr. Mayfield of having heard his son talking with Rob Brody about the money in the vault."

"And you're sure there was no mistake, Miles?"

"I heard it as plain as I can hear you. Mr. Frank was just outside the railing and I had stepped into the little closet near the safe. I saw him hand a slip of paper to Rob, and then he said in a low voice: "This is the vault combination for tonight. If you let the chance slip, it's all over with us both." If I could have had any doubt after that that it was Rob Brody and Mr. Frank who committed the robbery discovered next day, it would have been set at rest when Rob was sent out to Australia by the firm. It's my opinion when Mr. Mayfield told Frank what I'd said he made a clean breast of it and together they planned to get Rob out of the way so that there would be no danger of having the story come out."

"Yes and then the way they treated poor Miles, turnin' him off with a week's notice and threatenin' to ruin his prospects if he ever made known to a livin' soul what he'd told them. Ah, if you'd only confided in your mother then Miles—I'd a had you tell it to the public whatever come." Hannah's eye blazed indignantly and for the first time in her life she spoke sternly to her son.

"But, mother, I had you to think of, and besides what could any of us have done against them, without a penny amongst us to set to work with."

"Miles was not to be blamed, Hannah," said Roy. "He did what any one would do in his position. Besides, as he said, without money or influence, I doubt if we could have made the public or any member of it believe our story. Now it is all different and we can set to work with a good will. The only thing is to know how to begin."

"The first thing to do, I should think, would be to find Rob Brody. He knows all, and as it was probably Mr. Frank who laid the plan and furnished the means for committing the robbery, he might be induced to tell the truth, if he were sure of safety and—a reward."

"It's the reward that'll do it, Master Roy. That's what your money's for. You couldn't convince me that Providence didn't put it into that man's heart to give you his coal claims, and for this very purpose. Everything works towards right in this world I've found out, however much we may be made to doubt it sometimes."

It was two months afterward that the two boys, Roy and Miles, together with Mr. Sterling and the detective whom he had employed to work out the case, arrived at Melbourne after their long ocean voyage.

It did not take the detective long to

find Rob Brody, and he proved to be an easy and willing instrument to their plans, when once their chief arguments were made. When they returned to New York Rob went with them and in a short time the true story of the robbery was made known to the world.

Unable to stand the disgrace fallen upon him, Stephen Mayfield, after making good the amount that had been stolen by his son and paid from the property left by Roy's father, disposed of his interests in New York and left for Australia, where his branch firm was established, and John Sterling, with Roy as silent partner, became owner of the branch that had built up a prosperous business under his once fair name. Frank Mayfield, obliged, after all, to reap the fruits of his crime, is still in penal servitude, learning by hard lessons the truth that no evil remains unknown and unpunished, and from the example of the son of the man whose name he had not hesitated to blight, that goodness and honesty will surely bring their reward.

J. S.

THE line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it--so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. In business sometimes the outlook may seem darkest when really things are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying, no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

TRIFLING WITH TIME.

"How'd do?" was the greeting a youth of about eighteen years gave me one Saturday, as I turned the corner of ——— Avenue to go down ——— Street.

"Fairly well, thank you," said I. "How are you?"

"Just so, so," he replied.

I recognized him as one of the many youths whose principal occupation was "loafing," and as he expressed it, "looking for something to turn up."

"Oh yes, looking for a situation," said I. "Are you expecting one, have you one in view?"

"W-e-l-l, no, I haven't one in view," he replied, "but I want one badly. The old man is getting kind of tired of keeping me; he wants me to go to school or learn a trade; but it takes such a long time, working for nothing, in learning a trade; and, as for school, well, I became tired of that long ago."

I told him I was a few years older than he, that I had felt the same way myself when I was about his age, but wished I had the opportunity now to go to school or learn a trade; I would not waste much time considering the matter.

"That's what everybody tells me and I am sick of hearing it," he replied.

I walked on soliloquizing over what had been said. Here was a youth, almost a man, standing on the brink, as it were, of prosperity or failure; if he got a position, was steady, honest and upright he would make life a success; failing to get a situation he would continue as I met him, always waiting for employment. He sees the years go by, yet loiters at the door of success, not apparently conscious that if he would knock at one of the many openings, keep his eye steadfast on the star of his ambition, that his success is assured.

I seemed to see a bright-faced youth,

fall, well-built and healthy, listlessly attempting to mount the middle round of the ladder of success at one bound, spurning disdainfully the modest beginning.

I determined to watch closely the actions of the young man, and as days, weeks and months passed away, I saw no perceptible change in his acts. He is not bad; he is not good; he does not smoke, nor drink, nor gamble; nor does he associate with bad characters; yet, he seems to be gradually descending in the public mind, seems to hover under a cloud of general disapproval, made darker and darker by continued inactivity.

His clothes become shabby, he is morose and imagines his friends are slighting him. Positions that at one time had been scorned as degrading would gladly be accepted, but they are closed to him now.

Silently, remorsefully he thinks of the past, and wonders what he can do to regain lost prestige, for it begins to dawn on him that the man who attains the highest positions in the world is he who makes the greatest effort. His standing socially is fading, gradually he is being looked upon as a failure. Yet he lacks determination to enter the seemingly long and difficult passage to this or that profession, still believing that he can mount the stair of fame and fortune at a single bound when once the glorious opportunity presents itself. He never realizes that such chances are but dim spectres in the future, which have to be sought after and clung to after they are obtained.

The last time I saw the young man, he was working his poll-tax. This was no disgrace, but I thought as I passed him, how much more brilliant might have been his career, if he had not "Trifled with Time." *F. F. Dalton,*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CONFERENCE INSTRUCTION.

OUR conference which has just terminated has been—as all conferences are—most interesting to everyone who has attended it. The instructions have been very plain and pointed. Probably at no previous conference were stronger testimonies borne than at this in relation to the divinity of the work and the authority of the men whom the Lord has chosen to stand at the head of the Church, bearing the keys and authority of Presidency. There was great unanimity of testimony upon these points, every speaker being led to dwell upon them.

The servants of God who stand in leading positions in the Church have occupied for some years past a somewhat anomalous position. For several years the leading men were compelled, for reasons which are well known, to keep in seclusion. Many of them, also, were consigned to prison. This had a tendency to cause the people either to look elsewhere for counsel and direction, or to neglect seeking it altogether. The result was apparent. As soon as liberty was restored and the authorities of the Church openly occupied their old positions, a great many of the people deemed it unnecessary to pay that regard to the counsels of the Priesthood they had been accustomed to in former years. Then immediately following this, came the division on party lines in politics. As is well known, feeling ran high, partisanship became almost the general rule, and this, added to the previous cause, had the effect to draw peoples' attention away from the Priesthood and lessen the disposition to seek its counsel.

It is not necessary to enumerate other

causes which have been operating, and which Satan has taken advantage of. The explanations that were made on Monday afternoon, October 5th, by Presidents Woodruff and Snow, and different members of the Twelve threw considerable light upon many points which have been agitating the public mind, and concerning which a great amount of ignorance and misapprehension has existed. I think that every faithful man and woman in the Church must have felt greatly relieved by those explanations. The want of information that existed upon the subject which was dwelt upon, Satan and those under his influence have not been slow to take advantage of. Under his prompting, charges have been made and censures indulged in, which have been positively wicked and altogether unjustifiable. The only excuse that can now be offered for this conduct is ignorance. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the remarks of the First Presidency and the Apostles, and the light they threw upon the case which they presented to the conference, will have the tendency to restore confidence, and to promote a more harmonious feeling than has been exhibited in some instances of late.

The principle of faith is one that ought to be cultivated by Latter-day Saints. It is constantly needed. The experience of the Church has proved this. Men and women must live so near unto the Lord that they will have faith in Him and in His power and willingness to do that which is right, and to maintain the right under all circumstances. The idea embodied in the remark of Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," conveys the correct feeling that members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should have

concerning all trials to which they are subjected. There is no expression in the scriptures that more clearly conveys the implicit trust of a righteous man in the Almighty than this which was uttered by Job in the midst of his deep distress.

A faithful Latter-day Saint may not be able to understand all the movements of the Church, nor all the motives of the authorities of the Church in giving counsel or in taking action upon different questions; but will a man of this character censure them, assail them, or condemn them? Certainly not. He will be likely to say: "I do not understand the reasons for this action; I do not see clearly what the presiding authorities have in view in doing this; but I will wait and learn more. This I do know: that this is the work of God, and that these men are His servants, and that they will not be permitted by Him to lead the Church astray, or to commit any wrong of so serious a character as to endanger its progress or perpetuity." This would undoubtedly be the feeling of a man living close to the Lord, because the testimony of God's Spirit would bring this to His mind and make him feel sure that God had not forgotten nor forsaken His Church.

It is strange to many men of the present day, that the Latter-day Saints should be taught to have such confidence in those who bear the Priesthood, as to seek counsel at their hands. The spirit of the age is all against this. Unbelief has grown so rapidly in the world that the idea of one man going to another man as the ancients did to the prophets of God, to obtain the mind and will of the Lord, seems ridiculous; yet there was a time, if we believe the divine records, when this was the constant practice among the people of God. True

there were times when the people turned away from God, and refused to acknowledge His authority or to listen to His servants. They followed false gods and worshipped idols. But when living in harmony with the laws of God it was the practice to seek counsel at the hands of His servants. The people recognized that God had ministers to whom He communicated His will, and who were able to obtain answers from Him concerning matters that affected their welfare. The Latter-day Saints believe all this has been restored; that God has given unto men once more the authority to act in His stead among the people, and has promised to communicate to them the counsels that should be given to the people, and has inspired them to reprove and warn as well as to advise. This was the belief which the present members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were taught when they joined the Church, and which they accepted. The carrying of this belief into practice has led to the deliverance, prosperity and happiness of the Latter-day Saints. Every faithful man knows this; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the experience of the past few years, and especially the lesson taught at this conference in the explanations made, will impress this truth more deeply upon the people than ever before, and that they will be warned against indulging in censorious and condemnatory remarks about the servants of God, especially when they do not understand all the conditions and circumstances which surround them, and which give rise to their words and actions.

There has been considerable said, and said with great force, at this conference and at the meetings of the Priesthood,

concerning the rising generation. It must be admitted, judging by that which we see, that there is not that care taken by parents with their children that should be. Parents do not exercise their parental authority in a proper manner. Many children are left to grow up with too much freedom—a freedom which they abuse, because they do not know how to use it properly. They are not properly restrained. They are left to use their time without being called to a proper account for it. They are left free to choose their own companions and associates, without their parents exercising any supervision over them.

They are permitted to smoke, and to swear. They are permitted to spend their time in idleness. They are permitted to stand in groups on the street corners, to become rude, boisterous, and ill-mannered. All this is visible in nearly all parts of the city of Salt Lake, and the same is too frequently seen in other towns and settlements. The consequences of this abuse of freedom will be most serious. No man who indulges in high hopes concerning the future of Zion can witness these evils without being greatly pained and discouraged. If it were not for the promises which the Lord has made, these things would be exceedingly discouraging.

Parents who permit their children to grow up in this manner have a fearful responsibility resting upon them. All that the Lord has said upon this subject goes to show how great will be the condemnation of parents who do not teach their children the laws of God, and who do not enforce that discipline in their families which every parent should exercise.

There are thousands of well-behaved, obedient and respectful children growing up among us. These appear to be the

salt of the community. But that there should be so many of this other class to which I refer is saddening. All our communities in these mountains, with the advantages which they possess, should be model communities. There are no agencies anywhere that are so complete and effective as those that we have at our control, for promoting the happiness and elevation of the young. Our young people should be the best behaved of any community, and it creates feelings of shame when they do not conduct themselves with ordinary decency. There must be serious faults in the management of the home on the part of parents where such rudeness and bad conduct are displayed by the children. It is true, that there are likely to be disobedient, wilful and unmannerly children in families and communities; but these ought to be the exception. All must admit that if children are taken in time and trained properly through their childhood and youth until they grow to manhood and womanhood, there will be but few who will break over the bounds and turn to wickedness. But it is too often the case that parents allow their children to grow up without proper restraining influences, until they reach an age when they as parents cannot correct and restrain them. Having failed to do this early in the life of the children, they find the children have outgrown their influence and authority, and that the work of controlling them has been put off till it is too late.

Experience has proved that when boys are taught the bad effects of using tobacco, and pains are taken with them to fortify them against this habit, very few ever become addicted to smoking or chewing tobacco. So with beer and liquor, with tea and coffee; and so with idleness, rudeness, and boisterous con-

duct in the streets, or in public meetings, or in the vicinity of meeting houses.

The improper conduct of which I speak is, in the most of instances, directly traceable to the home, and is a proof that home training has been seriously neglected. The happiness and future hopes of the Latter-day Saints are all so closely interwoven with the correct conduct of their posterity that it seems extraordinary there should be any neglect of duty in giving the children the proper training. All these evils appeal very strongly to everyone connected with our Primary Associations, our Sunday schools, our Mutual Improvement Associations, and the quorums of the Priesthood. Through these agencies everything should be done to correct the neglect, inattention and imprudence of parents.

The Editor.

A WALK should be considered as an intellectual pastime. Do not confound it with the muscle-walking tramp, who is not satisfied with less than four miles an hour. The walk which Thoreau loved, that ended in a saunter, is what we should aim at. Do not think you must reach a certain point, or go over a certain quantity of ground, or that you must know the names which science has given to the forms of nature. You have an eye for pictures, perhaps; well, look for them. Think of an autumn evening, the growth of a summer, dying; a tender haze hanging over a cornfield, before you, in the shadows; a twilight, mystifying and glorifying, like the memory of youth; the trees on the hill-top above you, a bank of gold with the glory of the sun on their turning leaves. And this is only one of a thousand.

LOST IN A GERMAN FOREST.

IN the spring of 189—, Brother M—— and I arrived in Bern, Switzerland, as missionaries. After remaining a few days in Bern, we were sent by the president of the Swiss and German mission to labor in the city of Leipsic, one of the chief cities of the kingdom of Saxony. We were unable to speak the language, and were often placed in very ludicrous positions owing to our inability to make ourselves understood.

At the time of our arrival, there was no Elder in Leipsic, but there were a few saints in the place, and on Sunday afternoons they met at the house of one of their number, who lived several miles out of town, and read a few chapters from the Bible. They had not been able to hold regular meetings, as no one in the branch held the Priesthood. The first Sunday we were in the city we met with the Saints and administered the Sacrament to them. On our way home, we decided to take what appeared to us to be a shorter path. It led through a large and beautiful forest called the Rosenthal. This forest is a very extensive one, reaching out for miles and miles. There are paths leading in every direction which cross and re-cross each other, and a person has to be very familiar with the different paths, or he is almost sure to get lost. Never having been in the forest before, and not having a very distinct idea of the direction we should go in order to get home, we were not long in completely losing ourselves. But as it was still quite early in the afternoon, and having no idea of the extensiveness of the forest we did not feel at all concerned.

Sunday is a great holiday in Germany, and as there were quite a number of beer gardens in these woods, the walks were all crowded with people. Of course we

did not like to ask the way, as we were sure to be laughed at by the people on account of our poor German, though I must confess that the Germans are much more polite in this particular, than the Americans are. A German will endeavor to repress his smiles at the blunders which beginners are sure to make, although he may not always succeed very well, but the average American does not even attempt to disguise his merriment when a foreigner who is unable to speak the language tries to ask him a question. Brother M—— and I often stood for several minutes, each one trying to induce the other to do the questioning.

It finally began to get dark, and we suddenly noticed that we met no more people. Without knowing it we had wandered off onto an unfrequented path. We retraced our steps as rapidly as possible, for we were now beginning to get alarmed. The woods were very dark now, and the prospect of remaining in them all night was not very pleasant. To make matters worse it began to rain quite hard.

Another fear now began to bother us. Upon looking at our watches we saw that it was after nine o'clock. We knew that the German custom was to lock the street door to all their houses at ten o'clock sharp. We had a room with a family of Saints who lived on the fourth floor of a tenement house, and we began to wonder how we would get in the house, providing we ever found it, something which seemed to us at that time extremely doubtful. We decided not to worry about that phase of the situation until we actually reached the house.

At last we began to see lights before us, and a few moments later we emerged from the forest. But we were in a strange part of the city, and had not the slightest idea which way to go to reach

our destination. However we kept on walking, and after about half an hour's walk came to a street car track. We attempted to board a passing car which was already pretty well loaded, but were repulsed by the conductor. We could not understand why this should be, as we were accustomed to see American cars take up passengers as long as they were willing to hang on, but afterwards when we became more fluent with the language, we learned that German street cars are supposed to hold a certain number of people, and no more than this number will be allowed to get on.

We arrived at the house after eleven o'clock, and found the good brother with whom we stayed at the door waiting to let us in. We were always a little more careful after this until we became thoroughly familiar with the country.

A ONE RAIL RAILWAY.

Cars Go Two and a Half Miles a Minute.

A Montreal paper publishes the following:

A RAILROAD train with a speed of 150 miles an hour is the latest marvel. It is running today.

Coupled with electricity, there is no knowing the speed which this new railway may develop. At present, operated by steam it easily makes two miles per minute in France and Ireland.

On a railway of this kind in the United States, you could go from New York to San Francisco in twenty-four hours. The trip from New York to Philadelphia could be made under this new system in thirty-six minutes.

If there was a road built like those now running daily in Ireland and France, you could take your breakfast in this city and your dinner in Chicago. You could go to St. Louis and return again

within twenty-four hours, and a run from New York to Boston and back would be simply a comfortable afternoon's journey.

The low cost of construction makes railroads of this kind particularly profitable. They do not need the expensive grading of the ordinary standard gauge road of the United States, and their right of way is not more than ten feet in width.

Moreover, the railroads of the future, as they have been called, require but one instead of two rails. Such roads can be quickly built.

They can run around curves that to the ordinary train would be impossible. They can carry freight as well as passengers. With more than twice the attainable speed of the fastest trains of today, these new roads require less than half of the present rolling stock.

The railroad built on this new principle which is at present in operation in Ireland runs from Ballybunion to Listowel.

Ballybunion, which is the terminus of the Irish line, is at the mouth of the Shannon River, in the County of Kerry. Listowel is a small town to the south east, situated on one of the main trunk lines of the country.

The railroad between these two points on which the amazing speed of 150 miles per hour has been developed, is about ten miles in length, and the run, it is claimed, has often been made in five minutes. Incredible speed has been developed.

The train from Listowel has frequently sped toward Ballybunion at a rate of 150 miles per hour. The officers of the line are confident that if the tracks were extended, this rate of speed could be kept up uniformly and safely for hours at a time. The road is at present operated

by steam, using a curious twin-locomotive specially adapted to the single track upon which the trains run.

Another railroad of the kind runs from Feurs to Panissieres, in France. On this line, too, the trains run at an equally astonishing rate of speed. Two miles per minute is a frequent performance of its engineers.

So astonishing have been the achievements of this new principle in railroad construction that it has been decided to build and equip a road of the kind at Brussels in anticipation of the exhibition to be held there next year. This road is now being constructed.

It has been decided, however, to try electricity as a motive power. If railroads built on the Behr system, as it is called, can develop a speed of 150 miles per hour using an ordinary steam locomotive, it is expected that a much greater speed can be achieved with electricity.

The Brussels road is therefore being constructed with a view to using electricity. Locomotives like those now in use on the Behr railroads in France and Ireland will be dispensed with.

Each car in the train will have its own dynamo, and the current will be taken from the rail, as it is now taken by trolley cars from the wire. No doubt is entertained of the Brussels trains achieving a speed of 150 miles per hour, and some of the engineers say they may go twice as fast.

The practical railroad man will, however, wonder how it is going to be done. He will tell you that it is impossible under the present system; that the cars would jump the track, that a thousand and one things would happen to the rolling stock; that the wind pressure would be too great, and so on. That would be true under old methods.

The new railway is as wonderful in

method, construction and shape as it is in speed. It is, in fact, the principle of the bicycle applied to railroading.

The railroad cars are practically split in the middle. The two halves hang down, as it were, on the sides of an inverted V or wedge-shaped track. This track extends above the ground about twice as high as a rail fence.

The wheels of the cars are in a line through the center. They travel along the top of the inverted V.

The passengers sit below the center of gravity on each side. The inside of the cars differ very little from that of the ordinary railway cars, except that each one has a line of seats extending down the center. Behind this center line of seats are located the wheels.

As the cars hang over the track, they would crash from side to side if buffers were not provided to prevent it and keep them steady. On each side of the inverted V-shaped track are placed two rails, on which run the guide wheels. These wheels are horizontal, and serve to take the lateral stresses at curves.

The cars are made in parts, or sections, with a flexible platform joining the sections. This is to allow for easy turning on curves, for when going at so great a speed it is necessary to ensure the greatest flexibility.

One hundred and fifty miles an hour would drive everything before it, and, if any wedge should occur, the resulting accident would be far worse for the passengers than any of the present-day smash-ups. A rail extending through the center of the car would certainly, in that case, create woeful havoc.

When one travels at lightning speed the force of impact become wonderfully increased. For instance, the centrifugal weight of a particle traveling round a 25-chain radius curve is, at 150 miles an

hour, 1.4 times the weight of the particle. One average passenger of 150 pounds would be forced to the outside of such a curve with a pressure of 210 pounds. But the sections of the cars being joined together by a pivot or pin precludes any sudden jerk to one side, and passengers are able to sit in the cars as easily and as comfortably as in a Pullman.

The seats in the cars being arranged along side of the single lines of wheels the passengers are compelled to sit back to back gazing out across country through the glass sides of the cars. It is well that the platforms between cars are provided with flexible coverings, otherwise it might be impossible to pass from car to car. A breath of wind through the front door would sweep the train.

The road now being built at Brussels is between three and four miles long. It is in the shape of an oval, so that a gradual curve is obtained. F. B. Behr, the inventor of the system, guarantees a speed of ninety miles an hour when running on a continual curve. One hundred and fifty miles an hour is only attainable on a straight road or where extremely large curves are possible.

It might be supposed that on rounding curves even at a speed of ninety miles an hour, the cars would jump the track. But this is said to be impossible because the center of gravity is below the rail or track.

When the train swings around a curve the weight of the passengers, motor and other heavy parts of the cars, tends to hold the wheels tightly against the track. The greater the speed of the train the harder does it cling to the rail, forced there by inertia.

It is exactly the same as though a poker were made to swing rapidly around in a circle when the finger is

inserted in the crook of the handle. The harder the poker is swung the more tenaciously does it cling to the hand.

When the cars are operated by electricity each car will have a motor of its own, and will be to all intents and purposes its own locomotive.

Each car will then contribute its own quota of force to the general inertia of the train.

In a long train however, there will be a general distribution of the load of passengers, so that the several motors would divide the strain. The general shape and arrangement of the cars make a long compact shuttle of the train shooting along at lightning speed.

The Brussels train will be composed of cars fifty feet long, carried on bogey trucks and having motors equal to 600 horse power each. When long distance roads are constructed, and where rivers are to be crossed, the track structure will be trussed like a bridge held up by piers.

For changing over from one track to another, a piece of structure is made to swing upon a turn table. The line can be laid along the banks of existing railways at a small expense.

It is estimated that a proposed system of the kind extending from London to Brighton, England, would cost £1,000,000 sterling. It could carry 2000 passengers an hour or 10,000,000 annually at four shilling each, or £200,000 a year. The inventor of the system is an electrical and mechanical engineer.

The fastest time hitherto made by any railroad train was reached in 1893, when the Empire State Express on the New York Central Road, made a mile in thirty-two seconds near Crittenden, New York. This speed was at the rate of 112 1-2 miles an hour.

BEER DRINKING.

"PLEASE, mamma, can't I have some beer? Exeverybody's drinking it," said little seven-year-old Paul to his mother as they ate their luncheon at one of our charming pleasure resorts.

"Why, my precious child, no, indeed! Do you think mamma would let her little boy drink beer?"

"Well, but, mamma, it doesn't hurt out here, does it? There's Brother Brown and all his family drinking it, and he's a good man."

"Mamma cannot help that, dear. Brother Brown is a very good man and we have no right to judge him. Still, I wish he would not set such an example to my little boy. I would not give you wine or beer to drink here any more than I would take you into a saloon at home. Promise me, Paul, that you will never touch anything of the kind, for if you never taste it you will always be free from temptation." And the fond mother's eyes filled with tears as she looked upon her son whose father had died a drunkard.

Paul vaguely remembered some of the sad scenes in his mother's married life, and he made up his mind that he must atone for his father's wrong. All children can do good if they try. As Paul promised his dear mother with his arms around her neck, and his rosy cheek close to her pale face, he decided that he would not only try to make her happy, but that he would have a talk with Brother Brown, whom he loved and respected very much. He was such a lovable little boy, so old fashioned and kind that everybody loved and petted him. Brother Brown was not at all angry or surprised when he was suddenly accosted by his young friend.

"Brother Brown, I didn't know that you ever drank beer."

"Why, I don't very often, Paul," said the good man apologetically. "But you see, my boy, a man gets thirsty breathing this salt air, and it don't hurt to drink a little mild beer out here."

"Mamma says it does. She says if you like it here you will like it just as well at home. We drink lemonade when we're thirsty. That's fine. Did you ever try sucking it through a straw? Mamma says she wouldn't take me into a saloon in town and give me liquor to drink, so she went here. It made me want some when I saw you and all your family drinking. Mamma says she wish't you wouldn't set a bad example to her boy."

Brother Brown was a proud man, but he was also a very good and just one, and not ashamed to accept good advice, even from a lad of seven. He remembered Paul's father and all the sorrow he had caused, and he knew how the boy's mother tried so fondly to keep him from sin. He shook hands with Paul and said:

"I am sorry I set you a bad example, for I want you to be a good, brave man. And as you say, it is not right to drink at one place any more than at another. I give you my word of honor that I will not do so again, and I want a promise from you, too." And Paul gave it heartily. When he told his mother of the conversation, she thanked her friend for his kindness to her and her son.

"My dear friend," he said humbly, "your boy taught me a lesson today which I will not forget. Beer does not intoxicate me at all, but it injures me of course, and it was wrong for me to let my boys drink it, and to set the example by drinking it myself. I promised your boy I would not do so again, and I shall keep my word."

Alcohol is given to us for a purpose.

It is used in a great many different ways. It is an excellent medicine in some cases, but should be very seldom or never be given to children in any form. It creates a taste which grows very quickly, and when you once have a love for it, it is almost impossible to give it up. That is why so many hundreds of men and women, too, I am sorry to say, become drunkards.

Do not taste it. Do not smell it. Avoid temptation and you will be safe. If you see some one else drinking, do not let that tempt you. Do right in spite of everything. If your father or your bishop drinks wine or beer, that is no reason why you should do the same. When people get old, you know, their bodies wear out, just like a machine, or anything else that has been used for a great many years. The stomach becomes weak, and needs something to strengthen and stimulate it, and often a little mild liquor is just what it craves. You ought not to think that you must have it because of that, any more than you should think you must wear spectacles because your father's eyes are weak and he cannot see to read without them. Your father's glasses would be very harmful indeed for your young eyes. It is very seldom that one person's glasses are suited to another person's eyes.

I know if my readers could have seen the horrible sights of drunken men, women and young boys which Paul saw on that night, you would have felt as he did when he hugged his mother closely and said, "Oh, I am so glad I've got a dear, precious mamma to show' me how to be good."

To compare what we receive with what we deserve will make anybody thankful.

GOOD MANNERS.

It was a bright, sunny, golden October day, when a party of friends started out for a long walk. In a wood back of the house of a friend of one of the walking party were discovered a little boy and a girl, a brother and sister, the little girl about four years old, pretty as a picture and attractive as a little wood-nymph. She had been hunting chestnuts with her little brother, and nurse sat not far off, and a magnificent Saint Bernard, who barked a warning the moment the group of friends stepped near the children, was also on guard. Each member of the party shook hands with the little girl and spoke to her. The little boy, some two years older, stood in the background enjoying the attention bestowed upon his little sister, who called herself "Queen of Brothers." The little man looked into the faces of each one with his big, soft brown eyes, and then, walking up to one he knew best, he stretched out his little hand and said, "Good-after-noon!" Every member of that group was mortified; all had been rude, and the sweet, gentlemanly little fellow had taught the lesson by his own innate spirit of good-fellowship. He did not resent the attention paid his sister, but enjoyed the favors bestowed upon her, but he wanted to be friends. How often are children hurt through just such thoughtlessness! The pretty one, or the most attractive one, for some reason receives all the attention, utterly ignoring the timid or the shy one, whose little heart may be aching for the crumbs that fall from the banquet of affection spread before it. Certainly every member of that group learned a lesson in good manners from that gentlemanly little boy.

ALL lies are great travelers.

Our Little Folks.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

WHEN I was a little girl a lady told me of another little girl who wished to become beautiful. I will tell the story as she told it to me.

This little girl's name was Annie. Annie had always been called an ugly child. People didn't tell her she was ugly. They were kind-hearted and did not wish to hurt her feelings, but often when people did not think she was near she heard them say, "What a plain child Annie is! She never will grow pretty, and Rose grows prettier every day." Rose was Annie's little sister, and a very beautiful child she was with her rosy cheeks and sunny curls. Poor Annie! When she heard such things said she would go to her room and cry for hours. This made her eyes and nose red and made her look uglier than ever. Besides it made two cross looking wrinkles come between Annie's eyes. Rose was always afraid to speak to Annie when she saw those wrinkles for she knew Annie was in a bad temper and would scold or even strike her. I feel sorry for Annie, because I know what it is to be ugly, and how badly I used to feel when I heard friends say how much better looking my sisters were than I was.

One day Annie had one of her crying spells and went off in the woods to sulk. She sat down under a tree and thought she was the most unhappy little girl in the world. While she was sitting there an old lady came out of a house near by and asked Annie what was the matter. The old lady had such a kind face that Annie told her her trouble. The lady said:

"At the top of that hill is a small lake

of water; If you can climb to the top of that and look into the water, you will find that you are beautiful."

The lady knew that Annie couldn't climb to the top of the hill that day, but Annie was so anxious to become beautiful that she at once set out on her journey.

After awhile she became tired and sat on the porch of a house to rest. A lady came out and asked Annie where she came from and what she wanted. Annie told this lady her story.

The lady told her that she must go home now for a month. At the end of that time she might come again. She told Annie that she must not say a cross word to anyone during that month, if she did she could not go to the beautiful lake at the top of the mountain.

Annie was very tired so she was willing to go home.

When she came near her house she saw Rose with Annie's doll. She ran up to Rose and was going to say something cross to her when she remembered the lake and was silent.

That was a very hard month for Annie. Time and time again she wished to say something cross but the thought of the fountain kept her from doing so.

At the end of that month she again went to the lady who lived on the side of the mountain and told her that she was ready to go to the lake. The lady was much surprised at the change in Annie's face. The two wrinkles between the eyes had almost gone, and the little face wore a happier look.

She told Annie that she was not quite ready to go to the lake, but Annie was to go home for another month. During this month she was to help every one that she could.

Little Annie went home. She felt much happier than she did when she

went home before, but she didn't know the reason for it. Can you tell me the reason she was happier?

During that month Annie helped her mother in the kitchen. She tended the baby when her mother was busy and the baby was cross. She played games with little Rose. She always had the paper ready for her papa to read when he came home from his work.

Once she heard her papa say to his wife, "What a good child Annie is growing to be!"

"Yes," said her mamma, "I don't see how I could get along without her. She helps me so much."

That night Annie went to bed with a joyful heart. She didn't care if she was ugly if her folks loved her. She didn't know that she was growing prettier every day. Kind deeds and words always make the face kind, and is not a kind face always pretty?

At the end of this month Annie again went to the lady and asked if she might go to the lake. The lady said that she was not quite ready yet. That Annie was to go home for another month. During this month she was not to think an unkind or a bad thought.

Annie was troubled about this. It was not so hard to control her tongue, but it was very hard to keep from thinking of things that were not right.

Nevertheless she determined to try. When she began to think of something that was not right she would run and get a book to read or would play with baby. Then she would forget about the bad thought. She did this until at last bad thoughts did not trouble her often.

"Mamma, don't you think Annie is pretty?" she once heard Rose say.

"Yes, dear, she has better health than she used to, I think," said mamma.

What made her have better health?

She didn't fret and cry like she used to. she thought less of herself and more of others.

When this month was ended, Annie went to the lady and asked her if she could go to the lake. The lady said yes, so they went to the top of the mountain where they saw a lake as smooth as glass. The lady told Annie to look in the water. Annie did so, and saw a little girl with rosy, dimpled cheeks and bright eyes. What a happy little face it was!

"How I have changed," said Annie. "I am pretty now."

"Yes you are pretty now, because you have a beautiful spirit. You haven't changed in a minute. Your face has been growing prettier ever since you have tried to do better, and it will not grow ugly as long as you are good," said the lady.

Annie went home. It was very hard for her to do what was right all the time, but she prayed that God would help her, for she knew that she could not resist temptation unless she had help all the time from her Heavenly Father.

Do you wish to become beautiful children? Do you know that by doing as this lady told Annie to do you will grow more beautiful every day? Try this for yourselves and see if you are not happier as well as more beautiful.

THERE is evil enough in man, we all know! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

A NEW chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to us.

FOURTH LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

DEAR CHILDREN: We were entering Kanab about noon, on the 19th of June, where I left you in my last letter.

"Kanab" is an Indian word, and means willows. Along the banks of the Kanab creek, there used to be a marvelous growth of willows. But no willows are to be seen there now; since our people founded the city there, great floods have swept them all away.

Although it was the first time either of us had visited Kanab, we felt quite at home among the people there. Sister Harriet Brown entertained us, and being herself very happy in doing so, made us feel happy, too, in being her guests.

We were glad to refresh ourselves with a nice warm bath, and to rest for that afternoon.

At 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, we met with the Relief Society. As my mission was principally to the Primaries, I always talked to the mothers in their meetings about visiting and encouraging their children in their little meetings.

The Primary meeting was held at 2 o'clock in Kanab, and I think I never enjoyed a meeting more. There are so many bright, lovely children there, and all so sweet and good. But then, we find the same kind of children, and lots of them, everywhere among the Latter-day Saints—thank God for them, and may He bless them all forever!

Sister Wells, in talking to the children of Kanab in their meeting, asked them to pray that the Lord would send the rain, which was so much needed there; and to keep on praying for it until it came. They all voted that they would. And a few weeks later, Sister Brown wrote us that the blessed rain had come, and the faith of the little ones was strengthened.

The Young Ladies held their meeting in the evening; everybody was invited, the meeting house was well filled, and we had another excellent time.

The 21st was Sunday. Sister Wells and myself went to Sabbath School, and found it well conducted and very interesting. The primary department of the Sabbath School sang for us the temperance song, "Cold Water is the Drink for Me," and told us Brother George Goddard sang it for them, and asked them to learn it when he visited them.

I must mention the regular weekly meeting of the Young Ladies, held Sunday evenings. We met with them that Sunday and had a time of rejoicing never to be forgotten. The spirit of blessing, of testimony and peace rested richly upon us all, until, I believe, we were all moved to tears of gratitude, love and adoration towards God. None but members of the association, or at least only the sisters, were present on that occasion. And after the close of the meeting we all embraced and kissed each other, and thought of the time to come when Zion from above will meet with Zion on the earth, and they shall fall on our necks and we on theirs, and we shall kiss each other and praise God and rejoice together.

President Wooley and his family contributed to the enjoyment of our visit by taking us for a drive around the city. And everyone was so hospitable and kind, we felt as though Kanab was truly a little Paradise of peace.

We visited a number of sick people, in company with some of the sisters of the place, and while we comforted and cheered them as best we might, we heard from some of them testimonies of faith in God and cheerful submission to His will, which strengthened and helped us in return.

Monday morning, the 22nd, Brother Charles Pugh took us and some other sisters to a point called the Red Knoll; that was twelve miles from Kanab, on our homeward journey. But I must tell you of that morning's ride, for it was one of the most interesting rides we had on the whole trip.

We traveled up hill nearly all the way, and the sand was so heavy and deep that four horses were necessary to draw us; good, large, strong horses, too.

I wish I could describe to you the wonderful works of the dam, flume and reservoirs which the heroic people of Kanab have made to get the water under control so they can use it and not be damaged by it. But anyone must see the work to form even a faint idea of its vastness. President Brigham Young, in his day, prophesied many things concerning Kanab, so we are told, which have been and are being fulfilled. Among other things he told of the floods which would sweep the willows away, and how the waters of the creek would have to be secured.

"Who," we asked, "was the originator of this marvelous work and wonder?" And we were gratified to hear young Brother Pugh answer, "Uncle Guernsey Brown was the prime leader, and the man that stood by the work until it was done; although everybody helped; I suppose nearly every man and boy belonging to the place has worked days and days on it."

It pleased us to hear this, because, in childhood, we had known Uncle Guernsey and Aunt Harriet Brown as young people; have known something of their faithfulness and the hardships they have endured for the Gospel's sake, all the way along; and to find that such people, in some instances, "are not without honor," even in their own land, is very

pleasant indeed. Sister Brown is everybody's "Aunt Harriet" in Kanab; a choice nurse among the sick, and the soother of many sorrows.

About eight miles from Kanab, right at the foot of the mountain, we came to a very beautiful and rather mysterious looking little lake. To our questions regarding its name, Brother Pugh answered, "There are three of them, about half a mile apart; they are known as The Three Lakes." We saw and admired all three of them; the side of the mountain, with its rocks, trees and brush mirrored like pictures in their clear, blue depths. We were told that the lakes were full of carp, and that often picnic parties came up there and had pleasant outs, sometimes remaining over night.

Not far from The Three Lakes there is a very large cave in the side of the mountain, the mouth of which is towards the road. In the cave is a spring of clear, cold water. And, what do you think a young man has done? He has taken up a claim there, built a house inside of the cave, and lives there with his wife and little ones.

We could see them as we passed, the man at work and the children at play. There are patches of ground near, where they farm and have a garden; and little pastures for their cows and chickens. The home in the cave seemed to us very romantic and interesting.

At the Red Knoll, some one said, "Change cars here!" And sure enough, there was another team, which had come to meet us, and take us on to Orderville; while Brother Pugh, after resting and feeding his horses, returned to Kanab.

Orderville, and some other settlements, are in Long Valley. Mount Carmel is the name of one settlement through which we passed.

Orderville is twenty-four miles from Kanab. We reached that place at 1 o'clock p. m.; had dinner, Relief Society meeting, supper and Young Ladies' meeting that afternoon and evening. Went to bed tired, but very grateful and happy. Had been disappointed, that no letters from home had reached us while at Kanab. But at Orderville, the Sisters Hoyet, with whom we took dinner and rested, kept the Post Office, and when the mail came there that afternoon it brought the letters we had expected at Kanab; Sister Hoyet took them out for us there; they were full of good news and messages of love from our dear ones at home; so we slept peacefully that night.

The next morning, as we had to go on at 10 o'clock, to fill appointments in other places, we had Primary meeting at nine. All the children came and many parents. In that meeting the spirit of love and kindness prevailed to such an extent that babies, just beginning to walk, would get together and hug and kiss each other. We wondered if fresh, bright, early morning is not about the best time for children's meetings to be held. There is more to tell of Orderville, but good-bye for this time. Always your loving friend, *Lula.*

It is noble to bear like a hero the calamities of life, but it is ignoble to continue to suffer under them when the time has arrived to triumph over them; and only an intelligent view of each case can reveal when that time has arrived.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

HE NAILED HIS SISTER DOWN.

TOMMY TEALE was just six years old. To-day was his birthday, but instead of having a good time to celebrate such a grand event he had to take care of the baby. His mother had gone out on some errands and left him all alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very, very badly to think such a thing had to happen on his birthday, and besides, little Nellie cried a great deal.

He did not know what to do with her; of course he loved her dearly, but did not enjoy taking care of her when she was so fretful.

As he stood at the window Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted.

"I can't!" shouted back the little prisoner. "I've got to 'tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight, then, she can't get out!" screamed Ned.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. He thought Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover off the table and break the lamp, or some other thing that babies seem to love to do. Ah! a bright idea came into Tommy's head. He ran quickly to the closet, got the hammer and tacks, and then went over to his baby sister and drove three tacks right through her pretty little dress, fastening her down tight to the floor.

When this was done he ran out of doors as fast as his little fat legs could carry him. In such a hurry was he to get to play that he neglected to shut the door tightly.

In about an hour Tommy's mother returned, and much to her surprise she found her baby daughter out on the top step! Both her chubby arms and dimpled neck were bare, for she had no dress on. Her mother picked her up and carried her into the sitting-room. There

was the little frock, nailed to the floor, in torn condition, showing how very hard baby must have struggled to get away, and of course it had to be put into the ragbag.

Tommy came in soon after, and was very much astonished at what his mother told him.

"I never did see such a baby," he said. "I thought you only wished to keep her out of mischief, and I felt sure the nails would do that!"

Tommy's mother shook her head, as much as to say, "I never did see such a boy."

BIG LETTERS.

A Primary Recitation.

'Tis Sunday morning, mama;
How bright the sunshine looks!
I want to pray for makers
Of papers and of books.

Last night, while papa held me,
And read aloud to you,
I looked across the paper,
And tried to read it, too.

The words, as papa read them,
I could not understand;
And so I read big letters,
Above and 'neath his hand.

But all of those big letters,
Said POLITICS and GOLD;
And MEDICINE and SILVER;
And DRESS GOODS BOUGHT and SOLD.

I like to read big letters,
But want the words some good;
And think they might be made so,
If book-men understood.

I'll ask the Lord to teach them,
On low lines, and above,
To tell in Big, Plain Letters,
Of GOD and FAITH and LOVE.

GOD BLESS THEE.

"God bless thee!" Here the gray sire stands,
With low bowed head and clasping hands;
This is his farewell blessing given,
His prayer of faith born up to Heaven;
Breathed for that dear departing one—
"God bless thee, oh, my son!"

"God bless thee!" And the mother's gaze,
Tells how unselfishly she prays;
How much of love is written there—
Those three short words are a full prayer,
Breathed in deep accents, calmly, mild,
"God bless thee, oh, my child!"

"God bless thee!" Now the sister sweeps
Aside youth's playful mood, and weeps;
Still lingering in a fond embrace,
As loth to quit that resting place;
Such love, such hopes in this combine,
"God bless thee, brother mine!"

Oft will a long farewell address,
Less heartfelt tenderness express;
And finest eloquence may prove,
Less true, confiding, changeless love.
Let this our earnest farewell be,
It is enough for us and thee,
Who on God's mercies all depend—
"God bless thee, faithful friend!"

Lula.

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, and the hero, the wise, the good, and the great man often lie hid in the plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

HAVE a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody. To succeed, work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

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HOW AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED.

ON the northwestern coast of Italy, in the town of Genoa lived a poor wool comber, Dominico Colombo and his wife Suzanna. They had four sons. The oldest was Christophoro, a very bright boy, who became such a great man, and whose memory every American remembers and loves. No one knows exactly when he was born, but it was in the year 1435, or 1436.

He was such a studious boy, and so quick at learning, that his kind father decided that he should have a good education. He entered the university when he was only ten years old. Here he studied mathematics, geography, and the sciences. When he was fourteen years old he left school and worked with his father at his trade; but in a few months he was filled with a desire to become a sailor as his ancestors had been. Christophoro was as good and generous and brave as he was bright and energetic, and he seemed to realize that he had a great future.

For several years he lived the ideal life of a sailor, a life full of bravery and daring, such as boys delight in. Every few days the ship in which he sailed encountered one of the pirate crews which swarmed the Mediterranean Sea, and this led to an exciting skirmish. Occasionally they ventured a little beyond the boundaries of the then known world. During these years Columbus did not

forget his home. Of all his small earnings, a generous share was laid aside for his parents, and for the education of his younger brother. Nor did he neglect his own earnest studies. He became familiar with the thoughts of all the wise men of his time, through their writings and also with the charts and maps of the known world. It was in this way that he began to think and reason and finally became convinced that the earth was not a plane but spherical in shape. A burning desire took possession of him to explore the unknown regions. He had no idea of the size of the world but believed that by sailing for a short distance Westward the Eastern coast of Asia might be reached.

One day the ship took fire. It was six miles from shore and finding that the vessel could not be saved it was abandoned. Columbus jumped into the sea and swam to shore with the help of a floating plank which he caught. He reached the shores of Lisbon, very much exhausted, but otherwise unhurt. While in Portugal he married a lady of that country. They had a son whom they named Diego. His wife died after a short time, and he, being more than ever imbued with his ideas, traveled to Genoa where he sought assistance, having no means with which to carry out his projects alone. He was refused help by his native people, laughed at, and ridiculed. Then he went back to his wife's

country begging a hearing of John II. The king listened to him, and was inwardly delighted with his ideas, but

this, however, had no faith in the plan and became frightened after he had been out for a short time, and returned,



COLUMBUS ON SAN SALVADOR.

made a show of indifference. He was ambitious and desired to receive all the honor and glory himself, so he secretly sent out an expedition. The captain of

scoffing at the idea of the world being round.

"The idea of people being underneath us, walking on their heads, with their

heels in the air," the sailors argued. So John's dishonorable plan was defeated. Columbus was very angry when he heard of the king's deceit, and straightway started for Spain. Here he waited around for two years, when he was at last sent for by the queen. She was very favorable from the first, and gave him encouragement; but the council of wise men whom the king called together, were strongly opposed to the plan, and the dreamer was turned away.

He immediately started for France. Stopping at a monastery, to beg a piece of bread for his little boy whom he kept with him, he told his story to the abbot, Juan Perez de Marchena, who became intensely interested. This man had been the queen's confessor, and he wrote to her majesty about the cause. The kind-hearted Isabella sent for Christopher again, but again the council interfered and he was turned away. He had not gone far, however, when he was overtaken by order of the king, who at last favored the plan.

After many hinderances and painful experiences, after having lost time, money and patience, but not his enthusiasm, he was given command of three small ships, the *Santa Maria*, *Nina* and *Pinta*. Now the great difficulty was to find men to accompany him. This proved to be another great obstacle in his way. Even criminals, with the promise of pardons, were unwilling to take the risk. But once more the influence of Juan Perez brought good results, and 120 men were enlisted.

On Friday, the third of August, 1492, eighteen years after his plan was first thought of, he set sail from Palos. Crowds of people were at the place to see the ships off. Friends and relatives of the adventurers swarmed around, weeping and wailing, feeling sure that they

would never see the faces of their loved ones again.

After two weeks of unsuccessful travel, the sailors began to complain and fear. Columbus cheered them as best he could, but they were hard to manage, and threatened to throw him overboard and return home. At last they bound him, and he was compelled to promise that unless land was seen in three days he would return.

Bits of driftwood, flocks of strange birds were now to be seen, and one day a branch of roses which they rescued from the waves, filled them with hope and fear—a hope that land was not far distant, and a wholesome fear that it might be the "other world"

About ten o'clock on the evening of October 11th, as Columbus lay alone on the deck of the *Santa Maria*, thinking sorrowfully that on the morrow he must abandon his hopes, he fancied he saw a light far away. He looked and looked, straining his eyes to make sure that they were not deceived, and then he called to his men to look. They could all see very plainly now, and were filled with new life. The next morning at dawn, land was visible, and the now adoring sailors wild with delight released their commander and bowed before him. They were quite sure it was the country they were searching for. A few hours later they landed upon the shores of the new world, and the admiral drawing his sword, took possession of it in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, and their flag was planted.

Columbus, being a pious man attributed his success to God, and being a Catholic, he erected a cross at which he knelt in prayer. The sailors bowed down with him, and the natives, thinking the ships with their wide-spread sails, and the strange beings with their

white skins something supernatural, did not know how to control their emotions of astonishment and awe. Some fled into the forests, others timidly approached, and all were so overcome with fear that they did not think of resisting the men who monopolized their own *Guanahani* as they called the island. Columbus afterwards named it San Salvador. He built a fort upon the island, and leaving the crew of the *Sanfa Maria*, which had run aground, he returned to Spain, where he was received in triumph.

Three more voyages completed his work. After the third visit to the new possessions, through the treachery of Ferdinand's advisers, and the king's own fickleness, Columbus was sent home in chains. The captain of the vessel in which he was taken desired to release him, but he refused to have his chains removed, saying, "I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." These chains are believed to have been buried with him, as that was his request. While in prison he wrote a most pathetic letter to the governess of the prince, which was read before Isabella, causing her to shed tears and be filled with indignation. She had him released and taken to the palace. She took his son Diego and his second son Fernando whose mother was a Spanish woman, in to court to act as her pages.

The fourth expedition embarked in the year 1502, and it was not until then that he sighted the mainland of the vast continents. Coming near the coast of South America he thought it was only a small island and named it Zeta, but when his ships got into the strong fresh water current of the Orinoco River, as it rushed into the ocean, he became convinced that it must rise in a very extensive country. Sailing north he discovered the keys which he called the

"Garden of the Queen," and landed at Honduras.

Returning home again he found his one staunch friend, Isabella, dead and the capricious Spaniards dissatisfied with his endeavors. He died on the 20th of May, 1506, a poor, broken-hearted old man. He was buried at Vallaloid, but his remains, and also those of his son Diego, have since been carried to Havana, and interred there, as it seemed only right that his mortal body should rest upon the land which he had found.

A TRAVELER'S VISION.

BEFORE it was yet daybreak, I had begun the arduous task of ascending the mountain to Ensign Peak that overlooks the famous "City of the Saints." But before reaching the summit, my curiosity to find evidences of a once living volcano was not sufficient to carry me farther, and, in extreme weariness, I threw myself upon the ground. The wind sighed softly down the mountain, the birds twittered on the branches and the rocks, I caught sight of an occasional lizard or squirrel, but there was an awful absence of anything human.

I gazed out upon the scene before me; the city was still in shadow, but the golden statue on a pinnacle of the Mormon Temple, catching the first beams of the morning sun, scintillated like some resplendent star. The sight arrested my attention, and started a train of thought. What is this that people call religion? How is it that there are so many different denominations, each one laying claim to the only way to God? Who are right? Why even the despised Mormons declare themselves to be the only true followers of Jesus. Thus I pondered honestly seeking to reconcile this and that; I grew discouraged and

exclaimed aloud, "'Tis useless, religion is but a name." I was started at my own voice, it rang out so harsh and defiant, seeming to challenge a reply. The answer came in tones soft, low, and penetrating:

"Poor, blind mortal; come, I will show thee."

At my side stood a tall, dignified man clothed in white robes which fell to his feet; his hair and beard were somewhat gray, he had kind, piercing blue eyes, a firm, sweet mouth, an expression, winning, yet so full of power, that, while it attracted, still held you in awe. He took me by the hand, and we flew away through space. How delightful was the new sensation!

"Look down upon earth," said my companion as we paused in mid-air. I did so and saw a mighty river, its source enshrouded in mist; and a harbor in which many ships were anchored at an immense wharf.

"The stream which thou see'st empties into the sea of Eternity; the harbor and the landing are Latter Times and the ships are the religions of the earth."

We drew nearer. Great crowds of people were on the landing, on the ships and some were going aboard. The leaders of the different vessels were urging those on the landing to join them, and seemed to vie with each other in getting the most followers; strange methods were often employed to attract the people; some of these captains knelt, praying and weeping at a bench; others marched around singing and beating drums; but the most usual way was to draw a company together and then to address them. The people were often perplexed not knowing whom to follow. Then one who pointed sneeringly at the leaders, met those doubting ones, and clasped about them a belt on

which was the letter S. I noticed on one of the most ancient and magnificent vessels, that the ruler sat there in robes of state, and sent out emissaries to do his work; many powerful leaders protested strongly against this one. On another old and strange-looking ship, teeming with passengers, weird rites were taking place.

My guide pointed toward the mists of the river. I saw a strange bark come forth; it sailed into the harbor and approached the landing; there was a white dove at the masthead and, except the youthful captain, no one on board. He disembarked and went among the people exhorting them to take passage on his vessel; he soon had quite a number of followers, but although molesting none, they were at first shunned, and as their numbers increased, were cruelly persecuted even to the death of their captain. Then another took his place, and the work went on; still they were beaten and driven from one part of the landing to another. Their manner of boarding the ship was different from that of the others; these passed to the bark through the water, being assisted by some one who appeared to be appointed for that purpose.

Troubled, I turned to question my guide; he only clasped my hand more firmly, and, as we arose in the air, the scene faded from my gaze.

I realized nothing of the time that elapsed until we again descended. Now I saw the ships that had been anchored in the harbor all sailing down the river; and there were also a few others that in some respects resembled the strange bark. But where was it? Still isolated and shunned; and yet little boats bearing men were constantly going from it to the other vessels and bringing back converts; the occupants of these tiny

skiffs were sometimes beaten and killed by those to whom they went. I noticed a few persons fall overboard from the strange bark, and as they arose to the surface of the water, they invariably swam toward a ship that was heavily loaded with a gay, scoffing crowd each one bearing the belt which bore the letter S.

Again I felt my companion's hand tighten upon my own, and again came that delightful sensation of flying through space.

"Behold the ships as they approach the Haven of Rest," were his words as we drew near. The people were running to and fro on the vessels; fear, commotion, and excitement were everywhere visible, and momentarily increased; crowding about the captains whose faces showed awful anxiety, the passengers seemed to upbraid and threaten them. I saw no storm, no opposing winds or waves, and yet the ships appeared to be unmanageable. In vain the men at the helms attempted to control them. The people grew frantic, and I could distinctly hear their cries and shrieks of terror. I looked inquiringly at my conductor.

"They are in the grip of the inevitable undertow which is bearing them away from the port for which they had set out."

For a moment, I had forgotten the strange bark. I sought without finding it among the troubled ships; presently, I saw it at some distance off, steadily sailing away; here all was peace and quiet.

"What guides it?" I asked.

"The white dove at the mast-head," quietly answered my companion, and for the third time, I was borne away.

Once more, we paused in air, and another scene was opened to my view. I saw a boundless ocean divided by a leaden

wall which reached to the skies; in this wall was a closed door made fast by great bars of iron. On one side, dark, rolling clouds covered the surface of the water. On the other, all was splendid and beautiful: from afar, I could discern the outlines of three great islands; the first was bright like the stars, the second shone like the moon, the third was brilliant as the sun. We drew nearer.

"It is the Haven of Rest, the port toward which all the ships have sailed," said my guide. I now saw the first island, plainly; on it, was a magnificent white city resplendent in marble and pearl, and surrounded by all the beauties of nature.

The strange bark glided swiftly over the smooth, shining waters up to the marble steps of the island; many people landed, and were met by stately, white-robed figures on whose necks they fell weeping with joy. The strange bark sailed away.

"Whither?" said I to my guide.

"To bear others home."

How I longed to follow; he saw the wish in my eyes, but shook his head dissentingly.

"The second thou art not permitted to behold; the third would consume thee with its glory."

I turned again to the first island; such a vision of loveliness I had never conceived; it was like some splendid dream, perfect in peace and happiness. As I gazed, light and inspiration were poured into my soul, and all unbelief and perplexities melted away.

I felt my companion's hold upon my hand relax; startled, I reached forth but grasped only the cold earth. I was alone on the mountain; the sun was brightly shining; below me was "Zion" and beyond was the wonderful Dead Sea of the West.

Lespe.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

IN the eight hundred and twenty years that have passed since the conquest of England by William the Conqueror, there have been thirty-five occupants of the throne of England. The average reign of thirty-four of these has not exceeded twenty-three years, but Queen Victoria, the present reigning sovereign, was crowned queen on June 20th, 1837, and on September 23rd had completed the longest reign of any English monarch. Up to September 23rd, George the Third, her grandfather, had the longest reign recorded in English annals. The people of England would doubtless have celebrated the 23rd of September had the Queen consented, but she expressed a wish that any formal notice of the length of her rule might be reserved till the completion of her sixtieth year upon the throne. If she should live until June 20th, 1897, there will doubtless be a grand celebration in Great Britain and her colonies on this eventful day.

Sixty years is a long period for a throne to be occupied by one ruler. It has been seldom witnessed in the history of mankind. Queen Victoria has proved herself to be a woman of remarkable ability. She has elevated her sex in the opinion of mankind by her excellent qualities and her great success as a queen.

Queen Elizabeth's reign has always been regarded as one of the most glorious in British annals, but the historian of the future will scarcely hesitate to give Queen Victoria a higher place. English writers are free to state that no other epoch of English history can compare in glory with what they call the Victorian Era, and that no

other period of the same extent has been so fruitful in the arts of peace, in great discoveries, in all the best elements of moral, material and intellectual progress. Besides the wonderful developments in science and the progress of inventions and improvements, they say that every form of philanthropic work has flourished under her auspices and that by the beauty and purity of her private life she has deepened and strengthened the foundations of the monarchy, which is supported by the love and devotion of her people.

English writers say that few sovereigns have been so popular as the Queen, or more beloved by all classes and no occupant of the throne has so strictly kept within the limits of the constitution and allowed her ministers a free hand whether she agreed with their policy or not. Those who appear well acquainted with the manner in which the affairs of the monarchy have been managed say that while the Queen has acted on the advice of her ministers on every political question to the end, it would be a great mistake to suppose that she has exercised no judgment, or influence, or will of her own. On the contrary, she has had to be consulted about everything; she has considered everything; she has discussed everything, and has had, in fact, more genuine influence over the the councils of the state than any of the sovereigns who have gone before her.

This is great praise, and it is doubtless well deserved. In this day, when women are coming to the front, it is fortunate for the sex that a glorious reign like that of Queen Victoria can be pointed to as an evidence of what a woman is capable of doing when she has the opportunity.

Queen Victoria has not only outlived

all the sovereigns who were reigning at the time she became queen, but all who began to reign within eleven years after that event, and as many as sixteen who succeeded to their thrones at a still later date. Four times has she witnessed a change of the crown of Prussia and three times have the sceptres of Russia, Denmark, Spain and Portugal changed hands during her reign. Since she has been Queen there have been three sovereigns of Sweden, three of the Netherlands, two emperors of Austria and two kings of the Belgians. In addition to these it may be interesting to some of the readers of the JUVENILE to read a clipping which I make from an English paper, which says that the Queen has outlived:

1. All the members of the Privy Council who were alive in 1837.

2. All the Peers who held their titles in 1837, except the Earl of Darnley, who was ten, and Earl Nelson, who was fourteen in that year.

3. All the members who sat in the House of Commons on her accession to the throne, except Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Charles Villiers, the present Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Mexborough and the Earl of Mansfield, and Mr. John Temple Leader.

4. Her Majesty has seen eleven lord chancellors, ten prime ministers, six speakers of the House of Commons, at least three bishops of every See and five or six of many Sees, six archbishops of Canterbury, and six archbishops of York, and five commanders-in-chief.

5. She has seen five dukes of Norfolk succeed each other as earls marshal, and has outlived every duke and Duchess and every Marquis and Marchioness who bore that rank in 1837.

6. She has seen seventeen presidents

of the United States, ten viceroys of Canada, fifteen viceroys of India, and France successively ruled by one king, one emperor, and six presidents of a republic.

The Editor.

GOOD COMPANY.

KEEP good company or none. Never be idle. Cultivate your mind. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Live within your income. Small and steady gains bring the kind of riches that do not take wings and fly away. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a sure way to get out of it. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Save when you are young and enjoy your savings when you are old.

WE never think we can make anything beautiful and worthy of our life, with the many discouraging things, the obstinate hindrances, there are in our lot. Really, however, we can make our lives all the nobler, richer, greater, stronger, worthier, by means of the very things which we think ruin our chances. We can so carve the stone that the iron-rust which seems to mar it shall prove one of its finest features when mastered and wrought into its own place. That is the way to treat hard and discouraging things in our lot.

OUR happiness in this world depends on the affections we are able to inspire.

MINUTES OF SEMI-ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Reports of Sunday School Work and Suggestions for Future Action.

October 4, 1896.

MINUTES of the semi-annual Sunday School conference held in the Tabernacle, October 4, 1896, at 7 p.m.

There were on the stand besides the general superintendency and members of the Deseret Sunday School Union board, President Joseph F. Smith, Apostles Brigham Young, George Teasdale, John W. Taylor, Anthon H. Lund. The assembly was called to order by First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard. The Tabernacle choir rendered, "Our God, we Raise to Thee."

Prayer was offered by Elder Wm. Paxman, superintendent of Sunday schools of Juab Stake.

The choir sang, "Glory to God on high."

The roll call of Stakes showed all but two Stakes represented by the Stake superintendency.

The General Secretary then presented the General Sunday School Authorities, who were unanimously sustained by vote of the conference as follows:

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, first assistant general superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, second assistant general superintendent; John M. Whitaker, general secretary; George Reynolds, general treasurer.

As Members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board:—George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John C. Cutler Joseph M. Tanner.

First Assistant General Superintendent

George Goddard was pleased to welcome such a vast concourse of Sunday School workers. He paid a high tribute to their labors in the interest of the youth of Zion, and encouraged them to continue without abating their energies.

VISITS TO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

In speaking of the annual Sunday School conferences of the various stakes he stated that thirty-four had been held, at which various members of the Union Board attended and gave instructions regarding Sunday School matters. Many important items were spoken of by the visiting members of the Union Board at these Stake conferences and trusted that every Sunday School worker would teach by example more than by precept in their labors among the young. Two thousand Sunday School treatises had been distributed free among the various Sunday Schools, since April conference. This Treatise is for the especial benefit of the teachers and officers, and should be studied and discussed in teachers' meetings that good results may follow its adoption as it is now the official Sunday School guide.

TWO DAYS CONFERENCE.

Elder Goddard recommended that one day of the annual Sunday School conference be held at one place, and the second day at another where practicable so more parents and children may have the privilege of attending; also that the primary departments hold their sessions at least one and one-half hours and do not adjourn at 11:15 or even 11:25 as many do. Congregational singing should be encouraged in every school. A new 10c Sunday School hymn book—a 20,000 edition—has been distributed to aid in the accomplishment of this purpose. Those who can should at once forward the amount due on the hymn books to the general treasurer, as the funds are

needed. Elder Goddard hoped that this year a full complement on nickel donation would be received, October 25th being nickel Sunday this year. He closed by invoking the blessings of heaven upon all Sunday School workers.

The choir sang: "In Our Lovely Deseret."

HOW TO CONDUCT A SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL COURSE.

Second Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, in speaking upon the subject, said the outward growth of the Sunday School Union brings an increase in the requirements, duties and demands upon the Sunday School workers. It is not merely an increase in numbers only but an increase in the work, spirit, method and discipline.

The progress of the Sunday School work produces a constantly increasing demand for skilful workers.

The workers in the different stages of development of the Sunday School cause have in the majority of cases, under the blessings of the Lord, faithfully met the new features gradually unfolding themselves before them.

The system of logical progression in the educational system of the Latter-day Saints (illustrated in our Church Schools, Sunday Schools, Religion Classes, Primaries and Mutual Improvement Associations), brings to bear its elevating influence upon the material it has to work with, viz: teachers and pupils; keeps in constant view the ultimate aims it desires to reach, viz: A living testimony of Jesus Christ, and of the divinity of the Latter-day work, and endeavors to conduct all its operations in such a manner as to insure the assistance of the Spirit of God. The General Superintendency and Deseret Sunday School Union Board, mindful of the

great responsibilities resting upon them in regard to the affairs of the great Sunday School work in Zion, have endeavored to meet the emergencies of the case by publishing from from time to time instructions through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, by correspondence, by publishing cards, charts, leaflets, pamphlets, hymn books, by lectures, by attending annual Sunday School Stake conferences and by visiting particular Sunday Schools whenever possible.

One leading step in this direction is the establishment of a Normal Sunday School course at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, and of special Normal Sunday School classes in several other Church Schools.

It is essential, however, that all those authorized to conduct Normal Sunday School classes anywhere, in any school or college will follow the plan laid out by the Sunday School Union Board, and carried out at the Brigham Young Academy.

The general outline of the plan is as follows:

The recently published "Latter-day Saints Sunday School Treatise" institutes the basis of the normal instructions for Sunday School work, although the Guide and the Lectures on Sunday School Work, ought to be used as supplements to it, so that every graduate of a Sunday School Normal Course may handle and explain intelligently these works, and follow in his labors the lines indicated by them.

The Sunday School Normal Course should consist first of theoretical instructions given by a professor duly authorized for this work, and secondly, of practical training in some Model Sunday School, organized for that purpose.

A complete Normal Sunday School Course covers a period of twenty weeks.

The course in theoretical instructions consists of:

1. Primary work, including kindergarten and infant class work. Ladies desirous of devoting themselves to this branch of Sunday School work as a speciality may graduate accordingly.

2. A complete Normal Sunday School Course comprises all departments inclusive of the primary. Normals desirous of graduating for this course are expected to have their notes and diagrams examined and endorsed by the examining professor, and to answer satisfactorily any review questions put to them.

3. Instructions in the handling of the authorized text-books, charts and subjects. (Concert recitations, congregational singing, etc.)

4. Instructions in organization, discipline, teachers' meetings, reviews, Stake Annual Sunday School Conferences, Sunday School Unions and General Executive matters. (Annual Sunday School Stake Conferences, etc.)

5. General theological instructions in regard to doctrines, ordinances and church organization. It will be expected that candidates for graduation can give satisfactory evidence of a living testimony of the divinity of Latter-day work, of willingness to sustain and obey the authority of the Priesthood, and of the determination to set a good example to the youth by their daily walk and conduct.

6. The practical course consists in the training of the Sunday School Normals in acting alternately as officers and teachers in various kinds of Sunday School work under the direction and supervision of the professors.

It ought to be understood that no one is authorized to conduct a Sunday School Normal class in any of the Stakes of Zion that does not hold a certificate to

that effect issued by the Sunday School Union Board. This provision is indispensable inasmuch as uniformity throughout the whole Sunday School Union could not be maintained without it.

Elder E. K. Bassett conducted a sisters quartet entitled "Farewell."

Elder Francis M. Lyman, a member of the Union Board, addressed the conference, recommending that hereafter in presenting the General Sunday School Authorities in the Stake Annual Sunday School Conferences, that the General Church authorities be presented also, so the children may become better acquainted with them. Brother Lyman also spoke of the growing habit of introducing members of the Church as Mr. and Mrs. instead of "Brother" and "Sister." The latter terms he thought should now be used instead of the others. He trusted the Sunday Schools would act upon this matter at once in regular class work, and hereafter introduce members of the Church as brother or sister. Also use these terms in class work.

Elder Heber J. Grant, a member of the Union Board, read the following circular of the First Presidency:

TO THE PRESIDENTS OF STAKES AND BISHOPS
OF WARDS.

The question of conducting Sunday Schools without interruption by General and Stake Conferences, Mutual Improvement Associations, Relief Societies and Primary Associations, has been brought to our attention several times, and some general counsel has been given, but not in such a form as to receive the attention it deserves. Again the subject has been brought before us by the brethren who have spent years of their lives in the Sunday School cause, and who are actively engaged in the management of the affairs of the Sabbath Schools,

and after due consideration we have decided that it should be understood throughout all the wards and Stakes of Zion that each Sunday morning shall be held exclusively for the Sabbath Schools, and that no organization shall consider itself at liberty to use that part of the Sabbath to the prevention of Sabbath Schools being held.

The general concensus of opinion among leading officers of the Church who have given this subject attention is to the effect that the breaking up of the Sunday Schools even for one Sunday has an injurious effect; and these schools are so important and they are doing so great an amount of good that we feel convinced that it is unwise to permit them to be suspended. We have, therefore, concluded that this request which has been made upon us by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board is consistent and proper, and we take this method to make it known throughout the Church.

It is our desire that the superintendents of Sunday Schools be permitted to conduct their schools every Sunday morning without any interruption whatever, even on the Sabbath days when general or quarterly conferences may be held. This is not intended to prevent other organizations holding conferences, providing that in so doing the Sunday Schools are not stopped.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
First Presidency.

Following which General Superintendent George Q. Cannon said he felt the importance of punctuality being taught in our Sunday Schools, and urged superintendents and teachers to commence their schools promptly on time and set the example. In regard to the

exercises of the Sunday School, Superintendent Cannon regretted to learn, only that morning, of one Sunday School being held, and during the entire session the name of the Lord was not mentioned. He felt that this was a great wrong, as the object of the Sunday Schools is not to hear fairy tales, not to read works of fiction, not to teach the gospel by the use of myths; but the Sunday Schools have been established for the purpose of teaching the children the principles of life and salvation. The New Testament, the Old Testament, the Book of Mormon and the standard Church works and works issued or recommended by the Union Board should be mainly the guides and text books. Surely in these, and in the history of the Church, and the grand characters which go to make up that history, are so many beautiful stories, events and interesting subjects that there is no special need for other works. He had heard a great deal said about diagrams and plans being used in teaching in the Sunday Schools. These may be useful helps; but simplicity in giving instructions and in the exercises of the Sunday School, teaching the principles of the gospel, the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith and of the Church, accompanied by the Spirit of the Lord, should be the aim and object of every Sunday School worker. Technicality should be avoided. It has been found that those who become acquainted with the Bible in their youth understand the gospel more easily than those who do not know its beauties. The Elders in their travels among the people of the world are most successful among those who are acquainted with the Scriptures. It is so among us. Superintendent Cannon trusted that the teachers would use mainly such lessons as the story of Daniel, Joseph,

Nephi, Moses and the Prophets and Apostles of God, and lessons from works issued by the Union Board, or others recommended by them and our own Church history. The children would be inspired by such noble lives, and no better way can be used in teaching the gospel than by these means.

The choir sang: "From afar, gracious Lord, Thou hast gathered Thy flock." Benediction by Elder John W. Taylor.

John M. Whitaker,
General Secretary.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT.

AMONG the many peculiar natural features of Arizona, few are more interesting than those arid wastes—really an eastward continuation of the great Mojave desert—which encircle Fort Yuma. My first trip over that region of burning sands and arid alkali plain, was made as chainman with a party of surveyors sent out by the Southern Pacific Company to locate the most practicable route for a railroad.

Our outfit, in addition to the usual camp equipment, consisted of a dozen burros and three Indian guides, the chief duty of the latter being to locate springs and water-holes to supply our daily needs. Water, however, as we learned by bitter experience, was scarce and generally of the most unpalatable quality. Were it not that it would be a digression from the proper subject of this story, I could tell you many a thirsty incident of our protracted marches and sufferings in that parched waste.

My diary tells me that on the tenth of August, 188—, we reached the bed of an ancient lake—an extinct lake will more properly describe it—of which there are many in the arid regions of the great Southwest. From the shores of this

bygone inland sea we looked out over a wide expanse of the purest salt, glistening like some highly polished mirror under the tropical sun, and stretching away to the south and east as far as the eye could see.

A wide sweep of sand, intersected by numerous deep arroyas, or washes, as they are sometimes called, and dotted here and there with a growth of stunted sage-brush, and an occasional clump of mesquite trees, slopes gently upward from the edge of the salt bed on the north to a long line of rugged foothills. High above these the Tonto mountains rear their scarred and weather-beaten heads; and over all a death-like stillness rests, a stillness in which you seem to hear the very earth throb and pulsate with the burning heat.

Yet here on this arid desert, at a depression of three hundred feet below the level of the sea, where you may travel a hundred miles without finding a drop of water, I narrowly escaped drowning.

The first exclamation of our chief when we came in sight of the lake-bed was one of satisfaction.

"What a fine natural road-bed!" he exclaimed. "It'll need no filling in, no excavations, no tamping of ties. There'll be nothing to do but lay the track. Why, there isn't a depression or a rise of a foot as far as we can see."

An excavation made to determine the character of the underlying strata, however, revealed the fact that the crusted surface rested upon a bed of black mud, so deep that not a pole in camp was of sufficient length to fathom it. Of course it was out of the question to think of running our lines over this hidden bog, but a natural curiosity to know just how far down the mud extended induced us to make further investigations.

Early next morning I set out across

the salt-bed, taking with me two men and an Indian guide mounted on burros. Our objective point was a range of low hills about six miles to the northwest, where I hoped to secure a long sounding pole.

We picked our way carefully over the crust, which in some cases was only a few inches thick, and which often trembled and sunk under our burros' feet.

Almost overcome by the furnace-like heat and the blinding glare from the white surface, we at last reached the mountains, and cast ourselves down in the shade of a clump of cottonwoods. After resting a few minutes, I set the men to work to cut and dress a stout sapling, tied my burro to a tree, and wandered off up a narrow canyon near by.

Although the noonday sun was blazing down from a cloudless sky, the air in the canyon seemed cool and refreshing after my recent ride over the open desert. Before I had gone very far, I picked up a piece of what prospectors term "float"—mineral-bearing rock broken off some vein and washed down by a flood. I am something of a mineralogist, and as the specimen I had found showed traces of gold, I commenced to search for the "lead" from which it had been displaced. Three hours slipped by, but I was so interested that I had not noted the passage of time. Then all at once the sound of distant thunder attracted my attention, and I gave up the search and hurried back to where I had tied my burro. He was still there, but the men were gone. Moving figures far off on the salt plain showed that they were already nearing camp.

Glancing up at the sky, I saw that a dark cloud, heavy with storm, had crept up out of the east, but the heavens directly overhead were still clear, so I lazily climbed into the saddle and headed

for camp, feeling sure of reaching it in time to escape a wetting.

Before I had covered a mile, however, I saw that the whole sky was beginning to take on a grayish tinge, through which the red disk of the sun glared hot and angry. The air became more sultry every moment, while fitful puffs of hot wind whirled the loose sand in little eddies over the plain. Soon dark clouds began to shape themselves out of the murky vapor, heaving and rolling like angry billows across the sky, and when the lightning began to flash across them, they seemed as though bound together by twisted chains of fire.

I had now become somewhat alarmed, so I tried to increase the speed of my beast by applying a stout stick to his sides and flanks, but the burro's habit of traveling no faster than a walk when carrying a load was too well established to be changed by a drubbing.

At last the rain broke from the bosoms of the clouds and fell in a blinding torrent, shutting out from view all objects more than fifty feet away. The fall of water was so heavy that it made me gasp for breath, and I felt like one drowning. Little streams of water trickled from my clothes as though I had just emerged from a lake or river, while the poor little burro, with closed eyes and drooping ears, hung his head and came to a dead stop, a very picture of dejection.

Fearing that we should wander from the course if we proceeded in the storm, I concluded that it would be better to remain where we were until the rain ceased, for I had an idea that the storm would abate as suddenly as it had begun.

We had remained in this situation probably a quarter of an hour, when the first sense of the awful peril in which I stood swept over me and made me sick

with fear. The rain was dissolving the thin crust of salt, and I was in danger of sinking into the bog below!

Already, in imagination, I fancied I could hear the treacherous surface breaking under the burro's sharp hoofs, and I felt myself sinking down, down, down—twenty, fifty, perhaps a hundred feet—to be smothered and choked in the black and filthy slime. The earth would literally open and swallow me up! No sign would be left as the crust again formed above me, to mark the spot where I had perished, or to tell my comrades the manner of my death.

Trembling with horror, I again brought the stick down on the burro's sides and flanks, but to no useful purpose. His fearful plunges under my severe beating only served to increase the danger of breaking through the crust and sending us down to death together.

Suddenly the rain ceased, the clouds lifted, and I saw that only half of my trip back to camp had been accomplished. I felt that I must trust to my own legs to carry me over the fast-dissolving surface, and I was about to dismount and run for my life, when the burro, with a loud snort, tossed his head into the air, and with ears bent forward and nostrils dilated, gazed fixedly toward camp. I could feel him tremble under me like an aspen in the wind.

What did he see? Was there some new danger threatening us? Listening intently, I heard a sound like the surf of the sea breaking upon a rocky shore. I strained my eyes in the direction in which the burro was gazing, and I beheld through the veil of mist which still overhung the plain, the crest of a mighty wave, dark and muddy, curl and fall and rise again. Over the sage-brush and rolling sand, almost to the edge of the salt plain, it came thundering down on us

like an avalanche. I knew it for a "cloudburst," which might soon swallow us up, yet I sat fascinated by the awful spectacle.

But now the brave little animal that I had so cruelly abused a short time before, wheeled, and with craning neck and quivering flanks, skimmed over the treacherous surface. On, on he flew, racing for dear life, with water flying from his swiftly moving feet.

Three miles lay between us and the mountains—our only refuge; three miles behind thundered the pursuing waters. The danger of breaking through the dissolving salt, which had seemed so great a few minutes before, was now forgotten in the more deadly peril behind.

We covered the first mile without the flood appearing to gain upon us, but, glancing back, I saw that the desert behind was a perfect sea. As far as the eye could reach, wave after wave rose and fell. The advance wall of water was bearing down upon us with fearful speed, for the level floor of the lake-bed offered less resistance to its rush than the brush-covered sand-hills beyond.

Two-thirds of the race was run, and the muddy wave roared in my ears not a mile away. Hope beat high within me as I looked ahead; but this fearful pace could not be kept up much longer. Already my burro began to show signs of deep distress, and his breath came and went in hoarse gasps as he lunged ahead.

"Bravo! little fellow; we'll win yet!" I exclaimed, as I patted his foaming neck, and looked behind to judge the chance for life. The water was gaining every moment, but I prayed that my brave little steed would hold out. We were close to the shelter of the mountains now, but I dared not look behind, so close was the pitiless wave.

At last, with the blood dripping from his nostrils and his breath coming in great sobs, the sturdy little animal gathered his remaining strength to spring up the mountain side. I felt that the race was won and we were saved. A low cry of joy escaped me, and I was already considering how I might best repay the brave little animal that had saved me, when the sharp hoofs of the burro crashed through the treacherous surface and sank into the bog below. As he fell, I was thrown headlong into the air.

I struggled to regain my feet, but the thin crust gave way all about me, and the next moment the pursuing waters closed about me with an exultant roar. I was tossed this way and that for a moment; then came a shock, and my senses left me.

I awoke to find myself lying in a cramped and painful position behind a great boulder. Feeling utterly dazed, I arose slowly to my feet and looked about me. The sun had set behind the hills at whose base I stood, and the damp air was already growing chilly.

I found that I had been thrown up on the mountain side, perhaps ten feet above the water, which covered the plain below me to a depth of two or three feet. Dead lizards were thick upon the rocks about me. One, a foot in length, clung to my clothes in a dying condition. Here and there a rattlesnake lay dead upon the ground.

I could well understand how the first great wave had borne me, in an unconscious condition, and stranded me behind the boulder, where fortunately I had lodged, while the water, spreading over the desert, receded and left me in safety. The burro, however, lay where he had fallen in his last desperate effort, sunk deep in the mud and covered with water.

Thanking God for my almost miraculous escape, I set out around the edge of the newly-formed lake for the camp, which I reached soon after midnight. It was a toilsome and distressing journey, and the fact that I had not tasted food since morning added to my fatigue. The course through the sandhills which I was compelled to take was rough in the extreme, and I was almost ready to faint with exhaustion when the welcome glow of the camp fire came into view.

When the first congratulations were over, I learned that the Indian guides had warned our chief of the danger of "much water" in time for all to reach the higher ground to the north before the cloudburst came.

I told my story, and many were the praises accorded my unfortunate burro for his gallant efforts to save me from destruction.

The railroad runs within a mile of the scene of my adventure, and when business takes me over that part of it, I never fail to note the low, barren hills, go over every incident of my escape that a lively memory preserves, and last, but not least, pay a hearty tribute of thanks to the humble little beast whose wiry legs bore me beyond the reach of death.

A human [soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. V.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 608.)

WITHOUT doubt the most enjoyable period of David's life, was that spent at home with his wife, and in council with his Quorum, in Kirtland, during the next eight months. Mingling with his brethren in the most intimate relationship, in the school for the study of languages, in the school of the Prophets, each preparing himself, in mutual bearing and forbearance one with another, to receive his endowments at the dedication of the Temple, David won from all their lasting love and respect.

At the dedication of the Kirtland Temple on March 27, 1836, after giving the interpretation of a discourse in tongues delivered by President Brigham Young, David himself spoke in tongues.

Receiving his blessings and endowments in the Temple directly after its dedication, David took his wife and started on another mission into Tennessee, where he met for the first time Wilford Woodruff and Abraham O. Smoot.

Of this time President Woodruff writes:

"Brother Smoot traveled with me constantly till the 21st of April, when we had the privilege of meeting with Elder David W. Patten, who had come direct from Kirtland, and who had been ordained one of the Twelve Apostles.

"It was a happy meeting. He gave us an account of the endowments at Kirtland, the glorious blessings received, the ministration of angels, the organization of the Twelve Apostles and Seventies, and informed me that I was appointed a member of the second quorum of Seventies. All of this was glorious news to me, and caused my heart to rejoice.

"On the 27th of May we were joined

by Elder Warren Parrish, direct from Kirtland. We had a happy time together.

"On the 28th, we held a conference at Brother Seth Utley's, where were represented all the branches of the Church in the South.

"I was ordained on the 31st of May a member of the second quorum of Seventies under the hands of David W. Patten and Warren Parish.

"At the close of the conference we separated for a short time. Elders Patten and Parish labored in Tennessee, Brother Smoot and myself in Kentucky. On the 9th of June we all met at Damon Creek branch, where Brother Patten baptized two. One was Father Henry Thomas, who had been a revolutionary soldier under General Washington, and father of Daniel and Henry Thomas.

"A warrant was issued, on the oath of a priest, against D. W. Patten, W. Parish and myself. We were accused in the warrant of the great "crime" of testifying that Christ would come in this generation, and that we promised the Holy Ghost to those whom we baptized. Brothers Patten and Parrish were taken on the 19th of June. I being in another County, escaped being arrested. The brethren were put under two thousand dollars bonds to appear at court. Albert Petty and Seth Utley were their bondsmen.

"They were tried on the 22nd of June.

"They plead their own cause. Although men came forward and testified they did receive the Holy Ghost after they were baptized, the brethren were condemned; but were finally released by paying the expenses of the mob court.

"There was one peculiar circumstance connected with this trial by a mob court, which was armed to the teeth. When the trial was through with, the people

were not willing to permit more than one to speak. Warren Parrish had said but few words, and they were not willing to let David Patten speak. But he, feeling the injustice of the court, and being filled with the power of God, arose to his feet and delivered a speech of about twenty minutes, holding them spell-bound while he told them of their wickedness and the abominations that they were guilty of, also of the curse of God that awaited them, if they did not repent, for taking up two harmless, inoffensive men for preaching the gospel of Christ.

"When he had got through his speech the judge said, 'You must be armed with secret weapons, or you would not talk in this fearless manner to an armed court.'

"Brother Patten replied: 'I have weapons that you know not of, and they are given me of God, for He gives me all the power I have.'

"The judge seemed willing to get rid of them almost upon any terms, and offered to dismiss them if their friends would pay the costs, which the brethren present freely offered to do.

"When the two were released, they mounted their horses and rode a mile to Seth Utley's; but, as soon as they had left, the court became ashamed that they had been let go so easily and the whole mob mounted their horses to follow them to Utley's.

One of the Saints, seeing the state of affairs, went on before the mob to notify the brethren, so that they had time to ride into the woods near by.

"They traveled along about three miles to Brother Albert Petty's, and went to bed. The night was dark, and they fell asleep.

"But Brother Patten was warned in a dream to get up and flee, as the mob

would soon be there. They both arose, saddled their animals, and rode into the adjoining County.

"The house they had just left was soon surrounded by the mob, but the brethren had escaped through the mercy of God."

In that expression, referring to the Lord, "He gives me all the power I have," Apostle David W. Patten gave at once the secret and the watchword of his wonderful career.

Another incident showing David's utter fearlessness, occurred about this time. While preaching at the house of Father Fry, in Benton County, Tennessee, David was interrupted by a Mr. Rose who asked him to raise the dead. David administered to the man a stinging rebuke for his wickedness, when Mr. Rose in great anger left the house. After meeting, however, he returned, bringing with him a crowd of armed men, who stood in sullen array about the dooryard.

Probably for the reason that he did not wish the family to be disturbed by them, David went out, cane in hand, to learn their intentions. He was greeted with the brandishing of weapons and dire threats of vengeance; but with the utmost coolness he bared his breast to the mob, and told them to shoot. The same fear seemed to fall upon them that possessed the mobocrat in Missouri, for they fled the premises as if in fear of their lives.

David had now arrived at the state of advancement, noticeable alike in the life of the Savior, and in the closing years of the Prophet Joseph where one sees, in the light of eternal truth, the utter shallowness and worthlessness of worldly pride and pretense, and, cognizant of the fact that no amount of tolerance will cure the evil, is moved to awaken humility with sharp rebuke.

That evening, President Woodruff re-

lates, he and David went to a stream of clear water below the house, and washed their hands and feet as the Lord directs, and bore testimony against those wicked men.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GAMBLER'S LIFE.

"Do you see that man dressed in broadcloth, wearing a silk hat and gracefully twirling a cane between his slender white fingers? Well, it is of him and his history that my story pertains," said Judge White, to his nephew, as they sat in the rotunda of one of New York City's magnificent hotels, as he called the young man's attention to a well-dressed personage who was standing by the big glass door, indifferently watching the people passing to and fro on the busy street below.

After carefully noting the appearance of the individual in question, Clarence White settled himself comfortably in his easy chair and prepared to listen attentively to his Uncle's story.

Before relating the history of this individual as told by Judge White it is of interest to the reader to know something of him and his nephew.

Rufus White was a gentleman of the true type—a man whose ability and honesty had been so highly appreciated by his fellow men that he had been elected to the position of Chief Justice of the supreme court. His personal appearance was that of a man of probably sixty years of age, grey haired, but whose erect carriage showed but little sign of advanced age. His features were such as would denote great force of character and firmness intermingling with love and charity toward his fellow man. He was the kind of a man whom a person would feel it a relief to go to and unburden

their heart of its troubles, and receive his sympathy and advice.

The young man with whom the Judge was conversing, was his nephew, who was spending a month visiting from his home in Colorado. He was probably twenty years of age, a tall, handsome fellow, full of life and ambitious to see the world and enjoy its apparent pleasures. Of a romantic nature, and innocently inclined to be a little wild, he was at just the age when his entire life depended on which road he chose, and his uncle was anxious that it should be the road toward fame and fortune in this world, and eternal life in the world to come.

The man to whom the Judge referred, was probably thirty-five years of age, whose face, although, no doubt at one time handsome, showed plainly the effects of dissipation. He was faultlessly dressed in the height of fashion, and his mustache was gracefully curled. His eyes appeared restless and noted everything with a nervous, inquiring look. But for his restless, nervous manner, one would suppose him to be some well-to-do businesss man, but on carefully noting him, a person would naturally look upon him with distrust and suspicion. To a person whose acquaintance with the world was more extensive than was Clarence White's, the man would have been recognized without a moments hesitation as one who lived upon the victims of the gaming table, and such was the case, for it was Charles Long, a noted gambler and confidence man.

Now having given a brief description of the principal parties to this story, let us listen to the history of Charles Long as narrated by Judge White.

"Now, my boy," commenced the Judge, "let us consider first the necessary habits and qualifications for a man

to acquire that he may entrap men and obtain from them by fair means or foul, their hard earned wages, ruin their character, break up their family, and finally, in order to excite admiration for themselves, contribute toward their burial in a drunkards grave. First, he must acquire dishonesty in a marked degree; second, he must eradicate his conscience so thoroughly, that he will never feel its pangs; thirdly, he must practice deceit and become proficient enough in the act that he can not only deceive all with whom he comes in contact, but can deceive himself so thoroughly as to believe he carries on a legitimate business when he robs wives of their husbands, and mothers of their sons. When a man has acquired dishonesty and deceit, and destroyed his conscience, he has not only taken the road which leads directly from God, but has burned the bridges behind him. The man whom I showed you devoted his life's work to acquire this order of things."

"But Uncle," interrupted Clarence, "don't you think you are rather hard on the man who makes his living by gambling? I have heard of a great many cases where this class of men have done very charitable deeds, and many of them, if not most of them, are very kind-hearted."

"My boy, their show of charity, while costing them nothing, for they simply give a little of what really doesn't belong to them to some one else, is simply done in order to deceive people in relation to their true character, and if possible, induce them to associate with their class, and thus produce their downfall. But let us hear what this man said in relation to his experience. One night, two years ago before I was elected to the position I now hold, I was sitting in my

office when a messenger came for me and told me a man wished me to call at the jail immediately, as it was a matter of grave importance. Putting on my coat and hat I hurried to the place designated, and was ushered into a large cell where I found the man who wished to see me.

"'Is this Lawyer White?' he inquired.

"'That is my name, sir,' I answered.

"'Well Mr. White, I was arrested a few hours ago charged with being a confidence man, and wish to retain you to defend me.'

"'Well please state your name and tell me all the circumstances, then I will decide as to my taking the case.'

"'My name is Charles Long, and, as you have no doubt heard, I am a "sporting man." My statement is a long one, and as I am very much wrought up over the idea of going to the penitentiary, if it will suit your convenience to call in the morning, I will try and tell you my whole story.'

"I assented to the arrangement and returning to my office pondered over the matter.

"In the morning I went to the jail as requested, and found the prisoner looking tired and nervous, having evidently passed a sleepless night, but with a great effort to control his nervousness, he began to tell me the remarkable history of his checkered career, and this is the story he told:

"'As I lay tossing on this hard prison bunk through the seemingly endless hours of the night, my thoughts wandered back over the occurrences of my life and caused emotions that I thought could not be touched even at the thoughts of the wicked course I have run, but the prison doors yawning to embrace me gives me reason enough to consider my past life. The tide of my

past life is so much against me, that even with the inclination in my heart to do better I fear that the ties that bind me to the past are too strong for me to ever sever. You may well be surprised that a gambler would show any regret for his past life, for it is seldom, if ever the case, for their business will not successfully allow of their feeling either sorrow for their misdeeds, or pity for their victims, but there are often circumstances in a man's life, yes, even in a criminal's life, that bring him face to face with his misdeeds, and compel him to see them in all their hideous aspect, whether he would or not. With dark prospects for the future in a dungeon cell, I am brought to this state of mind, and I will tell you of the hideous realities that appear to my mind's eye as I think of the past.

"I was born in a little village in a Western state thirty-four years ago, and entered into this world with bright prospects for success. My father was a staunch Christian man, and had not only been successful financially, but had been honored with positions of trust and responsibility by the people of the state. My mother was a lovely woman, and looked upon me, her firstborn, with the love that only a mother can bestow upon her child.

"My father, who was in truth a self-made man, had been handicapped in his ambitions to acquire an education through poverty, and he declared that no money should be spared in order to give me a good education, for he considered that education would be the best legacy possible for his children. With this end in view, a governess was obtained for me, who taught me faithfully until I became of school age when I commenced my studies in the public schools. At the age of twelve years I

graduated from that school and commenced a six years course in the State University, from which I graduated at the age of eighteen years.

"During my last year at the University I met a young man a few years older than myself with whom I became quite intimate, and who told me that his father had sent him there to school in order to get him away from some companions who were fast acquiring a taste for gambling and sowing wild oats in various other ways. In my acquaintance with this young man, I soon learned more in relation to "sporting life," as he called it, than I had ever before known, and became interested to such an extent that I was finally induced to try my luck gambling, and I did so with what I considered wonderful success, having won \$25. This money was simply a bait to catch a fish and I swallowed it, hook and all. My infatuation for gambling dated from that time, and my downfall also. One night I lost what money I had of my own, and in order to satisfy the demon within me which prompted me to gamble, I went to the office of a friend and stole twenty-five dollars, thinking to win and return the money during the night, but lost the amount, and when I asked my father for it the next morning he refused, evidently having a suspicion concerning the use I was to make of it. This seemed cruel to me on my father's part, and I nursed this imaginary wrong until the desire for revenge coupled with the need of money with which to pay gambling debts induced me to forge a check on my father for \$500, which I did, and sneaked out of the town, leaving a young, devoted wife to mourn my departure—in fact I think that she and my creditors were the only ones who did regret my leaving.

"In coming from there to this city I

stopped at some of the places en route, and gambled until when I reached here I was without a cent. While wandering around the gambling places, a man asked me if I would take charge of such a place for him, and I told him I would. I worked a short time for him when he became despondent over the losses in the business, for I was robbing him in a systematic manner, and he committed suicide leaving me the necessary apparatus with which to make a living by assisting the devil in obtaining men's souls.

"Soon after my leaving home my wife's health began to fail, and her young life soon went out, all through my desertion of her. The steps to my downfall were as regular as could be. First, evil companions, second, gambling, followed by lying, stealing, forgery and finally the indirect murder of my wife and employer, and God only knows how many more.

"The charge for which I am under arrest is this: One night a respectable man came into my gambling place and lost about \$100, and he told me he was in need of \$20 to get home; and telling him to call again, I let him have the money; and in the conversation which ensued he told me he would sell his farm in the West if he thought he could invest the money in a paying business. I told him to sell out and I would sell him an (imaginary) interest in a well established livery business, and he did sell out. I made arrangements with the hired man in a livery stable where I was acquainted, to show the man through, while the real proprietor was out, and tell the stranger that I owned the place. Everything worked lovely, and I fixed up a bogus bill of sale, and he gave the proceeds of his home for the worthless deed.

"I intended to leave town, but was apprehended and arrested. Now, Mr. White, if this man appears against me, I am sure to go to the penitentiary; so I would suggest that you go to him and tell him that I lost the money gambling, and even should he have me convicted, he would not get the money back, but tell him if he will not appear against me, the charge will be dismissed, and when I am free I will talk to him about returning his money. Don't you think that would work?

"Would you, if I make that arrangement, Mr. Long, promise to return the money as soon as possible?"

"I certainly would promise anything, if I could obtain my freedom. I promise."

"Well, I will see this man, if possible, and see what can be done."

"Obtaining his address from the authorities, I called at the place, and met the man who gave his name as Mr. Rowe, saying that he wished if possible to keep his true name a secret on account of publicity.

"I told him of the fact that even should he succeed in convicting the accused, he could not compel him to return the money; and he might possibly be able to get some of it if the prisoner was released. This fact surprised Mr. Rowe very much, and he said, 'Then, the only hope I have of getting this money is dependent on his honesty, is it?'

"Yes, that is a fact," I answered.

"Well, I shall never get it then," said the man in tones of anguish. Then he continued, excitedly, 'Man, that money was the result of a life of toil and hardship. On that money depended the lives of a mother and children. I can never return to them and tell them of this loss, so will take the quickest way out of the difficulty,' and drawing

a revolver before I could interfere, he shot himself and fell back dead.

"A coroner's inquest was held over the remain of the stranger," continued Judge White, 'and from letters found in his pocket it was discovered that his name was James Long, and was a younger brother of Charles.

"When I called at the jail and told the man the circumstances, he read the letters and said. 'Well, I guess it was my brother probably, but now that he is out of the way, I guess I will again be a free man. It was certainly very kind of him to inconvenience himself in order to help me out of this awkward position,' and tendering me my fee we parted.

"This my boy is a brief account of part of the history of a noted gambler's life."

As they left the hotel a newsboy came hollowing down the street, "All about the murder, special edition," and the Judge taking the paper read the head lines.

"A gambler killed," and the next few lines announced that "While playing cards with a stranger Charles Long was shot and instantly killed by his opponent while in the act of cheating the game by taking cards from his coat sleeve."

The Judge and Clarence looked at each other and walked on in silence.

J. H. H.

WHEN a strong brain is weighed against a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of pure gold.

THE aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON IX. — DIVINE AUTHORITY.

"We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.' (*Articles of Faith, par. 5.*)

In order for a man to acceptably preach the Gospel and administer in its ordinances he must first be called of God, "as was Aaron," and ordained under the hands of men holding the authority of the Holy Priesthood. No man can take this honor unto himself without incurring the displeasure of God. In every age of the world when the Lord required men for the work of the ministry He called them, either by His own voice or by the revelations of the Holy Ghost. Noah was called of God to preach repentance unto the Antediluvians; Abraham was also a chosen servant of the Lord, and had received the Holy Priesthood, by which he was enabled to see God and converse with Him face to face, for no man, except those who have been ordained to the Melchisedek Priesthood, can see the face of God and live. (*See Doc. and Cov. Sec. 84, verse 22.*)

Moses was called by direct revelation, the Lord appearing unto him in the burning bush at Mount Horeb. Moses was afraid to look upon the face of God, but the Lord told him that He had come down to send a deliverer to His children who were groaning in Egypt under the bondage of Pharaoh. And God called Moses and said unto him, "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt." (*Exodus ii: 10.*) Later Moses went up to Mount Sinai

and received from the Lord the Ten Commandments, and other laws, for the guidance of the children of Israel.

When the Lord desired Aaron and his sons to be ordained to officiate in the priest's office, he gave a revelation to that effect. He said to Moses: "Take thou unto thee Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him, from among the children of Israel, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office, even Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, Eleazer and Ithamar, Aaron's sons." (*Exodus xxviii: 1.*)

But in our day men do not wait to be called of God, as were Aaron and his sons. Young men are sent to colleges, where they are made ministers by men. Having passed certain examinations, they are then sent out to preach, but without having been called of God or ordained under the hands of His authorized servants. How different from the way in which Christ called His ministers. Poor, unlearned fishermen were chosen by Him to be His apostles and special witnesses.

"And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And He said unto them, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets and followed Him. And going on from thence, He saw two other brethren, James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets; and He called them. And they immediately left their nets and their father, and followed Him." (*Matt. iv: 18-22*)

In like manner were the rest of the apostles called and ordained, and sent forth to preach the Gospel. When Judas, through transgression, lost his

apostleship, Mathias was appointed by revelation to take his place (*see Acts i: 24-26*); Barnabas and Saul were called to the ministry by the revelation of the Holy Ghost. (*Acts xiii: 1-3.*) No man can be called the minister of the Gospel who has not been appointed by revelation, and ordained by an authorized servant of God.

The following instances will suffice to show how displeased the Lord is with those who undertake to officiate in offices to which they have not been called by Him or His servants: Uzziah, notwithstanding that he was king in Israel, was smitten with leprosy, and remained a leper until the day of his death, because he went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense upon the altar of incense, a duty which appertained not unto Uzziah, but to the priests, the sons of Aaron. (*II. Chron. xxvi chap.*) When David was fetching the ark of the covenant from Kirjath-jarim to Zion, the oxen stumbled, and Uzziah put forth his hand to steady the ark, when the anger of the Lord was kindled against him, and God smote him for his error, and he died by the ark of God. (*II. Sam. vi: 6.*) In the time of Paul, certain vagabond Jews undertook to cast out evil spirits in the name of the Lord. "There were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, so that they fled out of the house naked and wounded." (*Acts xix: 14-15.*)

After the death of the apostles a great apostasy took place in all the churches. False teachers arose who perverted the Gospel of Christ, and finally the Lord took the Gospel and the Holy Priest-

hood from the earth. He promised, however, to restore them in the latter-days. (*See Rev. xiv: 6.*) In the year 1827 the Gospel was restored to the earth, for in that same year an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph Smith, and delivered unto him the plates of the Book of Mormon in which was written the fullness of the everlasting Gospel as preached among the Nephites, the ancient inhabitants of America. With the Gospel were also restored the Aaronic and the Melchisedek Priesthood.

On the 15th of May, 1829, the angel, John the Baptist, appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, in Harmony, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood, saying unto them: "Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the Gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. 13.*)

In the year 1829 the apostles, Peter, James and John, appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and conferred upon them the Melchisedek Priesthood. Joseph was ordained an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first Elder of this Church; Oliver was also ordained an Apostle, and called of God to be the second Elder of this Church. (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. 20: 2-3.*) Soon after this, men were ordained and sent forth to preach the Gospel, and the Lord has ever acknowledged the labors of His faithful servants.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only Church upon the earth which teaches the true and ever-

lasting Gospel, and which has authority from God to administer in the ordinances thereof.

W. A. M.

LIFE is made sweet and its burdens light by kindness. In the home kindness is a mighty lever in promoting happiness and content, Kindness on the part of parents to children and of children to parents and one another has a beautiful and magical power. In some homes there is much kindness at times. It is, however, only periodic or spasmodic. It is like the morning-glory that opens fresh and bright in the morning, but long before midday is reached it is closed and repulsive to the eye. Better it is to be like the petunia, whose flower, while so much resembling the morning-glory, remains open and beautiful the livelong day. The kindness that has power and blessing in it is not spasmodic. It is a principle and a habit. Like charity, it has enduring qualities.

ECCENTRICITY is sometimes found connected with genius, but it does not coalesce with true wisdom. Hence men of the first order of intellect have never betrayed it; and hence also men of secondary talents drop it as they grow wiser; they are content to awaken regard and obtain applause by the rectitude and gracefulness of their going, rather than to make passengers stare and laugh, by leaping over the wall or tumbling along the road.

Men are more unwilling to have their weaknesses and imperfections known than their crimes, and if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or awkward, he will hate you more and longer than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

GATHERING OF THE JEWS.

THE Jewish population of Jerusalem is three times greater in this year, 1896, than it was twenty years ago, and is now said to be over sixty thousand. The increase is accounted for by the immigration from Russia. A good many Jews are also settling in several other parts of the land of Palestine.

This is a significant fact; and the Latter-day Saints, who always feel a deep interest in the return of the Jews to the holy land and the fulfillment of the prophecies connected therewith, cannot fail to watch the movements of that people.

We have been taught by the revelations which the Lord has given to us in these latter days, to expect the fulfillment of all prophecies of the ancient prophets concerning the return of the Jews, the re-building of Jerusalem, and the peopling of the holy land by the seed of Israel. The Book of Mormon is filled with predictions concerning this great event, and the faith of the Latter-day Saints has been aroused and is concentrated on these promises which the Lord has made. He has made covenants with His ancient servants concerning their posterity that cannot be broken; and it is exceedingly interesting to us who live in these days to witness the gradual fulfillment of the promises, and to watch the movements of the nations as they are bringing them to pass.

We have always been led to expect that Russia would figure very prominently in the events of the last days connected with the Jews and the holy land. At the present time that great power holds the pre-eminence among the European nations in regard to Turkey and the Armenian question and other questions connected therewith. Russia's policy is well defined, and is aggressive. She is pressing steadily forward to the possession of power in Asia. England has long been afraid of the advance of Russia in the direction of India, and English diplomatists have apparently always had in view the checking of Russia in her designs in that direction. But Russia's influence is very great. She is a mighty power. She has great influence with China, and has undoubtedly been the means of preventing Japan from gathering in all the fruits which she hoped to obtain through her success in the war with China. The recent visit of the Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, to Russia, has not been without meaning, and it is believed that there is a cordial understanding between China and Russia in relation to future operations in Asia. Russia is building a Siberian railroad. The objective point is the port Vladivostock. The completion of this road will add immensely to Russia's power; and furnish facilities for transportation that will make her exceedingly formidable. Her voice in the affairs of that part of Asia will have to be listened to, as she will be in a position to enforce her demands. Though at the present time this port is closed during the cold months, yet it is stated that it is the intention to keep it open and free from ice during the winter, and to enlarge its facilities. This will add greatly to Russia's naval power. Her policy is one of expansion, and it is said that her

statesmen are following out in their diplomacy the lines that were laid out as early as the reign of Peter the Great. At the present time it is within the power of Russia to say whether the Sultan of Turkey shall continue to reign with the power which he has heretofore exercised.

A rebellion in Crete has stirred up a great deal of feeling, and the Christian powers, as they are called, of Europe have had to interpose. The Armenian question is one that is exciting a great amount of feeling and indignation among the European powers. Turkey is charged with extreme cruelty, and Russia, France and England, as well as other powers, have insisted upon the Sultan making reforms with reference to the Armenians and the Christians generally. This he has promised to do, but many express grave doubts as to his good faith in making this promise.

There appears to be a great hatred of Turkey aroused at the present time, and this feeling is fanned by men who call themselves Christian, but who are fanatical in their hatred of the religion of the Turks. Probably no one cause has contributed so much to this hostile feeling as the missionaries sent out by various Christian churches, whose letters and appeals, highly colored as they have been, have aroused great indignation, not only in our country, but especially in England. Lord Rosebery, who, since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public life, has stood at the head of the Liberal party in England, has resigned that position, because of views which he entertains that are not in agreement with those of other leaders of his party, particularly Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery is a very liberal man in his opinions. He married a Rothschild—a Jewess, and it is not too much to suppose that his

connection with this eminent Jewish family has had something to do with his actions in relation to the Armenian question. The treatment of the Jews by Turkey has not been such as to arouse much love and respect in the breasts of the Jews or their friends.

Every power that has been unfavorable to the gathering of the Jews and their re-establishment in the land of their fathers will sooner or later be removed, so that no serious, and certainly no insurmountable, obstacle will be in the way of the fulfillment of the words of the Lord. And if it be necessary to accomplish His purposes to have Turkey stripped of its power, that will be done.

It has seemed of late as though Turkey were trembling on the verge of overthrow. It is within a short time that the power of the Sultan as a European sovereign was seriously threatened, and for his escape he is mainly indebted to the diplomatic efforts of Russia and France.

We repeat, all these events are of exceeding interest to us as Latter-day Saints, because, as we have already stated, the fulfillment of prophecy is dependent upon these movements of the nations. We can see how one nation finds it necessary for the furtherance of its policy to checkmate another nation. In doing this the nations appear to know nothing about what the Lord has promised, but they are prompted entirely by self-interest. They make moves for the preservation of their power and for the bringing to pass of that which they desire; and the Lord overrules these for the fulfillment of His purposes. They are really blind instruments of doing that which He has foretold many centuries ago. But to us these movements are full of meaning. The gathering of the Jews is one of the signs that the end

is approaching. The Jews will be gathered to Jerusalem, when the Lord will appear in power and great glory.

Are we not justified, then, in looking at the fulfillment of this sign with the deepest attention and interest, and in asking that the day may hasten on when the Jews will return in still greater number to the chosen land?

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

EVERY man has received some gift—no man all gifts; and this rightly considered, would keep all in a more even temper; as in Nature nothing is altogether useless, so nothing is self-sufficient. This, duly considered, would keep the meanest from repining and discontent, even him that hath the lowest rank in most respects; yet something he hath received that is not only a good to himself, but, rightly improved, may be so to others likewise. And this will curb the loftiness of the most advanced, and teach them not only to see some deficiencies in themselves, and some gifts in far meaner persons which they want, but besides the simple discovery of this, it will put them upon the use of lower persons, not only to stoop to the acknowledgment, but even withal to the participation and benefit of it—not to trample upon all that is below them, but to take up and use things useful, though lying at their feet. Some flowers and herbs that grow very low are of a very fragrant smell and healthful use.

All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel? The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun—it is a sacred emblem from the first furrow of spring to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the field.

WE cut ourselves adrift from much that is beautiful and of good report, and we trouble ourselves with the unrest of bitterness and uncharitableness. It has already been suggested that prejudice is a universal failing, that impulse must sometimes be the guide of even the best of reasoners. If this be so, it is well to see to it that our preceptions are as far as possible optimistic rather than pessimistic. Better be mistaken in believing the world to be a pleasanter spot than it really is and one's neighbors to be more honest and single-hearted and companionable than is actually the case, than to waste emotion in gloomy groveling in dark spots and recognizing only the sordid and unhealthy. Let us have reasoned judgment by all means; but, if the evidence present any elements of doubt, let us give the benefit of it, like the English law, to the side of innocence and not of guilt. If there must be error, let it be on the side of love rather than of hatred.

WIT undirected by benevolence generally falls into personal satire, the keenest instrument of unkindness. It is easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit—that all the moral forces should be arrayed against the propensity, and its earliest indications checked.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvements; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

It is best to endure what you cannot mend. He is a bad soldier who follows his captain complaining.

Our Little Folks.

THE STORY THE MILKWEED TOLD ME.

OF course you know what I am. I am a little milkweed seed. I am brown and flat. I have fine, white hair all over my head. This hair is so light it helps me fly like a bird or a butterfly. I cannot fly so far as a bird, because the wind sets me down. It gets tired of carrying me, I think.

Would you like to know where I used to live? Listen closely, because I can't speak very loud, and I will tell you.

I didn't live in a house like yours. I lived in a house that was green inside and outside. Do you think that is a funny house? It may be for boys and girls, but it is a very nice house for milkweed seeds. I had many brothers and sisters. We felt quite crowded sometimes, but we were very happy talking together about the sky and the clouds and the sun and the moon and the stars, which we had never seen. The birds and butterflies told us all about them. The birds and butterflies were great friends of ours.

We were not brown then as I am now. We were green like our house, but we were changing color every day until we became brown as you see me.

One day we heard some little girls talking. We knew they were little girls because the birds had told us how they talked.

One little girl said, "Oh, look at these milkweed pods! I am going to take them home and make balls of them." I think she called our houses pods, for just as she said this, she jerked our houses off the stem. "Pop!" went our house, and we all lay winking and blinking in the sunshine. What a beautiful world we looked upon! How warm the sun felt!

How blue the sky was! We did not enjoy the sunshine very long, for the little girl who picked us threw us into a dark place where she carried her books.

Next day she took us out to make balls of us. When she picked up our house she said, "O, dear, these seeds are too ripe," and threw us away. We were glad for we could see all the beautiful things in the world.

One day the wind tore me away from my brothers and sisters and carried me on and on.

The wind told me many nice stories. He told me that he would carry me to a nice soft place, and put me down to rest. He said he would blow dirt and leaves over me. In the winter the snow would cover me warm. The snow would melt in the spring, the sun would warm me, and I would begin to grow. And what do you think I would become? a milkweed plant. Just think! A milkweed plant from a seed! I am very happy. Good-bye, I must go now. The wind wishes to carry me a little farther.

This is the story the little brown milkweed seed told me while he rested on his journey.

After he had gone I thought of the goodness and wisdom of God shown in nature.

He wished the milkweed seeds to be scattered upon all the land, so he placed upon each little seed light, feathery hair, which helps the wind to carry it.

If the seeds didn't have this hair, they would be heavy and the wind could not carry them very far. The seeds would not be scattered then over so much ground as they are now.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

THE YOUNGEST ON RECORD.

Two Tots of Three Years Start Out to Get Married.

THE youngest eloping couple on record says a Pittsburg correspondent, spent several hours at the Allegheny police station today and were returned to their parents. The would-be groom was Charles M. Douglas, aged three years, and his prospective bride was Margaret Carpenter, aged three years and six months. Both are blue-eyed, flax-haired tots and appeared very much in love with each other. They were indignant when prevented from going to a minister's to have the knot tied. Miss Carpenter had her arm linked in that of her lover, and they were walking hurriedly along North Avenue, Allegheny, heading for a minister's house, when a lady met them, and asked where they were going.

"Marderet and me doin' to det married," spoke up Charles, while Margaret hung her head and blushed and said it was true.

The lady gave the youthful elopers in charge of an officer, who learned their names, but they did not know on what street they lived. At the police station they were handed over to the matron.

Charles also told the matron he intended to marry Margaret. He was a most affectionate lover, placing his arm about the little lady's waist, and was not a bit pleased when she made him remove the arm. Charles admitted he was rather young to wed. When asked what he wanted for a wedding outfit he said:

"A wagon with fifteen wheels to haul Marderet and her doll in."

Margaret said she preferred a laughing and crying doll and a parasol for a present.

Charles was asked by Matron Kellogg if he really and truly loved Margaret. He promptly said "Yes."

In answer to a like question Margaret said "No."

"Say yes," Charles put in coaxingly, and she did

"Do you ever kiss Margaret? Mrs. Kellogg, asked.

"No, he don't," Margaret put in; "I don't let him."

"I do when it gets dark," Charles said.

"Will you kiss her now if I give you a cent?" was asked.

Charles said he would, and gave the lassie a hearty smack, as if he was used to it. After some coaxing Margaret kissed Charles, and then both wanted to go and spend their penny for candy.

The arrival of the parents interrupted the course of true love. As Charles was trotted off by his mamma he declared he would yet wed Margaret.

WON'T AND SHAN'T.

Won't and Shan't were two little brothers,

Angry, and sullen, and gruff.

Try and Will are dear little sisters,

One can scarcely love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down at their noses,

Their faces are dismal to see.

Try and Will are brighter than roses

In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Won't and Shan't are backward and stupid,

Little indeed do they know.

Try and Will learn something new daily,

And seldom are heedless and slow.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible troubles,

Their story is awful to tell.

Try and Will are in the schoolroom,
Learning to read and to spell.

LITTLE MABEL.

LITTLE Mabel had no mother. She was slight, and sweet, and fragile, like her type, the lily of the valley. Her little hand, as you took it in yours, seemed almost to melt in your clasp. She had large dark eyes, whose depths, with all your searching, you might fail to fathom. Her cheek was very pale, save when some powerful emotion lent it a passing flush; her fair, open brow might have defied an angel's scrutiny; her little footfall was noiseless as a falling snow-flake; and her voice was sweet and low as the last note of the bird ere it folds its head under its wing for nightly slumber. The house in which Mabel lived was large and splendid. You would have hesitated to crush with your foot the bright flowers on the thick, rich carpet. The rare old pictures on the walls were marred by no envious cross-lights. Light and shade were artistically disposed. Beautiful statues, which the sculptor, dream-inspired, had risen from a feverish couch to finish, lay bathed in the rosy light which streamed through the silken curtains. Obsequious servants glided in and out, as if taught by instinct to divine the unspoken wants of their mistress.

I said the little Mabel had no mother; and yet there was a lady, fair and bright, of whose beautiful lip, and large, dark eyes, and graceful limbs, little Mabel's were the mimic counterpart. Poets, artists and sculptors had sung, and sketched, and modelled her charms.

Nature had been most prodigal of

adornment. There was only one little thing she had forgotten,—the Lady Mabel had no soul.

Not that she forgot to deck little Mabel's limbs with costliest fabrics of most unique fashioning.

Not that every shining ringlet on that graceful little head was not arranged, by Mademoiselle Jennet, in strict obedience to orders; not that a large nursery was not fitted up luxuriously at the top of the house, filled with toys which its little owner never cared to look at; not that the Lady Mabel's silken robe did not sweep, once a week, with a queenly grace through the apartment, to see if the mimic wardrobe provided for its little mistress fitted becomingly, or needed replenishing, or was kept in order by the smart French maid. Still, as I said before, the little Mabel had no mother!

See her, as she stands there by the nursery window, crushing her bright ringlets in the palm of her tiny hand. Her large eyes glow; her cheek flushes, then pales; now the little breast heaves; for the gorgeous west is one sea of molten gold. Each bright tint thrills her with strange rapture. She almost holds her breath, as they deepen, then fade and die away. And now the last bright beam disappears behind the hills, and the soft, gray twilight comes creeping on. Amid its deepening shadows, one bright star springs suddenly to its place in the heavens. Little Mabel cannot tell why the warm tears are coursing down her sweet face; or why her limbs tremble, and her heart beats so fast; or why she dreads lest the shrill voice of Mademoiselle Jennet should break the spell. She longs to soar, like a bird, or a bright angel. She had a nurse once, who told her "there was a God." She wants to know if He holds that bright

star in its place. She wants to know if heaven is a long way off, and if she shall ever be a bright angel; and she would like to say a little prayer, her heart is so full, if she only knew how; but, poor sweet little Mabel,—she has no mother!

IF we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least so live so as to deserve happiness.


A HUMAN soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

HARK, WHAT SOUNDS AWAKE THE AIR!

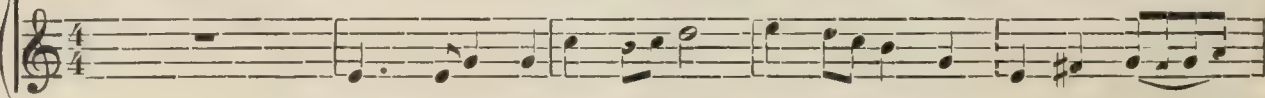
Canon in Two Parts, for Children's Voices.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE MINNS.

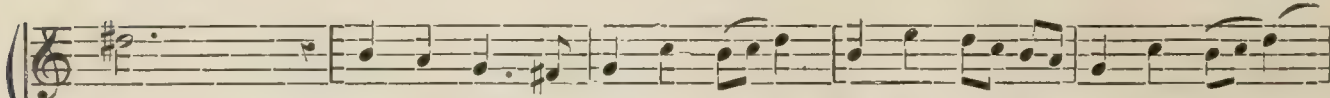
Allegro.

1ST. 

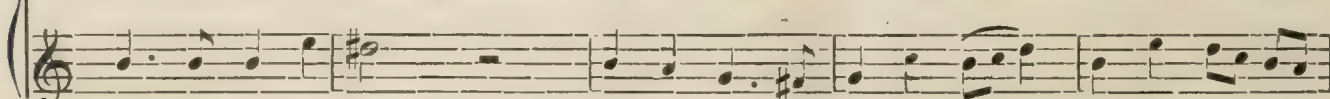
1. Hark, what sounds awake the air! To the vales and woodlands fair, Youths and maidens
2. All in har - mony is found, Love and joy prevail a - round; 'Tis a gladsome

2ND 

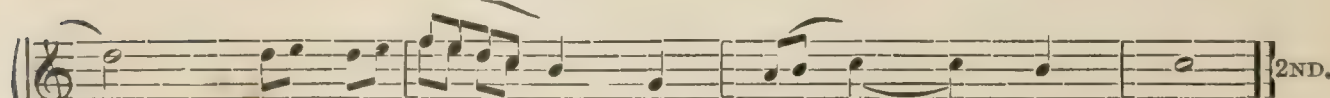
1. Hark, what sounds awake the air! To the vales and woodlands fair,
2. All in har mony is found, Love and joy pre-vail a - round;



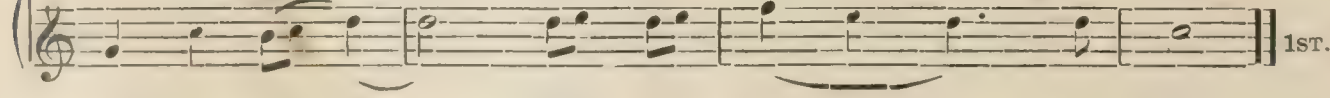
throng: There no care the heart en-cumbers; There sweet music's grateful numbers .
scene: Happy songsters fill the grove, Chanting forth their songs of love . . .



Youths and maidens throng: There no care the heart en-cumbers; There sweet music's
'Tis a gladsome scene: Hap-py songsters fill the grove, Chanting forth their



Blend with dance, . . . with dance . . . and song.
Thro' the arch-es green, the arch - es green.



grate-ful num - bers Blend with dance . . . and song.
songs of love . . . Thro' the arch - es green.

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Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXXI.

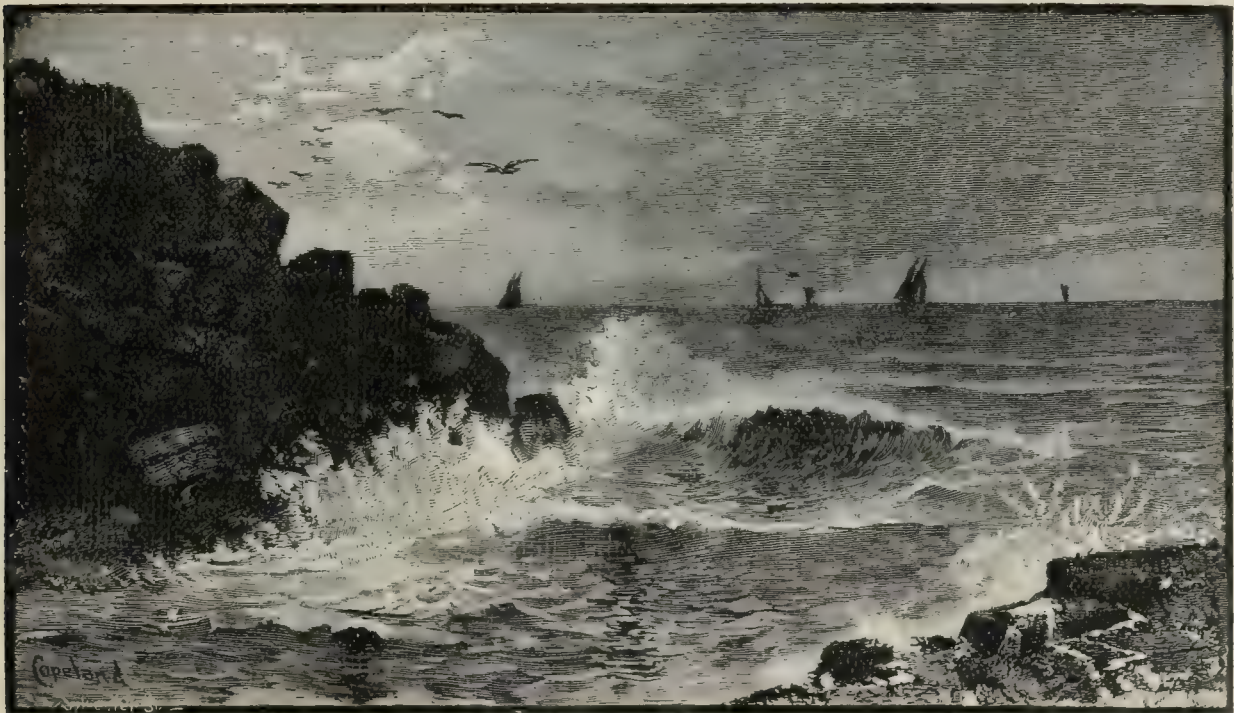
SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

No. 22.

HOW AMERICA WAS SETTLED.

IMAGINE being sold for one hundred pounds of tobacco! That's what happened to some of our ancestors. Our forefathers, when they came to this beautiful land of America were often alone, being young men without wives,

to pay for her passage, and married her. This seems a very uncivilized way to do, but the results were good; the women made excellent wives, the men kind husbands, and soon the settlements became thriving villages. Children were born, grew up and married, and the whole



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

so some very wise, enterprising men carried over from Europe enough smart, good girls for every unmarried man to have a wife. As the ships came into port, those who wanted wives went down to the shores and each selected the girl whom he thought he would like, gave the 100 or 150 pounds of tobacco

eastern coast of the United States began to grow and thrive.

The earliest settlements had all disappeared. Columbus himself founded Spanish colonies, but they never amounted to anything. Many of the people became dissatisfied and discouraged, and returned to their homes; others quarreled

and fought among themselves, and destroyed each other; the rest died from disease and privation, or were killed by the Indians whom they had made their enemies. This vast new country belonged to the Indians even though they were barbarous and uncivilized, and the Europeans had no right to come here and take their land away from them without paying something for it. But they did so, and treated the natives so cruelly that it is little wonder that

the coast line between the northern and southern colonies, calling their lands Virginia and New England. The oldest town in this country is St. Augustine, in Florida, which was founded by the Spanish in the year 1565.

A great many different kinds of people came to America in the early days. One class was made up of idle, good for nothing men, who came here expecting to grow rich in a day, and returning to their own countries make a great stir in

the world with their wealth.

They were disappointed, and often returned to their homes with less than they had brought with them, or died from want and exposure, or at the hands of the savages in the New World. Other were criminals and fugitives from justice, who came here to escape punishment. They were not the right kind of people to make friends with the Indians, and were entirely destroyed by them. Still another class was of adventurers and explorers searching for knowledge. These always returned to their homes without attempting to take up land.



AN INDIAN CHIEF.

the red men revenged themselves at every opportunity.

Different parts of this country were settled by different nations, and our civilization today is influenced by these early settlements. The Spanish and Portuguese took up the southern part, which they called Florida; the French settled in the part which we now call Canada, naming it New France; the Dutch came next to the French in New Amsterdam, and the English took up all

But the best people of all, those who came here and stayed in spite of privation and hardship, those who laid the foundation for the greatest nation in the world, were the Puritans from England and Holland and the Huguenots from France, who came to this far off, unknown land that they might worship God in the way that they thought was right. We know less of the French fugitives than we do of the others; but of our Pilgrim Fathers who sailed in the Mayflower and landed

upon the bleak, barren rocks of Plymouth, our histories all have full accounts. The hardships which these people endured cannot be realized or even imagined by those who have not suffered in a similar way. Famine and disease came upon them. At night they were startled from their peaceful rest by howling wolves, or the Indian's war cry. Still, those who had left their homes that they might be free, even though they perished from these causes, had no desire to return to the tyranny of kings.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION November 1st, 1896.

Commencement Exercises. Brigham Young Academy, Provo.—The regular commencement exercises of The Brigham Young Academy for the 20th academic year, were held in the Utah Stake Tabernacle, Provo, May 21st, 1896. The students assembled at the Academy building and marched in procession to the Tabernacle. After the opening exercises, Elder John Nicholson delivered the commencement oration. Professor Ben. Cluff Jr., B. M. D., President of the faculty, read his annual report. The degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy was conferred upon the following named students: Irene B. Mendenhall, of Springville; Grace Brimhall, of Provo; Daniel Rasmussen, of Mt. Pleasant; Jeanette Findlay, of Panacca, Nevada; Joseph W. Booth of Provo; Elsie K. Christensen, of Gunnison; and Emil Maeser, of Provo.

Commercial diplomas were awarded to James W. Lesueur, of St. Johns, Arizona; Warren Shepherd, of Beaver; Collins R. Hakes, of Mesa, Arizona; Don C. Babbitt, of Mesa, Arizona;

Daniel Kleinman, of Mesa, Arizona; Leonard E. Jordan, of Mt. Pleasant; Swen W. Neilson, of Fairview and Edgar T. Reid, of Manti.

Kindergarten diplomas were awarded to Winnifred Conrad, Aggie Sharp, Emeline Wells, Laura Andrus, all of Salt Lake City, and to Alice Clark of Farmington.

Sixteen students received Kindergarten certificates, and five students received certificates in phonography.

Brigham Young College, Logan.—The eighteenth Annual Commencement Exercises of the Brigham Young College were held in the Thatcher Opera House, June 5th, 1896. In addition to musical exercises, the following program was rendered: Prayer by Bishop Orson F. Whitney, addresses by Frank Wilbert Jordan on "Habit in Education;" Charles David Goaslind on "St. Paul;" Katie Guild on "Scott's Heroines;" Alexander H. Archibald on "Religious Training in the School;" Edwin W. Fifield on "Cause and Effects of the Crusades;" Joseph S. Parkinson on "The Rise of Puritanism and the Wanderings of the Pilgrims." The Valedictory was spoken by George W. Skidmore. Then followed the conferring of degrees and presenting of certificates by Elder George W. Thatcher, President of the Board: Bachelor in General Science, Arthur Porter Jr., Logan. Certificates in Normal Course: Frank W. Jordan, Idaho Falls; George W. Skidmore, Richmond; Alma V. Reese, Benson; Frederick S. Parkinson, Franklin; Joseph S. Parkinson, Franklin; Jacob L. Hartvigson, Hyrum; Mary L. Bradley, Hyrum; Samuel H. Clarke, Newton; George S. Daines, Hyde Park; Charles T. Hirst, Paradise; Edwin W. Fifield, Weston; Louisa Dowdle, Franklin; Bessie A. Doney,

Franklin; and Katie Guild, Piedmont; Certificates in the Academic Course: James L. McCarry, Richmond; Alfred J. Atkinson, Clarkston; Alexander H. Archibald, Clarkston; Charles D. Goasland, Franklin; and George Farrell, Smithfield.

Latter-day Saints College, Salt Lake City.—The commencement exercises of this institution were held at the Social Hall, Salt Lake City, on Wednesday, June 10th, 1896. The hall which was beautifully decorated with flowers, bunting, etc., was crowded, many visitors being unable to gain admittance. The exercises were most interesting. An address was given by Miss Grant, and the valedictory spoken by Miss Smith, both students. These were followed by addresses by Apostle Abraham H. Cannon (his last public discourse) and by Elder John Nicholson, Vice-president of the Board. Musical and other exercises contributed much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Certificates in the Normal Course were conferred on Ernest R. Heusser, Maria James, Susan R. Grant, and Alice R. Smith, all of Salt Lake City; and Walter Wallace, Salt Lake City, was mentioned as having completed the course in commercial work. The certificates were presented by Prof. Willard Done, President of the Faculty. He also conferred, in behalf of the General Board of Education the degree of Bachelor of Didactics (D. B.) with the corresponding diploma, upon William H. Chamberlin, of the College Faculty.

Endowment to the Latter-day Saints College—Elder Edward Stevenson, of Salt Lake City, has endowed the college with a lot in the 14th Ward 80x100 feet on the corner of 1st South and 1st West Streets, by deed with full power of mortgage and transfer.

Summary of Statistical Report of the Past Academic Year.—There have been in operation three colleges, twelve Stake Academies and one Seminary. They are distributed as follows: three in Idaho, nine in Utah, two in Arizona and two in Mexico. They were conducted by eighty-six teachers, of whom eight held academic diplomas, eighteen intermediate certificates, fifty-five annual licenses, and five were specialists. In these schools were fifty-four different branches taught, divided among 643 classes. The total number of students registered was 3112, of whom there were 1825 males and 1287 females, reported as 447 in the Primary, 443 Preparatory, 1026 Intermediate, 76 Commercial, 428 Academic, and 692 in the Normal Department.

Inasmuch as Dr. J. M. Tanner, in consequence of other engagements, has resigned as a member of the Board of Examiners, the General Board has re-appointed Elder Willard Young to succeed him in this office.

New Appointments. Board of Examiners.—Professor Josiah E. Hickman, B. S., Principal Oneida Stake Academy, Preston, Idaho; Charles R. Fiillerup, Principal Diaz Academy, Mexico; Francis Bannerman, Principal L. D. S. School, Alberta, Canada; David Rasmussen, Principal Parowan Stake Academy, Cedar City; Alonzo Wall, Principal L. D. S. Seminary, Huntington, Emery County.

Founders' Day at the Brigham Young Academy, Provo.—October 16th, 1875, President Young signed a deed of conveyance of certain properties in the city of Provo to a Board of Trustees for the purpose of establishing and conducting an educational institution bearing his name, to be carried on in accordance with the principles of the Latter-day

work. To this end President Abraham O. Smoot, of Utah Stake, and Elder Karl G. Maeser, of Salt Lake, were appointed, the former as President of the Board of Trustees, and the latter as Principal of the Academy, with special charges pertaining to the welfare and further development of the institution.

In commemoration of the signing of that deed as the first step towards this great undertaking, the sixteenth day of October of every year is celebrated as Founder's Day by Brigham Young Academy.

On the appointed day this year, the faculty and students in a large procession, with banners and various emblems, met Presidents Woodruff and Cannon, Apostles Brigham Young, (President of the Board,) and Heber J. Grant. Members of the General Board of Education, and many other visitors from Salt Lake at the railroad depot at 9:30 a.m.

After the procession had passed all the places, where the Academy formerly held its sessions, all the while cheering heartily for the First Presidency, the General Board of Education, their own Board, and some favorites of the students, it proceeded to the Tabernacle. Here inspiring services were held during which the large congregation was addressed by Presidents Woodruff and Cannon, Apostle Heber J. Grant, General Superintendent Maeser, and Stake Counselor Reed Smoot. The vocal class of the Academy, under the direction of Professor Anthon C. Lund, rendered several pieces with exquisite beauty and precision.

The young ladies of the domestic class, under the management of Mrs. Susa Y. Gates prepared a fine lunch for over 100 guests, and for the students at the Academy building.

After lunch short exercises were held

in the large auditorium and adjoining class rooms, for the purpose of showing the leading features of the institution and were witnessed by the visitors with much satisfaction.

A reception in the evening in one of the class rooms, which was tastefully decorated by the lady students under the direction of Mrs. Christine D. Young, concluded the exercises of this memorable day.

Special Decisions of the General Board.—The General Board has decided that candidates for an academic degree in our Church School Organization, who hold a diploma from some educational institution of recognized standing, may upon presentation of that diploma, or of a certified copy of the same to the Board of Examiners, and upon the recommendation of the latter, have the desired degree conferred upon them, and that a diploma be issued accordingly.

It has been found necessary also that the notice in Church School Papers, Series II., No. 5, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, April 1, 1896, referring to so-called "College yells," be brought again to the remembrance of all concerned, so that all misunderstanding in the future may be avoided. Occasion is here taken to correct a typographical error in line eight of said notice, where it should read *youth* of Zion instead of *growth*.

General Superintendent's Visits.—Since the publication of the previous number of the Church School Papers it has been my privilege to visit in the interest of the Church Schools, Sunday Schools and Religion Classes the following places in the order named: Baker City, Oregon; Rexburg, Lewisville, Pocatello, Franklin, Preston, Paris, St. Charles and Bloomington, Idaho; Provo, Mt. Pleasant, Ephraim, Gunnison, Salina, Elsinore, Richfield, Glenwood,

Burrville, Loa, Fremont, Teasdale, Thurber, Lyman, Utah; Sanford and Manassa, Colorado; Mesa, Lehi, Nephi, Thatcher, Layton, Snowflake, Concho, St. Johns and Woodruff, Arizona; Diaz Dublan, Juarez and Pacheco, Mexico; Cardston, Canada; Beaver, Kanarra, Cedar, Summit, Parowan, Paragoonah, Panguitch and Circleville, Utah; and 17th, 19th, 13th, 15th, and 21st Wards of Salt Lake City.

In many of these places I have given practical illustrations of Religion Class work, addressed public assemblies, visited Sunday Schools, taken part in conjoint meetings of the M. I. Associations, and met with the respective Stake and Local Boards of Education. It is with gratitude to our Heavenly Father that I can report the steady progress of the work of God in the hearts of the youth of Zion.

By order of the General Board of Education,

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

HOW HILDA WON THE PRINCE.

ONCE there were two sisters who lived together in a little house in a large wood. Their names were Henrietta and Hilda. The older sister was wicked and cruel, but the younger was good and kind.

One day Henrietta, who made her little sister do all the work, was sitting reading a beautiful book which her godmother had given her. Hilda wanted to see the lovely pictures in the book, but her selfish sister would not let her touch it.

"Oh sister," said the little girl, "do let me look at it just once."

"Wretch," cried Henrietta, "how dare you speak to me? Go to your work immediately. Don't you know that I

am to marry a prince, and that then you will be my slave? Out of my sight!"

Poor little Hilda went sadly about her work.

It was true that the godmother had said that one of the sisters, the one who was the most beautiful should marry a prince, and they both had naturally thought that it would be Henrietta, who was large and handsome, while Hilda was small and plain. Daily Henrietta watched for the prince, and would not work for fear she would get some pot black upon her lily white hands, or soil her dainty dresses, which Hilda worked so hard to make.

At night after Hilda had finished her labor, while Henrietta still looked for her lover, she would go out alone and sit under the young tree which she had planted and loved. One day Henrietta had been crosser and more disagreeable than usual. When Hilda had handed her her bowl of bread and milk, which she ate all the time because it made her plump and beautiful, a drop fell upon the sister's dress, at which she rose angrily, calling Hilda all sorts of names, pushed her away, knocking the poor child's head against the sharp corner of the stove. Hilda dared not cry out, but pressing her apron to the bleeding wound, she ran from the house. Henrietta called after her, but for the first time she did not heed the call. Out through the forest she ran, until she reached her own little tree, which bent lovingly toward her, and whispered to her as the wind rustled its leaves. There she fell upon the ground weak and weary. As she lay upon the soft grass, she heard beautiful strains of music. The woods were full of sounds such as she had never heard before. She sat up and listened breathlessly. What could it be? Presently the sounds

grew louder, and she heard a sharp bugle call, and then the whole forest seemed full of people, dressed in bright, glittering dresses, riding upon large white horses covered with gorgeous scarfs. Two figures were especially splendid, a tall handsome young man, and an old woman who rode at his side. Hilda was filled with amazement. She rubbed her eyes and pinched herself to be sure that she was not dreaming, for as soon as the woman saw the child she said something in a low voice to the young man, and then they both rode over to her. The prince, for Hilda knew that it must be he, sprang from his horse and seated himself at her side, and asked her name, and how she came to be there in such a kind and friendly way that before she knew it she had told him the whole story. As she finished he drew a small book from his pocket and, handing it to her, said, "Take this, dear little Hilda, and whenever thou art sad and gloomy read it and thou wilt be comforted. And always remember to be kind gentle and good, and thou shalt be happy."

And then he mounted his horse and rode away with his people. The music grew faint and at last could be heard no more. Hilda rose slowly from the ground and ran homeward. She held the precious book under her apron, and when she reached the house, she hid it under her pillow before her sister saw her. From that time her tasks seemed to grow lighter. She did not fret at her sister's harsh words and cruel treatment, for whenever she felt sad or cross she read her book and thought of the prince's words.

One day a poor old man knocked at the door of the sisters' little house, and begged for some food. Hilda was hastening to prepare a meal for him

when Henrietta angrily forbade her saying that she would not feed tramps and beggars. Hilda entreated her to let him have a bit of bread, promising to go without her own supper for his sake. As the older sister again refused, the old man dropped the cloak which was wrapped around him, threw off his hat, and stood out before them young and handsome clad in scarlet raiment, saying as he did so:

"I am the prince, and Hilda is to be my bride. Ah, Henrietta, thou art false and cruel! Notwithstanding thy handsome face and form, thou art not beautiful, for thy soul is wicked. Hilda in her goodness is far more lovely than thou, and her beauty shall increase day by day, while thine shall fade. She shall be thy queen, and thou, her slave."

But Hilda who really loved her sister more than herself, plead with the prince to take Henrietta instead. This he refused to do, but when he saw the older sister's tears of sorrow and repentance, he relented so far as to say that Henrietta should live with them and be treated as a princess.

He then summoned his servants who were waiting in the woods. Among them was the old woman whom Hilda had seen before, and whom she now found was her godmother. Then they rode in state to the palace and lived happily ever after.

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into His wide and calmer and higher world.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LENS

THE monster lens which is soon to occupy a place at the American University in Washington is rapidly nearing completion, says the *Washington Post*. The maker is Dr. John Peate, a former Methodist minister here of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, but now a retired man in Greenville, Pa. When completed the lens will be the largest in the world. A year ago last June Dr. Peate started on his gigantic undertaking. During the first half dozen months he met with many discouragements, more than are allotted to ordinary man, and he became a little disheartened, but kept on with the undertaking. He realized that a glass made in Paris would cost a great amount of money, and as Rev. Mr. Peate is one of those who believe that what can be made abroad by men can be produced at home, he started out with the determination of having the lens made in America.

Every glass manufacturing concern was applied to, but all the concerns laughed at the idea. Not until he went in person did the Rev. Mr. Peate succeed in having what he desired made. A Butler, Pa., concern was visited, and told him it was out of the question. Finally the favor of one, then another, of the men was secured, and at last the foreman consented to attempt the hard task. The mold was made and the men made the glass.

A steel pin was used to fasten the mold together. When the men tried to take the glass from the mold it broke. Dr. Peate advised them to use a pin made of wood. He thought pine preferable, but the men would not listen to this. Dr. Peate said that as soon as the molten glass reached the pine the pin would burn and allow the glass to expand. Four trials were made before a

wooden pin was used, and all resulted in failure. On the fifth trial, as suggested by the doctor, a complete success was the result. The company charged \$900 for the glass, donating half of the cost to the university.

The size of the glass made was sixty-two inches in diameter and six inches thick. At once Rev. Mr. Peate moved the monster lens to his home and began the tedious work of grinding. The trustees of the university built a frame building for his use, and for a year past the preacher has worked almost daily at his lens. The glass, when it left the factory, weighed 2000 pounds, and at present weighs about 1500 pounds. Mr. Peate does not know yet how soon he will get through with his monster undertaking, but he is working hard at the lens, and wants to finish it as soon as possible.

To give a possible idea of its value already, an example of its work is here given: One day he focussed the lens and looked far over the fields. He saw a tree filled with apples. He could not see this tree with the naked eye, and out of curiosity walked to reach it. Going a little further than a half mile he grew tired and returned, not coming to the tree. Later he discovered that the tree was nearly three-quarters of a mile away from the lens. The doctor says it will be the largest lens in the world, and will be of great value to the institution to which it will soon be sent.

NIGHTLY rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs and senses and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other; yet, because almost every man we meet possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration of blessings.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

CONVERTING THE MORMONS.

IT is interesting and somewhat amusing to read what is being written concerning Latter-day Saints and their religion, and the efforts which are made among them to convert them to other religions. A Methodist pastor in Wyoming has been severely criticising the policy pursued by the Protestant denominations in this State. He makes several statements, among which are these:

"The churches are not reaching the Mormons."

"So far as converting the Mormons is concerned, money has been largely wasted."

"If 200 real Mormons have been changed and made into earnest evangelical Christians during that time, we have not been able to discover them."

"A Presbyterian pastor, who has labored for the past five years in Utah, is of the opinion that not one hundred Mormons have been converted into actual Christians."

"Why waste time, money and labor carrying on what many regard as a religious crusade against a quiet, sober, religious and industrious people."

"The time has come for the authorities of all evangelical churches to change their plans of missionary operations in Utah."

"Had the missionary money spent during the last twenty-five years in supporting missionaries in uncongenial,

unfruitful and barren fields, been put by the Methodist Episcopal Church into a commanding college, much greater results would now appear."

These statements on the part of a "reverend doctor of divinity," stirred up some of the Utah pastors, and a committee was appointed to investigate and report as to the truth of the charges. This committee made its report, and it is a little amusing to read some of the statements. It calls attention to the fact that there has always been a large floating population in Utah, and that large numbers have been reached and saved through the instrumentality of the Christian churches and Sunday schools. These have gone away from Utah and make no showing for the work on the ground. The report states that in one county in Utah, forty persons were received into the Church about thirty-five of whom had been Mormons. But this is a statement made without anything to support it. The community is not mentioned, nor anything that would give any clue as to where such a conversion occurred, and its accuracy may well be doubted and questioned.

The committee states that the minutes show that in one year there were "167 accessions to the Church from the Mormon ranks." This also is a loose and unsupported statement. The report of the committee goes on to credit the labors of their missionaries for the public schools of Utah, and claims their present high standard as one result of their work.

An eastern religious organ, in commenting upon the statement of the Wyoming pastor,—and the editor writes the article from Utah—claims credit for the religious denominations for all the beneficial changes that have occurred in Utah. Beside the public school system,

he claims credit for the movement which has forced polygamy to the rear and has caused the new era that has been inaugurated to dawn upon Utah. All these results, he seems to think, more than justify the expenditure of money and labor in Utah.

From our knowledge of affairs in Utah, we think the Wyoming pastor takes the correct view of the situation. Twenty-five years of labor, twenty-five years of money spent, and where are the fruits? What congregation of converts from Mormonism can be pointed to as worthy of the effort and the means? What visible mark of improvement has been made through such conversions in Utah? The Wyoming pastor calls the Mormon people a "quiet, sober, religious and industrious people,"—high praise to come from such a source. And it is true. This was their character for many years before these denominations sent their missionaries here. It is still their character. If the denominations have introduced civilization into Utah, the fruits of such civilization cannot be praised. It is a fact, which cannot be disputed, that twenty-five years ago the cities and counties of Utah were, it may be said, model communities in many respects. A change for the worse has taken place during that period, and yet we do not charge these denominations with being the cause of that change. At that time liquor saloons, gambling houses, and other bad influences and agencies were rarely and, in some places, never seen. The people were contented and well employed. Taxation was light. It was the pride of the people to say that widows and laboring men, not rich in this world's goods, were able to own their own homes and to occupy them. They were not tenants. But how great the change! It is difficult now for

a man who lives by his daily labor, to be anything but a tenant. It is difficult for him to retain his homestead, which he has built up by years of patient toil and industry. He finds himself compelled to mortgage all this to pay his taxes, with the doleful prospect before him of having the earnings of years eaten up by interest.

This is another side to the picture. If pastors claim all the credit for the revolution that has been effected in Utah, these bad fruits must not be ignored as a part of the results of that revolution.

STEAMER ATTACKED BY WHALES.

A RECENT issue of a Liverpool paper gives particulars of an extraordinary incident which occurred in connection with the steamship *Seminole*, while on a voyage from New York to Jacksonville, in Florida. When the vessel reached the latter port, it was found that there were great dents in the plates on each side, and some of the delicate machinery in the engine-room was also damaged. The damage to the vessel was the result of an encounter with monster whales. Soon after passing Sandy Hook the vessel ran into a school of whales. Six of the monsters appeared almost under the ship's bow, and she crashed into one of them. The impact apparently broke the whale's back, and it began to spout blood. Then the officers and passengers witnessed a remarkable sight. As if in a rage, the five other whales drew off a short distance, and dashed madly against the vessel, causing her to tremble from stem to stern. The whales repeated this performance several times, and at each collision, according to the statement of the officers, the *Seminole* quivered as if about to go to the bottom. Many of the passengers were hurled to

the deck and bruised. Several women fainted. So terrible was the shock that some of the furniture in the saloon was broken from its fastenings. Some of the whales were badly injured by the collision, and after the last rush drew away, spouting blood. They tried to come again, but moved slowly, because of their injuries, and the vessel soon distanced them.

A STORY OF THE RAIL.

No. 307, the best passenger engine on the Silver Cliff division, backed smoothly up to the string of waiting coaches in front of the depot, and was duly "coupled up" by her fireman.

A few minutes later a tall, solemn looking man, in the greasy garb of a railroad employee, walked up to the cab and handed the engineer a letter. The engineer saw that it was enclosed in one of the company's official envelopes, and a glance at the signature left no doubt of its genuineness. It ran as follows:

"Frank Burton:

"DEAR SIR:—The bearer, George Rogers, will take the place of Walter Jackson, as fireman on No. 307, under your charge. Mr. Jackson will report at this office. This order will take effect immediately.

"Respectfully,

"P. L. VANE,

"Supt. S. C. & G. R. R."

Rogers kept his eye on the engineer's face until he had read the short note, and then offered a few words in explanation:

"Mr. Vane meant to send me over last night," he said, "but that accident down the road prevented my reaching Silver Cliff in time. He told me I could wait until your next run if I wanted to, but I thought I might as well get to work at once."

"You seem to be ready to take hold," said the engineer, glancing at him sharply, "so you may as well step aboard. I suppose you have fired an engine before?"

"Yes, on the Santa Fe," replied the new man climbing into the cab.

The old fireman lifted the lid of a rough box, took out some articles belonging to himself, and then stepped down onto the platform.

"It's a queer business," remarked Burton, "but I hope it means promotion for you, Walter."

"I should'nt wonder if it did," Walter replied, nodding to the others and starting up the platform.

The next moment the flat gong on the roof of the cab clanged loudly, the engineer gave the throttle lever a slight pull, and No. 307 responded with such vigor that the huge driving wheels spun around with lightning-like speed. In a flash steam was shut off and then admitted with more care into the cylinders. At the same time a jerk on the handle of an iron rod running out over the boiler caused the curved pipes, opening close to the track in front of each forward "driver," to trickle out a stream of yellow sand, which was ground to paste under the immense weight. Then the drivers held, and the train began to forge ahead.

When a speed of a dozen miles an hour had been attained, the engineer "linked her up"—that is, drew the reversing rod nearer the perpendicular, and dropped the catch in place so as to hold it there. This shut off the steam in the cylinders before it had followed the piston heads half their length, thus making the force more of an elastic blow than a continued pressure. Without such clipping of the steam, high speed is unattainable.

The engineer felt a little resentful at the manner in which his new fireman had been forced upon him. The rules of the S. C. & G. required a fireman of a passenger train first to serve on a freight engine, or as a brakeman, but here was a man shoved into a berth only one grade lower than that of the engineer, who had never before seen a day's service on the road. Besides all this, Burton had a sincere friendship for his old fireman, and it hurt his feelings to see him superseded by another.

"Well, I'll let him alone a while and see if he knows his business" the engineer finally concluded, sitting up stiffly on the right of the cab, with his forearm resting on the window slide, while his left hand grasped the lever. Any person watching his keen gray eyes as they swept the track ahead, would have said that he took no note of the movements of the new fireman; nevertheless, the man was always in his field of vision, and nothing that he did was unobserved.

Meanwhile, Rogers conducted himself as if he was in no need of instruction. Standing in front of the tender, he looked at the steam gauge and saw that it marked 150°, while 307 occasionally spit out a little extra power from her chest with a hissing sound.

Lifting the latch of the furnace door with his foot, the fireman swung it back, leaving it open until the finger on the gauge had receded several degrees. Then he flung half a dozen shovelfuls of coal on the glowing mass and closed the door. He next raked down several huge lumps of coal from the top of the heap in the tender, and with a few sturdy blows of his hammer broke them into pieces of a size suitable for the furnace.

"He's no green hand, that's sure," Burton muttered to himself. "He is'nt

a better fireman than Walter, but he's just as good."

Six miles out there was a crossing, so rarely used that the bell of 307 was seldom rung for it, which was, of course, a violation of the rules of the road. To the amazement of the engineer, his new fireman began ringing the bell when more than a hundred yards distant, and he did not cease until the crossing was left behind.

Bowman, a station ten miles from Silver Cliff, was the first place at which the train stopped. One woman and two men were waiting to board it. One of the men stood well down the platform, apart from the others, and he closely watched the engine as it glided past. Had the engineer been watching, he would have seen that this passenger and the new fireman glanced into each other's faces, and when at the nearest point, exchanged winks. The engineer was busy, however, and this sign of recognition escaped him.

No. 307 made her run from Silver Cliff to Benton in the afternoon, but in returning, the start was at 8 p. m., so that the entire trip northward was after nightfall. Upon arrival at Benton the engineer turned his engine over to the fireman, giving him orders to bring the train into the depot at a quarter to eight that evening. The fireman nodded his head to show that he understood, then he ran the engine down to the round-house, drew the fire, refilled the oil cans, washed himself and went up town to supper.

Coming out of the restaurant, he sauntered up the main street, and looking about to see that he was not observed, he slipped into the telegraph office and sent off three dispatches—one to Silver Cliff, one to Norton, and one to Piedmont. Each was in cipher, and the

operator looked at him questioningly as he pulled out a bill and paid for them.

When Engineer Burton came down to the depot a few minutes before eight, he found the train waiting and No. 307 blowing off steam. Everything was in good order, and as he stepped into the cab, he said:

"Well, Rogers, I could'n't wish for a better fireman than you seem to be."

"Thank you, and I don't wish to work under a better engineer," the fireman replied.

As the town clock struck eight, No. 307 pulled out for the north. The night was dark and cloudy. On either hand stretched the silent hills, clothed with sombre-looking pines, which the glare of the headlight brought out with vivid distinctness, to be swallowed the next moment in the gloom to the rear. Here and there a passing glimpse was caught of some miner's solitary cabin, perhaps with a face peering out at the train as it thundered by, and then followed mile after mile of mountain waste, unrelieved by a sign of life.

It was past ten when the first stop was made at Norton, which was the boundary of that mining district. The station was on the left of the engine—that is to say, on the side where the fireman sits when he is not busy.

The stop was a short one—not more than a minute or so—and Rogers sat with the bell cord loosely grasped in his hand, and his head out of the cab window, watching the movements of the people on the platform. Several boarded the train, but, so far as could be seen, no one got off—that is, while the cars were standing still. But as the last car was passing the lower end of the station, the fireman noted a dark figure as it leaped from the rear platform and darted away in the gloom.

"That was well done," he muttered to himself, "and no one observed him."

"Rogers, were you ever in a hold up?" the engineer enquired, after the train had settled down to a steady gait.

"Yes; once."

"Where was it?"

"On the Santa Fe system."

"Don't you think we are likely to receive a visit here?"

"Why do you ask that?" the fireman enquired.

"Because we have fifty thousand dollars aboard for one of the banks in Silver Cliff."

At that moment the gong sounded overhead, the fireman pulled the bell rope, the engineer grasped his lever, and the conversation came to an end.

Had Engineer Burton been watching his fireman closely, he would have seen him do a singular thing shortly after leaving Norton. The fireman had lifted the lid of his box, and while fumbling among the waste and other articles, he slipped a loaded pistol into the bosom of his shirt. He had kept his back to the engineer for some minutes before and after doing this, and the latter's suspicions had not been at all aroused.

A few miles from Norton, the train shot into a stretch of woods, through which the road swung in a long curve to the north. The fireman, whose seat was on the outside of the curve, glanced out of the window and saw a figure swinging a red lantern between the rails, as a signal for the train to stop. The engineer had seen it also, and a second later he shut off the steam and applied the air-brakes. Looking at the fireman, he called:

"Here is the hold up I spoke about. We are certainly in a pretty pickle now."

The words were scarcely out of his

mouth, when there was a crash and rattle of glass at his side, and his cheek was cut by the fragments. Then a man, whose face was masked, leaped upon the platform in front of the express car, and hurriedly climbed over the rear of the tender. He carried a rifle, and his eye being upon the engineer, he did not notice the fireman, who crouched low in the tender.

"Hold this engine where she is until you get orders to go ahead," he commenced, "or I'll"—

At that moment the stooping fireman fired straight at the face of the miscreant, who, with a smothered cry, leaped forward and then fell upon his face, while a small avalanche of dislodged coal rumbled about him.

The engineer, whose nerves had been unstrung by the sudden attack, gazed at his fireman in undisguised astonishment. Then an inkling of the truth crept into his mind, and when the fireman ordered him to move slowly ahead, he did so mechanically, while Rogers possessed himself of the rifle of the wounded bandit.

"Shall I give her more steam?" the engineer enquired, his trembling hand nervously clutching the lever.

"Not just yet," the fireman replied, in a tone of one who is accustomed to being obeyed, "those wretches may have removed a rail, and we don't want to land the train in the ditch."

At that moment a rattling fusilade of shots came from the woods on either side, but the new fireman merely smiled reassuringly and waved his hand for a little more steam.

"You may as well open the throttle now," he said. "I think we have passed the point where there was any danger of the track being tampered with."

The engineer cautiously poked his

head out of the window and glanced ahead. The headlight gleamed upon two slender lines of steel that showed no break, so he opened the throttle another notch or two, and then settled back in his seat with a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, the fireman had slipped his pistol back into the bosom of his shirt, swung open the furnace door, and commenced to shovel in coal industriously.

The engineer watched him in silence for a moment, then he jumped down into the tender and grasped the shovel.

"Let me do that," he said. "You can take my place and run the engine."

The fireman looked at him with a knowing grin. "It's a good thing the superintendent isn't here to see you," he said, "or he would be apt to deprive you of your job. Don't you know the order of the S. C. & G.—that an engineer must not give up his engine unless relieved by death, accident, or the order of his superior officer?"

The train pulled into Silver Cliff thirty minutes ahead of time, and the engineer hurried up to the office to make his report. He had barely commenced his recital when the new fireman stepped in, strolled over to a chair and seated himself with as much unconcern as though the private office of a railroad superintendent was the most common of his daily haunts.

"Well, Mr. Blake, I understand that you accounted for one of those villains," the superintendent exclaimed.

"Yes, we brought one of them up with us on the engine," the fireman replied. "But now that this business is over, hadn't you better introduce me to my engineer?"

"Certainly," the superintendent responded. "Mr. Burton, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Robert

Blake, chief of the Blake Detective agency, to whose courage and judgment we owe the safe transportation of the fifty thousand dollars in gold which you pulled in behind you to-night."

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. VI.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 635.)

PROBABLY the description of David's personal appearance with which the most of those who knew him in life agree, is that given by President Abraham O. Smoot, who says he was about six feet one inch in height, stoutly built, though not fleshy, and of a dark complexion, with piercing black eyes. As to disposition, President Smoot describes him as jovial, qualifying his expression, however, with the closing remark:

"His jokes, though, were pretty solid."

At one time while traveling with David, Abraham O. Smoot, then little more than a boy, became so sick he could sit on his horse no longer. Stopping at the house of an atheist, Brother Smoot was put to bed, and David assisted their hostess to prepare the sick man some warm drinks.

His companion receiving no relief, David obtained permission to "attend prayers, and kneeling down by the bedside he laid his hands upon the sick man's head and asked the Lord to heal him.

"Every bit of pain left me," said Brother Smoot, in relating the incident, "in the twinkling of an eye."

It was just following this remark that President Smoot said:

"I don't recollect that he ever failed in his importuning to heal the sick."

Once, when David and Wilford Woodruff were traveling together, they were called to the bedside of a sick woman, Margaret Tittle, who lay at the point of death. Preaching the gospel to her, David received a promise that if healed she would be baptized. After being administered to by the servants of the Lord, she was restored to perfect health instantly, when she refused baptism.

They told her she was acting a dangerous part and would again be attacked if she did not repent. Returning that way in a few days, they found her very low again, when she again promised, but this time with more sincerity, for after being healed the second time, she was led into the water and baptized, by Wilford Woodruff.

On August 20th, David preached at the house of Randolph Alexander, and after meeting baptized him and his wife.

The spirit of mobocracy seems always to have aroused in David all the resentment of which he was capable. At one time while holding a meeting in Paris, Tennessee, as related by President Woodruff, a mob gathered in the place of meeting with threats of violence. Instead, however, of being intimidated by their presence, David denounced their undertaking in the most unmeasured terms, and in the spirit of prophecy, though the fulfillment in the Civil War was then twenty-five years away, predicted:

"Before you die some of you will see the streets of Paris run with the blood of its own citizens."

Early in September, the seven branches of the Church in Kentucky and Tennessee, representing one hundred and thirty-three members, assembled in conference on Damon's Creek, Calloway County, Kentucky, Thomas B. Marsh, as President of the Twelve Apostles, presiding. On the third day of the con-

ference, David preached on repentance and baptism, and at the close of the meeting, five persons came forward and asked to be baptized.

Directly after conference, David with his wife took leave of the Saints and his fellow laborers, and returned in safety with Thomas B. Marsh and companion, Elisha H. Groves, to Missouri.

In leaving the field of his labors of the past six months, in company with Elisha H. Groves, who had first conferred upon him authority to enter the missionary field, it was but natural that David should retrospectively contemplate the work to which his life had been so wholly given over since that lonely ride through the woods from Michigan to Indiana. His first disappointing missionary labors among his friends and acquaintances in Michigan, when he expected all of them to rejoice with him in the great light newly burst upon the world; the first visit to the Prophet Joseph, followed by the two successive missions in the East; his winter's journey with William D. Pratt; his labors in Missouri and in the South; his ordination to the Apostleship with the wonderful feast of blessings and endowments that followed; the return to the South, just terminated—all these reflections crowded upon him with all their accompanying memories of toil and privation, with all the accompanying memories of the powers and blessings the Lord had bestowed upon him; and there was no room in his soul for anything but gratitude. Not only so, but there was a more settled resolution to persevere to the end; and it was probably on this journey back to Missouri that in David's mind the nature of that end was predetermined.

Upon his return to Missouri, after an absence of two years, David found not

a few marks of progress in the condition of the Saints. A new town had been laid out called Far West, into which the people were gathering from every quarter. Efforts were being made to purchase all the land in the newly created County of Caldwell, and it was to gather means for this purpose that President Thomas B. Marsh had made his recent visit into Kentucky.

Locating on a single lot in the northwest part of town given him by the Saints, David soon had a plain log house erected, and from that time he devoted himself entirely to the welfare of the Church. His zeal in spreading the truth abroad, was not surpassed by that manifested in its defense at home.

Early in the spring of 1837, David preferred charges before the High Council in Zion against Lyman Wight for teaching false doctrine. At the trial in Far West on April 24th the charges were sustained, the proper acknowledgments soon after accepted by the Saints and harmony restored. The incident illustrates the disinterestedness and manliness of David's character, for his action in this matter seems only to have drawn closer the ties of confidence and friendship existing between himself and his commanding officer in the militia, Colonel Lyman Wight.

In June, in company with Thomas B. Marsh and William D. Pratt, David, responding to a call for a meeting of the Twelve, took a mission through the intervening States to Kirtland, where they arrived in the midst of the great apostasy. Here was need of all the courage he could command, for it was a time to test the integrity of the strongest.

Deception and fraud and darkness had overcome his close friend and brother-in-law, Warren Parrish, who tried by every means in his power to turn David

himself against the Prophet, and the downfall of his brethren at that time was one of the greatest sorrows of David's life. Not long after the conference at Kirtland in September, 1837, David returned to Far West.

The spirit of the apostasy soon spreading into Missouri, it was found necessary to displace the three Presidents, David Whitmer, John Whitmer and W. W. Phelps. In consequence Thomas B. Marsh and David W. Patten were, on February 10th, sustained as temporary Presidents of the Church in Missouri, pending the arrival of the Prophet Joseph Smith from Kirtland. At the coming of the Prophet, March 14th, 1838, a conference was called, at which three weeks later, Thomas B. Marsh was chosen President in Missouri, and David W. Patten and Brigham Young his assistants.

Shortly after, on April 17, 1838, the following revelation was received through the Prophet Joseph Smith:

1. Verily thus saith the Lord, it is wisdom in my servant David W. Patten, that he settle up all his business as soon as he possibly can, and make a disposition of his merchandise, that he may perform a mission unto me next spring, in company with others, even Twelve, including himself, to testify of my name, and bear glad tidings unto all the world.

2. For verily thus saith the Lord, that inasmuch as there are those among you who deny my name, others shall be planted in their stead, and receive their bishopric. Amen. (*Sec. 114 Doc. and Cov.*)

It was probably this revelation that occasioned a conversation between the Prophet and David, reported by Wilford Woodruff.

David made known to the Prophet that he had asked the Lord to let him

die the death of a martyr, at which the Prophet, greatly moved, expressed extreme sorrow, "for," said he to David, "when a man of your faith asks the Lord for anything, he generally gets it."

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME OBSERVATIONS IN ENGLAND.

TO MANY readers of this paper this subject may not be of interest, because England is such a well-known country. Many of them may have come from it and may know more about it than the writer. But there are a large number of young readers who have been born in Utah and have never traveled outside its borders. To them it may be interesting to learn something of other peoples.

A description of the strange customs of uncivilized races may be attractive to some, but a knowledge of the peculiarities of civilized and enlightened nations is certainly of more profit, as valuable lessons can be learned from the ways of the latter, while there is very little to be learned from the savages of far-off lands.

Of all the civilized races upon the earth the English is one of the foremost and most remarkable.

I shall not attempt to give any kind of historical sketch of the English people, but will merely attempt to describe what I have observed among them, and give my own impressions concerning their manner of living.

What first attracts the attention of a stranger on entering the mouth of the Mersy River, which forms the great port of Liverpool, is the long line of docks. On the Liverpool side of the river these docks extend for a distance of seven miles, one adjoining the other without any unnecessary vacant space between them. On the opposite side of the river

are quite a number of docks, as well as ship-yards where vessels are built.

To give an idea of what these docks are, it must be stated that here they consist of solid masonry built from below the surface of the water at a low tide to a height of more than twenty feet, as the waters sometimes rise as much as eighteen or twenty feet when the sea-tide comes in. This masonry extends as a solid wall the whole distance of seven miles along the river side, and inland from the shore a considerable distance. The docks proper, or, as they might be termed huge cisterns, which contain the great ocean vessels while they are in harbor and being loaded, are also built of stone and cement. At intervals there are openings from the river through which the ships can be floated into the docks. After a vessel enters, the opening can be closed by means of gates, so that the crafts within rest in perfectly still water, and are not subject to the rising and lowering of the water in the river.

Some of the docks are made so that, after a vessel is moved into them, the water can be turned out, leaving the ship entirely out of water. This is for the purpose of making repairs, painting, etc. When desired, the water can be turned in and the ship will float as before.

Along the entire length of the docks are built immense storehouses for grain, cotton and all kinds of merchandise that come to and go from the port. Many of these warehouses are much larger than any buildings to be found in Utah, and in them may be seen mountains of wheat and corn piled up loose on the bare stone or cement floor. By the side of these piles of grain are machines for sacking and weighing it. Then there are barrels of oil and stacks of sacked

flour. In other places may be noticed vast quantities of timber, of iron, of cotton and various other materials. Besides all these things mentioned, there are houses for cold storage where meats and such perishable articles are kept in ice, and great engines are at work producing the ice artificially.

Another wonderful structure here is the landing stage, alongside of which vessels are drawn up for passengers to get aboard or to land when disembarking. This landing stage is a great floating platform, the framework of which is made of iron, underneath which are numerous airtight hollow iron cisterns for the purpose of keeping it afloat. It is connected with the shore or side of the river by several bridges that work on some sort of hinges so that the platform can rise with the tide.

This landing stage is in one continuous piece half a mile long and about one hundred feet wide. Upon it are permanent buildings for waiting rooms, restaurants, telegraph office, etc. Heavily laden wagons are driven on it with baggage and freight, and often there are many thousands of people promenading up and down or waiting for a vessel's arrival, or perhaps witnessing the departure of one.

It is quite an imposing and affecting sight to see one of the mighty ocean-going steamers depart from this stage laden with its precious freight of thousands of human beings. Upon such occasions the decks of the vessel are crowded with passengers waving their handkerchiefs and hats as a farewell salute to their friends who have come to see them off. The salute is returned in a similar manner by those on shore; and while some are weeping at the parting others are smiling and rejoicing.

But my intention was to write about

the people more than about the places of interest. Immediately upon passing out of the custom house the visitor to England, if he decides to walk to his stopping place, is met by a boy or man who insists on carrying his valise and showing him the way to the place at which he intends to stop. Of course the obliging porter expects to get paid for his services. Nothing is to be had without being paid for. If the porter knows the new-comer is a foreigner—and he will readily discover whether he is one or not—he will ask a big price for his services. If any objection is made he will call attention to the fact that he has shown the stranger the way to go as well as carried his baggage. By the way, the policemen are ever willing to direct people where they wish to go, and their directions can be relied upon. It is always best to make a bargain before hand when hiring a porter or cabman, then one can get his services at a reasonable price. But even then the porter will hint very strongly, at the journey's end, that he ought to get a few extra pennies as a "tip."

There is one good quality about these fellows—whether it is a virtue or not I cannot say—they can be depended upon to deliver whatever they are entrusted with. They are honest in this respect either through principle or compulsion. I should be pleased to give them credit for this honesty if it is really due them; but some say they choose to do right through fear of the strict law, from which it is hard to escape.

The moment one is relieved of his satchel, if he intends to walk to his destination after arriving in a city, either by rail or by water, he is accosted by bootblacks with "Shoine, Mister?" The little fellows are lively rustlers, and are very persistent. It is hard to avoid them

if one's shoes need polishing. They will approach a person in the crowded streets and tell him, in tones loud enough for those about to hear, that his boots look very bad, and point to them as they follow him along.

When one boy gives up trying to get his patronage another will try, and if unsuccessful still another. If the traveler refuses in words the boys will be more persistent, but if no attention whatever is paid to their demands and they are not even looked at they will soon leave.

Quite frequently they will try to sell a paper if they cannot get a job shining boots, as some of them combine the business of selling papers with that of giving "shines." Selling papers is an all day job in the large cities. The newsboys begin early in the day and often continue till eleven o'clock at night.

The appearance of these boys indicates that they are of the very poorest class, and no doubt most of them depend on what few pennies they can earn for their food and lodging. Yet they seem to be the most light-hearted creatures to be found. Sometimes when soliciting patronage they will appeal to one's sympathy by a very sorrowful looking face. But instead of their countenances falling when they meet with a refusal they often brighten up until another customer is in sight.

One day I saw a little fellow follow a man first to carry his satchel, then to shine his boots, next to sell a paper, and last of all to sell a box of matches. The man declined all his offers, and the little chap slipped the matches in one pocket, his brushes in another and the paper under his arm and hopped off as cheerful as a sparrow, and began playing with another boy engaged in the same

line of business. He seemed not discouraged in the least; and after knocking off the fragment of a hat his companion wore on his head, all in fun of course, he tried again for a customer in the next passer by.

These urchins are alive to every opportunity to make a penny; and on windy days they are keenly on the lookout for stray hats flying about, with the hope of getting a copper for picking them up and delivering them to the owners. They watch their opportunities as sharply as a cat watches a mouse, and one cannot but admire their pluck and energy. They are not lazy by any means, and are deserving of better occupation.

The destitute appearance of these boys is such as would arouse any one's sympathy. But they apparently do not feel much concerned about their personal appearance. If they appeal for charity it is generally to get food or lodgings, very seldom for clothing. They seem to be contented with their rags.

Though pitiable, it is also amusing to see some of them. One will have a pair of pants with one leg worn off above the knee, while the other is down to the ankle. Another will have a cast-off coat that has been given him, much too large, and with one sleeve cut off short and the other extending beyond his finger tips. Very few of them wear shoes either in winter or summer, and most of them go bareheaded.

But if I continue describing the scenes of poverty to be found here I will be guilty of an injustice too often manifested by visitors in telling about other countries than their own. The Latter-day Saints feel justly indignant when visitors to their cities misrepresent them by passing unfavorable opinions upon

what they have observed in a visit of a few hours. They claim that it is impossible to get a proper idea of the people and their ways in such a short time. This is quite true; yet some of our people, visitors and even missionaries, in passing through a city and spending a few hours therein, comment very unfavorably upon what they see, while in all probability they have seen the very worst phase of life in the place they have passed through.

There are many interesting and pleasing things to see in English cities, and much to be learned by observation here. It would be just as fair to judge the character of the people of Utah by the Indians that are found there as to judge the people of England by the class of human beings found in rags and filth about the streets of large cities.

It is childish to think because other people have different ways to ours that they are not up to the times, or that they do not know how to enjoy the comforts of life as well as we do. People from Salt Lake City will say they are behind the times in England because their street cars are drawn by horses instead of being driven by electricity. The fact is the English authorities have such high regard for the safety and lives of the people that they do not want faster and consequently more dangerous traveling in the streets, hence horses serve the purpose satisfactorily. Still the street car service is better than that of Salt Lake. A person can get from one place to another just as readily although the cars move slower. Instead of having to wait ten to fifteen minutes one can get aboard a car at any minute during the day, and through the central part of large cities several cars pass each minute.

What at first appears to the visitor

very strange about the street cars or "trains," as they are called in England, is the provision for people to be seated on the tops of the cars as well as inside. In fine weather the passengers prefer the outside, and will invariably take the outside seats first. What is still more strange is that on some train lines the charge for inside seats is twice as much as for those outside.

This may be for class distinction, as with the railway cars. Those who ride first-class on railways pay twice as much as those who go third-class, and yet they have no better accommodations. They ride in the same cars, but in different compartments, fitted up somewhat differently, but are no more comfortable.

You must know that English railway coaches are different to the American, and for the immense traffic they have, are much more convenient. They are divided up into several compartments, each large enough to seat ten third-class or six first-class passengers who sit facing each other on seats that run the whole width of the car. Each compartment has a door on either side. When leaving the train the passengers can get out much quicker than they can from the American cars, where all have to go through the same door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In all the affairs of life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciative heart.

It is advisable that a man should know at least three things: First, where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly; what he had best do under the circumstances.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

As I sit by his bedside, holding his thin, white hand, and look at his pale, careworn features, and remember how promising was his life a few years before, verily, the remembrance of the quotation, that "The wages of sin is death," comes to me with startling reality, for this poor weak one has worked in the interest of sin and is about to receive the promised wages.

Poor boy! As he lies there sleeping, my thoughts wander back to the happy days of our childhood, and I can see his happy young face as it was then before dissipation had laid its heavy hand upon him and the contrast is so great that tears burst from my eyes despite my efforts to withhold them.

We were chums, John Clark and I, and many were the happy hours we spent together. Always cheerful, kind-hearted to a fault, and full of fun and frolic, he was as popular a boy as you would ever meet.

Born and raised on a farm, his boyhood had been one of much work with but very little time for pleasure, and, being full of life, he naturally became restless under the restraint of his father, who, having probably heard that "Satan has some evil still for idle hands to do," considered that John should not have any time for Satan to take advantage of, but should spend all the time not devoted to eating and sleeping to making little improvements on the farm, such as hoeing a little matter of ten acres of corn, etc.

Of course, it is a sin on the part of parents to bring up children to be idle, worthless men and women, but it is certainly as near a sin to go to the other extreme of never allowing their children a moment of time which they

can call their own and can use for their pleasure and amusements.

I remember well the time when John left home and friends to do battle with the world. We were the same age and on my 17th birthday I was to have a party, and, it being the same anniversary of his birth, he was to be there and assist in doing the honors of the occasion, but on the morning of that day he called and told me that his father had given him some work to do which would make it impossible for him to attend despite the fact that he had given his permission a few days previous.

Against his father's intention and wishes John came to the party, and when the guests departed he told me that he was going to leave home and go to some large city and earn his own living. Although I felt that his father had not treated him with the honesty due his child, I advised him not to go, but he would not listen to any advice on the matter for he had decided to go. So we parted.

It was several years before I heard from John, and the letter which I then received stated that he had obtained employment and was making a living and enjoying life immensely, for a city life was full of excitement and enjoyment. I answered the letter and our correspondence ceased.

Ten years had passed and a few days ago I found myself here in Chicago, where I remembered John had been, and I walked around with the hopes that I might see him, but without success. As I sat in the hotel last evening I noticed an article in the paper, stating that John Clark, a bartender, had been shot in a saloon fight and taken to the city hospital.

Although I had no idea it was my old

chum, the name being the same I decided to go to the hospital and see this man, so putting on my coat I went and on being shown the patient, although a life of sin had greatly changed his appearance, I recognized in him the friend of my boyhood, lying pale and senseless on a cot.

While I sat beside him he regained consciousness, and opening his eyes asked, "Where am I?" and recognizing me he said, "Oh, yes, I am home; Henry, I have had a terrible dream," and he again relapsed into a state of coma.

I stayed by his bedside for several hours and then departed for my hotel, leaving word with the nurse that I would return in the morning. I did so, and as I sit holding his hand, I ponder over the events that have transpired to bring him to this condition.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked at me and tears coursed down his face as he said, "Henry, I thought my experience was all a dream, but my past life now appears to me in all its hideous reality. You, no doubt, wonder at my present condition, and as my life is drawing to a close, I will tell you of the grim phantoms that appear to me as my life passes as a panorama before my mind's eye."

As he lay there weak and wan, I realized that death had marked him for its own, but with words of cheer I told him that he had better wait until he was stronger before attempting to tell me of the occurrences since we parted, but, calling for a glass of brandy, he said, "No, Henry, I will never be stronger, so will tell you while I am able," and taking the brandy from the nurse's hand he held it up and continued:

"Henry, here is my master, and a hard one, too. Verily, 'Look not upon

the wine when it is red, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' Oh, that I had taken heed to those words, for I have not only put the shackles upon others but have become the slave of strong drink myself!

"When I left home ten years ago I came directly to this city, then the Mecca of all my hopes and ambitions for the future. To say that I was infatuated with its gay sights would but poorly express my joy for the excitement and gayeties far surpassed even my fondest imaginations.

"I spent what little money I had in visiting cheap places of amusement where beer-drinking was one of the principal features, and there was introduced to the habit that has become my master as well as murderer. Soon my money was exhausted and I began to look around for employment, but found it much easier to spend money than to earn it.

"Finally I obtained work in a restaurant washing dishes, where I earned but my board and lodging. Did you ever notice an advertisement in the 'Want' column of a newspaper that read like this?:

"'Wanted—A young man to assist the devil in obtaining souls, in a minor capacity, for which he will be directed and assisted on the road that leads to disgrace, dishonor and death in this world and weeping and gnashing of teeth in the world to come. Call on Sin, Vice & Death. Saloon-keepers.'

"No? Well, I read an advertisement that, although worded possibly a little different, informed me that I could get a job with Hulbert & Co., saloon-keepers, shipping liquors from their saloon, for the magnificent sum of \$2.00 a week and board and room.

"I accepted the position and served

the devil so well, through my employers, that I was soon promoted (?) to the position of bar-tender, with instructions to always drink with a customer when he would pay for it, but never get drunk. Well, I not only did what he wished in respect to drinking with customers but began to drink with myself whenever customers were scarce and before long became one of the best customers.

"I continued to drink more every day and soon began to get drunk while at work, and then Hulbert & Co. began to object to my habits, for they wished me to assist others, so long as they had money, to acquire the liquor habit while as to myself I was to make liquor my slave. But you know that he who fools with fire will likely get burnt, and soon liquor and I had changed positions in relation to the slavery business.

"A few days ago after a protracted spree I went back to work but Hulbert had engaged another victim and I was discharged. After vain attempts to obtain employment or even obtain drink, I went to Hulbert & Co.'s, wild with rage, and attempted to kill him, but was shot myself, and am now nearing death's door, and with no hope——"

He stopped speaking, suddenly, and fell back, and was dead before a physician could be summoned.

Poor John!

J. H. H.

WHETHER we really enjoy any lot in life depends upon the disposition we carry into it. The kind of eyes with which we see, the kind of temper with which we act, will make much of little or little of much.

EVERY man is a volume if you know how to read him.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

FILIAL LOVE AND ITS EFFECTS.

A FRENCH lady, writing about the Japanese children for a Paris magazine, says:

"Visitors to Japan may have different opinions about the picturesqueness of her landscapes, the color of her sky, the richness of her flowers, the solemnity of her temples, and the grandeur of old Fugi; but all agree that nothing in Japan is prettier or more interesting than her little children.

"Truly, Japan is a children's paradise. Nowhere are there more of them; nowhere are they better loved. The sweetest religious sentiment of Japan is filial love; and parents who love their children passionately are amply recompensed for this affection by the care and respect with which they are surrounded later in life when they have reached old age. Japanese children are never bashful, nor sullen. They look you straight in the face; never draw back if you call them to you, and although intimidated by the familiarity of strangers, they smile at you if you show them a friendly face. Even the young men and girls have the looks and manner of children, and many of them appear as if they were merely playing at life."

Every thoughtful person must be interested in reading concerning the customs of such nations as Japan and China. The Mikado of Japan is a descendant of the oldest ruling family of the world. There has been an uninterrupted succession of rulers in this family for at least twenty-five hundred years. The origin of the family is supposed by the Japanese to be heavenly, and the Mikado through all the ages has been surrounded by influences which have caused the people to hold him in the highest reverence.

There was a sacredness attached to the person of the Mikado that lifted him far above the ordinary mortal. Other nations have sprung into prominence and power, and have undergone wonderful changes, and sunk into oblivion since the family of the Mikado ruled in Japan. Even the Chinese, although a very ancient people, have had changes in the ruling dynasty. But not so Japan. While other nations have been convulsed with revolutions, and the thrones have been occupied by men of different origin, Japan alone of all existing powers has had continuous rule by one family.

We who live in America are a new people. Even the peoples from whom we descended are new peoples as compared with the Chinese and Japanese. It is not nine hundred years since the conquest of England by William the Conqueror and his Norman followers. England dates her greatness from that period. Her nobles esteem it an honor to be descended from the followers of William I. Perhaps a few, a very few of the old families in England trace their descent from the Saxons, who ruled in England prior to William's time; but they are the exceptions. France, Germany and Scandinavia have all had their revolutions and changes within the period that has elapsed since William the Conqueror ruled in England. But how youthful are these nations compared with China and Japan!

The inquiry naturally arises, in reflecting upon the antiquity of these two nations, to what is their preservation chiefly due?

The nations of Europe, and our own nation also, give to their religion great credit for their preservation and advancement. Christianity has done wonders for them, they say; and they pride

themselves on their superiority over the nations of Asia in this respect. But the age of a nation, the duration of its institutions, the influence which it has in the earth, are the best evidences of its greatness and power. There is no nation in Europe that can compare in point of numbers with China. More human souls have been controlled by Chinese government, institutions and education than by any other nation in existence. The same is the case with Japan in a lesser degree. Yet these two great powers are not Christian. The question recurs then, to what do they owe their wonderful preservation?

As a Latter-day Saint, I examine their institutions, and there is one feature in their national and family life that stands out prominently and distinctively—a feature in which they differ, to a remarkable extent, from every other nation. I refer to what this French lady calls a sweet religious sentiment—filial love.

In China this is carried so far as to become what is called ancestral worship. In Japan it is not carried so far as that, but it is one of the strongest features in the Japanese character, and may be truthfully termed “a religious sentiment.” This is a redeeming feature in the characters of the peoples of these two nations. They doubtless have many weaknesses and many grave faults. Viewed from our standpoint, with our exaggerated ideas of our own importance, and the breadth of our intelligence, and the superiority of our institutions and form of government, they may appear very inferior. But this feature in their character lifts them to a plane far higher than that occupied by any other people or nation. Children love and reverence, obey and honor their parents. Parents in their turn love and respect and do everything possible for

their children. The love and affection and the good deeds are reciprocal. The parents do their part to their children, and as the children grow they return these kind deeds and offices by the loving care they take of, and the extreme reverence which they show to their parents.

Truthfully enough, therefore, it may be said of Japan, that it is a children’s paradise. With equal truth it may be said that it is a paradise for aged parents.

A more beautiful trait than this cannot be found in the human character. Where such filial love exists the people are very likely to entertain reverence for the Creator. No man can truly love God who does not love his parents; for God is the Father of us all. If we reverence our parents, we do not stop there; we lift our eyes and our hearts still higher and look to the Great Parent of us all. And that same love which parents have for God will fill them with love for their children. No man or woman can truly love God who does not love and care for his or her children.

I believe that if the true causes of the lengthened life of these two nations were laid bare before us, it would be found that this love of parents for children and of children for parents was one of the chief causes, if not the chief cause. Who can doubt it? Who can assign a better cause. There can be no doubt that God the Eternal Father has favored these races, and what is there more likely to make Him favor them than this feature in their characters?

The Latter-day Saints should take greater pains than they do in cultivating and developing this love between parents and children. Speaking of us generally, we are far behind these nations in this respect. It has not been the fashion with us, it has not been the

rule in the nations from which we have been gathered, to exhibit this love, either as parents or as children. There is a difference in this respect, even among us. In some families and races this principle is more developed than in others. But take even the best families in this respect, and it will be found that there is room for improvement. Reverence for age is sadly wanting in our country, speaking of our nation as a whole; and is so among our people, notwithstanding our religion teaches us better. Our young people partake too much of the prevalent spirit of our new land and of our new surroundings, and of our freedom, which too often degenerates into license. I would not if I could lessen the freedom that old and young enjoy; but I would, as soon as possible, increase the feeling of reverence for parents and for age, and have our children taught to be more modest, more respectful, and less rude; in other words, to be true gentlemen and ladies in the highest and noblest sense of these words.

The Editor.

THE LITTLE TELL-TALE.

It was long ago in a foreign land;
A boy with golden hair,
And with eyes so blue, like the sunny hue
The skies in summer wear,
Heard with glad surprise, from his teacher wise,
Of bird so cute and rare.

For this tiny bird, so the teacher said,
Just whispered in his ear;
Then away it flew, ere the pupils knew
A birdie had been near.
Thus it told him all that would e'er befall
Young friends placed in his care.

Now that little bird, on its snow-white wing,
Still comes to teacher's ear,
With its message true that is ever new;
Though voice you may not hear.
'Tis the Spirit Dove, from its home above,
That comes to the call of prayer.

Lewis Stewart.

PRESIDENT FOR ONE DAY.

THE *Philadelphia Press* says that very few people know that a man named Atchison was once President of the United States, but such is the case. While the oath of office was never administered, and he was not officially recognized, David R. Atchison was for twenty-four hours virtually the Chief Executive of this nation.

March 4, 1849, came on Sunday, a day that the Constitution does not recognize as legal in the transaction of such official business as administering the oath of office. On that day at noon President Polk's term of office ended, and President-elect Zachary Taylor could not take his place, or, at least, did not think he could. The prospect of the country being without an official head for the twenty-four hours, or there being doubt about who would be the head, created discussion in Congress and in the press.

When General Taylor arrived in Washington, a few days before his inauguration, he was besought to take the oath of office on Sunday so as to prevent confusion and what some persons believed to be danger, as those were rather stirring times. During Saturday and Saturday night there were a half dozen fights in Congress. The Capitol was a camp of violence, but General Taylor held out that he would not become President on Sunday.

David R. Atchison of Missouri was president pro tempore of the Senate, and it was held by Congress that the functions of President must devolve upon him from Sunday noon until Monday noon, and for these twenty-four hours he had the distinction of being President of the United States, having all the functions and powers of that office. The oath of the office was not

administered to him for the same reason that it was not immediately administered to General Taylor, but he being virtually Vice-president it was not considered necessary.

That President Atchison considered himself President there can be no doubt, for on Monday morning, when the Senate reassembled, he sent to the White House for the seal of the great office and signed one or two official papers as President. These were some small acts in connection with the inauguration that had been neglected by President Polk.

But there was much fun and good-natured badinage indulged in among Atchison's friends and himself during his short Presidential term. He was a Democrat, while the President-elect was a Whig. A majority of the Senate was Democratic, and his friends jokingly proposed to him to usurp the office by calling the Army to his back and preventing "Old Ironsides" from being sworn in. If any such thing had been seriously contemplated General Taylor was too much the idol of the Army to let it be successful.

Had General Taylor been an unpopular man and had Atchison had the character and ambition of a dictator, with a friendly Army, Congress and timid Supreme Court, President Atchison's name would probably not have been so soon forgotten, and the Constitutional day of inaugurating the President of the United States would have been changed so that it would never again fall on Sunday.

According to an almanac-maker of the time, the next inauguration to fall on Sunday will be March 4, 1921; there will then be an opportunity for a repetition of the events of 1849.

Do today thy nearest duty.

WISE THOUGHTS.

A FOOLISH person builds foolishly, and a wise one sensibly, a virtuous one beautifully, and a vicious one badly. If stonework is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man cut it and an honest man cemented it. A man may hide himself from you or misrepresent himself to you every other way, but he cannot in his work. There be sure you have him to the inmost; all that he likes, all that he sees, all that he can do, his imagination, his affection, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, everything is there. If the work is a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider; if a honey comb, by a bee; a worm-cast is thrown up by a worm, and a nest wreathed by a bird; and a house is built by a man, worthily if he is worthy, and ignobly if he is ignoble. And always, from the least to the greatest, as a thing made is good or bad, so is the maker of it.

MANY well meaning people never seem to realize that, no matter how deep an attachment may exist between relatives or friends, there are times when solitude is desirable. We wonder that so many friendships are broken; very often it is because each sees too much of the other. The little time spent alone gives one an opportunity to think of the kindnesses possible, the delights of a friend; and then, too, it is the time for one to take out one's soul and see what sort of condition it is in; think over whether one's tongue has been too quick; think over the sins of omission and commission; think over every-day life, and how it can be made to go easier. One can never do this when surrounded by others.

HONEST error is to be pitied, not ridiculed.

Our Little Folks.

WINTER IN CALIFORNIA.

I WONDER how many of the little readers of this magazine there are who have never seen snow. In almost every part of Utah, some snow falls every winter, and in many parts it can be seen on the mountain tops during nearly the whole of the year. It is therefore difficult for children born and raised in this land to imagine a country where snow never falls. And still it is only a few hundred miles to California, in many parts of which it is no uncommon thing to find young men and young women who have never seen snow, except perhaps from a distance on the mountains. They would enjoy seeing a snow storm and having sleigh rides as much as the Utah boys and girls would enjoy seeing the beautiful flowers of California and be able to eat fresh strawberries during the Christmas holidays.

Last New Year's day what was called a "floral festival" was given in Pasadena, a beautiful little city about twelve miles from Los Angeles. All the carriages and horses were covered with flowers, and it seemed more like a day in May than in January. Flowers were blooming every where. The children were all dressed in white, and it was a wonderful sight for a person who was used to the cold, stormy winters of Utah.

A few days after this, snow fell on the mountains above Pasadena. A number of men went up onto the mountain with wagons and loaded them with snow. They hauled it down to the main street, and the whole town indulged in a snow ball fight. Business men and laboring men as well as the children forgot the cares of life for the time, and everybody enjoyed themselves.

Some children may think that it would be much nicer to live in a country where there is no winter and where the flowers bloom all the time. In some respects it is more pleasant, but I am sure if we had to live in such a land we would long for a change. The seasons are too much alike to be altogether pleasant. We might feel contented for a year or two, but if we had to make our homes there, we would soon want to get back to our own Utah again.

The more we see of other parts of the country, the better we can understand that the Lord had a hand in leading his people to Utah and causing them to settle in the then barren desert. And the fact that He has blessed the land as He has, should convince us that this is the place He intended the Saints to settle in.

GOSPEL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.

LESSON X.—ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

"WE believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive Church, viz.: Apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc."—*Articles of Faith*, par. 6.

The Church of Christ, as established according to the directions of the Savior, is the most perfect organization upon the earth. Christ Himself is the head or the chief corner stone. In the church which He established during His ministry in Jerusalem He placed "first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." (*I Cor. xii: 28.*)

In the 10th chapter of Matthew the names of the twelve apostles are given. "These twelve Jesus sent forth and commanded them, saying, Go not into the

way of the gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils, freely ye have received, freely give." (*Matt. x: 5-8.*)

Peter, James and John constituted what is now known as the First Presidency of the Church. To Peter were given the keys of the kingdom, with the promise that whatsoever he should bind on earth should be bound in heaven, and whatsoever he should loose on earth would be loosed in heaven.

When Judas through transgression fell, Matthias was appointed by the Lord to take his apostleship. (*See Acts i: 24-26.*)

From this we see that it was the desire of the Lord that a perfect church organization should be perpetuated. Paul, who with Barnabas, was called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ, (*see Acts xiii: 2-4; Acts xiv: 14*), says the Lord placed in the Church apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, "for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ; that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." (*Ephesians iv: 12-14.*)

Next to the Apostles and prophets came the evangelists, to which office Philip and Timothy were ordained. (*Acts xxi: 8; II Tim. iv: 5.*) An evangelist is a patriarch, who holds the keys of the patriarchal blessings upon the heads of all members of the Church; and the

Lord has said that whoever His patriarch "blesses shall be blessed, and whoever he curses shall be cursed; that whatsoever he shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever he shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (*Doc. and Cov. cxxiv: 91-92.*) Then came the High priests, and after them the Seventies. The Lord appointed two quorums of Seventies "and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come." (*Luke x: 1.*) Seventy elders were appointed by the Lord to assist Moses in his labors among the children of Israel. "And the Lord came down in a cloud, and spake unto him (Moses), and took of the spirit that was upon him, and gave it unto the seventy elders: and it came to pass, that, when the spirit rested upon them, they prophesied and did not cease." (*Num. xi: 25.*)

Some say that we have no need of apostles and prophets in these days; that we have the Bible, and that that book is a sufficient guide to lead us unto eternal life. True, the Bible is a sacred book; it contains the principles of life and salvation; but many plain and precious parts have been taken away by wicked men, and the right ways of the Lord have been perverted by others, until today there are hundreds of sects, professing belief in the Bible and at the same time preaching doctrine directly opposed to the teachings of Christ and His apostles. Well might the poet exclaim:

"Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear;
'Tis time some new prophet should appear."

Take for example the children of Israel. The Lord sent Moses and Aaron unto them to deliver them from the cruel bondage of Pharaoh. They saw the mighty miracles performed by

Moses; they saw the interposition of the Lord in their behalf when He smote the first-born of all the Egyptians, and passed by their own doors; they saw the power of Jehovah when He divided the waters of the Red Sea, allowing them to cross over on dry ground, and destroying Pharaoh and his armies; they ate the manna in the wilderness, which the Lord sent down from heaven to feed them; they saw the glory of the Lord round about Mount Sinai, and heard His voice calling upon Moses to come up that he might receive the law of the Lord; all these things were done in the eyes of the children of Israel, and yet Moses, their prophet and leader, had not been gone forty days when the people took their ornaments of gold and persuaded Aaron to make them a golden calf which they might worship. And when Moses came down from the Mount he found the people bowing down before a gold calf and saying, "This is the God that brought us out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage." Now, when those people, who had received so many manifestations from the Lord, could not live forty days without an inspired prophet and leader, without falling into idolatry, will the people of Christendom tell us how they have lived for over eighteen hundred years without an inspired prophet among them?

Next to the Seventies were the Bishops, of which there were several in the church which was established in Philippi. (See *Phili. i: 1.*) Elders were next in authority. Paul and Barnabas, when they visited the Churches which were at Lystra, Iconium and Antioch, ordained elders in every church. (See *Acts xiv: 23.*) Other officers of the church were priests, teachers and deacons.

When Christ established His church among the Nephites He placed therein similar officers to those which were in the church at Jerusalem. There were apostles, prophets, evangelists, high priests, seventies, bishops, elders, priests, teachers and deacons, together with all the spiritual gifts which have ever distinguished the Church of Christ from the man-made, law-established churches of the world.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only organization upon the earth worthy to be called the Church of Christ. It was established by the revelations of Jesus Christ; it is similar in organization to the Churches established by the Messiah in Jerusalem, and upon this continent; it has the same officers, the same spiritual gifts, and is the only church upon the earth with which the Lord is well pleased. How thankful we should be that we are members of this Church, that we are taught by inspired apostles and prophets, that we enjoy the same spiritual gifts which the ancient Saints enjoyed, and, no matter what the world may say about us, that we have the testimony of the Holy Ghost that we are the children of God.

W. A. M.

THEN AND NOW.

SUCH a fussy time in the little Brown house—and all about "nothing to do"

"I don't now what's the use of having a vacation if you have just nothing to do in it," grumbles Master Ben.

"I know two things we might do, but we can't," says Jack. "We might go after chestnuts or we might drive Lightfoot."

"H'm, that's great," sniffs Ben.

"When the chestnuts are gone and Lightfoot is lame."

"Well, that's what I meant," mournfully drawls little Jack.

Mother Brown, sewing by the window, smiles and says cheerfully: "Ben, my boy, take that pucker out of your forehead, and Jackie dear, just see what a dreadful crooked-legged man you have made on mother's nice clean window. Now, then, come and sit by me, I have something to tell you."

Two little bodies bounce down on the floor by mother's side, and leaning back in her low chair, Mother Brown begins:

"When mother was a small girl she lived in a tiny, lonesome village called Kettle Cove.

"Such few houses as there were, and so far apart! The winters were so long and cold we children were afraid that the snowdrops and violets would get tired of waiting and never come out at all.

"I have been counting on my fingers the greatest events in our lives, and I have used just three fingers.

"On my first finger I count the 'stage-coach.' No, not a game to play, but a real, heavy, lumbering coach, which every morning at half past eight clattered through the village street on its way to Salem.

"We always watched and waited, for often there would be mail for some one in Kettle Cove, and it was fun to catch it, and run to deliver it.

"On my second finger I count the steam-cars. I don't mean that mother had lovely rides in them. Not at all. They came nowhere near our village, but we used to see them once in a while.

"That was one of the great days in our child-life. Some of the older girls would lead us through a two-mile woods road, where at a small clearing we got a glimpse of what seemed to me a kind of a fierce, roaring monster, with a

jointed tail whisking after him. Four miles, boys, for the sight of a train of cars!

"Now I come to my third finger. Another once in a great while the circus passed through Kettle Cove on its way from Salem to Gloucester.

"I am not going to tell you that we saw it. Oh, dear, no; for it passed through in the night. But as early as sleepy eyes could open in the morning, your mother with the other little girls and boys would rush to the street it had passed over. Such an eager group!

Such twisting and turning, such bending and looking with eyes ever on the ground. Can you guess what for? Well, for the print of the elephant's feet in the road. Then, hurrah for the one who discovered the biggest and plainest!

"Those were three great pleasures in mother's child-life, dears. Have you as many?"

Two silent little boys look up into Mother Brown's smiling face. Jack speaks first:

"I've begun to count mine, but I haven't fingers enough. I'll count the rest on Ben's."

"No you can't," says Ben promptly, "for I haven't enough for myself."

"After the pleasure-counting process is over, and two little faces are eager and beaming, the boys decide on a visit to the "Zoo" with Sister Nell. "And while you are there," says Mother Brown, "take a good look at the elephants, and then remember the line of little girls and boys working so hard to find just the print of an elephant's foot."

Youths Companion.

THE culture which does not reach the heart is a failure.

PIECE FOR RECITATION.

A WINTER VISITOR.

"Ah! who is this that's coming here
Hopping across the snow?
I think dear Sis, it's somebody
That you and I both know.

"He does not seem to heed the cold;
He is so gaily drest—
He wears a dark and showy coat
Above a bright red vest.

"Yes! Sissy dear, he's coming here,
A friend of yours and mine;
And he is all so trim and neat,
Because he's coming to dine.

"See, he is tapping on the pane,
As if to say: 'I've come—
Please spread my dinner on the sill
And I will peck a crumb.'

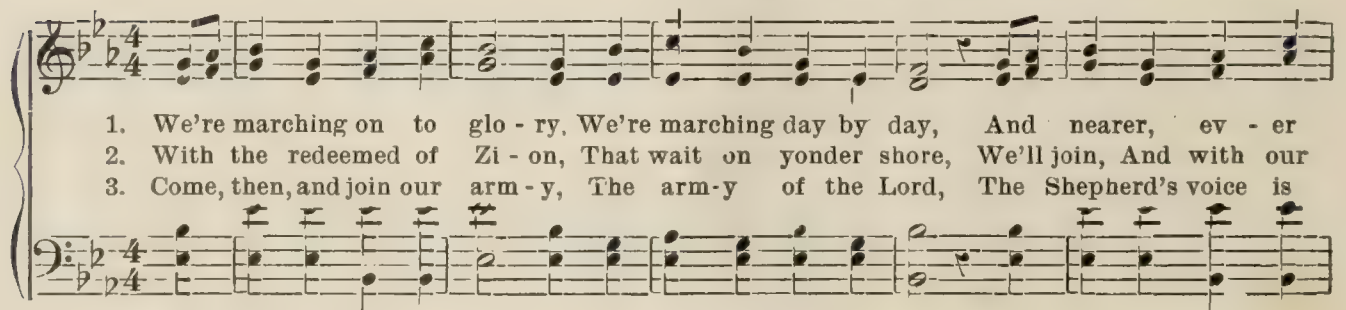
"Yes, robin dear, your dinner waits,
And you shall welcome be,
Each day you choose, to come
and dine
With Sissy and with me.

"Sweet pretty bird! when days
are cold,
And when the wind blows chill,
Both food and shelter you shall find
Upon our window sill."

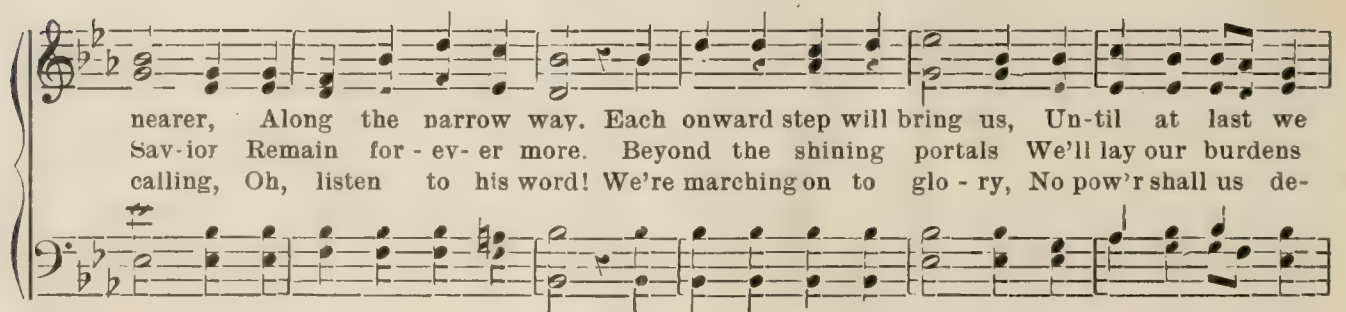
R. T.

WE ARE MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.



1. We're marching on to glo - ry, We're marching day by day, And nearer, ev - er
2. With the redeemed of Zi - on, That wait on yonder shore, We'll join, And with our
3. Come, then, and join our arm - y, The arm - y of the Lord, The Shepherd's voice is



nearer, Along the narrow way. Each onward step will bring us, Un-til at last we
Sav-ior Remain for - ev - er more. Beyond the shining portals We'll lay our burdens
calling, Oh, listen to his word! We're marching on to glo - ry, No pow'r shall us de-



Rit. *A tempo.*
stand, Assured of life e - ter - nal, Up - on the promised land.
down, And for our pain and sor - row Ob - tain a glorious crown.
lay, Our steps ev - er on - ward, We're marching day by day.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS.

THE world looked calm and peaceful; the moon shone brightly through the trees; the air was clear and cold. Look-

every member of the little family was busily employed, the widowed mother, with her spinning and the three boys each with his own special work. Over



A RACE FOR LIFE.

ing at the surroundings, one would scarcely have had a thought of danger or evil. Inside of the humble log home, love and contentment held sway, and

the fire place, in which great logs were burning, hung a loaded rifle, and in different parts of the room other weapons were visible. The doors

and windows were barred, and everything was made as secure as possible for the night. Suddenly the dog which lay stretching his great limbs upon the floor jumped up and uttered a sharp bark. "Lie down, Towser," said Frank, the oldest boy, "What's the matter with you, sir?"

But the mother, always alert and ready to protect her children and home from danger, told each of the boys to take his gun and prepare to fight, for the watchful dog never gave such an alarm unless danger threatened. Almost instantly the well-known cry of the Indians rang out, the door was burst open and the room was filled with barbarous natives flourishing their tomahawks and enjoying the anticipation of their bloody work.

For a few moments the family fought desperately, and killed two of the Indians, but they were soon overpowered. The dear, patient mother and the youngest boy were killed before the eyes of the two older sons who terrified with fear, rushed wildly from the house without at first being observed by the savages, leaving behind them the bodies of their dear ones to be cremated in the burning house. They flew to the barn, mounted the old work horse, and galloped away toward the home of their nearest neighbor, followed by the swift poisoned arrows of the enraged Indians who soon discovered their escape. They were almost immediately captured and then carried off to the enemy's camp where they were kept prisoners for a great many years, until at last they managed to escape.

Such occurrences as this were common in the early history of our beloved country. A man dared not go away from the village. If he did a most horrible death was almost sure to be the result.

Fire arms were kept loaded and always at hand, for the natives were crafty and treacherous, and sprang out upon the white people at the most unexpected times and places. Women and children were taught to handle fire arms almost as well as the men. Quite frequently when men returned from their labors in the field they found their homes in ashes, and their families murdered in cold blood.

The Indians should not be judged too harshly, however, for the wrongs which they committed. Treacherous and revengeful by nature, we know they are, but they were made very much worse by the cruelty and injustice of the Europeans. If white men had always treated the natives in a Christian like manner, the awe and respect which the savages at first felt for them might have been preserved, and a great deal of suffering and bloodshed would have been averted.

To change vague and aimless wishes to strong and effectual desires is an important part of all improvement. It is the earnest and persevering effort to do the present duty in the best possible manner, to relax no power in its discharge, and to waste no time in lamentations over what might have been, that is the secret of all good work and the element of all progress.

He who is as open as the day, who has nothing which he cares to conceal, is pretty sure to have come by his possessions honorably. They stand for earnest, honest labor of head or of hand, such as helps and never hurts mankind. They are the signs of his energy, his industry, his economy, his faithfulness, his ability. They reflect honor upon him; whereas gains secured without such equivalent and at the expense of others can only reflect disgrace.

FELICIA'S CHASTENING.

A Thanksgiving Story.

"I BET anything, Felicia Waring's sold the place," said Sarah Drake excitedly, standing with alert eye laid closely to the raised edge of the window-blind. "It's the same man that was there yesterday and day before, and land knows what he'd be goin' there three days hand runnin' for if he ain't dickerin' for the house."

"Mebby its some one runnin' after Letty," her daughter conjectured coming to the window. Her mother echoed her remark with a scornful inflection. "Let Felicia Waring alone for getting rid of him 'fore this if that's what he was after."

"She's run off every beau Letty's had yet, and I guess she means to keep it up long as she lives. I never saw anything like that woman's selfishness, never. It ain't enough she's spoilt her own life and poor Col. Stacy's with her narrow unchristian notions but she must take it into her head to spoil Letty's too."

"I guess it would have hurt her pride more'n anything else to have had Letty marry into the Colonel's family after all that's happened."

"I call it a low sneakin' kind of pride for a Christian woman to be holdin' feelin's all these years against a man because her father was fool enough to get in debt to him. She'd sell the house for a song, if only 'twould keep him out of it. She's never deserved the favor he's showed her all these years, keepin' up her spite through it all. I guess she's found out she can't pay the interest on the mortgage any longer and means to play the Stacy's out of it if she can. She'd sell it for the exact sum its mortgaged for rather than have it fall

into their hands. You watch and see if what I say don't come true."

Sarah was indeed a true prophet.

In the parlor of the mansion that had been the roof tree of four generations of Warings—Felicia, daughter of the last male representative of the old colonial stock, was signing the papers that transferred to Henry Wrightman sole ownership of the home that had sheltered a direct line of Warings from the first settlement of the English under a royal charter down to the present hour. The act was the denouement of series of misfortunes that had commenced in Felicia's girlhood sixteen years before, interrupting a steady family stability that had seemed hitherto to have been built upon a rock. Temptation had assailed Robert Waring in the form of various speculations, and in five years time his money, railroad stocks, and home had been sacrificed to make up for the mistakes into which his cupidity and weak judgment had led him. Having gotten his affairs into this inextricable mess, Felicia's father died, leaving the problem which had proven too much for him, to the hands of his daughter.

Chance or providence was willing to favor her. An offer came from the man who held the mortgage on the homestead to cancel without consideration the claim he held, and make over to Felicia a clear title to the property. The pains taken by fate to settle Felicias difficulties in the easiest and most direct way possible proved to have been fruitless. The pride that was inherent in the Warings, augmented by circumstances of a deeply personal nature caused her to make a firm rejection of the magnanimous offer. But though while declining to accept as a gift the home which she believed rightfully to belong to her, she yet declared with equal determination to

keep her hold upon it as long as power remained to her to retain lawful possession of the place.

The secret of Felicia's antagonistic attitude was in a romantic story. Fifteen years before Felicia and Roscoe Stacy had been engaged and the young lawyer had purchased property next to the Waring estate with the view of yielding to Felicia's wish to remain in the place of her birth when they were married rather than in Boston where the home, family, and interests of her affianced were centered. In the spring of the following year work was to be commenced on the new dwelling; and in the meantime Roscoe was to remain in Boston to obtain what practice he might gain from connection with the eminent law firm with whom he had studied. Not a cloud marred the brightness of the sky of love and happiness when they parted for the winter, but at its end the dream of bliss in which they had long been indulging was over.

Throughout the winter reports came to Felicia that her fiancée, so far from living solitary and joyless, cut off from the society of her whom he had sworn could alone make perfect sunshine in his life, was in reality enjoying himself to an extremely noticeable extent in the society of a lively belle of Boston, who was as noted for her beauty as she was for her coquetry.

Felicia's pride was instantly aflame, and in accordance with the decision of character peculiar to her she decided to see for herself if the reports were correct. Repairing quietly to Boston where she was made welcome at the home of a friend, she was able to go about and observe enough in a quiet way to become assured that the rumors were indeed founded upon fact—her fiancée being in almost constant attendance

upon the fascinating and imperious beauty.

Felicia was not one to bear such humiliating treatment lightly; and though the word that went from her directly upon her return home, brought young Waring to her side with earnest and sincere disclaimers of serious devotion or intention towards the other so-called "flame," asserting that as a guest in her home and a partner in her father's firm it had become somewhat an expected duty for him to attend the daughter in public places, the father's ill-health confining him to his room. Yet Felicia remained unappeased in her resentment, and declared the rupture final. Finding her deaf to his continued overtures for reconciliation, he finally departed; and in a year's time Felicia heard of his marriage to a young widow—the Boston beauty being left to her sport of capturing hearts for some three years afterward, when she bestowed her hand upon a German count who had yielded in a brief time to her fascination and beauty. After an absence of six years Roscoe Stacy returned and utilized the land he had bought long since for Felicia's dwelling place, for a home for himself and the motherless step-son left to his care. His wife had died after their return to America, leaving the child of her first marriage to Roscoe Stacy's tender guardianship.

It was at this time that Robert Waring plunged into the speculation that ruined his fortunes; and in his strait it was to his once prospective son-in-law that he turned for help.

Having lost all else, he at last mortgaged the homestead—determining to hazard his most precious inheritance upon the scheme that was to make or mar his life. The scheme failed; and some slight connection of Roscoe Stacy's

with the enterprise, gave occasion to a hasty remark from Robert Waring—thoughtless as it was unjust, but which fixed in Felicia's mind beyond redemption the belief that her jilted lover had been instrumental in causing the failure of the project in order to hold in his hands a way of effecting a complete revenge for the humiliation he had suffered at her hands.

In less than a year from the bursting of the bubble that destroyed Robert Waring's last hope, the man died, broken down by the weight of misfortune that he had brought upon himself. It was at this juncture that Col. Stacy—the title coming to him through his appointment to a position in a corps of the State militia—came forward with an offer to annul the mortgage that held Felicia's home at his mercy—the proposition being couched in such delicate and sympathetic terms that any but one cursed with Felicia's insane pride must have been melted into grateful forgetfulness of any and all wrongs.

But Felicia had suffered sorely through past slights and disappointments; her father's poisoned words were fresh in her ears; and she freezingly declined the generous offer—registering, however, at the same time a mental vow to make desperate efforts to keep her inheritance from falling into the hands of her enemy till time should relieve her of the need of an earthly roof to shelter her head. This she could do legally and without the acceptance of charity by keeping the interest paid up on the mortgage.

She met it for a year or two by means of aid coming through a monthly allowance remitted by a distant relative on her mother's side. This failed suddenly through the death of the donor—the near heirs showing themselves capable of doing away with all that remained of

their grand-father's property, without outside aid. Then, little by little, Felicia's family possessions—horses, carriages, jewels, plate and even furniture and pictures went to dealers in Boston.

In recent years an orphan niece had come to make her home with Felicia—relieving her absolute loneliness; and as time passed, and the house grew bare under its constant depletion for the monthly interest, to say nothing of current expenses incurred by actual daily needs—the young girl sought to brighten affairs by putting a brave shoulder to the wheel of fortune and by personal effort make what was necessary for their livelihood and the other drain; but Felicia's pride rebelled against this vulgar remedy, and her resolute foot was set on every enterprise that Letty's fertile brain could suggest. So the drain went on; and the house gradually took on the aspect of an uninhabited barn, under the constant vandalism that was perforce carried on by the desperate mistress.

Finally the clever and artful Letty resorted to a subterfuge. Gowns, bonnets and sundry other articles were conveyed in secret to Letty's room, and there made or remade—trimmed or retrimmed to the entire satisfaction of owners and the delight and pride of the clever needlewoman, who took the pay which was promptly remitted for expenses of the household. In hours when Felicia slept soundly in her lonely room, or brooded sullenly on the wrong that had cheated her of happiness, Letty's deft fingers were busy at her tasks—and the many comforts that came into the house under the guise of gifts from some neighbors, were in reality the fruits of Letty's secret labor.

Of course the people for whom Letty

worked had to be let into the knowledge of Felicia's attitude, and "Letty's trick" as they called it, was a never failing source of conversation and delight amongst those of the townspeople who knew it.

"I'll bet all I own," Sarah Drake was fond of declaring, "That if Felicia Waring knew, when she's settin' in Church that half the bunnits in meetin' is made by Letty Gray, it would upheave her so she'd never be able to foller out a head in the sermon." And it was Sarah's insatiable curiosity to know just how Felicia would conduct herself under the existing circumstances, that led round as she afterward expressed it, to her "letting the cat out of the bag, for certain.

It happened that Felicia one Sunday morning came in and took her place on the seat in front of Sarah, and Sarah's discretion was not proof against the tempting opportunity presented by the occasion. As Felicia settled herself in her seat Sarah leaned over and whispered: "That bunnit in front of us beats any Boston milliner I ever saw. I wonder Letty don't set up shop instead of workin' at home. She'd get custom right along. She's pleased everybody she's sewed for yet, and I don't believe but what she'd do splendid with a store."

Though Felicia made no reply, her wrathful looks and manner during the service were sufficient recompense to Sarah for her venturesome shaft. But the gain to her of this brief entertainment, was the loss to the community of Letty's tasteful handiwork. None knew what passed between Felicia and her niece, but the latter ceased suddenly to solicit work, and people were too kind to force their offers upon her; so the brief spell of happy independent living was past, and all that remained to them now was to make the most of such income

as the household articles left them would continue to bring in.

It was a favorite question with the people of the town whether this episode of Letty's or her affair with Col. Stacy's step-son had been the most humiliating of Felicia's later troubles. It was a mystery to many how any friendship or intimacy had sprung up between the young people under the blighting shadow of Felicia's feud. To some of the narrower-minded, it savored of disloyalty on Letty's part to accept or encourage the first degree of attention from a representative of the alien house. But Letty's fault was not disloyalty, if fault there had been. Indeed, it would have taken a more vindictive nature than Letty's to have stood out against the charming frankness and friendliness of Charlie Condon's attitude toward the Waring household.

Having met in a conventional way at a friend's house it would have been contrary to good-breeding for the young people to totally ignore each other afterward in meeting which the fact of their being close neighbors made quite frequent—and before they knew it, the two had drifted first into a delightful comradeship, and later into a genuine courtship that was only interrupted by the chance revelation to Felicia of the status of affairs.

To Felicia's vision, the overtures of Roscoe Stacy's heir to gain a footing in her family was but evidence of another deep-laid plot upon the part of her old enemy to humiliate her by causing the failure of her life-long purpose. Felicia, however, had sacrificed too much already to secure her partial revenge for her wrongs, to rest supinely under this fancied outrage at Letty's hands; and in her argument with the latter upon the subject, she spared neither prayers, tears,

nor reproaches to accomplish her end. It ended in Letty's sensitive and sympathetic nature yielding to her aunt's selfish demands, and in the year that had passed since Felicia's discovery of the affair Letty had remained firm against every attempt made by her lover to renew their courtship. After many vain attempts to move her, the young man had at last gone away in despair; report giving it that he had gone to Australia for the purpose of building up an independent fame and fortune in that new centre of civilization. Finally the two alternatives that had threatened Felicia for years stood at her threshold; and the choice now was to sell the place to some outside party or relinquish it into the maw of the Stacy dragon. Needless to say Felicia had chosen the former. To consummate the sale in time however, she had been forced to sell the place for only five hundred dollars more than the amount of the mortgage; and with this sum she and Letty were to begin life anew in another locality. By this time hard experience had taught her that necessities of life were not rained down without toil or forethought into the laps of indigent spinsters, and she had been forced to yield unwillingly to the prospect of Letty's taking a position that would ensure their meeting the expenses of their new life.

A friend of Letty's in Boston had secured her a place as governess in a family residing in the aristocratic precincts of the Back Bay—the hours allowing her her time after five in the afternoons besides Saturdays and Sundays to spend at home with Felicia. Letty was to go to the city before hand to secure apartments and Felicia was to remain with the house till the new owners took possession on the first of the next month.

The two were discussing their prospects now after the agent whose business Sarah Drake had prophetically conjectured had left the house.

"You hav'nt long to look about for apartments, Letty, remember," Felicia said. "I want you to be back here to spend Thanksgiving day, and that gives you just three days to look up a suitable flat. We shall need Friday to pack up so as to get away Saturday. I couldn't stay an hour in the house after strangers are in it." There was a little tremor in her voice, the first sign of weakness she had displayed since negotiations had been opened for the sale.

Letty did not dare to look up, for her own heart was sore and she feared a glance or word might cause an ignominious flood of tears.

"Nettie knows the best localities," she replied, "and with her help I don't suppose it will take long to choose.

"Of course I shall be home to spend Thanksgiving day. I shouldn't think of missing it."

"I shall get most of the packing done while you're away," observed Felicia, "so there wont be anything much to do but rest till Saturday."

"I hope you wont tear things up till Friday Aunt Felicia," said Letty pleadingly, "there's not so much left to pack that we can't get through Friday, and it will make a tomb of the house to strip it any barer than it is. Let's have our last days here as cheerful as possible."

"I shall have Martha cook a good dinner Thanksgiving day," Felicia returned without committing herself in reply to Letty's remarks. Her niece knew what it forebadē.

It was three o'clock of the following afternoon that Letty took her place in

the train that was to transport her to Boston. As she looked out of the window before starting, she saw the Stacy carriage drive away, and supposed that the Colonel was on the train, bound possibly also for Boston. As they started, she turned from the window to glance at her neighbors in the car; but a glimpse of a pair of broad shoulders and a handsome familiar profile a few seats in front, held her gaze instantly, and set her heart into a joyful sort of palpitation. She had thought him thousands of miles away, and in spite of the absolute hopelessness of anything transpiring from their meeting—yet it gave her a warm, glad little feeling of comfort to think that he was at least near. She sat tremulously hoping and yet dreading that he would turn her way—fearing that if he should speak to her in her present loneliness and hopelessness, that she might be surprised into the revelation of the weakness that had assailed her spirits during the last few months. It was with almost a piteous feeling of disappointment, however, that she saw him, when the train finally stopped at their destination, take his valise and leave the car without having once turned in her direction. He had been seemingly engrossed in conversation with his companion—who by the way was Mr. Wrightman, the man who had purchased the Waring property—and Letty could not suppress a pang of resentment toward the man who had kept from her the small comfort of a glance from her lover's eyes.

It was quite dark when she stepped outside, and she looked about eagerly hoping that Nettie would have found time to come and meet her. Her friend's many domestic duties had doubtless interfered, however, and Letty chided herself for the momentary weakness that

made the tears rush to her eyes in a sudden sense of overwhelming loneliness. She had her friend's address by heart, and taking courage she started across an open space toward a line of street-cars, knowing she should soon reach the shelter of Nettie's generous roof-tree.

She could not tell how it happened, but as she hurried towards the cars suddenly some big black breathing thing rushed swiftly round a curve—there were shrieks and cries from a hundred people standing round—then as the hot sweeping air from the engine swept close in her face, a deadly but happy blindness of sight and sound and sense came upon her, she fell forward upon the ground.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE love of home may indeed be considered as a test of the goodness of the human heart; for without it neither the domestic nor patriotic virtues can be said to exist. It is, of all our feelings, the most generous and amiable, and if duly cherished will ever prove one of the best preventatives of vanity, selfishness and dissipation, of discontent, turbulence and disaffection. Home is the haven to which, after all the storms and vexations of life, we return with the added conviction that if happiness be resident anywhere on earth it is only to be found within its still retreats, where vice and folly stand aloof, and where the soul, uncontaminated by its passage through the world can prepare in peace and in the sunshine of domestic love for that not dreaded hour when the frame it now inhabits shall mingle with its parent dust.

THE light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things.

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NECESSITY OF FAMILY RECORDS.

THE revelations of the Lord through the Prophet Joseph concerning the redemption of the dead, and the ordinances necessary to be performed in the temples in their behalf, are having a great effect upon the character of the Latter-day Saints. This effect will be more and more noticed as time rolls on. Even now it is not too much to say that the Latter-day Saints are more familiar with their ancestry than any other people of the same number in the world. With the bulk of mankind it is a matter of indifference as to who their progenitors are or where they came from. It is not uncommon to find people who cannot tell the names of their grandparents or of their uncles and aunts. They take no interest in relationship, and are utterly destitute of family pride. Among the nations, especially where there is an aristocracy, pride of birth is cultivated among that class. Care is taken to preserve the records of families of what is called noble origin, and it is a mark of superiority to be able to trace descent for generations and centuries. But this care in regard to pedigree prevails only among people of what is termed high birth. The masses have no reason to preserve their line of descent, and they take no pains whatever to preserve the names of their ancestors, and these names therefore soon fall into oblivion. The owners of cattle and horses, if they have good stock, take

pride in preserving the registry of the animals, as a well authenticated pedigree adds greatly to the value of the animal. But not so with mankind generally.

The Latter-day Saints see reasons now for being particular upon this point. The interest which they take in hunting up names of ancestors and collateral relatives excites surprise and arouses curiosity among many of their kindred outside of the Church. They can see no reason for this unless it be for the purpose of laying claim to property which may belong to the family. As the years roll by, the Latter-day Saints will become more and more familiar with their origin and the names of their ancestors. It is a very interesting pursuit to all who will take time to make enquiries and to trace their families back; but it is particularly so to the Latter-day Saints, for they have the strongest of motives to encourage them in the search after the names of their progenitors. The taste for this is increasing among our people, and the best methods of obtaining this very desirable information are being adopted. Familiarity with these methods will add greatly to the store of knowledge, and such knowledge will have the effect to bind the people together. Already there are numerous families among us which find themselves related to each other through becoming acquainted with their genealogy. Until they searched the records that they had access to, they never dreamed of such relationship.

The experience people gain in hunting up the names of their kindred, impresses upon them the value of keeping records correctly, and it will lead doubtless to the adoption of a system of family records among us that will be of exceeding value to future generations. Every family should have a record in which

births and names and other particulars are carefully kept, and these should be kept in such a way that they can be preserved in the family archives for the benefit of descendants.

Is it too much to expect that that which is being done in this direction is going to have a marked and perhaps elevating effect upon the people? While the superiority that so-called men of birth have frequently assumed because of the length of their pedigree, has been very offensive and objectionable, and has tended to foster a pride that in many cases excites contempt, still it has a good effect on many characters to know they belong to an honorable family and ancestry. Men frequently are restrained from doing dishonorable things because of the disgrace such acts would bring upon a family that had always borne an honorable and unsullied name. Under proper circumstances and with right feeling this is a happy feature. In a community like ours, where equality prevails, the preservation of genealogical records is not likely to be attended with bad results. If family pride be developed, it ought to be of a healthy and proper character.

AFFAIRS IN TURKEY,

Just now the attitude of Turkey towards the Christians under jurisdiction is exciting considerable discussion, and it is the fashion to say a great many hard things against the Turks. The government of Turkey is arbitrary and perhaps cruel; but it suits the purpose of a great many people to color the acts of Turkey so as to impress the Christian nations with the necessity of doing something to favor their people who, either as missionaries or as residents, are brought in contact with the Turks.

It is interesting, however, to see in a

very popular magazine, *Fortnightly Review*, some words in defense of the Turks. This writer blames the Sultan for the condition of things which exists at the present time, and for the outbreaks against the Armenians. He denies, however, that these outbreaks are religious, but calls them racial—that is, a conflict between the races. He declares, “the religion of Mahomet is perfectly suited to the Oriental;” and adds, “Nay, I will go farther, and say that it is infinitely better for him, infinitely more likely to produce peace and goodwill amongst the various creeds and races which make up the Ottoman empire than Christianity.” He says, “When we talk of the horror of Mahomet’s teaching, or only see the cimetar gleaming over the heads of his converts, we forget that for every man that perished by that weapon, thousands have passed under the swords of contending sects of Christians, have been racked, burned, martyred, and their homes laid waste.” He describes the Turk as a law-abiding man, an excellent father, a sober, laborious husbandman; and adds, “The lower orders of Mahometans generally throughout the world compare more than favorably in morals with the corresponding class in Christendom.” He proceeds to test the Mahometans and the Christians by means of the ten commandments, and awards to the Mahometans a stricter observance of these commandments in their lives than can be found in the lives of Christians, though these ten commandments are a part of the religion of Christians.

It is not a safe plan, as Latter-day Saints have had abundant reason to know, to judge or condemn a people on the testimony of those who are opposed to them. There are many people who think the Turk ought to be rooted out;

that he is actually unfit for civilization; but those who express themselves in that way are very unfit to give testimony, for their prejudices are so strong that they are blinded by them, and they would perform cruel and inhuman acts to carry out their ideas. It is this spirit that filled France with religious wars, and that caused the Huguenots to be driven from her borders. The same spirit also, in many other lands, not to speak of our own land and our own experience, has produced dreadful results in war and misery, and the shedding of torrents of blood.

It is interesting to read statements such as we quote from, as it gives us another side of the picture, and furnishes reasons for not accepting as true all that appears in the newspapers of the day concerning the condition of affairs in the Turkish empire.

SOME OBSERVATIONS IN ENGLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 669.)

IN going from the docks to the heart of the city of Liverpool the new comer is bewildered with the rush of business on all sides. First he sees a procession of heavy wagons, built strong enough to hold from twelve to fourteen tons of freight and drawn by five large draught horses that look and walk like elephants, being so ponderous in their movements. The clatter of their hoofs and the grinding sound of the heavily laden wagons as they roll over the hard stone pavement, are heard from early morning till late at night in the busy streets of the city.

The beauties that attract the eye first when in the business part of the city, are the shop windows. This display of goods is most remarkable. It is the general custom to place in the window

a sample of everything carried in stock, with the price marked on each article. People are generally expected to select what they wish to purchase from what they see from the outside, and some of the merchants announce that they keep nothing but what is thus exhibited, so people need not make inquiry or enter the shop if what they want is not seen in front.

It is fully as interesting to view the displays made on the business streets of large cities here, as it is to attend one of our State annual fairs. Almost everything imaginable is placed on exhibition. The most brilliant display is seen in the jewelers' window, here can be seen everything that can be conceived of in the way of jewelry. There are long rows of gold and silver and jeweled watches, all varieties of chains, rings, bracelets, pins, broaches, badges, buttons and ornaments. Diamonds, pearls, and other gems are displayed in profusion, and the value of what can be seen in a single window would amount to many thousands of pounds.

In the confectioner's window may be seen great piles of candy, impressing the beholder with the idea that it is as plentiful as coal.

The shoe dealer will have his window filled with boots, shoes and slippers of all shapes, sizes, styles, and colors; and yet it is said to be difficult to get a pair of comfortable English shoes.

The tailor or clothier usually exhibits his cloth in the piece, and makes clothing to order. Ready made men's suits are not so plentiful as in America.

It would be tiresome to enumerate all the lines of articles displayed in the shop-windows. It is somewhat amusing to see what strange things are exhibited. Dentists have artificial teeth grinning at the passers by; opticians place in their

windows glass eyes that stare out at people; the surgical mechanic shows artificial limbs; and the undertaker places in his display window a row of coffins. Besides these there are all kinds of wax figures and mechanical contrivances to attract attention.

Along the busy streets may also be seen numerous peddlers hawking all sorts of toys and cheap jewelry.

Many of the stores that make such a grand display in their windows disappoint a person on entering. They are quite small and seem to have very little inside. All their goods are packed away in their wrappers or boxes, and the purchaser is expected to describe just what he wants before any goods are opened for inspection.

The poorer and better classes of people live in separate parts of the cities, and even do their shopping in different streets.

It is quite an interesting sight to see the great variety of ladies' costumes on some of the principal business streets on a fine afternoon. The climate is so favorable for a good complexion that most of the women have beautiful faces.

Whether rich or poor the people seem to make the best of their lot. They seem contented and appear happy and cheerful. They are very fond of social pleasures, but apparently they do not have the opportunities to participate in such enjoyments as do the people of Utah. The city authorities and wealthy men have provided many things for the comfort and pleasure of the people. In or near every city or town are to be found beautiful parks, well kept and commodious. These are all free to the public; and it is indeed a treat to walk through them and see the people enjoy themselves there.

So well provided are the people with

comforts in the way of public improvements and general protection of life and property that they should be a happy people. Were it not for the blight of drink and its attendant evils, England might be looked upon as a paradise.

As stated above, the people are fond of amusement, and the theaters are well patronized, and the best of shows can be seen for a very small price. Besides there are numerous street performers of various kinds, who go about and perform for the amusement of children. The very poorest in this way have an opportunity to enjoy such exhibitions as minstrel shows, comic singers, Punch and Judy performances, etc., without paying for them, as the performers only depend on what they receive as a voluntary donation; no one is compelled to pay. The people, however, are very sympathetic and willing to assist any movement. They contribute quite freely to the blind or crippled, who may be singing on the streets for the purpose of gaining a livelihood. They are so accustomed to pay for everything they get, that they do not forget to hand over a copper whenever occasion presents itself.

The Latter-day Saint missionaries are sometimes amused while holding an open-air meeting, when, while attempting to sing, coppers are thrown to them. Sympathetic persons who hear them sometimes think quite innocently, that they are singing for charity. Then it is an unusual thing to see men preaching the gospel freely, without money and without price. Other denominations take up collections in their halls and on the streets.

To those born in Utah street preaching seems a strange proceeding. In England it is quite common, and it is usually an easy matter to gather a

crowd, and generally the listeners will remain very attentive. The preaching of the Latter-day Saints is so different to what they hear so often repeated, "Only believe and you are saved," that it interests sensible people, and they are willing to listen, though slow to comprehend and obey.

The people are full of curiosity though nothing will astonish them. It is an easy matter to gather a crowd on the street. Some street preachers resort to various methods for gathering a crowd. Some will perform queer antics, blow a bugle call on a cornet, or play a tune on some musical instrument. Occasionally some drunken fellow will try to disturb a street meeting by interrupting the speaker, but the English people are so fond of fair play that they will not put up with such behavior, and generally such intruders are silenced by men in the crowd who are either in sympathy with the speaker, or who want fair play.

Generally speaking the attention paid to the Mormon Elders while speaking in the open air, does credit to the listeners, and would be an object lesson on good conduct to many people in Utah. Even the urchins playing in the streets often pay the best of attention.

Another noticeable feature of street gatherings is the absence of profanity. No matter what class of men one mingles with, or how much excitement is aroused it is seldom that the name of the Deity is taken in vain. The observance of the Sabbath is not as complete as it might be, yet the streets are quiet, especially in the forepart of the day, when shops are all closed and not even the street cars are running.

Many perhaps wonder how so many millions find employment in such thickly populated places. Well there are many occupations followed here that are un-

known in Utah. Besides the people employed in the numerous manufacturing establishments, the mercantile houses, the railway service, and the occupations common to Utah, many thousands find employment in the ocean traffic, and about the ship docks. One kind of business makes it necessary to introduce another, and thus the occupations are multiplied. Instead of railway and steamship facilities for travel lessening the use for horses and carriages, they increase their use. People travel more and do more shipping of goods from place to place; and to get the people as well as their goods to and from the railway stations and steamship landings, a great many conveyances are used. It is said that in London alone, there are 30,000 hackdrivers employed. In many business houses men are employed to do nothing but stand in front of the premises and invite passers by to step in and make their purchases. There they stand from morning till night like fixtures or "dummies" such as clothiers use for displaying their goods. Others are employed walking about the streets with sign boards hung over their shoulders, to advertise theater attractions and mercantile business in general.

In all the towns and cities of England are market places. Some of them are open squares while others are covered and walled in. These are always interesting places to the visitor. At these markets all kinds of produce and merchandise are exhibited for sale, and it is quite a sight to see the people that throng the places, especially on Saturday afternoon and evening. The various articles are classified and in separate divisions. In one part are flowers only, and the display is most beautiful; and the quantity and variety astonish the beholder. Another part is filled with

fruits exhibited in the most attractive style. Vegetables are found in another place; then there are all sorts of merchandise in separate places. The fish market is generally in a separate building on account of the strong smell of the fish. If one could hold his breath while going through the fish market he would greatly enjoy it. As it is he loses his appetite for fish by visiting the market.

The great variety of character represented on the streets of the large cities is very noticeable. One interested in observing and studying human nature might entertain himself day after day in watching the people as they move and act. The whole life of the lower classes is like an open book to the public. They seem to live almost entirely in the streets. The children play there, they eat there, and there is where they receive their training as well as their scolding, their spanking and other species of correction. Men quarrel with their wives, and neighbors quarrel with each other right in the open streets, and often gather crowds about them from the passers by who are attracted by the "show." In the sea-port towns nearly all nationalities are represented, and almost every variety of costume is to be seen.

I have often thought that peculiar characters represented in plays were greatly overdrawn, but now I think differently, for in England all kinds of characters are seen and heard in real life on the streets.

In all cities and towns the houses are built in and all joined together. Generally they are built of brick, but in many places they are built entirely of cut stone. If there is any door-yard connected with the house it is only a small space. Only rich people have

houses surrounded with orchards or gardens, and their homes are on the outskirts of the towns.

The streets are crooked, and winding in every direction, so that it is impossible to keep posted on the directions of the compass. They are all paved, and it is almost impossible to set foot on the bare ground within the cities. The country roads are also well made, and free from mud.

It is a great treat to one who has been some time in a city to get out into the open country. In the city he sees nothing but buildings, hard paved streets, and the people, the animals and the vehicles that move about. The houses are so closely built that he never sees the sun rise nor set; and as it rains so frequently he seldom sees the sun shine. It is therefore like going to another world when he gets out into the country where he can see the green grass, the trees and the rest of the landscape spread out before him. On account of so much moisture the grass is always green and the country is so well cultivated that it is always beautiful and picturesque.

There is one feature of the English people that is very commendable and readily noticed by the visitor from America, as it strikes him so favorably in contrast to what he is accustomed to at home. I refer to the politeness of the people, and especially of the officials everywhere. I do not mean to imply that the people generally in America are not polite, but the officials on railways and other public institutions are noted for their lack of courtesy. It is a pleasure to do business in England, as one meets with kind treatment everywhere. In their social intercourse the people are generally very agreeable and pleasant in their manners. They are fond of sociability and are usually very

talkative, and full of good nature and merriment.

It would take too long to tell of all the peculiarities of the English people, for it is in the small details of their affairs that they differ from the American people. In a general way they do not differ so much; but by living with them for a considerable length of time, one learns of many simple customs that are different to ours. For instance they make it a practice to have four meals a day. They have "tea" early in the evening and supper at a later hour. Their "tea" is usually only a cup of tea and a light luncheon of thin slices of bread well buttered, and perhaps some fruit. The only objection an American would have to the bread, is that the slices are so thin that one hungry person could eat all that is placed on the table to supply a whole family, and that without any inconvenience. But a person is not supposed to be hungry at "tea" time, and the light meal is merely served to keep one from getting hungry before the regular supper is partaken of. It serves its purpose well enough in England, but with us it is customary only to eat when we are hungry, and when we can get a "good square meal."

People in England, as well as in America, are annoyed with peddlers and book agents, and to save going to the door every time a knock is heard some of them have mirrors fastened to the sides of their windows so they can see by looking in the mirror who is at the door without opening for him. Missionaries often find it difficult to get people to come to their doors when distributing tracts, as they are taken for book agents.

As a rule the rooms in the dwelling houses are quite small and cosy, and as

far as I have observed they are kept very clean and tidy. Stoves are not used. The fires for cooking as well as for heating are built in the fire-places. There are advantages as well as disadvantages in this. The advantages are: a fire in the grate is healthier than one in the stove, the poor do not need to furnish themselves with stoves, the fire-place takes up less room in the house, and when a railing is kept in front of it children are safe from being burned or scalded.

Missionary.

BESIEGED BY WOLVES.

THE adventure I am about to relate occurred in San Juan County, Colorado, late in the fall of 1889.

My partner, Abe Wilson, and I had spent the previous summer in prospecting the numerous gulches and canons opening into Elk Park, one of the fairest stretches of diversified landscape to be found in the whole Rocky Mountain region.

About two weeks before the time at which my story opens, we had found some rich-looking "float," traced it up the valley for several hundred yards, and finally bumped our weather-beaten noses against as "showy" a "cropping" as ever flashed hope into a hungry prospector's heart.

We brought up the "jacks" (burros,) unpacked them, and then fell to work with shovel and pick at a rate that bade fair to insure to us speedy fortunes, if our "find" only proved to be worth half the effort we put forth.

Day after day we toiled, Abe swinging the hammer, while I held the drill. The first five feet had put us into what would have been "shipping" ore at any point on a railroad; the blow-pipe assay

showed an increase in value of every ton we "broke out," and we began to assure each other that we were the owners of a veritable bonanza.

Then, all at once, we came face to face with a difficulty. I opened a box supposed to contain giant powder—the last of our store—and found it packed full of withered potatoes. The rascally prospector of whom we had purchased it had tricked us.

I called Abe into the tent and silently pointed to the ancient tubers, for which we had been duped into paying twenty-five cents a pound,—not to mention the trouble of having packed them over some fifty or sixty miles of mountain trails.

"That's what you get for trying to help other people," he remarked, giving the box a kick that scattered its contents all about the tent. "That fellow said his mother was sick, and he wanted to raise enough money to carry him home. Well, maybe we'll have the luck to meet him again some day."

"Is there any place nearer than Silverton where we can buy powder?" I asked.

"We might get some at the store down in the gap," he replied, "but that's a good sixteen miles away. I'll take one of the jacks, an' go down an' try to get some."

"No, Abe, I'll go. I am a faster walker than you; and besides, you can work single-handed better than I can.

You finish the round of holes we've been working on, and I'll be back before midnight."

In five minutes I was ready to start. I decided not to take a jack,—the slowest and laziest of animals,—knowing that I could make better time without such company, even with a box of powder to carry on the return trip.

With a careless "So long!" to Abe, I started down the hill. I had almost reached the bottom when I heard him shout my name, and I faced about to see what he wanted.

"You had better buy an axe while you are down there, Charley," he bawled. "We shall need one a piece to put up the cabin!"

I waved my hand to signify that I understood, and continued my journey.

It was about one o'clock when I started, and reached the store a little before dark. When I left the "Golden Treasure," as we had euphoniously dubbed our prospect hole, the weather had been warm and clear. During the last hour of my journey, however, a keen north wind had sprung up, bringing with it scurrying, fleecy-edged clouds bearing in their somber bosoms the first severe storm of the season.

In response to my inquiry for powder, the store-keeper told me that he had sold the last stick the day before. He had sent to Silverton for a fresh supply, he said, but did not expect to receive it under a week.

"Haven't you anything that we can use for blasting?" I enquired, greatly annoyed to think that my long walk was likely to prove fruitless.

"I believe I have two five-pound cans of black powder. You can take that if you are not afraid to use it."

"All right; I'll take it," I replied.

"We may be able to manage with it until your new stock comes in." He put the cans on the counter in front of me, and I asked for an axe.

"Sorry to disappoint you again," he said, "but I've also sold my last axe. I'll tell you what I can do, though; I have two out at the wood-pile, and I'll lend you one of them until I get in my new stock."

I accepted his offer with thanks, and while he went after the axe, I took off my belt and ran it through the bales of the powder cans, so that I might carry them over my shoulder, one in front and one behind. Then I drew out a pocket lunch I had brought with me, and proceeded to fortify the material man against the return tramp.

Presently the store-keeper returned, carrying the axe in one hand and a hind leg of fresh venison in the other. "I swapped some coffee and flour to some Utes for a fat buck the other day," he said, "and I find that I have more than I can use. I thought you and your partner might like some of it, and you are welcome to this hind quarter if you think you can carry it." I accepted it gladly, thanked him heartily for his kindness, and picking up my traps, I bade him goodnight and started on my long tramp back to camp.

I was muscular and sinewy, and possessed considerable power of endurance in those days, so the idea of a thirty-two mile walk between noon and midnight bothered me not a bit. The only thing I did mind as the weather, which I could not say was exactly to my liking. The wind almost died away, but the cold moist touch of a stray snowflake on my face every time I glanced up at the starless sky, warned me to put forth my best efforts if I desired to reach shelter with a dry skin.

When I had covered perhaps seven or eight miles, the big flakes began to come down in earnest, and the more thickly they fell, the slower I progressed. Several times I halted decided to build a fire and camp among the cedars till morning; and then I would think of Abe lying awake and waiting for me in our little tent on the lone mountain side, and trudge on again. Had the

night been clear and the trail dry, I believe I could have covered the distance without a halt; but this kind of traveling was another matter. By the time I had walked, as I judged, a dozen miles I was sweating from every pore, and pretty well exhausted. A little further along I bumped into an enormous boulder of many tons weight standing beside the trail, and choosing the sheltered side of it, I sat down to regain my breath.

I must have been very tired to fall asleep as quickly as I did, as I was not even conscious that I was sleepy, until I awoke with a start to find my body bathed in a cold perspiration, and my heart pounding against my chest like a steam hammer.

At that moment a long drawn, blood-curdling howl swelled out on the silence from something close in my rear, and was almost immediately responded to by another like discord in front.

By this time my wandering senses had entirely returned, and I arose to my feet with a scornful laugh to think that I should have permitted myself to be frightened by the howl of a wolf even in my sleep.

Just then the night prowler again awoke the echoes, and this time I seemed to detect a half savage, half hungry note in his call, so I carelessly passed my hand to my right hip to make sure that my six-shooter was ready at hand. Then a chill of something very much like fear ran over me, when I recollected that I had left the trusty weapon at home. However, I was too proud to admit that I was frightened, though candor compels me to acknowledge that I would have been willing to give a large interest in the Golden Treasure for the privilege of being safely tucked between my blankets at that mo-

ment. But there were several mountain miles between those blankets and me, as you know, so I began to resume my load with the intention of making the best possible time to them.

I adjusted the powder cans over my shoulder, and then stooped to pick up the venison, which had dropped from my hand while I slept. As I grasped it, a long gray snout stole around a corner of the boulder and two rows of white and gleaming teeth snapped like castanets in an abortive effort to fasten themselves into the delicacy.

Forgetting the axe, which I held in my left hand, I kicked at the wolf with my heavy boot, but when he snapped at my foot, then sprang back a pace, bared his cruel teeth and stood his ground, I swung the heavy weapon in the air and aimed a crashing blow at his head.

Then, for the first time, I fully realized my danger. In response to his howl, a dozen lean brutes glided out of the shadows and ranged themselves about him, and a dozen sets of fangs, crowned by twice that number of gleaming orbs, menaced me out of the darkness.

In such a situation as that, even the dullest man is apt to think quickly. The next moment I hurled the venison ham among the pack and braced my back against the boulder.

Then it flashed across my mind that the safest place for me was on top of that rock, not at its base, and I began to pass my hands over its sides, seeking a foothold by which to ascend.

I had passed perhaps half way around the boulder without finding a crevice large enough to contain even the toe of my boot, when I stumbled against the limb of a tree, probably washed down from the mountain side in a flood. It was half as thick as a man's body, and just the step-ladder I wanted. It was

the work of a second to slant it against the boulder, and before the pack had finished quarreling over the last morsel of venison, I had gained a secure perch three feet above the longest reach of my enemies snouts.

Not a moment too soon, though. By the time I had got myself comfortably settled, the hungry dozen came trotting out of the darkness, and I could hear them snuffing inquisitively at the base of my refuge—especially at the spot where I had dozed and the venison had lain.

I hoped that they would presently give it up as a bad job and depart in search of more desirable game, but I was badly mistaken. The minutes dragged along into an hour, and every little while I would notice two or three, sometimes half-a-dozen gaunt forms steal out of the shadows, plant themselves on their haunches, and calmly and meditatively survey me, as though considering how to dislodge me from my perch. About midnight the snow ceased falling and the moon shone out gloriously. Now I began to suffer from cold. A keen wind sprang up and swept down the gulch, chilling me to the bone, and I realized that I must devise some way out of the scrape, or run the risk of freezing to the rock on which I sat before morning. How to drive off the besiegers, there was the rub. I was tempted to leap down among them with the axe and engage in a hand to hand combat, but a moments' thought convinced me that the idea was no better than suicide.

As the night dragged along, my position became desperate in the extreme.

Most of the pack had withdrawn to a position thirty or forty feet from the boulder, where they lay plainly outlined against the snow. How I did wish for a gun! and thinking of a gun put an-

other idea into my head. I had two cans of powder, and a piece of fuse in my pocket—why not make a bomb and explode it among them?

In five minutes I had cut my fuse, extracted one of the stoppers, torn out a piece of my coat lining, and with that and my knife firmly tamped the fuse down on the powder, and my missile was ready for the match.

Then it occurred to me that it would be dangerous to retain the second can when the first was exploded. Rising to my feet, I hurled it as far as I could toward the the wolves. It fell a little to the right of them, and it had no sooner struck the ground than several of the hungry brutes pounced upon it as though they expected to find something edible. This was my chance to do execution, for the can I held would undoubtedly explode the other if thrown near enough to it. Striking a match, I touched it to the short fuse, threw the bomb forward with all my strength, and then jumped to the ground on the side furthest from the coming explosion.

I had barely time to run forward a couple of steps and throw myself at full length on the earth, when there came a double roar that seemed to shake the hills. The great boulder behind which I was sheltered rocked visibly, and I half expected to see it roll forward and crush me in its course.

As the thundering echoes died away up and down the gulch, I arose to my feet and walked over to the scene of the explosion.

Perhaps you think I found dead wolves galore. Well, there was not a sign of their recent presence, but the spots where the two powder cans had fallen were marked by depressions as large as good-sized buffalo wallows.

Shouldering the axe I made my way

to camp, where I found Abe anxiously awaiting me, and over a couple of cups of steaming coffee I told him the story much as I have related it to you.

H. Allen Clark.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

An Address.

To the Officers and Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—It has been a practice in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sanctioned by the word of the Lord, to fast and pray, and in this manner to seek for that faith which Saints should possess, and obtain that spirit of humility which we are commanded to cultivate.

Shortly after the arrival of the people in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the first Thursday in each month was set apart as a day of fasting and prayer. The members of the Church were enjoined to bring on that day their contributions for the relief and sustenance of the poor, and hand them to the Bishop of the ward.

At the time of the adoption of this regulation it was very convenient for the people generally to meet together in their places of worship on that day. The conditions were such that they, being of one faith, employers and employed, could leave their labor and devote a few hours to the worship of the Lord.

For many years these meetings were well attended, and they were of a most interesting character, and were a comfort and a strength to all who shared in them, as it was the practice for persons of both sexes to bear their testimony and take active part in them in each ward under the direction of the bishopric.

As the years rolled by conditions changed and it became more difficult for the people generally and especially those in steady employment to attend these meetings until at the present time they have dwindled to such an extent that comparatively few have the oppor-

tunity of attending them. Thursday as a day of fasting and prayer in the Church no longer serves the object for which it was intended.

Our attention has been called to this subject and after mature deliberation it has been decided to change the day that has heretofore been devoted to this purpose. Instead of the customary assemblage in the various wards throughout Zion on the first Thursday in each month we have concluded to set apart the first Sunday in every month as the day for the regular fast meeting.

Hereafter, therefore, we desire the Latter-day Saints, under the direction of the Presidents of Stakes and the Bishops, to meet in their several places of worship on the afternoon of the first Sunday in each month, whenever it can be done conveniently, and devote the meeting to the administration of the Sacrament, to the bearing of testimony by the members of the Church, to the blessing of children and the confirming of members in the Church, and to such other services as have usually been attended to at such meetings. We feel assured that excellent results will follow the giving of members of the Church an opportunity to bear their testimony to each other and to seek for the gifts which the Lord has promised to those who keep His commandments.

Care should also be taken on such occasions, to see that the wants of the poor are relieved by the contributions of the Saints in their behalf, that no cry of the indigent or suffering shall arise from our land in the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

In Salt Lake City, instead of the people meeting in the Tabernacle on the afternoon of the first Sunday in each month we have concluded that it will be better for that service to be dispensed with, and for the Latter-day Saints to meet in their several wards on that afternoon, so as to give all the members of the wards including the aged and infirm, and others who are unable to go to the Tabernacle, an opportunity to participate in the fast meeting and share in the blessings of the occasion. In other Stakes where general meetings are held as in this

city, we suggest that they also be dispensed with on the first Sunday of each month, and that the Saints meet in their place of worship in the several wards.

In some places the custom has arisen to consider it a fast to omit eating breakfast. This is not in accordance with the views and practice of the past. When fasts were observed in the early days, it was the rule to not partake of food from the previous day until after meeting in the afternoon of the fast day. In making donations to the poor also it has been the understanding that the food that would be necessary for the two meals should be donated to the poor, and as much more as those who are liberally inclined and have the means may feel disposed to give.

In giving this counsel to the Church upon this subject, we include all the missions where the Elders are laboring, either in the United States or in foreign lands. We think this arrangement will suit the convenience and circumstances of all the Latter-day Saints throughout the world, and we would like it to be observed by all the organized branches of the Church in every land, so that our fasting and praying may be uniform and the time be understood by all.

Before closing this address to the Saints, we feel led to say that if there should be sickness or any evil resting upon or threatening the people, these meetings furnish an excellent opportunity to bring such afflictions and troubles before the Lord. By approaching Him in the spirit of humility and union, we can supplicate Him to remove these afflictions or evils from the individuals, or from the people. Our past experience has proved to us how willing our Father in Heaven is to hear our cries in the hours of extremity and difficulty, when we approach Him in a proper spirit and with proper faith. He is quick to hear the cries of His people, and He has promised us that if we will draw near unto Him, He will draw near unto us. Such occasions as these, therefore, ought to be taken advantage of by the afflicted, whether in an individual or in a collective capacity.

With constant prayers for your welfare and happiness and the prosperity of the work of God,

We are your brethren,

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

First Presidency.

The forgoing address to the Church, concerning the change that is suggested in the time of holding the monthly fast meeting has been published by the First Presidency of the Church. We feel sure that this change will be a welcome one to the entire people, and every one who reflects upon the subject will perceive the advantages that are likely to follow its adoption.

In connection with this, as Superintendent of Sunday Schools, the editor desires to make some suggestions.

One reason that the fast meeting has been appointed for Sunday afternoon is that the forenoon is occupied in all the wards, under former instructions from the First Presidency, by the Sunday Schools. There is no disposition to interfere in the least with the privileges of our children; for their welfare and growth in all things pertaining to the gospel are much desired by the authorities of the Church. The future prosperity of the Church depends to a very great extent upon the training of the rising generation, and the Sunday School is one of the instruments of effecting this training.

It would be an excellent plan, one that should be adopted in all our Sunday Schools throughout the Church, to devote a portion of the time in each Sunday School on the first Sunday in the month in bearing testimony—that is, encouraging the children of more mature years in the Sunday Schools to bear testimony to the work of the Lord. We are convinced that the effect of this

upon the children will be very gratifying. Care should be taken, however, not to make this part of the meeting too lengthy, so as to weary the children or make it irksome and monotonous. In fact the proceedings connected with our Sunday Schools should be done in a way to make every exercise a pleasure instead of a burden. Judicious teachers and superintendents will recognize the fact that children become wearied if kept too long in school, or if that which they are required to do becomes tiresome.

These suggestions might have been made in the address of the First Presidency; but it was thought to be more appropriate to come in another form to the superintendents of Sunday Schools.

As a question may arise in the minds of some concerning the administration of the sacrament on such Sundays in the Sunday School, in order to settle the point and to prevent uncertainty upon the subject, we feel that the sacrament should still be administered as usual on the morning of the first Sunday in the month as it is on other Sundays in the school.

It is hoped that the gathering of the Latter-day Saints together in their various places of worship one day in a month to fast and to pray to the Lord, and to lay their desires before Him in humility, will result in great benefit to every individual who will take part in these meetings, and in great benefit to the entire Church.

In the early days of the Church testimony meetings were among the most delightful meetings that were held. The people came together in humility, acknowledged their faults, confessed their sins, and humbled themselves before the Lord. The gifts were manifested, men and women prophesied,

spoke in tongues, interpreted tongues, and enjoyed the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to a remarkable extent. Wherever these meetings have been continued, these have been the fruits which have attended them. The faith of the Saints has been kept bright and their interest in the work of the Lord has been lively. Where they have been neglected and fallen into disuse, coldness has ensued, the Saints have felt indifferent, and have not enjoyed the fruits of the Gospel as they should do.

There probably never was greater need of using every means which the Lord has placed within the reach of His people to keep our faith strong and growing than at the present time. The conditions and circumstances which surround us are constantly changing, and they are new in our experience as a people. To realize this, let anyone contrast the circumstances in which we are now placed with those which surrounded us during the lifetime of President Young. The older members of the community can make this contrast, and they can impress by their teachings upon the rising generation what a great change has taken place. The change in the conditions is sure to produce bad results and to injure the faith of the Latter-day Saints unless they live in the full enjoyment of the Spirit of God, so as to prepare them for all changes. Constant watchfulness and constant inspiration are needed. The Lord has placed shepherds to watch over His flock, and they must do everything in their power to preserve the flock of Christ from the evils which threaten it.

The people themselves, however, must be stirred up to diligence and be warned of the perils which surround them.

Waves of corruption sweep over our land. Practices of the most abominable

character are indulged in by men and women in the world. We hear of these being brought among the Latter-day Saints and of some who call themselves Latter-day Saints yielding to them. The most terrible consequences are sure to follow where people yield to sins such as are very common in the world. We cannot mention them in these columns. But those who teach the young should use every means in their power to guard them against falling into these corrupting and destructive sins. The antediluvian world, from that which has come down to us in the sacred scriptures, was exceedingly wicked—so wicked that the Lord swept them off with a flood. The people of Sodom and Gomorrah reached a depth of sin which the Lord could not tolerate, and He destroyed them. But it is not too much to say that the present generation is yielding to practices that are as hateful and horrible in their character as any sins that were practiced by those peoples whom the Lord destroyed. As a proof of this we need only refer to the fearful judgments and calamities which the Lord has said He is about to pour out upon the inhabitants of the earth. Woes are pronounced against them because of their sins and abominations. The wicked will be destroyed, for the Lord has said it, and there will be but few men left. He has established this Church as a place of refuge for those who desire to do His will. It will be to this generation as the Ark of Noah was to the generation in which he lived—a place of safety, and those who avail themselves of this refuge will be saved temporally and spiritually. But the adversary will use every means in his power to lead the children of men astray. Our rising generation is inexperienced. They, therefore, have to be watched and trained

with the greatest care. Satan's seductions are around them. He seeks to obtain influence over them. Invisible to mortal eyes he steals into the hearts of men and seeks to take advantage of them, especially of the young who do not understand his wiles. In view of all this, how great is the responsibility of parents and of Sunday School workers. It should be the constant prayer of all who take an active interest in the training of the young, that they may have power to reach their hearts, to enlighten their understandings, and to fortify them against the evils that abound.

The Editor.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

CHAP. VII.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 665.)

IN May, David left Far West with the Prophet Joseph and party to lay off a Stake of Zion to the north of them. It was on this trip that Adam's altar was discovered, at Adam-ondi-Ahman.

In his official capacity, David issued an epistle to the Saints through the *Elder's Journal*, under date of July, 1838, into which there is breathed a spirit of concern for the welfare of the people of God, equaled only by that of integrity in defense of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The summer of 1838, found the Saints gathered into Far West, and located in the surrounding settlements, to the number of not less than twelve thousand souls. The old spirit of mobocracy began to show itself again. An occasion was afforded for an outbreak by the August election at Gallatin in Caldwell County, where the Saints were unlawfully prevented from voting. From that time forward until their banishment from the

State the following winter, the Saints in the outlying settlements and on their farms, were kept in constant fear. Bands of lawless men roamed the country over, destroying crops, burning houses, ravishing women, and driving the objects of their hatred into Far West, their only place of safety.

Wherever assistance or defense was needed, Apostle David W. Patten was to the rescue among the foremost, and his bravery soon won for him the title of "Captain Fear Not." In his presence the oppressed found a champion, and at his approach the wicked were filled with terror.

About the middle of October David was placed in command of nearly sixty men, and ordered to disperse a mob in the vicinity of Gallatin. Of this expedition it is recorded:

"When Patten's company came in sight of Gallatin, he found a body of the mob, about one hundred strong, who were amusing themselves by mocking, and in various ways tantalizing a number of the Saints whom they had captured. Seeing the approach of Patten's men, and knowing the determination of the leader, the mob broke and ran in the greatest confusion, leaving their prisoners behind them."

Probably the last manifestation of David's power with the Lord, at any rate the last of which any account is given, occurred about this time.

With others he had gone to the relief of an isolated family in the line of the mob's course, and had found the mother with several children homeless and destitute. Painfully the party were making their way on foot to Far West across the prairie, when from the fright she had received, the mother, in a delicate condition before, was threatened with severe sickness. To add to the distress-

ing situation, a heavy storm seemed impending and the rain commenced to descend.

Always full of sympathy for the sorrowing, David at once called the party to a momentary halt, and, stepping aside into the tall grass, he commanded the storm to cease until the woman should be conveyed to a place of shelter.

Immediately, it is related, the rain was stayed, the sky began to clear, and the party went forward to their destination without further hindrance or discomfort.

Of the terrible conditions now confronting the Church, Bishop Orson F. Whitney writes:

"The fall and winter of 1838, was one of the darkest periods of Church history. Mobocracy on one hand, and apostasy on the other, dealt the cause of God cruel blows, such as no human work could hope to withstand. The tempest of persecution, briefly lulled, burst forth with tenfold fury; no longer a city or county—a whole state rose in arms against God's people, bent upon their destruction. 'The dogs of war' were loosed upon the helpless Saints, and murder and rapine held high carnival amid the smoking ruins of peaceful homes and ravaged fields.

"Then fell the mask from the face of hypocrisy. Treason betrayed itself. Apostles, Presidents, and Elders fell from the faith and joined hands with the robbers and murderers of their brethren. Satan laughed! The very mouth of hell seemed opening to engulf the Kingdom which He who cannot lie has sworn shall stand forever."

We quote President George Q. Cannon:

"Unable to bear the pressure and to face the terrors of the times, Thomas B. Marsh had apostatized and had joined

with McLellin and other evil men to act the part of Judas against the Prophet. The faith of others also failed, and, thinking by apostasy to save themselves from the destruction which seemed impending, they came out against Joseph and the Church and went over to their enemies."

Such was the condition of the Church, when Apostle David W. Patten, then the senior member and President of his Quorum, performed the last heroic act of his eventful life.

On the 24th of October, a messenger came into Far West bringing news of a band of invaders under command of Rev. Samuel Bogart, who had boasted that, if he had good luck in meeting Neil Gillum, another mobocratic leader, he would give Far West thunder and lightning before noon next day. Joseph Holbrook and David Judah were at once dispatched to watch the movements of the despoilers. Near midnight these brethren returned, and reported that the mob after plundering the house of Father Pinkham, west of the city, had made prisoners of Nathan Pinkham, William Seely and Addison Green, whom they had declared their intentions to kill that night.

"On hearing the report," the Prophet Joseph Smith records, "Judge Higbee, the first Judge of the county, ordered Lieutenant Colonel Hinkle, the highest officer in command in Far West, to send out a company to disperse the mob and retake their prisoners whom it was reported, they intended to murder that night.

"The trumpet sounded, and the brethren were assembled on the Public Square about midnight, when the facts were stated, and about seventy-five volunteered to obey the Judge's order, under command of David W. Patten,

who immediately commenced their march on horseback, hoping to surprise and scatter the camp, retake the prisoners, and prevent the attack threatened upon Far West, without the loss of blood."

Apostle Parley P. Pratt, who was among the volunteers, thus graphically describes that midnight march:

"The company was soon underway, having to ride through extensive prairies, a distance of some twelve miles. The night was dark, the distant plains far and wide were illuminated by blazing fires, immense columns of smoke were seen rising in awful majesty, as if the world was on fire. This scene of grandeur can only be comprehended by those acquainted with scenes of prairie burning; as the fire sweeps over millions of acres of dry grass in the fall season, and leaves a smooth surface divested of all vegetation.

"A thousand meteors blazing in the distance like the camp fires of some war host, threw a fitful gleam of light upon the distant sky, which many might have mistaken for the *Aurora Borealis*. This scene, added to the silence of the midnight, the rumbling sound of the tramping steeds, over the hard and dried surface of the plain, the clanking of swords in their scabbards, the occasional gleam of bright armor in the flickering firelight, the gloom of surrounding darkness, and the unknown destiny of the expedition, or even of the people who sent it forth—all combined to impress the mind with deep and solemn thought, and to throw a romantic vision over the imagination, which is not often experienced, except in the poet's dream, or in the wild imagery of sleeping fancy.

"In this solemn procession we moved on for some two hours, when it was supposed we were in the neighborhood of danger.

"Dismounting here, the company tied their horses to the field fence of Randolph McDonald, and, leaving a few men to guard the horses, proceeded on foot across the country by three different routes to the 'Field house,' where it was thought the mob were encamped. David, with a third of the party, took the way around the field to the right, sending Apostle Charles C. Rich, in charge of another company, to the left; while a third, under James Durfee, went directly across. All were to meet at the house of Mr. Field and take the enemy by surprise. When the forces reached the point of meeting, however, no foe was in sight.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

[NOTE.—Anyone having further information of the life of Apostle David W. Patten will confer a great favor by communicating with the author at the Salt Lake Temple.]

THE great difference in labor is not what is done—not the kind of work we perform—but in the spirit we put into it. From the cleansing of the room to the purification of a Government, from the clearing of a forest to the chiselling of a statue, from the humblest work of the hands to the noblest work of the heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought, and paid for.

We enjoy thoroughly only the pleasure that we give.

Our Little Folks.

COASTING.

I WONDER how many of our little friends who glance at the accompanying illustration have ever had like experiences in coasting. What pleasant winter afternoons the picture recalls as we think of the happy times we have spent on a sled, flying down the hillside faster, it sometimes seems, than even the wind itself.

We stood one bright winter afternoon

experiences of my life occurred on just such a day as this, but under very different circumstances to the descent we have just witnessed." As we walked on he related to me the instance which had been so painfully recalled to his mind by watching the bright faced youngsters. I give the narrative in his own words as nearly as possible:

"Some twenty years ago, when I was a lad of thirteen, I with my younger brother, was attending the village school which was situated about a mile from



watching a crowd of merry faced children, the face of each one as he took his turn on the hill, glowing with health and excitement. Two of the children, apparently brothers, approached, and the older one carefully placed the younger one on the sled in front, while he knelt on at the back; and away they went to the bottom of the hill. As my companion noticed these two brothers, an expression of pain flitted across his face, and turning to me he said, "Come let us leave this place. One of the saddest

our home. During the winter the boys were in the habit of spending their afternoons with their sleds on a hill which was midway between our home and the school.

"One morning as we were starting, my mother called to me, 'Henry, I do not want you to go to the hill today, as I understand the men have been at work on the foot of the hill, and have dug a trench for the purpose of draining one of the ponds, and this makes the coasting very dangerous. As soon as school

is dismissed bring Willie home, for I have some work for both of you to perform.' I promised mother that I would do as she wished, and started for school. As we approached the hill, Willie called my attention to some of the boys near the top who appeared to be making preparations for coasting at this early hour. We hurried up and were greeted by three of my bosom friends who had come out to try a sled which had been purchased the night before.

"They insisted that I would have plenty of time to try the sled, but I refused, giving as my reason my mother's parting injunction. Upon this, one of the boys, who was considered an authority upon all subjects, spoke up, 'Why Henry, you have surely done enough coasting that you need have no fear about the trench. By the slightest guiding to the right you will miss the trench altogether. Come, you and Willie can try it just once.'

"I hesitated a moment; on the one hand I remembered mother's parting words; on the other the boys were begging me to try the hill. I turned to Willie and although he wished to observe mother's wishes, still when I asked him to go down with me he consented. We started off as merrily as the two boys which we have just seen, but how different was the end of our journey! As we neared the trench, I attempted to steer safely past it, but I saw it was more dangerous than my friend had represented, and instead of passing it as I had at first expected, we were both thrown into the ditch which was some four feet deep. I soon scrambled to my feet as I was only slightly bruised, but was startled at seeing my brother lying unconscious some distance from the place where I had been thrown. My heart seemed to stop beating as I feared that

he might be dead, but as I approached I saw that he still breathed, although his breathing was short as if he were in great pain. I ran as quickly as I could to a neighbor's house, and when he heard my story he brought his carriage and assisted in taking my brother home. The doctor was summoned, but it was some hours before he could restore consciousness to his patient.

"I can never forget the look of anguish and despair which spread over my poor mother's face as she learned from the physician that her baby boy would be crippled for life. This incident made a deep impression upon my mind and I have never since that time let my mother's requests pass by unheeded.

"To this very day when I hear of an act of disobedience, that day so many years ago is brought before my mind and I feel to say to all boys, 'Always heed the requests of those placed over you!'"

E. H. C.

FIFTH LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

THE house in which we met with the children at Orderville was one that the Saints built years and years ago. Long before you, who are the Primary children of today, were born.

It was built at a time when President Brigham Young very much desired to have his people, the Latter-day Saints, learn to live according to the higher laws of God.

He wanted them to become united in all things, and have their property put to use in a way that would make them all comfortable and that would give suitable work to all, so that none should suffer for need of things to make them happy, while others would have more than they needed. And none should have to work too hard, while

others might live without working enough to keep them healthy in mind and body.

The plan which President Young wished the Saints to try, was called "The United Order," or "The Order of Enoch."

At Orderville, the little town I told you something about in my last letter, the people did try very hard to carry out President Young's teachings. They built the house I have mentioned, in which we held meetings when we visited there, for an eating-house. And for a good while, all the people came to the house, at the sound of a bell that was rung, and ate their meals together like one large family. They enjoyed living in that way, and the Lord blessed them greatly. They were all willing to help each other, and that made the work easy for them.

But even in that little settlement, the Saints were not all pure enough, and unselfish enough to go on living in that high and holy order very long. Some became dissatisfied, and began to find fault; and then they had to give up trying to live in so united a way; and all had to eat in their own little homes, and work, each family for itself instead of all together.

But we felt, while in that settlement, that the peace of God, which had rested upon it because of the efforts of His Saints to do His will, therein, had not departed, and His choice blessings seemed to attend them all, both aged and young, filling their hearts with love and kindness to overflowing.

When, in the Primary meeting, we saw babies hugging and kissing each other in the most loving manner, while children a little older were singing songs or reciting pieces, every one of which taught some lesson of love, charity or

kindness in some form, we thought, "surely the Lord is in this place," and it is good to be here.

And more than this; we thought if all the boys and girls belonging to the Latter-day Saints, and the older folks, as well, could only learn to live as the sweet lessons taught them in their Primary meetings and Sunday Schools, and often in their homes, should lead them to, how soon might the United Order be brought about in all our Wards, and oh! what a happy people we should be! It was easy to believe, there in the presence of holy angels, whose divine influence was plainly felt, that such a state of blessedness might readily be brought to pass in a very little while.

But that delightful little Primary meeting could only be held one hour.

We visited some of the sick and suffering ones in Orderville, and blest and comforted them as the Lord gave us power to do. Then the Bishop of the place, Brother Henry Esplin, kindly took us on to Glendale, three miles from Orderville, there we held one meeting, which was attended by all the people of the place, both old and young, who could be present on very short notice. We had dinner at Sister Robinson's, and then drove on seven miles to Graham, where we rested a short time, had a drink of buttermilk, and changed teams. Bishop Graham McDonald provided us with a team and sent a young man named Jones to take us on to Hatch Town, eighteen miles further. Bishop Hatch was not at home, but his family kindly entertained us over night.

Next morning, June 24, Brother Jones went on with us to Panguitch, another eighteen miles. Here we received a pleasant welcome from Stake President J. W. Crosby and his family.

We met with the Relief Society, at 2

p.m. With the Primary at 5, and the Young Ladies at 8:30. We were very tired, but still, we enjoyed the meetings. Thursday, the 25, we had to take quite an early start, for we had forty miles to travel that day, some of the way over rather rough canyon roads. Panguitch Valley, through which we passed, is twenty miles long. We crossed a pretty clear stream called Bear Creek. Also passed through Bear Canyon in which the winding road around a short dugway was so sidling and steep that we were gratified by being allowed to walk over it. The rocks and mountains in Bear Canyon are not so high and grand as in many of our canyons, but the scenery is very romantic and beautiful.

President Crosby, with whom we were traveling, pointed out to us Fremont Valley as we were leaving the canyon; also several other places of interest, which we must not take up time and space in describing now, as we are beginning to think of the day, near at hand, when we shall reach home, after almost a month's absence. *Lula.*

DIALOGUE.

Thou Shalt Not Steal.

Characters: Henry Bond, Tom Jackson, George and Freddy Jones, Albert Cady, and Brother Willis.

SCENE.

(Henry B. and Tom J. meet at street corner.)

HENRY: Oh Tom! let us go to mother Thompson's orchard, she has such a lot of apples.

TOM J.: All right, wait till the boys come. I can hear them coming now.

(Enter on scene, George, Freddy, and Albert.)

HENRY: Say boys, we were just talking, of going to Thompson's orchard for

apples. She has such fine ones. What do you say, George?

GEORGE: I don't care; I'll go, if Bert and Fred will.

ALBERT: What! rob a poor widow? I'll not go, No sir, why that's all she has to depend on for support.

TOM: Oh pshaw, what's that, we must have apples.

HENRY: Sure thing.

FREDDY: I don't care, I'll not go. I wouldn't be so mean as that; let's have a good game of ball or tag instead.

ALBERT: That's what I say, and—
(Enter Brother Willis, Tom, Henry, and George, amazed.)

BROTHER WILLIS: Boys, I hope I don't intrude. But I would advise you, Tom, George, and Henry, not to steal; such things have made dishonest men, and sometimes thieves. Besides, poor Sister Thompson has nothing else to depend upon for a living.

ALBERT: That's what I was saying.

BROTHER WILLIS: Any boys that class themselves as true "Latter-day Saints," would never think of such a thing. I remember once when a boy, I stole grapes from a poor old man. Some of the smaller boys told me it was wrong, but I took no notice of them. I did steal some, but was punished by being made sick for almost a week. The Lord will also punish you boys if you disobey His laws. You should take heed of Fred and Albert, and I'm sure the Lord will bless you if you please Him.

HENRY: I don't think I will ever want to steal again.

GEORGE: Nor I either.

TOM: Thank you Brother Willis for your good advice, and may we be honest as you said. Boys let us thank Freddy and Albert for trying to lead us from temptation. *(Exit all.)*

William White, age 15 years.

IN HIS NAME.

The Self-Sacrificing Generosity of a Poor Shop-Girl.

THERE are a few noteworthy actions in life that are not heralded in the morning papers, and there are a good many people who do not telephone for the reporters when they do noble deeds. We give an instance.

It was a cold dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers are eating their hot dinners, when the stores are closing, and when the shop-girls plod home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

One of the shop-girls we have alluded to was hurrying home through the slush after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold with a thin fall cloak. One person noticed her as she hurried along. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet-covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vendor of pencils, and when she saw that he gave no sign, she quietly dropped a ten-cent piece into his fingers, and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned, and walked rapidly back to the dark alley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two silver dollars, one-third of her week's hard earnings—all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand with the words:

"Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now. You ought not to sit here in this bitter wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her.

Thinking no one had seen her? God had seen her; and one man, who to his dying day will never forget the act.

Youth's Companion.

WATER that flows from a spring, does not freeze in the coldest of winter. And those sentiments of true friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

EVL is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it: and the farther on we go, the more we have to come back.

THE really polite man is not he who profusely apologises for treading on your corns, but he that is careful not to tread on them at all.

TRUTH UNVEILED IS SHINING.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

Andante. pp

ALTO.
1. The gloomy night of dark - ness Begins to flee a - way, The

TENOR.
2. Now truth unveiled is shin - ing With beams of sa - cred light, The

Cres.

glowing tinge of morn - ing Proclaims the ris - ing day, That welcome day of

morning pilgrims won - der, And leave the paths of night; Their glowing hearts in

f *p* *f*

prom - ise When Christ shall claim His right, And on the world in

rap - ture Are filled with joy di - vine, Burst forth in shouts of

f *pp* *Dim.* *pp*

dark - ness Pour forth a flood of light. we love

glo - ry And like the Mas - ter shine. How we love the glorious

the plan of God to man with peace di-vine May we
plan of sal-va-tion unto man, filled with peace and joy di-vine!

How we love the glorious plan filled with
like the Master shine. we love the plan
the Mast-er shine. we love the plan
peace and joy di-vine.
with peace di-vine. May we like the Master shine, yes shine.
with peace di-vine. the Mas-ter shine.

JUDICIOUS mental work may help to lift one out of the ruts of premature old age. Read and think of what you read. Don't use your mind as if it were a sieve, and you were trying to see how much you could pour through it. There is a belief extant that knowledge, if gained at all, must be acquired in youth. Fallacious theory! Behold Galileo at three score and ten, pursuing his studies with unflagging zeal; Cato beginning Greek when advanced in years; Ogilvy commencing classical studies when past fifty! Gladstone is as much the student

today as when the bloom of youth mantled his cheek. Be kind to the fancies and feelings of youth. If they prove perennial, so much the better. Don't forbid yourself glad, recreative thought and action. Don't be ashamed to make yourself as pretty as you can. A sensible woman may feel a thrill of pleasure, innocent as a maiden's, when receiving a glance of respectful admiration from a manly man. Smile without affectation; be pleasant without being silly; in short, be young as long as you can.

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KING PHILIP'S WAR.

FOR a great many years the trouble between the Indians and the Europeans continued; blood was shed on both sides for the most trifling causes. They fell upon each other at every opportunity, committing all sorts of horrible crimes, but without engaging in open warfare. The attacks were the more terrible because of their suddenness, and the sufferings of both parties were dreadful; yet neither would yield, and every wrong only made them both more bitter and antagonistic, and was only too severely avenged. The white men were just as cruel and barbarous as the Indians, but the red men were so much more quick witted and crafty than their enemies, and generally so much stronger in numbers, that the foreigners were as a rule the greater sufferers. Still even in these skirmishes, several tribes of natives were entirely wiped out.

The Dutch particularly, in their possessions at the north, were in a continual turmoil with the savages. They cheated the Indians in all their dealings with them and were so cruel and aggressive that it is little wonder that the Indians burned the Dutchmen's homes, sacked their villages, carried the women off captives and drove the few remaining settlers into their only stronghold, on Manhattan Island.

The sight of smoke curling from the

chimneys of the white mens' dwellings, and the thriving farms standing where their own dear hunting grounds once were, filled the native Americans with rage. They brooded over their wrongs, discussed them over their camp fires, growing more and more resentful all the time. At last, Pometacom, the son of Massasoit, the old chief who had been so friendly to the English, became so filled with anger, jealousy, and longings for revenge, that he decided to allow no further encroachments of the enemy upon the native possessions. He was the greatest chief among all the tribes of Indians, and was called King Philip by the settlers. He succeeded in secretly forming a union of nearly all the tribes to join with him against the white people. His plans were almost completed, when a traitor Indian, a friend of the colonists, disclosed the whole scheme to them. Three of his own race discovered his treachery and killed him at night. They were immediately seized by the white people and hung. This was the beginning of King Philip's War.

The first attack was made upon Swansea as the people were going home from church. This seemed to be a favorite way with the savages, to fall upon the unsuspecting settlers when they were at their places of worship. A great many times this same thing happened. A



thrilling story is told of an attack at Hadley during this fearful war; whether it is entirely true or not is uncertain:

"At Hadley, the Indians surprised the people during religious service. Seizing their muskets at the sound of the savage war-whoop, the men rushed out of the meeting-house to fall into line. But the foe was on every side. Confused and bewildered, the settlers seemed about to give way, when a strange old man with a long white beard and ancient garb appeared among them. Ringing out a quick, sharp word of command, he recalled them to their senses. Following their mysterious leader, they drove the enemy headlong before them. The danger passed, they looked around for their deliverer. But he had gone. The good people believed he had disappeared as mysteriously as that God had sent an angel to their rescue. But history reveals the secret. It was the regicide, Colonel Goffe. Fleeing from the vengeance of Charles II., with a price set on his head, he had for years wandered about, living in mills, clefts of rocks, and forest caves. At last he found an asylum with the Hadley minister. From his window he had seen the stealthy Indians coming down the hill. Fired with a desire to do one more good deed for God's people, he rushed from his hiding place, led them on to victory, and then returned to his retreat, never more to reappear."

For months the fight raged, and hundreds of lives were lost. King Philip managed to escape for some time, and so long as the tribes felt his power over them they fought on desperately, although many of them saw that they would at last be defeated. One brave old warrior begged Philip to abandon the plan and thereby save the lives of his people. The haughty king was so

indignant at the suggestion that he struck the man dead on the spot. But at last the colonists, under Colonel Church, captured the son of Philip's wife, and sold him into slavery, and then when they discovered the hiding place of the old warrior and he heard of his misfortunes, he surrendered, saying:

"My heart breaks; now I am ready to die."

He was shot by one of his own chiefs, who then cut off his master's hand and carried it away as a trophy.

After the death of their great leader the people had no heart to continue the fight and so the war ended, and the mighty nation was practically subdued.

RUTH.

It was Christmas eve. The crowd of busy shoppers filled the streets. People of all degrees and all classes, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the happy, and the sad, all mingled together in that hurrying, pushing crowd. One, a woman, lingered for a moment gazing wistfully at a bright window; the light from within shone full upon her, showing a face, young in years yet marked with care and sorrow, but still a face of indescribable beauty.

She turned sadly away, dreaming as she went, of other Christmas tides, of angel children, a noble, manly husband, and a beautiful home where happiness reigned supreme. Then, following the current of her thoughts, that scene of memory shifted, and she thought of how losses had followed one another; of the poor yet still happy home; of the discouragements, and last the despair that had driven him she loved so well to the gambling table. There hope, respect and manliness soon left him, and the noble, high-bred man became a

common drunkard, while she, his wife, worked to keep her two dear little ones. Each year she had tried to keep up some semblance of Christmas and all that makes it dear to children's hearts, but this year there could be no Christmas for them.

She reached her home, if home it might be called, and trudging up the steep stairs, entered a room, neat and clean. Sitting by the fire were two children. The younger, baby Hal, a thin, delicate child of five, was listening in rapt attention, to the stories his dark-eyed sister Ruth was telling—stories of Santa Claus and of the Christmas she could remember, when mamma never cried, and papa loved them so much. Then she told the story, old yet ever new and sweet, of Him in whose memory the day is kept.

While they ate their scanty supper, Hal told his mother what they had been doing, while she was away, and talked gleefully of Santa Claus, and what he might bring to them.

"I am afraid Santa Claus is poor this year, baby," said Mrs. Rivers, "and may forget all about us."

When Ruth put him to bed, he whispered with his arms around her neck:

"I wouldn't care if Santa Claus didn't bring me anything to play with, if he would make our papa like he was in the stories you told. I think I will ask Jesus to bring back our dear father to us. He wouldnt forget, like Santa Claus, would he, Ruth?"

"No, dear," she said and, laying down beside him, she told him how God cares for all alike, it matters not how poor they are. She lay there long after Hal was wrapped in slumber, and when, at last, she roused herself, she found that her mother worn out, had fallen asleep.

Ruth was only a child yet she was

so womanly and tender in her ways. Perhaps it was because she had lived so much amid sorrow and had so few of the joys and pleasures of others children.

She sat down, gazing sadly at the dying coals. She could not sleep tonight; little Hal's words were running through her mind, "I will ask Jesus to bring back our dear father to us." O, if he only could be brought back! And tonight was Christmas eve. If he should come home tonight, perhaps mamma would be brighter in the morning.

For a long time she sat, gazing at her mother's pale, sad face, and at last she resolved to go and find her father. She wrapped a shawl around her, stepped to the door, then paused, crossed the room and gently kissed the sleeper. Then she hurried out into the night as the clock was striking eleven. Even yet, the streets were crowded and many wondered at the slight, small figure that passed them by so swiftly.

She sped on, until she reached the building where she thought to find her father. There she paused frightened at what she was about to do. But gathering courage she entered and stood unobserved, looking timidly down the long room until she spied her father.

With faltering steps, shrinking from the wondering gaze of the men, she went up to him and touched him gently on the arm. He turned, startled when he saw it was his daughter, and with an angry exclamation, demanded what she was doing there. She raised her eyes to his face and with a look, which he never forgot, said piteously:

"O papa, please come home! Don't you know it is Christmas eve tonight? Come home with me, papa please."

But her words fell on dumb ears. Taking her by the arm, with a grasp like iron, he led her to the door, and

pushing her roughly out, told her never to come there again.

She stood a moment, half-stunned, then turned and went slowly and sadly back, while sobs shook her slender form and tears almost blinded her.

She walked on scarcely knowing where she went, yet instinctively going toward home.

A cab came tearing down the street; its driver was hurrying to catch the evening train, and saw not the slight forlorn figure until too late. It passed on and a great crowd gathered around the unconscious, mangled form of little Ruth.

They carried her to a house near by, and did all they could to help her, but she was beyond all need of help.

Soon her father came, sober now with pale, remorseful face and as he looked at her lying there so white and still all his better self came forward and kneeling by her side he buried his face in the pillows and wept.

And Ruth at last just before she died opened her eyes and sighing wearily half dreamily repeated baby Hal's words:

"I will ask Jesus to bring back our dear father to us."

He heard the low spoken words and holding her close in his arms, he sobbed,

"Darling little Ruth, forgive me. O forgive me." She lay for a long time contentedly in his arms and at last she whispered in low tremulous tones:

"Papa, take care of mamma, and Hal; be the good father to him that you used to be to me. O papa, if I could only make you that, I would be glad, so glad to die."

He said nothing; he could not speak but in his secret heart was registered a vow that he would be a man again if God and love could make him so.

Midnight came and the Christmas

bells rang out clear on the frosty air; their glad sweet sound reached Ruth and she smiled.

Thus lying in her father's arms with the chimes of the bells ringing in her ears she went to sleep to awaken in that land that is brighter and better than this.

Years passed and showed that her sacrifice was not in vain.

Mr. Rivers is now a prosperous respected man with a happy home and a happy wife from whose beautiful face all traces of sorrow have vanished. And there is Hal a strong manly lad who watches with protecting care over another, his little sister, with Ruth's dark earnest eyes and fair sweet face.

And often as the years roll on when Christmas time comes around once more, and the clear sweet-toned bells ring out their glad message of "Peace on earth and good will toward man," Mr. Rivers thinks of the bells that rang that Christmas night of long ago, of the sweet little blossom that has faded from his life, of himself and the deep, dark gulf from which he has been saved, and, as he thinks of all these things, he thanks God, who in His infinite wisdom and love doeth all things for the best.

Dora Snow.

EVER speak the truth. So long as you adhere to this rule, you can never be involved in any serious misfortune. A deviation from truth is, in general, the foundation of all misery. Be kind to your companions, but be firm. Do not be laughed into doing that which you know to be wrong. Be modest and humble, but ever respect yourself. Remember who you are, and also that it is your duty to excel. Think ever that you are born to perform great duties.

TAHITI.

THE Tahiti of today is not what it was in the days of Captain Cook when he visited it and became acquainted with its country, people and their customs and habits. About one hundred and twenty years have passed away since then, and now instead of finding the people wearing the bark of trees for a covering, you see them wearing clothes that are made by Europeans, and in place of living entirely upon roots, fish and the fruits of the land, they consume to a great extent the flour, rice, coffee, tea, sugar, beef and butter of the foreigner. You find them today praying to, and worshipping the God of the Christian instead of bowing down to, and reverencing the carved idol of wood and stone, whom they so devoutly tried to please, by presenting to him sacrifices in the shape of human beings, animals, and the products of the land. The meeting house, or church, has taken the place of the "marae" or place where the sacrifices were made. The "marae" was built like a large altar, of common building and coral rock, and it was here that the priests came and chanted their prayers, offered sacrifice, etc. It had no doubt, been a very ancient custom for the people to attend these ceremonies; no one, however, but the priests were allowed to take part in officiating there, when sacrifice was offered. Many of these places of worship were of immense proportions, one especially being mentioned in the Encyclopedia Britanica, as having been two hundred and seventy feet long, ninety-four feet wide, and fifty feet high, and whose summit was reached by ascending a flight of coral and basalt steps. Besides being used as places to offer up sacrifice the "maraes" were used also as sepulchers for the bodies of their departed chiefs, and it

was here that the priests used to sit for hours and chant prayers to their heathen gods. Especially was this so in times of trouble, as in case of war with another tribe, or the inhabitants of an adjoining island. They would then invariably think it necessary to make a sacrifice of a human being, and utter long prayers in order to gain the favor of their god. It was in the power of the principal chiefs to make a selection of any one they desired to offer up as a sacrifice. The victims usually selected were those who had no special work to perform, and who wandered over the country in an aimless way. Not until they would be struck down by some of the trusty servants of the chiefs, would they be aware of their having been selected. Captain Cook relates his having witnessed one of these human offerings when on his last visit to Tahiti in the year 1777. It was just before they engaged in a war with the people of the neighboring island "Eimeo," or as it is more modernly called "Morea," and it was on account of his being such a great friend to the king and his people, that he was permitted to see them participate in their heathenish customs. Four priests were at the altar going through their prayers and various ceremonies.

The victim was of course dead, but at various times bunches of his hair were plucked out; and after this his left eye was gouged out by a priest and brought to the king. The priest made a motion as if to pass the eye of the victim into the mouth of the king, and then return it, after which the king pronounced his body consumed by the "eatooa," or god. When asked their reason for presenting human sacrifices, the natives replied, saying that it was an old custom and was agreeable to their god, who came and fed upon the sacrifices;

in consequence of which he complied with their requests. When told that this could not very well be, as he was neither seen to do it, nor were the bodies of the animals quickly consumed; and that as to the human victim, they prevented his feeding on him, by burying his body in the "marae." In answer to these arguments they said he came in the night, but invisibly, and fed only on the soul or immaterial part, which, according to their doctrine, remains about the place of sacrifice, until the body of the victim is entirely decayed.

Many noted writers and travelers have thought this presenting of human sacrifice as a survival of cannibalism, but as to whether it is true or not is something which has not as yet been determined. The Tahitians themselves declare that they and their forefathers never were cannibals and there is nothing outside of what is mentioned above, which goes to show or tends to make a person believe that they ever were.

As to the discovery of Tahiti, history informs us that a Spaniard by the name of Pedro Fernandez de Quiros visited it as early as 1607. A great length of time after this, (1767,) Tahiti was visited by the Englishman Wallis, who took possession of it in the name of George III and named it after him. The year following the visit of Wallis there appeared on its shores a Frenchman by the name of Bougainville, who put a claim on it as French territory, and named it, La Nouvelle Cythere.

But the world knew little about it, or its people up to the time when Captain Cook visited it in 1769, 1773-4 and '77. The principal reason of Captain Cook being sent to the South Seas, by the Royal Society, was that he might properly make an observation of the transit of Venus over the disc of the

sun. Captain Wallis had, previous to his going on his trip of exploration, been recommended by the Earl of Morton, (then President of the Royal Society,) to fix upon a place where the observation might be accomplished. He decided that the island named by him as George's Island, (later called, "Otaheite,") would be a proper place, and accordingly reported it to the Society on his return to England, which happened just as Captain Cook and company were fitting out their 370 ton vessel, called the "Endeavour." Captain Cook and company left England's shores on the 30th of July 1768, and after short stops to get water, wood and provisions at the island of Madeira, the city of Rio De Janeiro, and the strait of Le Maire arrived in "Matavai," or Port Royal bay, Tahiti, on the 13th of April, 1769. A high point on the north of the island was selected as the most suitable place to take the observation, and here it was, that, on the 1st of May, the observatory was erected, and on the 3rd of June the transit of Venus successfully observed. The place was given the name of Point Venus, which it holds to this day, and upon it has been built a light-house which serves a noble purpose in warning the wary mariner, who beholds it in the night, of his near approach to the land which has been termed by travelers, as the "Queen of the Pacific."

Eugene M. Cannon.

THERE is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

IT is the aim of the Sunday School Union to give the Stake Superintendents and the teachers generally such instructions from time to time as may be necessary to promote the well-being of the schools. Elders George Goddard and Karl G. Maeser, as well as other members of the Board, visit the different schools and have opportunities of seeing defects, if any exist, and can point them out. It is very desirable that our Sunday Schools should adopt and maintain the best methods of conducting their exercises. There should be, as far as possible, uniformity in these methods. We should profit by experience, and we have had a long experience now, in the conducting of Sunday Schools in these valleys. With the advantages we possess we should have a model system of schools. There should scarcely be any limit to their usefulness and power for good. We have the truth and the authority to teach it. What a wonderful help we have in the Priesthood, and especially when with that, we have the Spirit of the Lord!

All who have witnessed the growth of our Sunday Schools and seen the results which have been wrought out by them must be impressed with their importance. If they are Latter-day Saints they must praise the Lord for helping His servants to introduce and make them so general as they have become. They became general none too soon.

The opponents of the Latter-day Saints, who have felt anxious to destroy their Church soon learned, after they came here as missionaries, that they had small chances of success in trying to draw away the grown up men and women from the faith. But they hoped to succeed with the children. And where they have induced children of Latter-day Saints to be pupils in their schools those children have grown up unbelievers in the Gospel.

Before these people had occupied much ground among us, our Sunday School system had become quite generally established. There was no need for the children of our Church to go elsewhere for Sunday School teaching. There was no pretext for sectarians to establish such schools in our settlements, or to charge that we neglected the children and did not furnish them religious instruction or Bible teaching.

If there were no Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools there is not a settlement in our country that would not have had a sectarian Sunday School in it. The consequences that would have followed can be easily imagined. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints would have received a severe blow. Let our children be weaned from the Gospel and what have we to look forward to? But, thank the Lord, He has blessed His servants in their labors in the Sunday School; and now nearly one hundred thousand children are taught the truth and made familiar with the principles of the Gospel—the plan of salvation. In this way these schools become safeguards against unbelief and error.

The plan of holding annual Sunday School conferences is an admirable one and tends to help the cause very much in every direction. These conferences

should be made as popular as possible, so as to cause every child in all the settlements to desire to be a member of the Sunday School.

This can best be done, so the members of the Sunday School Union Board feel,

By holding the first day's conference (Saturday) in one place or settlement and the second day's conference (Sunday) in another.

We feel sure the Stake Superintendents will see in this suggestion a means of reaching and interesting a greater number of teachers, pupils and parents.

Another suggestion in the same line, and from the same source, is, that on the days when these conferences are held, all the children in the settlement, and in the surrounding settlements, should be gathered, and, with their hymn books, be prepared for department or concert exercises. Need we say to Superintendents and teachers, in this connection, how important it is that the children should be ready punctually at 10 o'clock in the morning, and 2 o'clock in the afternoon?

It should be remembered that in these conferences congregational singing and concert recitations are very attractive and essential features, and should be fostered.

Whenever practicable also, either written or verbal reports should be presented by each school at these conferences.

Speaking of department exercises, it will be better to select a few of the most efficient pupils from each department for these exercises, and not have them longer than ten or fifteen minutes duration. It is suggested that two such exercises at each meeting can be given, beside one or two concert exercises, as

Articles of Faith, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, selections from the Savior's sermon on the mount, etc.

Another point that should be borne in mind in connection with these annual conferences is, that it is not necessary to close any Sunday School in the Stake on Sunday morning, except the one that furnishes the exercises.

In concluding these suggestions we recommend them to the consideration of superintendents and teachers in every Stake. Let us have uniformity throughout our schools. It is not proper or wise to multiply rules to burden or embarrass those in charge of schools. But there are certain common-sense methods which all can understand and act upon when aided by the Spirit of the Lord.

CARE IN TEACHING.

A style of teaching, which is not attended with good results has grown up in some of the Sunday Schools which the Deseret Sunday School Union has heard of, and which the Board thinks ought to be called to the attention of superintendents. It arises from an anxiety on the part of some who have charge of theological or other classes to contrast the opinions of the world with the doctrines of the Gospel. This is a good method of teaching if not carried too far. There are teachers, however, who explain the erroneous opinions and theories of prominent men concerning different points of the Gospel at such length and with such minuteness as to almost lead the pupils to think that they (the teachers) believe these false opinions to be more correct than the teachings of the Elders of our Church. Thus, not many Sundays ago, one teacher was giving a review of the ideas of certain scientific men concerning the deluge at

the time of Noah. There are scientific men who do not believe that this deluge was universal, for the reason, as they argue, that it is impossible for enough water to be found to cover the entire earth to the tops of the highest mountains; for, they ask, if such were the case, what became of the water when the deluge was ended? This was dwelt upon by this teacher with such detail and the arguments explained so fully that those who heard them went away with the idea that he had the same view, and that he desired to convey the idea that the deluge was only a partial one.

Now, this method of teaching is not attended with good effects. When teachers attempt to give the views of scientific men which are opposed to the records the Lord has given to us, they should be careful to clear them up and not leave the young people in doubt as to the doctrine or the points of history they may be dwelling upon.

It is sometimes the case, also, that the theories of those who believe in evolution in connection with the creation are set forth in a way to leave the young people in doubt as to what is correct. Great pains should be taken to avoid this.

The important point to keep in view always by Sunday School teachers is that the children shall get correct views concerning all these matters, that doubt may not be be-gotten in their minds. No doubt upon any of these questions should be permitted to enter, much less be instilled, into the minds of the children; and if a teacher in a theological class takes a course to awaken doubt upon these matters, he is unfitted for his position. Naturally the young people of our Church are without doubt, and it is very wrong to create it.

IN doctrinal questions we are told the same fault can be found with some teachers. The doctrines of the apostate churches of Christendom are given so full an explanation and the true principles of the Gospel so briefly touched upon that injury rather than good is done. Probably this arises from the idea which the teachers may entertain that the students understand the principles of the Gospel. But this is not the case in every instance. Therefore, great pains should be taken not to dwell too much upon the untrue and set it forth with great minuteness to the neglect of the true as embodied in the principles of the Gospel. Teachers should not assume that the students whom they are teaching know as much as they do, because if they did they would not need to be taught.

MARTA'S CHRISTMAS.

"I WONDER, I do wonder what I am going to get for Christmas. Oh, mamma dear, don't cry. I love you so much, dear mamma." And the brave little comforter dried her mamma's tears which she knew were falling because her dear papa was dead.

"Now, mamma, I'll just write a long letter to dear old Santa Claus and tell him what I want, if you won't cry another speck."

"Santa wont bring us much this year, Marta darling," said the poor little mamma sadly. "But you'll be good and brave, wont you, pet, even if you don't get any presents?"

But Marta was sure that Santa Claus would not forget her this time, he never had, and she had seen four Christmas days already. She did not remember them all to be sure, but she still had the little gold ring with her name on it,

which he had brought her the first year, when she was only a tiny little baby in long clothes; and she remembered the last Christmas, and the grand old tree covered with lighted candles and bonbons and a jolly old Santa perched up

all alone so cold and still under the ground. The tears would come when she thought of him, and she climbed upon the broad window seat, so that she could look out over the frozen snow which glittered in the moon-light to the



on top, and the tea set, and the lovely doll dressed in pale blue silk which was for "papa's dear little treasure." Oh yes, she knew that she would not be forgotten this year although her dear papa was not here. And then she gave a little sob as she thought of him lying

place where his body was lying. She knew that he was not there for her mamma had told her all about it, how his body was dead, but his spirit, which was himself, had gone to Heaven because God needed him.

She really didn't mean to go to sleep,

for she had a long letter in her mind to write to Santa Claus; but somehow, as she sat there thinking and thinking she was sound asleep before she knew it. And then she had the most beautiful dream. She thought that she was walking with her papa through a lovely garden, and that he was well and happy.

"Marta," he said, "be a good girl and help mamma all you can."

And then her dream changed and it was Santa who was with her. She saw him plainly through the window, at least she dreamed she did you know, and his pack was loaded with goodies for her mamma and herself. So soundly was she sleeping that she did not waken when her grandma, who had just come on the train from her home to stay with them, kissed her softly and carried her off to her little bed.

The next morning was Christmas, and Marta waked up bright and early. Children always do on that day I think. Seeing a light in her mamma's room, she hopped out of bed and ran in there, and then what do you think she saw? A tiny baby boy curled up on mamma's arm! She was so surprised that she did not notice grandma nor anybody but that dear little baby.

"Oh mamma, is it ours?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, my darling, our little baby boy."

And then grandma lifted her up on the bed that she might see the little treasure.

"I am so glad," she said as she kissed his soft cheek. "I know that God sent him to us so that we would not feel so bad about papa."

Marta had still another surprise that happy Christmas day, besides grandma and the baby. Right early in the morning before she had even thought of looking to see if there was anything in her stocking, who should come rushing into

the house but her dear Uncle Jack, her papa's brother. He had been way off in Texas for nearly a year, and had come home just as soon as he heard of her papa's death, to take care of her, he said, as he hugged her close. And presents! Well, you just ought to have seen them!

"I met Santa out here as I came along, and he gave me these things for you and mamma," he said as he opened his great satchel for her to unpack.

"They are very nice," said Marta as she looked them all over, and tenderly petted a large blue eyed doll, "but I guess I'm gladder over our baby boy, and you and grandma than anything. This is the best Christmas I ever had, I think."

The whole day was happy for her.

She did not know that when her Uncle Jack stood by the window looking out over the snow for such a long time, that he was thinking of her papa, and trying hard to keep back the tears. She only knew that she loved him very much as he held her on his knee and they talked of her papa and Uncle Jack said he was going to try to be as good and kind to her and her mamma as his brother had been.

And so passed Marta's Christmas. Of course she missed her papa, but when she said her prayers that night after such a happy day, she thanked God for sending Uncle Jack and baby to take his place.

A wicked intention destroys the good which we do, and a good intention is not sufficient to excuse the evil which it produces.

GENIUS hears one individual and then comprehends ten.

CONSCIENCE warns us as a friend before it punishes as a judge.

CHILD LIFE IN HOLLAND.*

ROSY-CHEEKED, round-faced, fair-haired children of Holland. I hardly know whether to introduce you to this class in the winter or in the summer.

The spring and autumn I shall avoid, for then a great part of your kingdom is like a large lake or sea, dotted with little patches of marshy land, each of them just large enough to hold a wind-mill, a willow-tree, and a forlorn looking cottage, or a mound or two, to which you can fly for safety in the event of an inundation.

This is not cheerful-looking, and I should like my hearers to see you at your best in the summer time, perhaps, when you are sailing your mimic boats on the canals or ponds, or lakes; or when you are playing before your clean, red-tiled, green or blue shuttered cottages; or are wandering in the green meadows among the sleek black and white cattle; or are assembling on the pier of your native village to wash your pans, and jars, and dishes, and baskets, and await the arrival of the boats that bring you in stores of fish; or are sailing down the rivers on the rafts which have been your homes from birth. In winter, too, they would, I think, envy you when all your ponds and lakes and canals are covered with thick ice and you don your skates and skim swiftly along like so many water birds.

What fine fun to skate to school and back, to skate to market for apples and nuts, to skate in companies, consisting of five or six rows with five or six boys and girls in each row, all taking hands, to skate to a neighboring village or town, to skating matches, skating-games, skating clubs!

Yes! decidedly, Holland must be visited in the winter, and the "Vyver," the beautiful pond or lake in the center of the Hague, the wealthiest town in Holland—which is so lovely in summer when majestic swans are sailing on it, and many colored ducks and other water fowl are disporting themselves to their hearts content, is still lovelier when the trees around are laden with sparkling snow, and long icicles are hanging from rock and grotto, and court ladies in velvet and furs, and court gentlemen, and the children of wealthy citizens, and simple school-boys and school girls are all amusing themselves together on its polished surface. But before I begin to speak of girls and boys who are old enough to don skates, I must tell you something about the very young children and the babies of Holland, and especially of a singular and pretty custom observed throughout the country.

When the children of a family are told that they have a new brother or sister they are not always willing to welcome it as they should.

The youngest especially who has been "baby" hitherto feels rather aggrieved and considers the new-comer in the light of a usurper, who deserves to be pinched rather than kissed. Now the good parents of Holland, who are very fond of their children, and try to spare them all unnecessary pain, have hit upon an excellent plan to make baby welcome.

As he lies in his cradle, which is like the English one, they fill his little arms with trumpet-shaped bags brimfull of comfits, and these are distributed among the children as baby's presents.

Baby continues to present these tiny comfits—which the children eat on bread and butter, and are very fond of—for the space of six weeks, when he is

* An exercise presented before the Normal training class of the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Utah October 14, 1896.

supposed to have established his right to exist.

Babies are dressed very much as in England, except that in some cases an old custom is adhered to of wrapping up their heads in three caps—one of cambric, another of silk, and a third of lace.

The christening always takes place on a Sunday, and is followed by a great dinner, to which all the relatives are invited.

Birthdays are always celebrated in Holland. Visits of congratulation are paid, presents and bouquets given, and if it be the birthday of father or mother, one of the children recites a piece of poetry, a copy of which, written on an elaborately ornamented piece of paper, is presented to the parents to keep.

As a rule, children dine with the parents, but they are never allowed to use a knife. They take the fork in their right hand, and are taught to rest the left hand on the table by the side of the plate.

What are the homes of the children of Holland like? I will describe a few.

The wealthy inhabitants of the Hague live in villas, mansions, or palaces, where all the luxuries and splendors of the East are collected.

They hold so called Indian festivals, at which houses and gardens are illuminated, rich Oriental draperies clothe walls and windows, massive gold and silver plate deck table and sideboard, all the guests appear in magnificent costume, diamonds and pearls, and immense vases are filled with a profusion of the loveliest flowers.

A very different home has the raftsman; and yet I doubt if it has not more charms for children than the wealthy mansions. The raftsman lives on his raft with wife and children.

The raft is composed of trunks of trees laid side by side. On these a pretty cottage of two stories is built, containing sitting-room and bed-rooms. The windows are curtained, the shutters are gaily painted, and there are even balconies around the cottage, full of plants and bright flowers. The raftsman's trade is to buy earthenware in Germany and sell it in his own country.

Children spend all their early life on these rafts, and pleasant it must be, as they float down through the prettily wooded districts in Belgium into flat Holland, where there is always something of interest for them—the storks they love so well, the delicate heron, the water-fowl, and the sea-birds, that fly in flocks far inland to take baths in the lake as a change from their wild ocean life.

Then there is the usual home of the Dutch peasant boy and girl. The kitchen is the principal room, and very comfortable it looks, with its red-brick floor strewn with fresh red sand, its brick hearth, its tiled walls, polished chairs and tables, and copper kettles and saucepans, as bright as scrubbing can make them. The Dutch are very clean, and are obliged to be so, for, in their damp country if they were not constantly rubbing and polishing rust and mould would take complete possession of their houses, their furniture, and all their cooking utensils. The cleanest village in the world is said to be Brook or Brock. There, as in all Holland, it is dangerous to walk in the streets on Saturday without an umbrella and thick clogs, however fine the day may be, for water is being squirted on the front of each house, and bucketsful are being poured out of each window, or are being dashed on steps and pavements; and the dairies and cow-houses, which are often

part of the dwelling houses, are being thoroughly cleaned, though they were as clean as a new pin before, and the wariest pedestrian will scarcely escape a drenching.

I rather pity the children of this village, for they are never allowed to come to the front of the house, for fear of soiling the steps or taking the polish off the railings, and their lives must be one perpetual washing day.

There are excellent and numerous schools in Holland, in fact every village, even the smallest has its neat, clean school house. There are primary schools, secondary schools, universities, military schools, and schools of design, painting and sculpture, and schools for the blind and the deaf and dumb.

In a country where so many artists have lived, art is of course thought much of. In many schools the children are allowed to draw pictures on their slates for one hour every day, and if a child show any talent he generally finds some one to help him on, or has sufficient perseverance to work his way to fame by his own efforts.

The dress of the Dutch boy and girl is very quaint and pretty. The girls wear gaily embroidered bodices, red skirts and buckled shoes, massive gold earrings, necklaces and other ornaments. When they grow older they wear a kind of gold or silver helmet, a lace cap on the top of that, and sometimes a bonnet besides.

The boys and men wear wide baggy trousers, reaching to the knee, black worsted stockings, buckled shoes, jackets trimmed with large coins, many of them of gold and silver, and small felt caps.

Some of the childrens amusements are much the same as in our own country. On the Sunday before Whitsuntide they rise very early and the one

who is dressed first goes to the different bed-room doors, knocks and says or sings;

"Lazy Loon,
Sleepy head,
Lie a bed,
Don't get up till noon."

The last to rise in the house generally the father or mother, is expected to give every member of the house-hold a special kind of hot bun, which is always prepared in readiness.

Easter is celebrated by giving eggs, but the festival that all delight in the most is that of Santa Claus or St. Nicholas, the special patron saint of the children.

Santa Claus sends his presents done up in wonderful disguises, or hidden in a cabbage, turnips or pumpkins; or perhaps he will appear in person.

Then he is laden with toys of all descriptions.

While the children are gazing attentively at the toys and Santa Claus, papa in the background contrives unseen to throw bonbons into the air, which fall among the children and are supposed by them to descend from the skies.

Sometimes, if not satisfied, Santa Claus sends a rod instead of presents.

Hence the song that the children sing as they await to be admitted to the festal room.

"Look! the moon shines through the trees;
Children cease your noisy play,
The joyous moment has arrived,
St. Nicholas' happy, happy day.
With beating heart we wait to see
Who gets the cake and whose the rod will be."

Now and then, when the children are growing too old and wise to believe implicitly in Santa Claus the parents or elder brothers and sisters adopt means to revive their wavering faith.

They dress the coachman or gardner

in a white fur cloak and place him on a white pony. They give him a long flaxen beard and wig, and place a huge bishop's mitre on his head and an immense gilt cross on his breast.

Then they fill his arms with presents and instruct him to gallop round the house. The dogs begin to bark, the children rush to the windows and peep.

Well! after all, Santa Claus is Santa Claus, for there he is plainly visible in the moonlight, and best of all not empty handed.

Hurrah! for the presents, let them come from whom they will. The children are brave enough to go and receive their presents from Santa Claus himself, who bends gravely from the pony, and delivers them in silent dignity, but they do not trust themselves to stay near him too long.

Back they go to enter the enchanted room, to pick up the little figure of man or woman, who stands on the door mat, with suspiciously bulged out pockets, to search the said pockets, and the wide boots to dive into the crowns of the hats and bonnets, or carefully to examine the many other receptacles of Santa Claus' gifts.

Cora Alexander.

B. Y. ACADEMY, PROVO, UTAH.

WE all love those whom we benefit and, as soon as we find ourselves actually interested in benefiting humanity, our love for humanity begins to grow and develop. It is a sifting process, too; how much inferior and unfaithful work does it cast out! If we are laboring only for our own profit, we shall do more and no better than that seems to demand; but if we are also laboring for the welfare of man, we cannot do less than our best.

THE true way to deal with adverse circumstances is to be still greater circumstance yourself. Nine out of ten of the men who have been eminently successful in their callings have fought the battle of life up hill against many opposing forces. Instead of bemoaning their hard lot, they have bowed to the inevitable and used it to their advantage. Instead of asking for an impossible chess board, they have taken the one before them and played the game. Look at that tireless worker, Lord Brougham. Can any one believe that by any combination of circumstances his talents could have been kept from asserting themselves and winning recognition? It has been said that if his station had been that of a shoeblack he would never have rested content until he had become the first shoeblack in England. The luck of Napoleon and Nelson consisted, they said, in being a quarter of an hour before their time. When, in the darkest hour of an Indian mutiny, a handful of Englishmen, poorly armed and provisioned, but splendidly led, won eight victories in succession, the revolted Sepoys said their conquerors had the devil's luck; but the only luck in the case was that of force of will, invincible courage and skill in arms. Good luck is desirable even when you have done your best to succeed, but remember that the most favorable circumstances or strokes of fortune are of little value unless you have prepared yourself to take advantage of them.

It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at.

WE must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in others, whether friends or acquaintances.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A GRATIFYING IMPROVEMENT.

SINCE the admission of the State of Utah into the Union, and the election of the judiciary by the people, a noticeable and exceedingly gratifying change has taken place in one respect: the men who are summoned as jurors to try cases are of a class such as will give great satisfaction to the public generally, and especially to honest litigants and honest and conscientious lawyers. The object of a jury trial is to refer disputed facts to the impartial judgment of a few men of average understanding, and of nearly the same station in life as the litigants—men who understand the nature of the facts, and whose familiarity with public affairs and the transaction of business enables them to decide with an authority that cannot very well be questioned as to their view of the case.

Is it too much to say that in this country for years trials by jury had almost fallen into contempt? The qualifications of jurors have been too low. They have been in too many instances selected from a class of men almost devoid of conscience, and utterly indifferent to the rights of their fellow citizens. Many of the jurors have been men who had no interest in the country, and were prejudiced and ill-informed, and who had not those essential qualifications which would be likely to make verdicts acceptable to litigants or the public generally. Men's sense of justice has been shocked, and in too many instances outraged, by the verdicts of juries of this description. Trials by jury have sometimes been compared to a lottery, because of the capricious and wayward humors which have swayed jurors, or because of the jurors being obtuse and uneducated. Indirect, and perhaps direct, bribery has often

been suspected. At any rate, improper influences must have been brought to bear to have caused some verdicts to be rendered.

Trial by jury finds its strength in the honest and conscientious regard for truth and for right which jurors ought to possess. It appeals to our sense of fair-play; for it is not to be supposed that twelve honest men, capable of understanding the facts of a case, and sufficiently intelligent to see the bearings of evidence, will go far astray in the rendering of a verdict. And for the honor of our courts, and for the respect which every citizen ought to have for our legal tribunals, no pains should be spared to secure jurors of this character. I am greatly pleased now to see the names of men of high repute and strong character, men of known honesty and fairness, on the jury list. It is an assurance that cases submitted to the courts will receive proper attention and will be decided according to law and evidence. If mistakes shall be made, they will not be attributable to improper motives or improper influences. The character of our courts will be uplifted by the care that will be exhibited in the selection of citizens for jury service, and we shall be disappointed, should this practice be continued, if the credit of our courts is not greatly enhanced and their reputation for righteous judgment shall not become widespread.

We have in this country, I think, a very superior class of people for jury service. They are not confined to one religion, nor to one party; but can be found in all. Let there be no distinction made in the selection of jurors, using men of all religions and all parties, looking only to their fitness for the position, and we shall have juries that will be the admiration of all, and that

will give confidence to everybody whose case is submitted to them. Of all classes, the lawyers ought to be the most gratified, because if a lawyer is an honest man, all he can ask is that the jury will decide according to the evidence.

There has been reluctance on the part of many about serving on juries. It is a duty that many men would like to be excused from performing. But every citizen who takes any pride in the State and in its judiciary ought to take pleasure in attending to jury service when called upon.

The Editor.

FELICIA'S CHASTENING.

A Thanksgiving Story.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 665.)

"I'm 'fraid she ain't goin' to be here tonight, Miss Felicia."

"Nonsense, Martha! Letty is'nt one to break her word in a case of this kind. She'll be here unless there's something happened—after my making a special point of it."

"Well, if that was'nt the train whistle I heard a little while ago I'm losin' my hearing—that's sure. If it was earlier, now, it might have been Steven's planin' mill, but there ain't anything else round here to blow except that and the engine."

"You've been listening so hard you thought you heard it, Martha. I can't believe the train passed here without Letty. It would take something serious to have kept her, and if anything had happened she would have written or telegraphed."

"But Miss Felicia—"

"You may take Letty's supper and keep it warm in the oven for her," in-

terrupted Felicia calmly. "She will probably come home cold and hungry, and I don't want her to find it all spoilt."

"All right ma'am."

Martha had been in the service of the Warings since Felicia's childhood, and though her faithfulness through the period of their altered fortunes made them treat her ordinarily as one privileged—yet Felicia never failed to assume her air of superiority when Martha overstepped a certain limit of familiarity, a fact which only seemed to heighten the domestic's esteem and devotion for her mistress. For once, however, Martha was destined to be victor in the slight difference between them. Seven, eight, and nine o'clock struck from the clock on the mantel, and then Felicia came to the kitchen doorway with a verbal token of defeat.

"You may let the fire burn down, and go to bed, Martha, she wont be here now." Martha would have given much to discuss the probable cause of Letty's absence, but there was that in her mistress' face and manner which forbade conversation.

Few indeed could have sensed the disappointment occasioned Felicia by Letty's failure to keep her promise. In the three or four days of her absence, an oppressive loneliness had settled upon her, which even her usually firm will could not shake off, and she had looked for Letty's return as an antidote for certain unbearable regrets and misgivings that in her forced loneliness had found lodgement in her mind. Besides with her accustomed strength of purpose she had put aside Letty's suggestion as to the packing, and had taken down pictures and boxed all articles of furniture and tableware, so that the house partook of the desolate spirit of the mis-

tress. It had seemed to her since morning that she would become hysterical with nervousness before the time of Letty's coming—and her non-appearance at last came as something in the light of an affliction. Another dreary and dreadful day at least was to be endured before she might have the comfort of congenial companionship—and this day a holiday. Even Martha would not be with her tomorrow. In view of Letty's home-coming she had given permission to the faithful woman to spend the holiday with her sister—so that until train time at least, she would be totally alone.

As she rose the next morning after an almost sleepless night, she was half tempted to remand her permission, and ask Martha to give up the promised visit. As she entered the kitchen, Martha herself broached the subject uppermost in her mind.

"I guess, Miss Felicia, as long as Miss Letty didn't come I'd better go and tell Ellen I won't be over today. It would be terrible lonely for you all by yourself in this big bare place and Thanksgiving day, too, and almost the last day you'll spend here. You'd be about crazy 'fore night to be left all alone." Alas! poor Martha! If she had but left out the pity and commiseration in her tone and words, all would have been well. Well meant indeed her offer, and uttered in true kindness of heart, but the words and tone were torch and tinder to Felicia's pride and she rejected the offer with a serenity that misled even the watchful Martha.

"There's no need of your breaking your enjoyment, Martha, Letty will doubtless be here in time for dinner, and I shouldn't think of keeping you."

"But land alive, Miss Felicia! If Miss Letty shouldn't come, think of your eating your Thanksgiving dinner

all alone, and in this great dismal house." Martha spoke with the fervor of long pent up feeling, and for once Felicia did not give her usual stately reprimand.

"My having no word from Letty makes me certain she will come today," she said conclusively. "She probably missed the train last night and has made up her mind to save the expense of a telegram—and get here in time for dinner today. We'll say nothing more about it now, Martha. Get everything ready that you can for dinner and then go and have a pleasant day with your sister."

There was no rebelling against Felicia's spoken word; but Martha went to her tasks dubiously thinking of Letty's view of the case when she should hear of it. By ten o'clock she had all done that had been assigned her and went away with a vision of her mistress sitting with forced smile amidst the dismal loneliness of her dismantled room.

Alas for poor Felicia! Forced indeed were the signs of cheer she had flaunted for Martha's observance. The fact was that the burden of trial she was bearing had moved her as she had little thought to be moved. It was not strange, however, that the event which had loomed as a possible occurrence fifteen years had come to be viewed finally as something that might be postponed indefinitely to the end of time. In the few days that had passed since the step was taken that was to separate her from all her familiar bearings thoughts had come to her that had never found place in her mind before. For the first time in her life doubts had arisen of the wisdom and justice of her stand concerning the momentous events of her past. That she had acted with perfect righteousness in all those things, had been

hitherto as much of a faith with her as the articles of her religion. Letty's absence had given her opportunity to brood over many things—and it was little wonder that she waited the coming of that bright young presence as a corrective to her own morbid thoughts with almost childish eagerness. And here was another dreary day to plod through with absolute loneliness to add to her depression.

After Martha went she tried to keep off her gloomy thoughts by going about picking out the odds and ends that remained to be packed for moving. It did not take long; and the book she afterward took up for entertainment, could not hold her thoughts, though she turned the pages steadily for a good hour.

About noon it began to snow—a wet, sleety sort of hail that made one shiver to see it even from the vantage of a warm fireside. Felicia sat close to the fire forcing her eyes to follow the lines of the book; but between those printed ones were others that pushed themselves upon her attention, though they were not in visible type.

They reminded her that the roof under which she sat was hers no longer; and that when once the stranger's footsteps had crossed the threshold, her inheritance would pass from her, and be lost to her more completely than if death had taken her from it. They set before her a vivid picture of the cheerless life in store for her when she should go out into a strange world to live to helpless old womanhood—a dependent upon Letty's charity for support. Strive as she might to justify herself with the old assurance—above it all there came a baffled sense of error, mistake, nay even self-guiltiness in the acts that had led to the absolute spoiling of her life.

Four o'clock came, and the gray light deepened into a gloom that brought ghostly shadows into the corners of the bare room. It was too early yet for a light, and too soon to go about dinner—and Felicia could only put her book aside and wait in grim desperation for the time to pass that might bring her relief. At five o'clock she rose with relief to make preparations for dinner. At half-past six Letty would come, and there was just time to get the duck well baked, and the plum pudding boiled in time for their Thanksgiving dinner. Her work gave her a brief respite from her torturing thought, and as the clock struck the hour when the train was due, she listened for the whistle with as much anxiety as if some great crisis were at hand. Poor Felicia! her cup was to be indeed full to overflowing. She waited an hour after the train whistle sounded before quite giving up hope that Letty might appear, then she left her place by the window and went into the kitchen, where their dinner ready-prepared, smoked in the oven. With a half-mocking smile on her face she set it on the table. Her disappointment had come as a climax to a day made almost maddening by dreary influences—and she set her lips firmly to spare herself the humiliation of tears.

Laying her plate warm from the oven at her accustomed place, Felicia sat down at the table. Her Thanksgiving dinner! Yes—it was Thanksgiving day—a day that from the first memories of her childhood had been observed with prayers of thanksgiving for the blessings of life. But how absolute a mockery for her to pray now. Alone, homeless, friendless, save for her one relative upon whom she must henceforth be beholden for her livelihood—what had she to give thanks for? And Letty! her

insatiate fetich of selfish pride and revenge. No; thank heaven it was not too late to spare herself that remorse. She could undo at least that part of her evil work.

Poor Felicia! she was praying now with tears streaming down her pale cheeks. "Oh God, grant that I may undo some portion of my wrong. Grant that I may not suffer the burden of sin of spoiling other lives than mine and that of Roscoe Stacy's and that I may have power in some way to wipe out the wrong that has wrecked his and mine!"

The dinner was cooling on the table, but Felicia did not heed it.

There was but one thing in her mind now—to think of some way by which she might atone for the wrongs she had willfully committed—and which in these days of loneliness and trial had been brought clearly home to her for the first time. It surely would not be too late to reunite the young people her selfishness had separated. When she was calmer she would pen a letter that should do all that human will could do to make all right.

And as for Roscoe Stacy—ah! what could be done to wipe out that wrong? Nothing that she could do now could cancel that. Too late to make amends for slights she had put upon his love in that far away time—and later, upon the manly courtesy and sympathy that had tried even after all her coldness, to do her good by sparing her the roof that would at least be a refuge for her lonely life. And then what was worse than all—his loveless marriage. There was no thought of possible mistake to give her comfort in this. Had it not been a part of her revenge to remember his last words when they separated after that stormy interview: "Since you are evi-

dently in deep earnest I shall have to abide by your decision, but I accept it knowing that I can never give to any other woman the reverence and love I have given to you." And it had been true. She knew it even when he had married—for she understood him too well to doubt that he could put aside lightly the first love that had wakened his heart. She knew it when he came back a widower, and tried in his generous way to let her see that there was still no malice in his heart for her cruelty. After that there came her father's troubles, and the bitter doubt and suspicion that had shut out her conviction and trust in the unselfishness of his motives.

Since her cutting refusal of his last magnanimous offer they had not spoken.

Oh if she had only listened then—it was not too late to have been reconciled—and she had let her insane pride hold this cup of happiness from her lips. Now an impassable barrier was raised between them that could not be broken except by miracle—and miracles were uncommon occurrences in most lives. A sudden thought came to her. One thing at least she could do in way of atonement. She could go to him—humble herself before him—and ask him to forgive the pride that had insulted his generous acts. He could not question her motive now since all reward or recompense was beyond recall—and having done it she could at least feel that some little atonement had been made for her past wrongs.

She went into the bedroom and hastily put on her shawl and hat. Then she blew the light out, and fastened the hall door after her and went out into the night.

The fire was burning brightly enough in Roscoe Stacy's study—and everything else about betokening peace, good-liv-

ng, and good cheer. The man himself, however, was moving about as restlessly as Felicia had done throughout that dreary afternoon. He was pacing the floor, glancing every now and then at the clock with an impatient air, and turned towards the door with anxious eagerness as his housekeeper entered.

"Any signs of Charles yet, Mrs. Garritt? No? Well I don't know that its worth while to wait any longer. Just put dinner on the table and let the young laggard take his chances if he should come. Its two hours past train-time, and if anything happened to detain him he should have telegraphed."

"I'm really afraid everything will be spoiled, Mr. Stacy, but then it does seem a shame to eat without Mr. Charlie. Its so lonesome too, to sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner alone."

"I fear I'm destined to eat more holiday dinners alone than I shall eat with company," the Colonel said with a sigh.

"Anyway it wont do to have your dinner spoiled, Mrs. Garritt. Take it up, and save some warm for Charles in case he should turn up at last."

She went out and the Colonel resumed his restless pacing. He had hardly done so when the sound of footsteps on the porch outside reached him through the hallway.

"Charlie—and at the nick of time—by Jove!" he exclaimed joyfully. He went to the front door and threw it open with a hearty greeting on his lips that merged into an abrupt exclamation as he looked out.

"Felicia! Miss Waring!"

Yes, it was she standing with humbly appealing eyes looking up into his face.

The wind had brought a warm color into her cheeks and blown her hair down low about her forehead, giving her a look of girlish prettiness—such as had

won his heart in years gone by—and the sight of her standing a his threshold with a light in her eyes that made them seem soft and loving as they had shone in bygone days set his heart to beating wildly. His astonishment kept him dumb for an instant, and she was the first to speak.

"May I come in, Colonel Stacy? I have something I wish to say to you."

Laying his hand on her shoulder with gentle courtesy the Colonel drew her in-to the house.

How it was uttered Felicia never knew; but she did not pause till she had expressed the contrition of a humbly repentant woman for her past error.

"I have realized lately for the first time, that I have sacrificed my dignity and happiness to a mistaken idea of wrong," she said in conclusion, "and I cannot as a Christian, and a true woman rest satisfied till I have asked you to forgive me"

The Colonel reached forth and grasped her hand.

"I have felt always that there must have been some miserable misunderstanding that forced you into a a continued antagonism to me," he said in answer. "After I had expiated my first offense, there seemed to me no cause for which you might not accept my friendship. But this revelation of your father's words explains all. As for the truth of them God knows I am innocent."

"I have wronged you by my suspicions of unjust motives," interrupted Felicia, "but I do not need your denial to convince me that both my father and myself were in error. I have deserved the punishment I have brought on myself for that, I have deserved the suffering I have endured for believing you false in the beginning."

"Suffering! Felicia?" stammered the

Colonel. "You mean then that—that you, too, felt our estrangement—?"

"I mean that I have never had a moments peace since I rejected your efforts to be reconciled." Felicia said simply—looking quietly into his eyes. "I have tried to fool myself into the belief that I was better off without you, but I know now that I have lived in the belief of a miserable lie."

"Felicia," said the Colonel in almost a whisper, "do you mean to tell me that there is any hope that you—"

"I mean to say that if it were not too late for me to expect or deserve any happiness, I would ask you to let me take back what I said to you before you went away first, and give me the chance of atoning for my miserable pride."

* * * * *

"Father!"

"Aunt Felicia!"

It was a half hour later and the door had opened without disturbing the two reunited lovers sitting near the open grate—lost to outward sense in their joy of reconciliation and rehearsal of bright plans for the future.

Letty and Charles were standing in the doorway—and the four gazed at each other a moment in mutual amazement at the situation.

It did not take either side long to realize the truth, and there was such a handshaking and embracing as made the very room itself exhale an atmosphere of amity and good cheer.

"To think, Aunt Felicia" said Letty joyfully, "that I came home dreading that you would cast me off as a common enemy—and now."

"How has this luck all come about anyway," asked Charlie gleefully.

"You have forestalled a question I was about to put to you," said the Colonel.

"Our good fortune came about by Charlie saving my life," Letty volunteered. "I could'n't refuse what he'd risked his own life to save. I was going to come home and lay the matter before you, Aunt Felicia," she went on incoherently, but my missing the train Wednesday night simply put the affair into Charlie's hands."

"She is responsible for all that has happened" said Charlie with a twinkling eye. "It came through her insisting on having me drive her home this morning in a sleigh and—"

"I remembered my promise to you Aunt Felicia! and was determined to keep it."

"And about forty miles out we were tipped over and the sleigh being broken I thought it a good way to pass the time to take steps for putting us both out of our misery of suspense. You see Aunt Felicia I'm going to tell you that now neither of us felt quite sure of the other as yet—and I hunted up a justice of the peace in the little town near by, and settled the whole affair in a nutshell. That's how we came to be so late."

"That reminds me there's a good dinner spoiling out there," exclaimed the Colonel. "I told Mrs. Garritt to take it up a half hour ago."

"I saw you had company, sir, and I put it back on the stove. Its all piping hot on the table now if you're ready."

Mrs. Garritt had been standing in the doorway for five minutes vainly trying to catch the Colonel's eye.

"I guess we are all ready," said the Colonel.

It was a generous sight that met the four as they went into the cosy, brightly lit dining-room. A table laid with exquisite napery and table ware—with every luxury in the way of edibles that a Thanksgiving dinner might possibly

suggest was there to tempt their long feasting. As they sat down at the table the Colonel paused and reverently bowed his head; and when his simple and fervent prayer of thanksgiving was ended, there were tears in all eyes in a moment of thrilled silence falling upon each one in the room.

"There is only one thing left of my misdoings to mar my happiness," said Felicia presently "and I should endure it gratefully if it were not that it has wronged another."

"As for your selling the house, Aunt Felicia," said the clever Letty brightly, "Charlie had a talk with the man that bought it, in Boston, and he's willing to throw up the sale if you're willing."

Again there was a silence—for though none but Felicia cried—each knew that a feeling of absolute humility and thanksgiving had broken down all that had been harsh and forbidding in Felicia's nature—and that the gentle influences of love and forgiveness had renewed her heart—even unto "newness of life."

J. S.

TAKE COURAGE.

TAKE courage, brother, cease your sad repining
When life seems dark and drear;
From out the cloud the sun will soon be shining
And scatter warmth and cheer.

Our rankest troubles are the ones we borrow
From some portentous woe,
Which fancy weaves to yield the bosom sorrow
When pleasure it should know.

Our flitting shadows, by the moon reflected,
That startle us with fear,
Are types of things that leave the soul dejected
When naught to harm is near.

We need the gift of hope to meet our trouble
With patient fortitude,
That we may leave the ordeal strengthened double
For feats of greater good.

God gave us leave to come to this probation
And tests us that we may
Be fit for conquest here, and exaltation
Throughout eternal day.

Sordid is he whose purpose shifts and flutters
Like thing on yonder spire.
His chance, be what it may, it little matters
His feet will reach the mire.

Man must be subject here to circumstances,
We hear the laggard say;
But onward is the motto, truth advances
And naught must bar the way.

Then let us seek by every power decreed us
Complete success to win,
And let no gloomy, subtle influence lead us
Where lurk the traps of sin.

To know truth will prevail, as God hath spoken,
Is half the battle won;
But Satan's ranks must be assailed and broken
By deeds of valor done.

J. C.

HOW FRANK WENT TO COLLEGE.

"I AM afraid that you can't go to college, Frank. I wish that you could, but you can't very well leave the farm, and, besides, we haven't any money to spend, even in such a good investment as an education for you would prove to be."

Frank laid down his "Euclid" with a sigh. "I wish I could go, mother," he said, "but I suppose it is as you say. You know my ambition is to become a physician. I would be only three years at the medical college, and then I should be able to practice and make more than I ever could by farming."

"Yes, I know; but we cannot afford it, my boy. Even with the strictest economy it would cost at least twelve hundred dollars, and you know that we own nothing in the world but the farm, which barely suffices to support us, and leaves us not a cent to spare for any luxury."

"Very well then, mother. I shall say no more about it. I really don't care so much to be a doctor after all. I believe I had much rather stay at home and help you to support Mary and Arthur."

Life too was to be blighted to gratify this

Frank's mother looked at him anxiously. She knew that her boy's heart was set upon going to a medical college, and although he tried hard not to show his disappointment, she read it in his face at a single glance.

"My dear boy," she said, "you know I will do all I can for you, and I feel that it is very hard for you to have to abandon your career. Still we ought to feel thankful that we have this little house and farm, and that while there are thousands suffering for the necessities of life, we are at least comfortable."

"I am deeply thankful, mother dear," Frank replied, simply.

The next morning Mrs. Willard received a letter. Frank watched her as she read it at the breakfast table, and he saw a troubled look creep over her face. He made no remark at the time, but waited until the younger children had left the room.

"Frank," his mother said, when they were alone, "I have a bill from Johnson and Johnson, the dealers in farm implements, for twelve dollars for a plow, which they say was bought three years ago by your father. I am sure that we have already paid the debt."

"Yes," Frank replied, "I remember that father bought a money order for the amount about two weeks before he died."

"Well, see if you can find the receipted bill among the old papers in his desk."

Frank searched the desk thoroughly, but in vain. Looking up, he said:

"Mother, I think it must be with the papers that we stowed away in the attic. I'll go up there and see if I can find it."

Frank climbed up to the attic, a large, unplastered room under the eaves, seldom used, in which were stored all the old things no longer of any use, but with which they did not like to part.

Here was an old stove, there a chair, both so badly broken that they defied repair, while many other household relics were scattered over the floor.

The boy opened an old trunk in which scores of family letters were stored away. There were letters from his father to his mother, and *vice versa*; letters which he had written himself, as well as others from numerous correspondents of the family.

In a few minutes Frank found the receipt for which he was looking, and he at once went down stairs and handed it to his mother, who immediately wrote a letter to the firm, giving the date upon which payment was made.

Meanwhile, Frank got out his books and commenced to study. It was winter time, and there was little work to be done on the farm. Just at the moment when he was endeavoring to translate a Latin formula, his younger brother, Arthur, came running into the room.

"Oh, say, mamma, I am going to collect stamps," he exclaimed. "I know a boy who is doing it, and he has a valuable collection. I intend to make one, too. Have you any old stamps, mamma?" "Yes my boy; there are plenty of them in the garret" his mother replied. "Are old postage stamps worth anything?" Frank asked looking up from his book.

"Yes indeed!" Arthur replied. "Tom Lane says there is an old United States stamp that is worth two thousand dollars."

"You don't mean it!" Frank cried. "Then we must have some rare stamps in the old trunk in the attic. I saw a great many strange-looking ones while I was hunting for the receipt. Let's go and see what we can find."

His mother smiled at his enthusiasm not thinking much of the value of old stamps, but the boys ran eagerly up to

the attic and were soon busily engaged in turning over the mass of papers in the trunk.

Finally they collected about two hundred of the letters with the most ancient-looking stamps, and selected one of each kind. Then they carried their booty down stairs.

"Do you expect to get anything for those old stamps?" Mrs. Willard asked, with a smile.

"Yes," both the boys replied.

"And to whom do you expect to sell them?"

That was a question which set them both thinking.

"I'll go and ask Tom Lane," Frank finally decided.

Snatching up his hat, he rushed out, and returned a few minutes later with the stamp collector in tow. Then the stamps were submitted to Tom as an expert. The first dozen or so that he examined proved to be worthless. Then his eyes opened wide with surprise as he held up to view an envelope on which was a small stamp on buff paper, bearing a signature.

"That's worth two hundred dollars! Its a Brattleboro stamp!" he cried. "I read all about it in a paper."

Mrs. Willard looked incredulous, but Tom persisted. He also picked out other stamps which he said were worth several dollars each.

That night a family council was held, at which it was decided that Frank should go to Chicago and see a stamp dealer.

When the boy reached the city, he hunted up a stamp dealer and told his story, submitting the Brattleboro stamp as evidence. Then he asked the dealer how much he would give him for all the stamps. The dealer told him that he could not name a price until he had seen the

collection. Finally, at Frank's solicitation, he consented to send one of his men to Marshall, where the Willards lived, and the next morning Frank went home with the dealer's assistant.

The man opened the trunk and examined the contents, in which he found a number of early issues of United States stamps, used sixty or seventy years ago. There were no more Brattleboro stamps, but there were a number of rare locals, and finally the dealer offered Mrs. Willard two thousand dollars for the lot.

"It is," the collector said, "of course much less than we shall sell them for; but we take all the risk of disposing of them to those who want them."

Mrs. Willard was greatly surprised, and she immediately agreed to take the price offered. Seeing her surprise, the dealer explained to her that before the government issued stamps, various stamps were issued by private firms in payment of postage. A number of letters bearing these stamps, and addressed to Frank's grandfather, were in the trunk.

The next day the dealer and Frank went to Chicago, taking with them the stamps on the envelopes. When Frank returned, he brought with him two thousand dollars in bills, which he laid in his mother's lap.

"Now, my boy," said Mrs. Willard, "I think you can go to the medical college and become a physician."

So Frank went to college. He has not yet graduated, as all this only happened two years ago, but he expects to get his degree soon, and his teachers are confident that a great future is before him. If it should prove that they are true prophets, he will owe his success in life to old postage stamps.

H. Alan Clark.

A LITTLE SINNER.

A LITTLE girl, probably about thirteen years old, with a freckled face and head covered with a shock of red hair stood at a bend in the country road, near a village in Denmark; staring open-mouthed at a commodious looking brick farm house on the opposite side of the street.

"I wonder if that's the place?" she muttered at last, as with a long stick she tested the depth of the mud, for it was in the rainy season of the year. She then began to move cautiously across the road, now and then leaping to a rock, where she stood balancing herself until she nearly fell headlong into the deepest mud, her features distorted with suppressed merriment.

Having reached the other side, she licked her fingers and smoothed the straggling red locks flat against her temples under the shabby hood.

"There wont be much fun here," she concluded inwardly, after surveying the premises critically. "Its too straight and clean-looking; and the folks is such dreadful saints. Wonder what they'll do with a sinner like me?"

She shook off her muddy clogs outside the door, and rapped timidly.

Someone said, "Come in," and the girl entered.

The room was a big kitchen, with tile-covered floor, and an old-fashioned fireplace, where a middle-aged woman with a kindly face stood frying doughnuts.

On a low bench sat a girl working some beautiful looking yellow butter.

The elder woman turned fork in hand, and looked at the new-comer.

"Oh, you're the little girl from the poor house?"

"Yes'm"

"Well, come nearer, and let me look at you."

The child obeyed.

"Well, you're a real nice-looking girl, and I guess we'll like each other."

The child looked up in surprise. It was the first time anyone had ever called her nice-looking.

"What's your name?" continued the good woman.

"Birgitte."

"Take off your shawl and hood, Birgitte, and come here and warm your hands."

It was Christmas Eve, and the weather was raw and cold.

Birgitte warmed her hands and eyed the fragrant doughnuts greedily.

"You can take one," said the woman.

Birgitte helped herself to the biggest one she could find, and then asked what she was to call her new mistress.

'You can call me Mother Maren."

After a while Mother Maren dropped the last dough in the frying lard and bid Birgitte watch and turn them while she went into the other room to set the table.

Eager to show her willingness Birgitte scrambled awkwardly across the floor in such haste that she fell over the cat, which fled in terror to the next room. The servant girl giggled, but Mother Maren pretended she had not seen it, and went about her work.

Birgitte finished the cakes and laid them with the rest. Then, hearing Mother Maren humming at a safe distance, and seeing the girl busy with her back turned, she took three large doughnuts and hurriedly concealed them in her pocket.

When the table was ready the girl was sent out to call in the men; as it was a half holiday they had an early supper and Birgitte was invited to the table with the rest.

The farmer, a fat, good-natured man,

with a sunny face, asked a blessing on the food, and then everybody was helped to whatever the table afforded, and Birgitte soon discovered that she had got into "a mighty jolly place," as she mentally expressed it, where she was not likely to have to go hungry, as she had often done in the poor house.

After supper the women brought their spinning-wheels out and the men folks sat smoking their pipes and talked about the crops while Birgitte for want of something better to do, sat trying to count the ticks of the clock.

When nine o'clock struck, the farmer knocked the ashes out of his pipe, got down the big Bible from the shelf over head and invited them all up to the bedroom, where a cosy fire burned, and began reading from the scriptures. The hired man remained standing inside the door, one grey stocking foot placed on top of the other; Mother Maren, with hands folded in her lap sat rocking herself gently to and fro, as a kind of accompaniment to her husband's monotonous way of reading. The hired girl sat knitting on a low stool listening very attentively; and Birgitte with one hand in her pocket, half sat on the edge of a big covered trunk; saying to herself "Oh my, what holy people!"

But when the chapter was read and the farmer, spreading his colored handkerchief on the sand-strewn floor and kneeling down on it, invited the others to kneel also, Birgitte nearly fainted. She had never in her life seen anyone pray, much less done it herself. Mother Maren beckoned to her, but she shook her head, and remained where she was.

"Here's your bed Birgitte," said Mother Maren afterwards, pointing to a turn-up bedstead in the living room. And opening a corner-cupboard she took out a handful of knick knacks and

gave her. That nearly finished poor Birgitte.

After they had all gone to bed, she undressed and sat with her bare feet on the cold floor thinking how she could right her wrong.

When she heard the farmer breath heavily in the other room, she made her way carefully to the cupboard and put back the three doughnuts, now pretty well out of shape, with half of the knick knacks.

"She wouldn't 'a given 'em to me if she'd known I stole some;" she murmured shutting the door carefully. Then drawing a sigh of relief she dropped on her knees and whispered: "Oh Lord! I don't know how to pray; but I could'nt do it before wi' them doughnuts on my cons'ence. So'f you'll forgive me I wont steal anything any-more. An' bless these good folks an' make me a saint like 'em an' le' me stay here forever." She got up, but remembering she had not ended like the farmer did, she dropped down again and said solemnly: "Amen in Jesus' name." Then she crept shivering with cold feet, but warm at heart, into her bed.

Sophy Valentine.

EVERY man, every woman, every child has some talent, some power, some opportunity of getting good and doing good. Each day offers some occasion for using this talent. As we use it, it gradually increases, improves, becomes native to the character. As we neglect it, it dwindles, withers, and disappears. This is the stern but benign law by which we live. This makes character real and enduring; this makes progress possible; this turns men into angels and virtue into goodness.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 703.)

It was now concluded that the mob must have camped at the ford below on Crooked River, and after a short exhortation from Captain Patten to trust in the Lord for victory, a march was ordered along the road to that point. As the party neared the river in the early morning just at day-break, a voice was heard calling, "Who comes there," and at the same instant a shot was fired when a young man, P. O. Banion, reeled and fell from the ranks, mortally wounded. Captain Patten at once ordered a charge and the company rushed forward only to see the two men, who had been on guard, running into the camp of the enemy on the river bank below. Immediately all was confusion in the camp, but it was still so dark that nothing could be seen with distinctness by the brethren looking to the west, while their forms could be clearly outlined in the eastern light by the mob, who were soon in position behind the river bank below. David had just ranged his company in line, not more than fifty yards from the camp, when a deadly fire was opened upon them from behind the embankment. An answering fire was immediately ordered and with the watch word "God and liberty," on his lips, David, ordering a charge, ran forward.

The mob fled in confusion before the rush that followed and the field was quickly won; but as David led the pursuit down the river bank, a mobber who had taken refuge behind a tree for a momentary pause before taking to the river, turned and shot him in the abdomen.

The mob routed, his brethren gathered about their wounded leader in deepest sorrow, and everything possible was

done to minister to his comfort. Word was dispatched to Far West for medical assistance to meet the party, the wagons of the mob were pressed into service, and the victorious but sorrow-stricken company took up their dreary march toward Far West. Seven of the brethren were wounded, and one, Gideon Carter, had been killed outright.

After riding a few miles in a wagon, David's suffering became so intense he was placed on a litter and carried by his brethren.

Without delay, on receiving the mournful intelligence, the Prophet Joseph Smith with his brother Hyrum, Apostles Heber C. Kimball and Amasa Lyman, with others, as also David's grief stricken wife, made all haste to meet the sorrowful cavalcade.

President Heber C. Kimball describes the closing scene:

"Immediately on receiving the intelligence that Brother Patten was wounded, I hastened to see him and found him in great pain, but still he was glad to see me; he was conveyed about four miles to the house of Brother Stephen Winchester; during his removal his sufferings were so excruciating that he frequently desired us to lay him down that he might die; but being desirous to get him out of the reach of the mob, we prevailed upon him to let us carry him among his friends. We carried him on a kind of bier, fixed up from poles.

"Although he had medical assistance, his wound was such that there was no hope entertained of his recovery, and this he was perfectly aware of. In this situation, while the shades of time were lowering, and eternity with all its realities opening to his view, he bore a strong testimony to the truth of the work of the Lord, and the religion he

had espoused. He was perfectly sensible and collected until he breathed his last, which occurred at about ten o'clock in the evening. Stephen Winchester, Brother Patten's wife, Bathsheba W. Bigler, with several of her father's family were present at David's death.

"The principles of the Gospel which were so precious to him before, afforded him that support and consolation at the time of his departure, which deprived death of its sting and horror. Speaking of those who had fallen from their steadfastness he exclaimed, 'O that they were in my situation! For I feel that I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me.' Speaking to his beloved wife, he said, 'Whatever you do else, O do not deny the faith.' He all the time expressed a great desire to depart. I said to him 'Brother David, when you get home, I want you to remember me.' He replied, 'I will.' At this time his sight was gone. A few minutes before he died, he prayed as follows, 'Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, that Thou wouldst release my spirit, and receive it unto Thyself.' And he then said to those who surrounded his dying bed, 'Brethren, you have held me by your faith, but do give me up, and let me go, I beseech you.' We accordingly committed him to God, and he soon breathed his last, and slept in Jesus without a groan.

"This was the death of one who was an honor to the Church and a blessing to the Saints; and whose faith, virtues and diligence in the cause of truth will be had in remembrance by the Church of Jesus Christ from generation to generation. It was a painful way to be deprived of the labors of this worthy

servant of Christ, and it cast a gloom upon the Saints; yet the glorious and sealing testimony which he bore of his acceptance with heaven and the truth of the Gospel was a matter of joy and satisfaction, not only to his immediate friends, but to the Saints at large."

Of the death of his friend, President Wilford Woodruff writes:

"Thus fell the noble David W. Patten as a martyr for the cause of God and he will receive a martyr's crown. He was valiant in the testimony of Jesus Christ while he lived upon the earth. He was a man of great faith and the power of God was with him. He was brave to a fault, even too brave to be preserved. He apparently had no fear of man about him.

"Many of the sick were healed and devils cast out under his administration."

In closing his account of the tragedy, the Prophet Joseph says:

"Brother David W. Patten was a very worthy man, beloved by all good men who knew him. He was one of the Twelve Apostles, and died as he lived, a man of God, and strong in the faith of a glorious resurrection, in a world where mobs will have no power or place."

With David's wish, formerly expressed to him, to die as a martyr, no doubt in mind, the Prophet Joseph, at the funeral on October 27, 1838, pointing to his lifeless body, testified:

"There lies a man that has done just as he said he would—he has laid down his life for his friends."

And One mightier has said:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

A fit ending of a glorious career!

The remains were laid to rest with

military honors at Far West, and the grave is now unmarked and unknown, but of the noble spirit, the Lord, in a revelation a few years subsequent to his departure, vouchsafed this intelligence:

"David Patten I have taken unto myself; behold, his Priesthood no man taketh from him; but verily I say unto you, another may be appointed unto the same calling."

And again, in speaking of Lyman Wight, who succeeded David in the Apostleship, the Lord says:

"That when he shall finish his work, that I may receive him unto myself, even as I did my servant David Patten, who is with me at this time."

If, then, to repeat, we say great men are the Lord's object lessons to the world by whom He holds out to mankind the truths committed to their generation, what of the life before us?

From the time David heard the Gospel, his earnest nature entered with full purpose of heart upon the work he was sent from the courts on high to perform, his whole soul was given over to faithfully bearing the message of his life:

GOD GIVES US ALL THE POWER WE HAVE,
and though in the one desire to give his life as a martyr, it may be said he fell short of the ideal:

THY WILL NOT MINE BE DONE;
yet, without doubt, in making up the roll of His noble and great ones, time will place next to those of the Prophet and Patriarch martyrs, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the name of the first Apostolic martyr, David W. Patten.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

[NOTE.—Anyone having further information of the life of Apostle David W. Patten will confer a great favor by communicating with the author at the Salt Lake Temple.]

LONG AGO.

I ONCE knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees,
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
O, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet, here's this youngster at my knee,
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the Fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
I told you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, O! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

Eugene Field.

THE purest and best pleasures of affection and of social intercourse come to us without being sought. The truly happy man, in his relations with his family, his friends, and his fellow-citizens, is he who is thinking very little of his own personal enjoyment and very much of their well-being. But, while he is planning and striving for the happiness of his wife, the education of his children, the comfort of his friends, the prosperity of his city, and still more when he is witnessing the consummation of his efforts, his own heart is filled with a joy which is far higher, purer, and more permanent than any for which he could have striven.

THE LEGENDS OF CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.

THE eastern outpost of the Rocky Mountains is old Cheyenne, which rears its strange form high above the plains of Colorado. Its base is some seven thousand feet above sea level, and its head is in the clouds.

Old Cheyenne is a magnificent sentinel for the Rocky Mountain range, and in its caverns and cliffs is some of the grandest scenery in the front chain. Covering its face to the north are the trails, cut like scars, leading to the two great canyons, where the Cheyenne and Navajo Indians indulged in many a savage fight. One prominent trail winds and climbs up and over the summit, and finally leads the traveler into the now world-famous gold camp of Cripple Creek.

Almost at the very top of the old mountain, Helen Hunt Jackson, the poet and novelist, lies buried. It is a grand and fitting tomb for the genius that voiced the struggles, hopes and sorrows of the people of the West. As you stand beside her tomb and glance far down the mountain slopes, to where the snug homes nestle in the valley, you feel that this is the modern Cheyenne, yet you would not have to go back many years to view its canyons and crags as the fighting ground of the red man.

Two legends are told of the hoary old mountain--legends which well illustrate the superstitious nature of the Indian, and which are apt to stamp Cheyenne, even to the educated mind, as something which at one time had life and being, and to individualize it from its rugged companions as a mammoth historical monument whose rocky body, in the minds of one tribe of Indians, was

a petrified lizard, and to another tribe the grave of the devil.

A photograph gives but a vague idea of the real form of the mountain, which viewed under the Colorado sky, comes out in perfect outline, like a great sleeping lizard, with its head to the left, its shoulder-blades next, and its hips thrown high by the drawing up of the hind legs, and then, running far off to the right, goes the huge tail.

The legend descended from generations back among the Cheyenne Indians to this effect—that all the country, which is now a vast plain, was then an inland sea and there was too much water for the Indians.

In their distress, one of the most influential of the medicine men offered up sacrifices to the Great Spirit, and prayed him to send down some great animal to swallow up the water. Thus the story goes, and the Cheyenne Indians of to-day assert that the Manitou sent down a mighty lizard, which drank up all the water of the great inland lake, and then, being too heavy to return to the sky, fell into an endless sleep. That is their idea of the mass which white men call Cheyenne mountain. It is a fact that the resemblance of the mountain is very marked in the afternoon, when the declining sun outlines it strongly against the hills beyond.

The second legend is from the lore of the tribe of Indians who make those famous blankets called "Navajos," which almost every boy and girl have seen at some time or other. In years gone by, this tribe were sworn enemies to the Cheyennes, and tradition states that the country all about the mountain was the most frequent battle ground of the two tribes.

Almost exactly in the center of Cheyenne mountain, at that point which out-

lines the hip-joint of the lizard, may be seen two slender rocks, whose heads in reality rise fifty feet above their bases.

Now the Navajos, not to be outdone by their tribal enemies, claim that the mountain has not the sacred suggestion which the Cheyennes claim for it, and this is the reason they give:

One of the Gods of the Navajos was Manitou, a great and powerful warrior. A question arose one day between the devil and Manitou about the possession of the vast northern limits of El Dorado, now Colorado, and a serious dispute ensued.

Manitou claimed it was God's country, and the evil one claimed that it belonged to him. Words came thick and fast and at last they were engaged in a great fight, which lasted for several days, during which time the Navajo medicine men sacrificed man and beast, and perpetrated the most horrible tortures on themselves.

At last Manitou overcame the devil and slew him, and carrying his body to the top of Cheyenne Mountain, threw it into one of the deepest canyons, where it is still supposed to lie, the only visible portions of it being the two horns, which crop out just about midway in the crest of the mountain.

These are the legends which you may hear to-day if you will visit the tepees of either of the tribes I have mentioned.

THOSE who have enough individuality to think for themselves earnestly and deeply find in that very exercise a happiness that is all their own. They may share it with others, and it may be heightened by sympathy, but it cannot be taken away. It opens a refuge from many troubles and helps one to bear many burdens.

DID YOU EVER SEE A MANX CAT.

CHILDREN, did you ever see a manx cat? They originally came from the Isle of Man, off the coast of England. But there are many of them in this country now. They differ in many respects from the ordinary cat. The face is shorter, neck thick, and instead of the long tail they have a short one, very much like a rabbit. For this reason and because of their rabbitlike traits they are often called rabbit cats.

Our little Susan had one given her. It was buff and white and a little beauty. She is a good girl and loves animals very much, so she had made a great pet of "Bunnie," as she calls it. And it, in turn, loves her very dearly, and follows her around like a little dog.

They live in the country, and it is a pretty sight to see the two roaming the hills and meadows, Susan gathering flowers and Bunnie looking at her.

But one thing that pleases me most is to see them go to bed.

Little Susan's mamma allows Bunnie to go to bed with her and remain till she goes to sleep. Bunnie knows her bed time as well as Susan does, and if Susan is a little late, Bunnie will get on the bed and mew and call just as you have heard an old cat call her kittens. If this don't bring her, then she will find Susan, look up in her face, mew and run back to bed again.

Soon as her little mistress gets in bed Bunnie crawls down under the covers, turns around, licks her mistress' face, then puts her head on the pillow beside her, and thus they both go to sleep. Don't you think she is a wonderful cat?

T. Edmondson.

HE that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils.

Our Little Folks.

WILL CHRISTMAS BE DULL OR BRIGHT?

"I JUST believe Christmas is going to be the dullest day of the whole year! I don't like this foggy, damp weather!"

Thus grumbled little Martha Cole, as she lounged and potted over her evening's work, instead of washing up the supper dishes briskly and neatly, as she could do, and as she sometimes did.

"Christmas may be dull or bright with us, as we choose to make it," said her mother as she rocked the cradle with her foot, and at the same time stitched a loose button onto her little son Blake's overcoat, in which she had just mended a great rent, made while coasting.

"How can Christmas be anything but dull for us, with father so far away, and when we don't expect to have presents or anything else nice?" asked Martha.

"We can have just as happy a Christmas tomorrow as others will have, however rich they may be, if we only think over the many blessings we have, and feel grateful for them," answered Mrs. Cole.

"Well I can't feel very grateful with father away off over the sea, and we having to stay at home day after day, with no change for me from washing dishes and tending baby all the time!" And the little girl rattled pans and spoons about in rather a dangerous way, giving vent to her unpleasant feelings.

"You shouldn't speak in that tone about father's being away, when he has gone to preach the Gospel to people who have not heard it; should she mother? I think the Lord can help us to have a bright Christmas anyway; and make us feel almost as if father were here," said Blake.

"She ought not to speak so about anything, when we have so much to be thankful for," replied the mother. "I have just been thinking over several Christmas days that I remember; the brightest were those in which I did most for the happiness of others, and the dullest, those in which I thought most about my own comfort, or, like Martha, of what I should like, but could not have."

"Oh mother! I don't believe you were ever a bit selfish over anything, or that you ever saw a really dull Christmas, did you?" said Blake, putting one little arm very lovingly around the dear mother's neck.

"I was a child once, a little girl like Martha," replied Mrs. Cole.

"Tell us about the Christmas days you remember, when you were a little girl, and when you were young, before father married you, will you please mother?" coaxed the boy.

"Come Mattie," he continued, "hurry and wash the dishes, and I'll wipe them for you, and then we can sit down and be still, and mother will tell us, won't you mother?"

"I'll try, and see if I can think of anything that is worth telling," said Mrs. Cole, feeling that she ought to try to gratify her little boy who was doing his best to be kind and good that evening.

"While you are finishing your work, I will say this to you, my children," began the mother. "You, yourselves, furnish a good illustration of the lesson I wish to impress upon your minds this evening.

"My little Martha, instead of doing her work nicely and cheerfully, remembering that it is a duty, and should be a pleasure for her to help mother all she can, has allowed herself to pout and mope and be cross until she feels it a great task to do a small and easy piece

of work. And she does not see how we can have a pleasant Christmas with father away, although he is doing his duty as a servant of the Lord; or without something new, though we are blest with all the actual necessities of life, and many comforts beside.

"Her brother Blake, having been moved upon by a different and better spirit this afternoon, has whistled and sung softly and cheerily, while he fed and milked the cow, brought in coal and kindling, shoveled and swept the melting snow and ice from the steps and paths, and is now ready to sit down and enjoy the evening; or to help his sister with her unfinished work. And he sees how we can be helped to be happy, and feel so sure that father is safe and well, and having a good time, that we will not grieve over his being absent.

"Now, what I want you to do, my dears, is this. Blake to continue being good and happy, and Martha to learn to be happy by being good, thinking what she can do to be kind to others, and doing it."

"We are ready for the story now; and we'll try very hard to do as you say, mother, won't we, Mattie?" said Blake.

"I guess so," replied Mattie, not quite over her pettishness, but anxious for the stories to begin.

The children seated themselves comfortably by the fire, and while the mother went on with her mending, she allowed her thoughts to go far back, to the first Christmas she could distinctly remember, when she was between four and five years old.

"My father kept a little store then," said Mrs. Cole. "Among the most pleasing things that happened on that, my first remembered Christmas, was that father and mother made up some nice

little packages of sugar, raisins and candy, also pieces of fresh pork, and sent the older children and myself to take them to friends and neighbors who were not quite so well off as we were perhaps. One family we called on was a widow woman and her three daughters. How the woman blest us over and over again, and how the girls ran after us as we left, wishing all sorts of happy things for our Christmas. I do not remember that we had any presents at all made to us, but I know we were happy and very light-hearted that day. Most likely 'Santa Claus' filled our stockings with nice things, but that part I forget all about, there was so much more pleasure in the little kindnesses we were allowed by our dear parents to do for others.

"Another Christmas, perhaps the next, father was a member of the Territorial Legislature, away in Salt Lake City, and could not come home. But he sent us some little books, which were rare things for us, in those days. We were greatly delighted, but not so happy as on the other day, when we gave gifts instead of receiving them. In fact, in all my childhood's years, I do not remember another Christmas which seemed as perfect as that one which we began celebrating at an early hour by carrying offerings of good will to the poor, making that the leading feature of the day's doings.

"Yet we always had merry times at Christmas, often entertaining friends, or going to little parties given by others.

"I will tell you of one other extra good day that I had, when I was a young woman, and was teaching school a long way from home.

"The rail-road was a new thing in Utah at that time, and at some points stopped or terminated between settlements, where small station rooms would

he put up to be used by the workmen who were employed on the road.

"When the winter's holiday vacation came, I went home, traveling as far as I could on the cars, and hiring a team at one of the small stations I have mentioned to take me the rest of the way.

"It was a pleasant surprise indeed, to the folks at home, when I walked in just at dusk; for I had written to them that I should not be able to come, because duty seemed to demand my presence where I was employed as a teacher.

"We had a very joyous time for two days, then I had to return to my school, as I had agreed to do when I left it.

"It seemed to me the hardest thing I had ever been called to pass through to leave my home that winter morning.

"Father took me to the rail road terminus in a sleigh. His team was a span of lively colts that were more than willing to travel faster than he cared to have them over a well beaten and excellent sleigh track.

"I could not help enjoying the ride, for sleigh-riding was always one of my chief amusements. But when father left me standing in front of the little station-room, as he stepped into the sleigh and took the reins, the engine, preparing to start out, puffed and snorted vigorously, and away dashed the colts at break-neck speed, almost throwing sleigh and driver upside down in a short and sudden turn. At the same moment I had to hurry into the car to avoid being left.

"'Oh, help my father, do'" I called to the men standing by, and they looked after the flying team, but it was far out of their reach even if they had wanted to offer assistance. And I thought they looked as if they were laughing at what they might have considered my foolish

fright, which added to my distress, as the train moved off, bearing me farther and farther from my loved ones.

"How wretched I thought myself, as I leaned back in my seat and wondered how long it would be before a letter from home would reach me, telling me whether father was much hurt by the wrench he must have received when the colts started to run, and if they would take him home safely. But I was not wretched long; what do you think brightened me up, and made me hopeful and happy?"

"Reading from a good book you had with you," said Blake.

"No," answered his mother.

"Took your note book and pencil and wrote something cheering," said Mattie.

"No," replied Mrs. Cole. "Although the early morning was bright, the day soon became cloudy and misty, and the snow fell so fast and thick, it was too dark in the car to read or write with satisfaction."

"I know then," said Mattie, "some one that you knew came and talked to you in a pleasant, kindly way, which made you feel comfortable."

"There was not a soul on the car that I knew; no one spoke to me, but I spoke to some one, and I will tell you how it was," said Mrs. Cole.

"At the first settlement we stopped in, a poor crippled woman came into the car. She had to walk with a crutch under one arm, and on the other arm she carried a baby; and following the conductor came another small child and a large sack of clothes into the car. The crippled mother and her little ones all three looked very cold and miserable and forsaken.

"I do not think one feeling of homesickness came to me all through that long, tedious journey, which lasted until

night, after the first sight of that unfortunate family. It took my whole time and attention to help the poor mother to keep her babies amused and safe. To add to the woman's discomfort, she was a foreigner and could scarcely speak or understand the English language at all.

"The packing snow on the car track caused the train to move very slowly, and at one station where we changed cars, we had to wait two hours for the trains to connect.

"All this might have caused me to feel very unhappy if I had been without employment of a kindly nature. But seeing that the poor mother and children brightened up and seemed comforted by the attention I showed them, I rejoiced in helping them to be happy, even under these unpleasant circumstances.

"Wherever they had started from or were going to, they seemed to be without friends or means; had not even a lunch with them; and I was much gratified that the kind hands of my precious mother had provided me liberally with a variety of good things to eat, so that I could divide with the needy ones who had come under my care, and enjoy seeing the relish with which they partook of my holiday repast. It was ever so much nicer than it would have been nibbling at it alone; I doubt if I should have taken the trouble to eat at all that day, had I been left to myself to brood over my loneliness. As it was that day was the happiest of all that holiday season; a day that I have often called to mind with peculiar feelings of pleasure and gratitude. For I learned at that time a most important and valuable lesson."

"I can understand what the lesson was, I think, mother," said Mattie, as her mother paused.

"So can I," said Blake.

"That is good, my darlings; tell me how you understand it," said the mother, "for I am anxious that you should both learn the truth of the lesson I am trying to teach this evening."

"I think because you pitied the poor woman and children, you forgot to think about your own troubles," said Mattie.

"And because you were good to them, and comforted them, the Lord comforted you," said Blake.

"Yes, you are both right," said Mrs. Cole. "And there was another thing about it too, that I would like you to notice. When I saw that poor, helpless woman's condition, I not only lost sight of my own troubles for the time, but when I came to look for them again, I found that in reality I had none, and had never had any.

"There is a line in William Cowper's writings that I would like you to always remember. It is,

"'When we are grateful we are happy.'"

Mattie and Blake repeated the line, and promised to try to think of it often; and then Mattie asked,

"What became of that woman and her babies, mother?"

And Mrs. Cole finished her story thus:

"It was late at night when the train reached the city in which I was teaching. I had found out that the poor woman was going to stop at the same place. And when I got off the train I helped her and her children off too.

"The family with whom I boarded lived a long way from the depot; and if it had been near, I still had no right to take the woman and children there. So I had to think what I could do with them. There was no other way than to ask charity for them, shelter and food for the night. I carried one child and the sack of clothes, and knocked at the

first door we came to. The lady of the house was not at home, and the servant girl did not dare to take the 'poor things' in.

"At the next house a gentleman answered my knock and said his wife was sick, and he could not take them in.

But at the third place, where I was myself ready to drop with exhaustion from tramping through the deep snow with so heavy a burden, the woman and her babies were admitted, and I think kindly cared for. I never saw or heard of them afterwards.

"When I reached my home, I learned that some of my friends had been to the depot and waited some time for me, two or three hours before the train got in, as it was due at that time. This added to the pleasure of the day, for although I had trudged home alone, it was pleasant to know I had been thought of and not neglected.

"Now children, it is for us to decide what kind of a Christmas we will have tomorrow. Shall we have it dull and miserable, or bright and happy?"

"Bright and happy!" answered both children, while Blake clapped his hands and Martha kissed her mother.

Lula.

PRIZES FOR 1896.

IN No. 1 of this volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR we offered a number of prizes for best work done in Original Stories, Penmanship, Pen and Pencil Map Drawings, Historical Sketches, Dialogues, Recitations, etc.

We will publish a list of the names of those who are entitled to the prizes in No. 1, Vol. 32, January 1st, 1897.

THE soul of conversation is sympathy,

THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come wife," said good old farmer Gray,
"Put on your things, 'tis market day,
And we'll be off to the nearest town,
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind,"
But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face,
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he is left at home—
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
The dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold
And got his pay in yellow gold:
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree;
"Your money or else your life," says he;
The moon was up, but he didn't see
The dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
And tore his coat and tore his shirt,
Then held him fast on the miry ground;
The robber uttered not a sound,
While his hands and feet the farmer
bound,
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife,
And now a hero grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears today;
Among his friends, among his foes--
And everywhere his master goes--
He follows on his horny toes,
The dog under the wagon.

—*The Advance.*

A BOY WHO WORKED UP

ONE day many years ago a bright boy found employment in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him, with a long face and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money; keep your book, and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth with curiosity examined the volume. It was a work on astronomy, by Dick, and it so fascinated him that he sat up all night studying it. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens. He began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy.

The next step was to buy a small spyglass, and night after night, he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house, studying the stars. He secured, second-hand, the tube of a larger spy glass, into which he fitted an eyepiece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass, with which he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually roaming the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous. He was invited by the professors in Vanderbilt university to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the following four years he discovered six comets.

He was next engaged by the Lick observatory in California. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six inch refracting telescope, the largest ever made, he discovered eight comets, and last summer astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the milky way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in his work in star photography.

Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, which is Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, and this is the story of how he worked up.

MY PRECIOUS BOY.

I see him still athwart the years,
A tireless lad—a child indeed;
He scarce was three, yet smiles and tears
Across his fresh and rosy face,
Each other chased at startling pace;
A happy mood, or scolding, fears,
Though oft he played he did not heed.

His hat thrown back, (a rough old thing)
Held by his curls of golden hue;
I see him ride on unmarked ring,
His horse, a willow from the wood,
A whip, no whalebone half so good.
Oh, miles each day, he'd kick and cling,
'Till tired and worn, to bed he flew.

He had his pets, the sunny boy,
His pigeons, ducks, his chickens frail,
Scarce out the shell, 'twas his employ,
To wrap in flannel by the fire,
To feed and watch and never tire,
If sad mishap, 'twould damp his joy,
A tiny grave his thrice-told tale.

His little spade prepared the spot,
 Beneath the trees, for so called rest;
 'Twas once "a wabbit," said the "tot,"
 That, he interred in earnest way;
 And then a kitten went one day,
 When spring brought flowers he ne'er
 forgot,
 To strew the little mounds, love-pressed.

Full soon he tired of skirts and curls,
 To "be a man," supremest bliss;
 In overalls (great day) he whirls,
 His eyes aflame, and cheeks aglow,
 "Now Ma, I'll work for you, I know,
 My skirts you give to your poor girls,
 And you shall have my sweetest kiss."

No coaxing since had power to change,
 His blank refusal, sobs and tears,
 Although his capers told how strange,
 Were pants and jacket, cap and tie,
 "Neath gleaming face, o'er laughing eye;
 Suns curls, to wake from childhoods
 range,
 As widening thought of youth appears.

What Seer hath power to scan the
 scroll,
 The future of this life begun?
 The aspirations of a soul
 It is weal or woe, if short or long,
 A dirge perchance, or thrilling song,
 Harmonious, full, a rounded whole,
 'Neath storms or clouds or radiant sun.

Will child life blessed upon the farm,
 Be envied as the years roll by,
 While dreams of pets, and graves, disarm,
 Temptations force in wider sphere,
 And be a check when sin is near.
 I am no Prophet, hopes are warm,
 My query 'tis, my prayer, my cry.

H. W. N.

TRUE hope is swift, and flies with
 swallows' wings; kings it makes gods,
 and meaner creatures kings.

HALF A MAN.

Half a man! My first born son;
 Ten years old this lovely morning;
 Thus far, lightly have you run,
 Peace and love your life adorning.

Not a shadow, worth the name,
 Has appeared to dim the lustre
 Of the joys that with you came,
 And around you love to cluster.

Should your parents wish that long
 In this smooth path you might travel
 No hard work to make you strong,
 No deep problems to unravel?

Mother's fondness might suggest
 Long life thus, all clothed in beauty;
 But Our Father, God, knows best,
 And He points us all to duty.

Duty which demands the force
 Of a soldier trained and fearless;
 Earnest, faithful in his course,
 Though the way seem hard and
 cheerless.

May you bear the sacred word
 Of Eternal Life and glory,
 Unto ears which have not heard
 Jesus wondrous, loving story.

Manly ever—soon a man,
 Cling to truth, my boy, unswerving;
 Study well the gospel plan,
 Jesus ever humbly serving.

Then, whatever works of art,
 By your hands may be selected,
 Truth shall guide, and God impart
 More than young, bright hope
 expected.

For this child, oh God! I praise
 Thy great love, Thy mercies tender;
 Lead him in Thy chosen ways,
 Safely through Thy gates of splendor.

